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Edited by

THE REV. G. W. McCREE.

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CONTENTS.

BAND OF HOPE RECORD.

THE EDITOR'S PRELUDE.

HONOUR to our predecessor! He devoted valuable time to the pages of this Magazine, and did good service to the temperance cause. Invited to occupy the editorial chair, we consented, in the expectation that we may thus promote the spread of truth and virtue. We contemplate our duties with pleasure. To expound the principles, and to rehearse the progress of Bands of Hope, will be a labour of love. No doubt we shall meet with difficulties. We shall not be able to please everybody, nor will it be in our power to present faultless pages. But we purpose endeavouring to discharge our duties with courtesy, and to make the *Record* an organ which none of our friends will be ashamed to own as an exponent of their views. We shall aspire to lead our juvenile friends into the beautiful paths of knowledge, goodness, and peace; to aid parents and teachers in their efforts to raise a sober generation; to vindicate our principles when attacked; to stimulate fellow-workers to more zealous action; and to furnish the means of temperance culture on a Christian basis. We do not cherish any jealousy of similar periodicals. May they prosper abundantly! From us they will ever receive a kind word. Never will these pages bear the imprint of ungenial language. We recognize the law of love. It came from the Everlasting Father. We owe it our homage. As a Divine Law it shall be our guide. We ask for sympathy. We seek co-operation. Books, essays, poems, accounts of festivals, anecdotes, reports, and sketches of good men who died in honour, may be sent to us, and we will do our best to use them. Young men and women who wish to engage in Bands of Hope may write to us, and we will cheerfully remember them when arranging our monthly numbers. Secretaries may rely on our desire to help them in their arduous duties, and all who are willing to work, and long to know how to begin, are invited to correspond with us. We have said all we have in our hearts. Let us arise, and

serve our generation according to the will of God. We are pledged in a noble cause! Happy the man who does his duty in the name of the Great Master, who "went about doing good."

PLAIN TRUTHS PLAINLY PUT.*

By the Rev. NEWMAN HALL, LL.B.

Among other departments of usefulness is the temperance enterprise. The object is to rescue multitudes 'ready to perish' through strong drink. All England approved of the effort to save the one hundred and fifty men of the Franklin expedition. It was worth while to expend money, to endure fatigue, to risk danger, in order to rescue even so small a number of our brethren. Should not all England approve still more the effort to save 600,000 drundards, 60,000 of whom every year enter a drunkard's grave, a drunkard's eternity? Is it less deserving of sympathy because its objects are perishing at our very doors, because it tends to preserve rather than imperil the health and life of those engaged in it, and requires only the giving up of a trifling sensual indulgence, and the courage of non-compliance with prevailing but perilous social customs? The misery caused by drink, surpasses all the suffering endured by the victims of Arctic discovery. By far the greater half of the pauperism, insanity, and crime which prevail, are traceable to it. It degrades its slaves below the brutes. This very week I was with a poor woman whose husband had left her, with her children, to starve. Her baby was only nine days old when he came home drunk, and, without any provocation, struck her with a bludgeon, which broke her teeth and rendered her insensible. Then he dragged her out of bed, down stairs, and with only her night-dress on, pushed her into the street, where she was found insensible by the police on a dark winter's night. We talk about drink being brutalizing. There is no brute in creation that ever did so vile a thing. Such deeds are constantly occurring. O, the secret woes of thousands of British homes and hearts through drink! Who can tell the ravages made by it in the Christian Church? More professors have made shipwreck of faith under its influence than under all others; and ministers of learning and eloquence have fallen on this slippery ground, to the incal-

* From a small volume of excellent Sermons under the above title.

culable injury of immortal souls. Strong drink is the chief incentive to Sabbath breaking and irreligion. The congregations of the London gin-palaces this day, far out-number all those of our churches and chapels.

What can be done? By sermons, lectures, tracts, let us warn against drunkenness. But many are sure to become drunkards, and drunkards in almost all cases must continue so, unless they altogether abstain. For *them* total abstinence is a necessity. Let us then urge it. But will not our persuasion be more influential if backed by our own example? The general custom of drinking makes abstinence additionally difficult to those who have acquired the habit. Shall we not lessen the difficulty which thus hinders the reformation of the drunkard, by abating the custom? If the tide is carrying away its victims, do we not render escape easier, by checking its force or creating a contrary eddy? Some ask if there is any sin in drinking. I reply, "Is there any sin in abstaining?" Suppose you could not afford to buy wine, or that it made you ill, or was unpalatable, you would not feel bound to take it. Are you then not justified in giving it up for the benefit of your fellow-men?

This is the principle of Temperance Societies. Bands of Hope are designed especially for the young. It is easier to avoid bad habits than to break them. The boys of our Sunday School are tempted to drink on the first day they enter the workshop. Unless trained to total abstinence, it is almost a moral certainty that they are at the very outset overcome. Self-respect gone, they are carried away by the stream. To teach them to drink but to be on their guard, is in the present age, to place them on a steep icy slope, and bid them not fall down the precipice. Is it not wiser to encourage them to keep out of danger's reach?

Children are often instrumental in the rescue of their parents. A little boy in our Band of Hope was told by his father to fetch some beer. "I will go if you say I must, father; but, please don't send me." "Do what I tell you." "Well, father, then I will go; but I have been saving up this sixpence, and if you won't send me I will give it you." The father's heart was softened. "My boy, I will not send you for the beer, and I will go with you to your next meeting." He signed the pledge, and became a regular attendant at church. The blessing of him who was ready to perish fell upon that little boy.

Do not say you have no influence. All have some. A gentleman lecturing in the neighbourhood of London said—"Everybody has influence, even that child," pointing to a little girl in her father's arms. "That's true," cried the man. At the close he said to the lecturer, "I beg your pardon, sir; but I could not help speaking. I was a drunkard; but as I did not like to go to the public-house alone, I used to carry this child. As I approached the public house one night, hearing a great noise inside, she said, 'Don't go, father.' 'Hold your tongue, child.' 'Please, father, don't go.' 'Hold your tongue, I say.' Presently I felt a big tear fall on my cheek. I could not go a step further, sir. I turned round, and went home, and have never been in a public-house since, thank God for it! I am now a happy man, sir—and this little girl's done it all, and when you said that even she had influence, I couldn't help saying 'That's true, sir.'"

All have influence. If you do not use it to discourage the drinking customs which lead so many to ruin, are you not using it in their support? We are pulling at the rope of total abstinence. Do not pull in the opposite direction. Apply to this case the Apostle's words—"All things are lawful to me, but all things are not expedient." "It is good neither to eat flesh nor to drink wine, nor anything whereby thy brother stumbleth, is offended, or made weak." Give up a paltry indulgence, however innocent in your case, for the sake of others; and thus co-operate in a work which will cause multitudes "ready to perish," to bless you, and many a widow's heart to sing for joy.

I need not say that temperance, any more than cleanliness, or veracity, or honesty, is godliness. Teetotalism alone cannot save the soul. No! "There is none other name" but that of Jesus whereby we can be saved. But drunkenness keeps thousands from the gospel. And abstinence has been the means of bringing thousands to listen to it and embrace it. The love of Christ prompts us in this enterprise. And with confidence we can ask the help of Him who taught us to "take up the cross," and who is "not willing that any should perish." God bless the temperance cause! God help the perishing drunkard! Assist us O Lord, in this, and "in all our doings with thy most gracious favour, and further us with thy continual help, that in all our works, begun, continued, and ended in Thee, we may glorify thy holy Name, and finally by thy mercy obtain everlasting life, through Jesus Christ our Lord.

POETRY,

FOR RECITATION FOR BANDS OF HOPE.

OUR BAND OF HOPE BANNER.

A. J. HENDERSON.

Our bright banner may it wave
Always over the good and brave,
In our battles may it prove
Worthy of our constant love;
May it to this kingdom fill
Our whole heart, mind, soul, and will,
Nor our resolution shake,
To state we our pledge to break.

Our bright banner let it bear
Truths which time shall never impair;
Say thereon that joy and health,
Earthly blessings, truest wealth,
Best are gained without the aid
Of fell drink, with its parade;
Say the drunkard's drink hath woes,
Only he who drinks them knows.

Our bright banner o'er us wave,
To save from a drunkard's grave,
And from all the misery free,
That alas! poor drunkards see;
Better far prevent the woe,
Lest we perchance should undergo
The miseries of a blighted life,
Made sad by discontent and strife.

Our bright banner it shall wave
Soon o'er all our youth to save,
That day clear and bright shall be,
May we all that blest day see;
Labour on, then, heart and soul,
Until we shall reach this goal;
Awake to valour and renown,
For much success shall be our crown.

SONG OF THE RECLAIMED ONE'S CHILD.

There was a time when father quaff'd
  The soul-destroying drink,
There was a time when father stood
  Upon perdition's brink;
But God be thank'd he 's wiser grown,
  Hath signed the pledge, and now
No longer pallor marks his cheek,
  Nor frenzy burns his brow.

There was a time when, as his step
  We heard upon the stair,
A terror started in our hearts,
  On mother's face despair;
When his strong arm was often raised,
  To deal the cruel blow,
And curses trembled on his lip,
  As she was stricken low.

Oh! heavenly change!—at his approach,
  Now, joy thrills through our hearts;
Sweet smiles light mother's countenance,
  Though oft a tear-drop starts;
She meets him at the threshold now,
  And lip to lip is prest;
Kind words are breath'd in fondest tones,
  And all is bright and blest.

Each sabbath morning with the sun,
  He rises to prepare
Himself, and early leads us to
  God's sacred house of pray'r;
And as he supplicating kneels,
  I often hear him say,
"Almighty, turn the drunkard's heart,
  O! teach him, Lord, thy way."

A MOTHER'S LOVE.

JOHN COPELAND.

There is a friend, a gentle friend,
As dear as life to me,
Whose deep affection ne'er can end—
Exhaustless as the sea.
Alas! I oft have grieved her heart,
And disobey'd her will;
Yet, with affection great and true,
She loves, she loves me still.

With watchful care, and kindly hand,
My infant years she blessed;
At morn to clothe, to feed, and teach;
At night, to soothe my rest.
In future, as the past, she'll strive
My welfare to fulfil;
While every hour and act shall prove
She loves, she loves me still.

This precious friend, this constant friend,
With love's undying flame,
Is found in every perfect home,
And bears a *mother's* name;
I'll ne'er forget,—whate'er may come
My own warm heart to chill,—
Through time, and change, through life and death,
I'll love, I'll love her still.

ANNIVERSARY HYMN.

Another year has run its round,
We still are with the living found;
All our dear friends whom we here see,
We greet with songs of Jubilee.

Thanks that we meet, a youthful band,
All pledged in heart, and join'd in hand,
With hopes elate, and minds set free,
From every path of vice we flee.

We seek for morals just and pure,
Which will our future good ensure;
For virtue, temperance, and truth,
To guard us from the sins of youth.

We look to God, to keep and aid
The resolutions we have made;
To strengthen every youthful heart,
And to each one his grace impart.

HYMN FOR A LITTLE CHILD.

God made the sky that looks so blue;
God made the grass so green;
God made the flowers that smell so sweet,
In pretty colours seen.

God made the sun that shines so bright,
And gladdens all I see,
It comes to give us light and heat:
How thankful we should be!

God made the pretty bird to fly,
How sweetly has she sung!
And though she soars so very high,
She won't forget her young.

God made the cow to give us milk,
The horse for man to use;
I'll treat them kindly for his sake,
Nor dare his gifts abuse.

God made the water for our drink,
God made the fish to swim,
God made the trees to bear nice fruit;
Oh! how should we love him.

Where'er we turn our wondering eyes
His skill and power we see:
He made the earth, he made the skies,
And He made you and me.

THE COST OF INTEMPERANCE TO SCOTLAND.

Dr. Greville has made the following curious and interesting calculation, which shows how amazingly Scotland loses by the accursed system that is fostered in the country.—The sum expended by Scotland *annually* upon spirits *alone*, amounts to about £2,500,000, and would be sufficient to buy—

1 million yards linen, at 1s. 3d.	£62,500
1,200,000 yards printed calico, at 5d.	25,000
1 million yards check, at 6d.	25,000
1,200,000 yards stuff, at 10d.	50,000
1 million yards flannel, 1s. 6d.	75,000
1 million yards corduroy, at 1s. 3d.	62,500
500,000 yards broad cloth, at 5s.	125,000
500,000 yards grey cloaking, at 3s.	75,000
500,000 pairs of stockings, at 1s. 6d.	37,000
300,000 pair of shoes, at 6s.	90,000
500,000 hats, at 5s.	125,000
200,000 sacks of oatmeal, at 10s.	100,000
4,800,000 quartern loaves, at 5d.	100,000
4,200,000 pecks of oatmeal, at 7½d.	131,250
100,000 tons of coal, at 9s.	45,000
20,000 cows, at £11 per cow	220,000
50,000 sheep, at £1. 5s. per sheep	62,500
50000 pigs, at 10s. per pig	25,000
Pay 1000 ministers of the gospel, £300 each	300,000
— 500 home missionaries £80 each	40,000
— 1000 first class schoolmasters, £100 each	100,000
— 2000 second class schoolmasters, £80 each	160,000
Give for the training of teachers, £3000 each	6,000
— For foreign missionary purposes	200,000
— A Bible to every family in Scotland, 1s. 6d. per copy	37,500
— To infirmaries and dispensaries	50,000
— To hospitals for incurable patients	10,000
— To 50 teachers of agriculture, £700 each	35,000
— As premiums for improved agricultural and domestic management	15,000
— For a public library of 500 volumes, in each of the thousand parishes of Scotland, at 4s. per volume	100,000
— To five district museums, including regular courses of lectures on the subject, £2000 each	10,000
Balance to spare	250
	£2,500,000

Calculations like the above are of great use, and we therefore invite the elder members of our Bands of Hope to favour us with similar papers.

ONE OF OUR POETS.

We have before us a neat volume entitled "*Hillocks' Thoughts in Rhyme; with an Introductory Sketch by the Rev. George Gilfillan.*" Like many of our best Temperance publications, it comes to us through Mr. W. Tweedie, and will form a valuable contribution to the poetry of our movement. The Life of Mr. Hillocks is so admirably written by the Rev. George Gilfillan, that we purpose enriching our pages with it—a freedom, for which (if necessary) we will humbly crave the pardon of that great writer :—

"Our friend," says Mr. Gilfillan, "was born at Dundee in the very humblest position of life. His father was a man-of-war's man, who, owing to some injuries inflicted on him by his co-mates or captain, deserted, and 'had the R. standing against his name, and serving as a pretext for not granting him a pension, although he had returned and paid the penalty previous to the peace.' His mother was an excellent and beautiful person, who died when James was twenty-one days. The boy was born on the 7th of April, but, in these non-registering days, the year was not marked, and is now irrecoverably lost. The loss of his mother was his first misfortune. The second was his being put under the care of a wet nurse, who treated him very ill, stunting his stature, and enfeebling his constitution by improper diet, pernicious drugs, and cruel inattention. Some time after, the father of the 'mitherless bairn,' married again. The poor child was early set to work, so early, he says, that the feet of the *pirn-wheel* had to be cut that he might be able to drive it; and he was often thus employed from four in the morning to eleven at night, his father being engaged the while in the thankless work of weaving in behalf of his family. By-and-bye he was sent to school. He went in joy and hope, but found his master a tyrant, one on whose face he says 'a smile would have added to the wonders of the world.' Under his 'reign of terror' he spent three months, and then, chiefly from inability to purchase the necessary books, was sent to the loom. He enjoyed, however, opportunities of attending Sabbath Schools, and justly regards them as having materially benefited him in his early days.

"He gives in a MS. Autobiography, which lies before us, a very distressing, but, we believe, too true picture of a weaver's family, with their miserable wages, 'sinking by shillings during times of depression, and rising by threepences when trade is brisk,' and of his over-wrought and heart-broken children. Ah! the sad picture given by Burns of his father's household at Lochlea is, we fear, realised even now in thousands of poor families, both in town and country. They 'fare poorly, and their life is compounded of the gloom of hermits and the cheerless moil of galley slaves.' Often the whole of this Dundee family, owing to the father's health, or to want of work, were weeks without a penny coming in save the pittance which the young lad received for his work, and he sometimes wrought for twenty-four hours on end, 'on two or three spoonfuls of pease brose,' the house the while filled with a melancholy chorus of the 'father groaning with pain, in reply to the children crying for food.'

"From Dundee he removed to Lochee—a village two miles off—where he got a copy of Walker's Dictionary, and a 'Collection,' and

learned to write, cipher a little, and to study English Grammar. He read in the night, wrote during the meal-hours, and had the rules of Arithmetic and of G[illegible] to the [illegible] of the loom as he wrought. Then he went to an evening class, where he studied Geography, Mensuration and Composition, till checked by a severe inflammation, brought on by excessive toil, and from which he with difficulty recovered.

After his restoration to health, trade failed, and he was in imminent danger of starvation. He became seized for a season into an extreme Chartist—we hardly not wonder that many of his order twenty years ago were. His creed in the Five Points gave him employment, but no wages [illegible]; he became a Secretary without a salary; and at length, in Autumn [illegible] in desperation he left the neighbourhood of Dundee for another part of the country, to seek [illegible]

"His brother of the earth to give him leave to toil."

His destination was Lathermuir, a weaving village nine miles north of Montrose, situated amidst thick dark brwoods, with some beautiful spots such as Fettercairn, Fasque, and the Burn in the neighbourhood, but itself then a dirty little place, and inhabited by a very poor population. When the 'Young Weaver' arrived, there was not a web in the village, but that night, he tells us, there came two cart loads—one for every inhabitant—and the poor people said that the stranger had brought God's blessing, along with him! After residing three months in this strange place, where, he says, the majority of the people were 'tramps,' and the drunk of intemperance, he returned to Lochee, and commenced teacher in a place at the top of the Hilltown, Dundee, called Smithfield. Here, beginning with only ten scholars, and amidst a good deal of obloquy and opposition on account of his youth and imperfect education, he soon made himself an excellent *dominie*. We had the pleasure, in the year 1848, of witnessing the examination of his school, and were much delighted with his affectionate treatment of the children, and with their proficiency and obvious attachment to their master.

Mr. Ballocks has since taught schools in various parts of the country—in the neighbourhood of Alyth, where Sir James Ramsay of Bamff highly appreciated his labours, and gave him a glowing certificate, which he preserves with just pride; in Dundee, and in his old 'hoaff,' Lathermuir, and in all these places he enjoyed the uniform esteem of the parents, and in a peculiar manner was the favourite of the children. 'He that winneth souls is wise,' says a great authority, and we venture to parody the expression thus—'He that winneth children must himself be a child,' partaking of many of the finer qualities which make childhood a thing so wonderful, so unique, and almost so divine. It is easy to terrify children—not difficult to cram them with knowledge—but to win them at once to yourself and to the love of learning, is a rare and peculiar, although a simple seeming gift. It was to us, at least, always truly delightful to see our 'Young Weaver' presiding in what was sometimes called 'The Laddie's School'—a child amongst children—leading them, even as Una led by a line her milk-white lamb, by the unseen cord of love, to the green pastures and the still waters of knowledge, and by those ways of spiritual wisdom which are pleasantness and peace. In November, 1851, we had the pleasure of linking Mr. Ballocks destiny to that of his excellent wife, who still continues to be his affectionate and attentive helpmeet, 'both of them,' he says, 'continuing to bless the day that made them one.'

"Our friend has diversified his teaching tasks by various literary productions. In these he has had to contend with many disadvantages, springing from his early want of thorough culture, but that he has issued

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MODEL LECTURE TO CHILDREN.

LITTLE THINGS.

By JOHN TODD, D.D.

"A certain man drew a bow at a venture."—1 Kings xxii. 34.

CONTENTS.—The man and his bow and arrow. What an arrow can do. The subject stated. The ship-yard. The wormy stick. The leaky ship. The result. The child and the acorn. The oak. The result. The lighthouse removed. A little mistake. Ship and lives lost. Result. Great fires in the forest. Little boy playing with fire. The spark caught. The mother of Mohammed. The consequence. How is it with these children. What this subject teaches. The child did not tell a lie. The tongue. Company. Every day. The little stream. The last thing taught by this subject.

THIS chapter gives an account of a war between two kingdoms. They were the kingdoms of Israel and of Syria. They fought hard, and shed much blood. Ahab was king of Israel. When going out on the battle field, he put off his kingly dress, and put on such clothes as other men wear, lest they should know him, and should kill him. During the battle, a man—but what his name was, or what his history was, we know not—a man held his bow and arrow in his hand. He thought he would shoot towards the army of Israel. He saw no man at whom he especially desired to aim. Perhaps he paused a moment, and doubted whether he should shoot or not. But the arrow was in his hand, and he put it to the string of his bow. Now, is it any matter whether he shoots or not? He raises the bow to shoot; is it any matter whether he shoots one way or another? Yes; much depends upon his shooting, and which way he takes aim with his arrow. He shoots—the arrow flies—the wind does not turn it aside out of the way—it goes towards a chariot. The person in it wears armour, he is covered all over with plates of iron; at that moment his armour just opens a little at the joints. There, now! the arrow goes in at that little opening. Hark! there is a groan. It has hit the king; it has killed the king. Ahab, the great king, who built great cities, and built an ivory house, and who carried on great wars, is killed, and the war is put to an end by that little arrow, which any one of these children probably could have broken with the fingers in a moment. Oh, how much sometimes hangs on little things!

And this is just what I am wishing to show—*that great results do often hang, or depend, on little things.*

Two men were at work together one day in a ship-yard.

They were hewing a stick of timber to put into a ship. It was a small stick, and not worth much. As they cut off the chips, they found a worm, a little worm, about half an inch long.

"This stick is worthy," said one; "shall we put it in?"

"I do not know; yes, I think it may go in. It will never be seen, of course."

"Yes, but there may be other worms in it, and these may increase, and injure the ship."

"No, I think not. To be sure, it is not worth much, yet I do not wish to lose it. But come, never mind the worm, we have seen but one; put it in."

The stick was accordingly put in. The ship was finished, and as she was launched off into the waters, all ready for the sea, she looked beautiful as the swan when the breeze ruffles his white feathered bosom, as he sits on the waters. She went to sea, and for a number of years did well. But it was found, on a distant voyage, that she grew weak and rotten. Her timbers were found much eaten by the worms. But the captain thought he would try to get her home. He had a great costly load of goods in the ship, such as silks, crapes, and the like, and a great many people. On their way home, a storm gathered. The ship for a while climbed up the high waves, and then plunged down, creaking and rolling very much. But she then sprang a leak. They had two pumps, and the men worked at them day and night, but the water came in faster than they could pump it out. She filled with water, and she went down under the dark blue waters of the ocean, with all the goods and all the people on board. Every one perished. Oh, how many wives, and mothers, and children, mourned over husbands, and sons, and fathers, for whose return they were waiting, and who never returned. And this, all this, probably, because that little stick of timber with the worm in it was put in when the ship was built! How much property, and how many lives, may be destroyed by a little worm! And how much evil may a man do, when he does a small wrong, as that man did, who put the wormy timber into the ship!

I wish to have you see this so clearly that you cannot forget it, because it will be of great use to you, all the way through life, if remembered.

In a dark night there was once a ship coming into one of our harbours. She had been to India on a long voyage, and had been gone a year or two. She had a very costly cargo, or load, on board. The captain and all in her were hoping and

expecting soon to see their friends, and their homes. The sailors had brought out their best clothes, and were clean and neat. As they came bowling along over the foaming waters, and drew near to the land, the captain told a man to go up to the top of the mast, and look out for the lighthouse. The lighthouse is a high, round kind of a tower, built out on the points of the land, with great lamps lighted every night in its top, so that vessels may see it before they get too near the land. This lighthouse stood at the entrance of the harbour. Soon the man cried out, "Light ahead!" Then they all rejoiced, and knew they were near the harbour.

While they had been gone, this lighthouse had been removed to another place, away from where it was when they sailed. But the captain knew nothing about that. So they kept sailing in what they supposed was the old way. In a short time the man at the mast-head cries out, "Breakers ahead!" that is, rocks just before us, "and the ship is just on them!" The captain cast his eye out on the dark waters, and saw the white foam on the rocks. In a moment he cries out, "Starboard the helm!" Now see how much may hang on one little word. The man at the helm mistook the word, and thought the captain said, "Larboard the helm!" So he turned it the wrong way. It was done in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye. But it was turned the wrong way, and the ship struck on the rocks the next moment, and was dashed in a thousand pieces. The cargo was lost, and every soul on board, except one or two, were drowned. All this hung upon one little word, or little mistake. If that word had been understood right, she would not have been lost. One single mistake, small as it seemed to be, brought about all this ruin and death. Do you not see how plain it is, that great results may turn upon very small things? One moment of time turned the scale, and property and lives all went down into the deep. There the goods are destroyed, and there the human beings sleep till the great morning of the resurrection day.

In the new country, where the great forests are not cut down, and where only a few people live, the fire sometimes, when it is dry in the autumn, gets into the woods. It burns the dry leaves, the dry limbs and twigs, and dry trees, and even the green trees. Sometimes it gets so hot that nobody can go near it. It leaps from tree to tree, burning and crackling, and rushing on like a fierce army in battle. A thousand war-horses could not make more noise, and in the night it

throws up its flames, and is seen a great way off. Sometimes it goes almost a hundred miles before it can be stopped. Now, see what this has to do with my lecture.

A little boy was playing one day just at the edge of the woods. His mother was gone; and though he knew it was wrong, yet he went into the house, and brought out some fire. He felt that it was wrong, but thought that nobody would ever know it. He played with the fire awhile, and it did no hurt. At length the wind blew a spark into the woods, and the dry leaves caught—they blazed—the whole woods were on fire. On the fire went, kindled into a great flame, raging and burning all before it. For whole days, and even weeks, it roared and raged without hurting anybody. But one day when the wind blew hard it burned on faster, and more awfully. And as it swept through the forest, it came to a small, new house, which a poor man had just built almost in the middle of the forest, on some land which he had just bought. The man was gone away. When at a great distance, he saw the fire, and hastened home as fast as possible. But oh! what a sight! The woods were all burned black. Not a leaf was left. His little house and barn were burned up, and what was worse, his faithful wife and little child—all were burned up. On the spot where he left them happy in the morning, nothing was left but a pile of smoking ashes.

All this, all this, because that little boy disobeyed his mother, and played with fire. All this from one little spark of fire. How much, how very much, may hang on little things!

Let me give you one example more. Almost twelve hundred years ago, in a distant country, there was a mother with an infant in her arms. She was not a Christian mother. Now, it would seem as if that little infant was of no consequence. Ten thousand such might die, and the world would hardly know it. It would seem, too, as if it were of no great consequence whether or not that child be instructed about God and Jesus Christ, and be taught to serve God. He was not so taught. What was the result? He grew up, became a man, made a new religion, which is called Mohammedanism. He taught people to believe the most foolish and wicked lies, and to practise the most wicked things. He made them believe that he was a prophet of God, and that God would be pleased to have them kill every body on earth, who would not believe Mohammedanism. They were a most cruel, wicked people. Millions of such have lived, and are now living.

Now, all this seemed to turn upon the point, whether that little infant should be taught to be a Christian or not. Had he belonged to a Sabbath-school, and been taught as you are taught, I do believe he would never have told such wicked lies, and led away millions of men after him, who must perish for ever. Wicked man! he lived only to do mischief, and begun a great evil, which has not yet been checked. How thankful ought you to be, who have Christian mothers to watch over you, to pray for you, and to teach you from the Bible; else you might not only live in vain, but be lost, and be the means of leading others to eternal ruin! How much good or evil may hang on a single child!

Let me now, my dear children, tell you what this subject ought to teach you. Let me show you what this truth, that great results may hang on little things, should teach you.

1. *Be careful what you say.*

The tongue is a little member; but it does a great deal of evil. Let a child say one wicked word, and another may hear it, and remember it, and follow the example, and become a wicked child, and a wicked man. Let a child tell one lie, and he may thus begin a course of lying which will ruin him for this life and the next. A good man, speaking of his dear child, then in the grave, says, "When he was about three years old, an aged female, at whose house I was staying for a day, informed me that William had told a falsehood. I was thunder-struck, and grieved to the heart; for the information seemed to blast my most cherished hopes. This might, I thought, be the commencement of a series of evils for ever ruinous to our peace. I am not sure that my agony, on hearing of his death, was much more intense than that which I then endured, from an apprehension of his guilt. Instantly, but without showing how much I was troubled, I asked him what he had said. He answered me at once in so artless a manner as to convince me that my boy was yet innocent. I pursued the inquiry, and in a few moments found to my inexpressible joy, that he was perfectly correct in all he had stated." You see how a good father abhors a single lie. God abhors it much more. And one lie will lead to others; one wicked word to others; one foolish word to others. Remember that God hears every word, and will call you to an account for every word, at the great day of judgment.

2. *Be careful what company you keep.*

You may think of God, and think you will serve him; but

one half hour spent in wicked company will drive all that is good far from you. You may hear a wicked word which you never heard before. Where did these children ever hear wicked words? Did their parents teach them these words? No. But you learned every one of them in bad company. Where did you learn wicked thoughts? Surely no where but in bad company. One wicked boy may spoil many more. He may spoil their manners, spoil their language, spoil their innocent feelings, spoil their obedience to God, and to their parents. See to it, that you are not thus spoiled. When you hear one word from any body which you feel that your parents would not say, be sure that you are in bad company. Flee from it at once.

3. *Be careful to fear God, and live for him every day.*

Every child can easily form habits of sin. They are formed very easily indeed. One day spent without thinking of God, or praying to him, will prepare for another. One sabbath broken will fit you to break another. One day spent in sin, will only fit your heart for sin to dwell in. Would you dig away the dam which keeps in the great millpond? You need only dig a little place, and let out a little stream, and the whole will rush through after it. There may be multitudes lost for ever, whose sins might be traced back to their conduct on a single day.

4. *Be careful what you do.*

Do not do a thing which you want, but which is not yours! Do not covet it, for these covetous feelings may begin which will keep you out of heaven. Had Judas not coveted the first thing which he did covet, he would never have been so wicked as to sell the blessed Redeemer. Does your eye see something which you want, and does your little hand want to stretch out and take it? Oh take it not, do it not. This is stealing. And this may lead you on till you are thrown into the dungeon, and shut up in hell. Remember that you ought not to do anything upon which you cannot go and ask the blessing of God in prayer. The eye of the great God is ever upon you, and your eternity may hang upon the conduct of an hour. Remember this, and be afraid to sin, and pray for the Holy Spirit to keep you from every evil, for Christ's sake. Amen.

AIDS TO LECTURERS.

A TEMPERANCE PARISH IN SCOTLAND.—From a gentleman who on a late excursion had occasion to visit various parts of Lanarkshire, we learn that in one of its parishes, namely, Culter, there is not a single public-house! What is the consequence? A healthier and a happier parish is nowhere to be found; and what is more, there is not a single pauper within its boundary!! Some time ago, a person from Biggar thought a public-house in its principal village would be a good speculation, and prepared to set up one; but when this intention came to the ears of the villagers, they used all their interest with the resident Justices to refuse a license, in the fear of opening up a fertile source of mischief. They were successful—the license was refused—and they are now congratulating themselves on their escape from this first step to poverty, misery, degradation, and vice.—*Paisley Advertiser.*

THE TWO VILLAGES.

Samuel Pope, Esq., of Manchester, says,—'A little village in Wales, the inhabitants of which are almost exclusively employed in a slate quarry in the neighbourhood, is a perfect paradise as regards the dwellings of the operative classes. Every man is possessed of a small freehold purchased by his own exertions, many of them of one or two acres, and some of them have saved as much as £300, £400, £500, and £600, out of their wages. So striking is the happiness and prosperity of this little district, that it has attracted the notice of many statesmen, amongst the rest Mr. Shaw Lefevre, Speaker of the House of Commons, who visited it and expressed a desire to know the secret of this prosperity and happiness. The secret was soon explained—that there never has been let in that locality a plot of land on which a public-house can be built. The result is, that there is not a public-house within seven miles of that little village, every one of the inhabitants of which are members of the United Kingdom Alliance, and voters in the county, prepared to have their names enrolled. Across a neighbouring mountain there is another slate quarry, and another little village which, unlike the former case, is infested with beer-shops and public-houses. The result is, that a more disorderly and disreputable population does not exist in the whole of the North of Wales. Thus, divided only by a mountain you see the two principles in active operation, and the different results which flow therefrom.

NIGHT-FALL.

Rose and amber round the sun,
Lo, another day is done!
Now, while soft the night-winds call,
Dews and purple shadows fall,
And, upon the horizon's rim,
Sleep the mountains, vast and dim,
In the embrace of watching skies,
Earth will rest till morning rise.

When the shadows fall for me,
Love! my rose and amber be!
And, on life's horizon rim,
Heavenly mountains slumber dim!
Saviour! Jesus! to Thy breast
Fold me then in perfect rest;
Safe, in shielding such as Thine,
Till the eternal morning shine!

Selected from the "Christian Treasury."

ANNALS OF THE BAND OF HOPE UNION.

During the past month, Mr. G. Blaby has visited the following Bands of Hope, &c.:—Denmark street, three times; Bloomsbury Refuge, twice; Lant street, twice; St. Clement's Danes; Earl street, London road; Vulcan; Praed street, Paddington; One Tun, Westminster; West Green and Marlow. Addressed adult Meetings, Praed street, Denmark street, and Kennington. Lectured with Dissolving Views, Commercial road chapel; Swallow street school, Pear street Ragged schools, Cooper's gardens, and Staines; addressed Sunday schools, King street, Long Acre.

Mr. Smith has lectured with the Dissolving Views at Wolverhampton, Worcester, Birmingham, Newcastle-under-Lyme, Haslington, Crewe, Isle of Man, Bolton, Halifax, Durham, Richmond, Reeth, Scarborough, and York.

Mr. S. Insull has visited the following Bands of Hope:—Union street, Friar's street, three times; Surrey Chapel, twice; Vauxhall walk, Southville, Wandsworth, Pond place, Chelsea; Deverell street, Portman Hall, Edgeware road; Tudor place, Tottenham court road; Shadwell, Mill Pond, Bermondsey;

Pimlico Chapel; Catholic Chapel, Leather lane; Free Church, Mile End; Palace Yard, Great Hall, Westminster; Ragged School, Doughty street, Lambeth; Lant street, Borough. Adult Meetings:—Grove, Southwark; Robert street, New Cut; Horns, Kennington; and Kennington Hall, Kennington lane.

READING.—On Tuesday, March 5th, the Primitive Methodist Band of Hope, celebrated its Eighth Anniversary, in the New Hall, in London street, by a Public Tea Meeting, when about 200 adults, and about 280 children assembled. The children were headed by a brass band to the place of meeting. After tea, the children entertained the Meeting for three hours with recitations, dialogues, and singing. The Report was read by the Rev. J. Toulson; and Alderman Palmer presided. Ten persons signed the pledge.

LEICESTER.—The Annual Report of the Band of Hope has reached us, and will be noticed in the next number. In the meantime, we invite secretaries to send us all the 'good news' they can. We wish to make a complete history of the Bands of Hope. Letters containing useful details will be heartily welcomed by us.

ST. MICHAEL'S HALL, UNION ST., FRIAR ST.—March 1st, the Band of Hope held here under the direction of Messrs. Shields and Deane, was effectively addressed by Mr. Insull, agent of the Band of Hope Union. The Rev. J. B. Smythe, of Dublin, spoke at more length, and in a very interesting manner.

NEWINGTON.—The first public meeting in connection with the above Band of Hope, was held on Tuesday evening, March 19th, in Lion street School-room, New Kent road, at half past five o'clock; the members of the Band and about 100 friends, were provided with tea, &c., at which the Rev. W. Howieson presided.

At 7 o'clock the public meeting commenced; the room was crowded in every part, and very many were unable to obtain admission. The chair was occupied by E. J. Oliver, Esq.

The proceedings commenced by the children singing "The Hope of the World." J. Sanders, Esq., offered prayer.

The chairman in a few words introduced the business of the meeting, expressing his sympathy with the movement, and his best wishes for the success of this new effort. He then called upon the secretary, Mr. J. A. Meads, to read a statement, of which the following is an extract:—

"In the month of November, 1860, a few friends of the Temperance

cause met by invitation, at the residence of one of the teachers of Lion street Sunday school, who stated that he had for a considerable time held fortnightly meetings of the children in the Class room, Prospect row, and that a Juvenile Temperance Society had been partially formed under the title of the Newington Band of Hope; but finding it impossible to continue the work alone, he had invited the friends of the movement to meet, in order that he might bring the subject before them, and obtain their co-operation.

"After some conversation, it was unanimously resolved to form a Committee, and thoroughly organize and establish a Band of Hope.

"Since that time, nine meetings have been held, at which addresses have been delivered by various gentlemen. The number of members at present on the roll is 25 girls and 43 boys."

The statement concluded, by expressing the hope that the present meeting would be the means, 1st. Of inducing many friends to join the movement. 2nd. In leading parents to send their children to the meetings; and 3rd. In adding very considerably to the list of subscribers.

Rev. James Harcourt then addressed the meeting, answering the question, "what is a Band of Hope?" by stating that it was an anti-drinking, anti-smoking, anti-song-singing, anti-theatre-going, in short, an anti-everything that was bad to society. He stated that the statistics of crime showed that the larger proportion of criminals were under 20 years of age, and that if we would reform the community, we must begin with the young.

The children then sung, "Softly the Drunkard's Wife."

The chairman next called upon Mr. G. M. Murphy to address the meeting. He stated that it was folly to suppose that total abstainers were miserable sickly individuals; he said they were often met by the statement, "wine is a good creature of God;" this he denied. Iron was a gift of God, but the cannon ball and the sword were perversions of that gift. The trees were God's gift, but the club of the savage was an invention of man, and was a use for which God never intended those beautiful gifts; and so barley was a good creature of God, a blessing from heaven, but man abused that gift and turned it into a curse, when he made it into malt. He called upon all present to support the Band of Hope, by their co-operation and their money.

The children then sung, "When the Rosy Morn appearing," after which, Alfred Lenel Saul, Esq., addressed the meeting. He stated that he was always ashamed when he came to such meetings as the present. Ashamed, not of his colours, but ashamed that such meetings were needed. He stated some facts which had come under his own personal observation,

showing the evils of the drinking customs. He stated that statistics showed, that while out of every 1000 farmers 10 would die during the year; and out of every 1000 shoemakers 15 would die; out of every 1000 innkeepers and publicans 28 would die; if the drink was so strengthening, this ought not to be the case, for of all men publicans and innkeepers had most to do with it, and therefore should live longer than the others. He appealed to Scripture in support of the principle of total abstinence, and concluded with an illustration, showing that those who were the first to say they could trust themselves, were the very ones who were the most likely to fall.

The chairman then called upon the Rev. Newman Hall to address the meeting, who did so in an excellent style.

The children then sung "A Song to the Pledge."

— Pash, Esq. moved that the best thanks of the meeting be given to E. J. Oliver, Esq. for presiding, and to the gentlemen who had so eloquently and powerfully addressed them. He expressed his pleasure in seeing that Lion street was moving in the right direction at last; he trusted that next year they would have the pastor in the chair, and a much more numerous list of members upon their roll.

Mr. W. Tresidder, in seconding the resolution, expressed his great regret that one of the speakers, the Rev. G. W. McCree had been obliged to leave without addressing the meeting.

On the resolution being put to the meeting, it was carried unanimously.

The chairman acknowledged the vote of thanks, and the meeting, which had been of a very enthusiastic character, closed with the doxology.

Obituary.—Died on Tuesday, the 26th ult., Mr. John Bastard, of Manchester, aged 68, for many years a well-known advocate of the total abstinence cause, and every other movement calculated to raise his fellow man fom the degrading vice of intemperance, and the evils springing therefrom. Being a son of toil himself, a bricklayer by trade, and having been more than twenty years ago reclaimed from drinking habits, he on every occasion, as opportunity served, was most zealous in the cottage, the parlour, the chapel, or the open air, in persuading and prevailing upon all who heard him to abandon for ever the use of intoxicating drinks. His mode of advocacy was peculiar to himself; although simple, he was earnest and truly sincere. Hundreds of families once wretched and miserable will long

remember their pleasing and altered positions in life through the persuasive and energetic appeals of him who has now gone to reap his reward. He not only embraced entire abstinence and perfect sobriety as the safest stepping-stone to self-reform, but many years ago united himself to a Christian church, and lived to the last a monument of God's mercy. For twenty-six weeks he was painfully afflicted with sickness, yet, still patient and waiting for the coming of his Lord, often expressing to his friends, when they called to see him, "Thank God, friends, I have not to look for religion now, when sickness has come; it is well for me that I sought the Lord in my strength, for now he is my rock and my hope." His remains were interred in the new cemetery, Salford, on Sunday, March 3d, followed to the grave by several hundreds, of mourning friends, most of whom had been rescued by the same means from the evils of drunkenness and vice. May their end be like unto his, peace and joy, in full hopes of eternal happiness.

We are glad to learn that the Rev. Edward Adey has kindly consented to represent the claims of the Band of Hope Union in some parts of the country.

The Rev. J. B. Smyth has also been engaged as a Lecturer and Preacher. We believe these arrangements will greatly tend to advance the interests of the Society. Local Societies wishing for Mr. Smyth's services, can apply to the Secretaries of the Union, 37, Queen Square. W. C.

PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED:—The Blind Schoolmistress—The Band of Hope Movement—The Sixth Annual Report of the Band of Hope Union—How to Read—Curiosities of Crime—Lecture on Joseph Sturge—Who are Hindering the Little Ones?—The Cottager—The Adviser—Nephalism, the True Temperance—Cazelet on the Voice—Thoughts on Preaching—Seasons with the Sea-Horses.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

All communications should be written on one side of the paper only.

Names and Addresses should be written very plainly.

Intelligence should be sent early.

Books for Review, Articles for the Record, &c., may be sent to the Editor at No. 37, Queen Square, London.

Business Letters, as Orders for the Record, must be addressed to Mr. S SHIRLEY, *at the above Office.*

J. BALE, Printer, 78, Great Titchfield street, Marylebone.

BAND OF HOPE RECORD.

THE MIRACLE OF CANA.

BY THE REV. T. C. WILSON.

Some notice should be taken of the miracle of Cana, which has so often been held up as an argument for the use of intoxicating liquor as a social beverage; and I shall therefore offer a few brief remarks on the subject.

And, first of all, let it be remembered, that although the art of adulterating wine, so as to increase greatly its intoxicating power, seems to have been understood in very ancient times, yet the wine of Judea in *ordinary* use was a very different article from what is now in use amongst us, and might be freely indulged in with less injurious effects than even the *least* intoxicating liquors of our day. It was, from all accounts, a harmless, wholesome beverage, as pure wine usually is in a vine-growing country. I speak now on the supposition (which may be doubted) that the use of wine of an intoxicating quality is permitted or sanctioned in Scripture; and allowing that it is so, I say that to argue that the circumstance of our Saviour turning water into wine, for the use of a wedding party, is to be regarded as a warrant for drinking the highly brandied, or otherwise adulterated liquors called wine, used now in this country, is simply absurd. There is no parallel between them. Still more absurd is it to argue, that because our Saviour made wine for that festive occasion, we are warranted or encouraged to take the precious grain, which is obviously designed for food, and to turn it into poisonous, maddening liquor; and this we do to the fearful extent of destroying annually as much grain as would furnish a plentiful supply of bread for five millions of the people.

And what was really the nature of the wine which our Saviour made? There is no proof of its being an intoxicant. Can it even be said to have been the juice of the grape? It was made out of water. Of one thing we may be sure, that *none* who partook of it were thereby intoxicated. It would be impious to suppose such a thing; and we feel no hesitation in saying, that if our moderate-drinking friends, who are in the habit of arguing from this miracle in behalf of drinking usages, can procure *wine of that kind—wine made out of water*, we are perfectly willing that they should drink as much of it as they please.

2. Again, an erroneous idea has sometimes been taken from an expression used by the evangelist, in his account of the miracle, where he speaks of "men having well drunk," as if it were alleged that they had already drunk to excess on that occasion, and that our blessed Lord, knowing this, had notwithstanding furnished them with more wine; but no such thing is implied in the expression. The governor of the feast, in what he says, merely refers to what commonly took place on such festive occasions, and by no means indicates that such was the case then. But even though it were, the words "well drunk" do not really mean having drunk to intoxication, but simply having made use of an abundant or liberal supply, as we would say of tea or coffee, or of any other unintoxicating beverage.

3. Once more, it has been alleged that in making such a very large quantity of wine as the six waterpots are supposed to have contained, our Lord was giving encouragement to *much drinking* But there is not a word in the narrative to prove that the water *in the vessels* was turned into wine. It simply bears, that when they drew the water, and carried it to the governor of the feast he found, upon tasting it, that it had been made wine. It is not at all improbable, for anything the narrative contains to the contrary, that the water which was *not drawn* continued to be water as before. But even on the supposition that it was *all* converted into wine, let it be remembered that it was *good* wine, proceeding directly from the hand of an almighty and gracious Creator, unadulterated and unpolluted by the perverted ingenuity or depraved taste of man.

4. One word more on this subject. At this meeting of friends, where the miracle was wrought, there were present Jesus himself and his disciples. Are drinking parties ordinarily so conducted now, or are the effects of the liquors used on these occasions such, as to dispose those engaged in them to wish that Jesus was present with them? Or, how would they feel at the idea of his suddenly appearing among them? The miracle, we are told, was wrought for the purpose of manifesting forth his glory. Look at the system of social drinking customs now; look at the spirit by which they are characterised; look at their fruits, and say whether God is more *glorified* or *dishonoured* by them, and whether they are to man a *blessing* or a *curse.* We look upon it as no better than a senseless libel upon the character of our blessed Saviour to attempt to justify our drinking usages by his presence or conduct at the marriage feast.

THE PROGRESS OF THE PEOPLE.

This is not a political publication; but a speech recently made in the House of Commons by Mr. Edward Baines, the Member for Leeds, contains so many interesting facts that we shall furnish our readers with some extracts from it. They will thus see that the friends of moral reform are not working in vain:—

"He believed that he should be able show a picture which every member of the House would contemplate with profound satisfaction. Within the thirty years to which he had alluded, we had nearly quadrupled our foreign commerce, our manufacturing industry, and our navigation. Without multiplying figures in support of these statements, he would just say that if they looked at the exports and imports they would find that their aggregate amounts in 1831 was £97,623,332., while in 1860 they had risen to the enormous amount of £373,491,460., showing an increase within those thirty years of 283 per cent. During the time that we were making that increase in our industrial operations we constructed, by means of private enterprise, a system of railways which, as far as he could judge, were more stupendous, and likely to be more useful, than any works of which there was record in history of the world—more stupendous even than the most prodigious works of ancient Rome, or Egypt, or China. We laid down in that time, at a cost of £330,000,000., ten thousand miles of railway, along which there were now carried 150,000,000 of passengers every year a distance of 2,000,000,000 miles, besides an incredible amount of minerals and merchandise. He had said that they had increased their navigation nearly four-fold, but he ought to state that that portion of our navigation which was by far the most important, namely, steam vessels, had multiplied fourteen-fold. During the same time there has been laid down 10,000, miles of telegraph, with 50,000 miles of communicating wire, by means of which there had been given to the people of the country something like an earthly omniscience. Since the abolition of protection there had been an increase in the improvements in agriculture very nearly if not quite as rapid as in manufactures and commerce. Mountains of gold had been discovered in our colonies, and there had been brought into the capital of the country something like £200,000,000. sterling of gold within the last ten years. What were the natural consequences of this amazing development of the industry and wealth of the country? They were these: that we had a people better fed, better clothed, better lodged, better taught, and in better health than at any period of our history. We had a people who, both in the great manufacturing districts of the country, and still more in the agricultural districts, had obtained a great raising of the rate of wages, and, notwithstanding that advance, a shortening of the hours of labour; and we had seen a gradual cheapening of all or nearly all commodities. One of the most decisive evidences of improvement that he could possibly give was to be found in the records of the Poor-Law Board at this moment. In 1831 the pauperism of England and Wales cost every inhabitant of this part of the island 9s. 9d. per head. In 1860 the cost was reduced to 5s. 6d. per head, or to nearly one-half of what it was thirty years ago. On the 1st of January, 1859, the whole number of able-bodied adult males receiving out-door relief in 629 unions was only 26,286, of whom, 24,505 were relieved owing to sickness, accidents, or infirmity; 1,687 from being out of work and other causes, and 94 only from urgent necessity. It might be supposed that during these thirty

years science had been neglected, and that the whole force of the public mind had been bent to that one object of acquiring money and increasing the industrial resources of the country. That was not so, for he was about to show what was the improvement that had taken place in the education and intelligence of the people. To this he invited the attention of the House, as bearing especially npon the working classes, and showing the improvement in their intelligence.

Mr. Baines then adduced the following facts with regard to Sunday Schools :—

"In 1818 the proportion of day scholars to the population was one in every 17¼; in 1833, according to the return then published, it was one in 11, and a decimal of 27; and in 1858 it was one scholar in every 7 and 7-10 of the population. In 1818 the number of day scholars was 674,000; in 1833, 1,276,947; and in 1858, 2,535,462. But there was another very important branch of the subject, which, if it had less to do with the advancement of secular education, had much more to do with the advancement of virtue and piety, which tended to cement together the different orders of society. He alluded to Sunday schools throughout the country. In 1818 the number of Sunday school scholars was 477,225; in 1833, 1,548,890; and in 1858, 2,411,544. There was in 1851, according to the census of education then returned, no less than 318,135 unpaid teachers in those Sunday schools, all persons of high character and of Christian principles."

The honourable Member gave some valuable statistics in reference to newspapers and other serial literature :—

"From a paper furnished by Mr. Francis, it appeared that the circulation of London newspapers in 1830 was 19,746,851, and in 1860 the circulation had risen to 118,799,200. In 1830 the number of newspapers published in the whole United Kingdom was 36,807,055. As the stamp for newspapers had been abandoned, they could not state exactly what the number published at present was; but assuming the increase to be the same in the rest of England and Wales as in London, the circulation would be 221,444,000 per annum. The London weekly newspapers, especially devoted to the working classes, had, in the year 1830, an aggregate circulation of 75,000 per week, and in 1860 a weekly circulation of 730,000. Of unsectarian Christian literature, such as the *Leisure Hour* and the *British Workman*, the number now in circulation was 2,210,500 per month. Journals of a useful, educational, and entertaining character, such as those of the Messrs. Chambers and Cassell, had a weekly circulation of 600,000. Temperance journals, at a penny per number, had a monthly circulation of 203,000; journals containing novels, tales, biographical sketches, &c, 700,000 per week; romances, exciting wonder and horror, but not of an immoral character, 5,000 per week; immoral penny literature, only 52,000 per week; and free-thinking literature had a very small circulation, but was of an immeasurably better and less offensive character than in 1832. The number of magazines, circulated in London alone, at 2d. and upwards, was 374,000 monthly; and the *Times* newspaper, which in 1830 had a total circulation of 10,250 copies, printed by the best machinery of the day at the rate of 4,000 per hour, had a circulation in 1859 of 53,000 or 55,000, printed at the rate of from 15,000 to 20,000 copies per hour."

Mr. Baines proceeded to read from a paper furnished by Mr. W. Tweedie :—

"I should say that there are at least 4,000 temperance societies in the

United Kingdom, and not less than 3,000,000 teetotallers, including all ages—perhaps more than half being under fifteen years of age. During last year I sold pledge books sufficient to take 270,000 names, and during the same time sold over 200,000 pledge cards. In the United Kingdom, during last year, there were thirteen large temperance associations, employing forty paid lecturers, with a united annual income of £22,000. The movement sustains three weekly newspapers, with a united circulation of 25,000 copies; also six monthly magazines, with a united circulation of over 20,000. The *British Workman* may also be classed as a temperance monthly, and its circulation alone is upwards of 250,000. Besides these there are two periodicals for the young, viz., *The Adviser*, whose circulation is over 50,000, and *The Band of Hope Review*, with a circulation over 250,000. There are also two quarterly reviews, with a joint circulation of about 10,000."

Alderman Heywood, of Manchester, had written to Mr. Baines as follows:—

"The working men are a new class and order of men when contrasted with what they once were. There were no daily papers published here in 1831. The gross number issued by the four weekly papers was not more than 12,000. Periodicals had not begun their career at that time, except the *Poor Man's Guardian*. It is true there was the *Mechanics' Magazine*, the *Mirror*, and a few small ones, the contents of which were tales, poetry, and romance. The sale of the *Poor Man's Guardian* was then 2,000 weekly. Newspapers now published in Manchester in one week, including daily and weekly, are 346,000. Periodicals: the nearest approximation I can make with certainty of the sale of publications which come into the city weekly will be 200,000. Newspapers, 346,000; periodicals, 200,000; total, 546,000. In this statement I have not included the London daily papers, nor those papers published in the surrounding towns."

Mr. Baines also read to the House a communication received from Mr. James Guest, of Birmingham. Mr. Guest made the following statement:—

"In the year 1830 there were two newsvendors in Birmingham, whose business it was to supply the daily and weekly papers taken almost entirely at public houses, where the working man took in his news and left, on an average, one-third of his wages. There were at that time several stationers, who supplied the monthlies. Several publications had been tried, and all seemed to fail except two—*The Mirror*, 2d., and *Mechanics' Magazine*, 3d,; up to that time—I have no doubt, for want of persons who could read. The only survivor of this antediluvian period is the *Mechanics' Magazine*. *The Penny* and *Saturday Magazines* and *Chambers's Journal* were started, and sold wonderfully well for that period. These were, for a long time, the only unexceptionable ones published. The sale of all kinds, I should say, was about 7,000 weekly in 1831; the immoral and objectionable publications forming a very large proportion of this number. Now, in 1861, I find over 300 newsvendors, and twenty-four very respectable booksellers, who deal more or less in periodicals, selling on an average 83,200 per week, comprising very few of an objectionable character. Almost every tradesman and many working men have now their penny daily paper; and the fact of about 2,000 copies of the *Cornhill Magazine* at 1s. being sold in Birmingham of No. 1, will give you some idea of the improvement of the working classes and small tradesmen since 1831. These classes all then resorted to the pot-

house, either kitchen or parlour, nearly every night. They now join building societies, and many become their own landlords. I can tell you something of the mining districts, as I went myself once a week for a long time, taking with me such unstamped news and periodicals as were then current, and I know the lamentable state of ignorance in those districts in 1830, '31, '32, and '33. I have entered a room in which twenty men, all black from the pits, were drinking beer, and asked if they wanted a newspaper at only 1d. or 2d., and the answer was, 'Noa, I can't read; I wish I kud.' There was not one in all that district sold anything of the periodical kind. Shops are now opened in every direction, selling from 20 doz. to 50 doz. per week each, or I should say, 15,000 weekly, where I could thirty years since sell about 200. The beer-house is now less attended, and a great proportion of the people can read. I have been much mixed up with working men and boys, and I consider them very much improved in all respects."

Such facts as these are full of promise. They prove that educators, temperance reformers, Sunday school teachers, conductors of bands of hope, and the preachers of the "glorious Gospel" are destined to see ignorance, vice, drunkenness, and crime vanish away.

THE NEW FRENCH DRINK.—The uneasiness inspired in France by the use and abuse of the pestilential absinthe, has induced a fresh inquiry to be instituted, with a view to the creation of a legal impediment to the progress of it among the working population of Paris. But the Government having done its utmost, by forbidding the use of the noxious liquor on board the vessels belonging to the navy, and by instituting the severest punishments in cases of its sale to the army, finds itself powerless against the free will of a free population, and has no other recourse than that of increasing the tax upon the alcohol with which the poison is prepared; thus injuring, to a mortal extent, every other branch of trade in which the same alcohol bears a part. More pernicious than brandy, more poisonous than gin, it seems that absinthe undermines the intelligence long before its ravages are perceived upon the physical powers. Legrand de Saulle quotes the example of a fellow-student in medicine, endowed by nature with such powerful intellect and capacity of labour that he was regarded by his comrades as destined to take an early place among the princes of medical science, who, from the abuse of absinthe, has sunk to the lowest state of mental degradation, while his physical strength remains to outward seeming unimpaired. He is well known in Paris. Still young and active, the anticipated successor of Dupuytren sells checks at the door of a second-rate theatre of the Boulevards, and sweeps the pavement of the fish market for a living! The un-

consciousness of debasement is one of the most painful symptoms of the malady brought on by absinthe. Memory being the first faculty to fall, entirely annihilates that of comparison, which alone could create shame or regret in the victim. The ravages committed in the army and colonists of Algeria by the abuse of this exciting liquor have long been subject of the most earnest reports from the various administrators of the colony. In 1857, Marshal Randon, by a peremptory order, forbade the "mercantiles" to follow the army in its expedition against the Kabyles. The consequence of the order became visible at once in the slackening of the manufacture of absinthe at Lunel, where the principal preparation of the drug is carried on. The most satisfactory results in point of military hygiene were obtained during this campaign, but as soon as the expedition returned to Algiers the old symptoms re-appeared, and the hospitals became once more crowded with blear-eyed idiots waiting to be conveyed home to their friends. The detestable adulteration of the liquor by sulphate of copper is so well-known in the army, that it is called familiarly *infusion du gros sous*, and yet even this knowledge is not sufficient to deter the soldiers from seeking the forgetfulness it procures. At the beginning of last year a great sensation was produced in Paris by the mortality which carried off in a short time, with every symptom of poisoning, a considerable number of men belonging to the 1st regiment of Dragoons. Every research had been made to discover the cause, when the doctors determined to have the absinthe of the canteens submitted to examination. The presence of a large proportion of sulphate of copper was detected. By order of the colonel, and with solemn ceremony, in presence of the whole troop, the casks containing the liquid were stove in, and their contents swept into the gutter. Health was restored after this execution, which served as a lesson both to the consumer and manufacturer—for the latter is said to substitute chloride of antimony, a far more dangerous poison, and much more difficult of detection than the sulphate of copper. Philanthropists are eager in their suggestions to the Legislature concerning the speedy removal of this scourge, which is most certainly destroying the very sap of life in the youth of all the large towns of France.

Inspired Descriptions of Drunkenness.—'Who hath woe? who hath sorrow? who hath contentions? who hath babbling? who hath wounds without cause? who hath redness of eyes? They that tarry long at the wine; they that go to

seek mixed wine. Look not thou upon the wine when it is red; when it giveth its colour in the cup; when it moveth itself aright. At the last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder. Thine eyes shall behold strange women, and thine heart shall utter perverse things. Yea, thou shalt be as he that lieth down in the midst of the sea, or as he that lieth upon the top of a mast. They have stricken me, shalt thou say, and I was not sick; they have beaten me, and I felt it not. When shall I awake? I will seek it yet again.' Prov. xxiii. 29—35. 'Be not among wine-bibbers, and riotous eaters of flesh, for the drunkard and glutton shall come to poverty.' Verses 20, 21. Had Solomon read the history of the baneful effects of drunkenness at the present time, he could not more fully have depicted the character and the consequences of drinking. Is it any wonder that with such a scene before him, he commands us to avoid even looking at the intoxicating cup? And if we are not to look at such a liquor, then such a command most imperatively prohibits us from tasting it. How strange would it have been for the Bible to have commanded us to avoid gluttony, fornication, revelling, contentions, and everything that would injure our minds and morals, if, at the same time, it had commanded us to use those beverages which, in all ages and countries, have been the most fruitful source of all these evils and crimes? If the passage just quoted does not enjoin total abstinence from all intoxicating drinks, then it will be difficult to find words which could express such a prohibition. Wine, says the wisest of men, is a mocker, and strong drink is raging, tumultuous, confusing, or stupifying; and he that is deceived thereby is not wise. Here the Holy Ghost tells us that wine is a mocker, and that strong drink is raging or stupifying; and dare we say that the Spirit of truth wishes us to be mocked, or that the Author of peace, order, and spiritual life commands us to use a draught which will make us rage, confound our intellects, and produce stupidity? Here it is not said much wine is a mocker, much strong drink is stupifying; but while the words mocker and raging point out the character of the drinks as intoxicating beverages, the plain implication of the text is, that we should avoid the deception by totally abstaining. How correct, also, is the remark respecting their deception or mockery! how applicable to the present day! There is not a modern drinker of beer, wine, or spirit, but is constantly being mocked. The spirit of what he drinks stimulates him, and he foolishly conceives that stimulus and

excitement are real bodily strength; when, instead of this, his frame is actually being poisoned and weakened, by the vile liquid that seems for a while to animate him. His excitement must be followed by collapse; his high spirits, when the fumes of the alcohol have evaporated, must yield to *ennui* and depression. One of the most awful pictures of the effects of drinking is given us by Isaiah: 'Woe unto them that rise up early, that they may follow strong drink, and continue until night till wine inflame them! And the harp, and the viol, and the tabret, and the pipe, and wine, are in their feasts: but they regard not the work of the Lord, neither consider the operation of his hands. Therefore my people are gone into captivity because they have no knowledge: and their honourable men are famished, and the multitude are dried up with thirst: therefore hell hath enlarged herself, and opened her mouth without measure; and their glory, and their multitude, and their pomp, and he that rejoiceth, shall descend into it.' Isaiah, v. 11—14. Here we have at one view an epitome of the dreadful consequences of drinking. God and his works and dispensations are disregarded, and spiritual ignorance is the result; God's worship is neglected; the people are enslaved, degraded, famished, and parched with thirst; the most honourable and respectable are brought to ruin; and, in consequence of the aboundings of disease and crime, the grave is enlarged, and 'hell opens her mouth without measure.'

POETRY,

FOR RECITATION FOR BANDS OF HOPE.

THE DRUNKARD'S WIFE.

BY MARY SEWELL.

Oh, Edward! do not laugh, I pray,
  To see that drunken man;
I'll tell you what I've seen to-day,
  And then you hardly can.

Our servant Jane learnt in the town—
  I cannot tell you how—
That some one had been starved to death
  In little Wapping Row.

And so I stored my basket well,
  And went out there to see,
And found it was the truth indeed—
  A dreadful history.

I pass'd through many dismal courts,
  Through lanes and alleys low,
Before I found the house
  I sought in Wapping Row.

High up a dark and winding stair,
  From floor to floor I went,
And heard sometimes a woman swear,
  Or beaten child lament.

Upon the topmost flight I found
  A close and wretched wretched room ;
Alas ! that any human soul
  Should call such place a home.

No fire was burning in the grate,
  The walls were damp and bare,
The window panes were stuff'd with rags,
  No furniture was there.

But in a corner, dark and chill,
  Some dirty straw was spread,
And there a little ghastly child
  Was lying stiff and dead.

But still there was a moaning sound,
  As if from one in pain ;
But many times I spoke before
  An answer came again.

At length a woman slowly moved,
  Roused from unquiet rest ;
And, wailing with a feeble cry,
  A babe clung to her breast.

'Twas long before she was revived
  Sufficiently to speak ;
But then began to tell her tale
  In words so faint and weak—

I fear'd that I should lose them all ;
  But as she went along,
Her hollow cheek grew fever flush'd—
  Her words came quick and strong,

As though she wish'd, but once again,
  Now death was drawing near,
To pour out all her misery
  Into a woman's ear.

"I was," she said, "a farmer's bride,
  With love and peace content;
I was his heart's delight and pride,
  Fair, young, and innocent.

"He was an honest, sober man,
  I loved him as my life;
And never—I may say it now—
  Was more devoted wife.

"Our house stood in a bed of flowers—
  I think I see it now,
With all the roses clustering thick
  Around the window bow;

"It was a little Paradise,
  And full of happiness;
For God's good angels guarded us,
  And we had no distress.

"But when my little child was born,
  My cup ran o'er with joy;
The days were never long enough
  For all my sweet employ.

"Her prattling tongue, her pretty ways,
  Were always new delight;
And she grew up so strong and well,
  And was so quick and bright.

"And yet she had a tender heart,
  The least reproof could move;
And, oh! she look'd so earnestly,
  Till certain of my love.

"And when she flung her little arms
  Close fondling round my neck,
My foolish heart broke down with joy,
  Sweet tears I could not check.

"Then came a shadow o'er my life—
  My husband took to drink;
And lower down, and lower still,
  My heart began to sink.

"Still lower down, and lower down,
  We left our pleasant home;
And, sinking still from worse to worse,
  To this poor place we've come.

"Our little comforts, one by one,
  Were sold away for drink;
The pawnshop has our furniture—
  My husband would not think.

"At last they took away our bed,
  Regardless of my tears;
They brought a warrant of distress,
  To seize for rent arrears.

"The father's heart was flinty stone;
  He valued us no more
Than this damp bed of filthy straw,
  That lies upon the floor.

"I work'd till all my strength was gone,
  Till this poor boy was born;
Since then we 've pined from day to day,
  More famish'd and forlorn.

"But soon 'twill end; beneath the sod,
  My little girl and I
Shall find a place of peacefnl rest
  From all our misery.

"Oh, lady! did you ever watch
  A rose fade day by day,
Till all its grace and lovliness
  Were gone and pass'd away?

"So did I watch my little flower
  With anguish and despair;
The silken curls that used to shine
  Around her face so fair,

"Were matted now, and soil'd with dirt—
  No soap nor fire had we;
But, oh! her cheeks so deadly pale!
  Look! lady, you may see."

And then she groan'd a heavy groan,
  And, with a ghastly stare,
She pointed to the little corpse
  That lay so quiet there.

"I could not hold her little head,
As there she moaning lay;
We had no light—'twas in the dark
Her sweet soul pass'd away.

"Oh! I had seen the crimson flush
Upon her hollow cheek,
And fever lighting up her eye,
But 'twas no use to speak.

"Her father never thought of her,
Poor helpless innocent!
But often down that dismal stair
Her trembling feet were sent,

"On, through the foul and filthy haunts
Of misery and sin,
Into the drunkard's palaces,
To get her father gin.

"The piercing cold, and fog so raw,
Struck to her little heart;
Her shivering limbs and chattering teeth
Oft made the people start.

"Her hollow cough would sound at night
Along the lonely street;
But no one ask'd her where she went,
Nor track'd her naked feet."

Again the the woman heaved a groan,
And, with a ghastly stare,
She look'd upon the little corpse
That lay so quiet there.

Her sunken eyes she feebly raised,
Then faintly bow'd her head;
A struggling sigh escaped her lips—
I saw that she was dead.

Her wretched, lonely, broken heart
At last had found its rest;
But, wailing still, the baby lay,
Close clinging to her breast.

THE FALLEN MINISTER.

BY PROFESSOR JAMES MILLER.

One day, at a railway station, when passengers were congregating in groups, before the starting of a train, my attention was attracted to a tall, middle-aged man, who was slowly making his way to lean against a pillar. His dress, evidently once black and reputable, was soiled, and torn, and covered with mud. His limbs were bent and tottering; his hands hung loosely by his side, and shook like aspens. His face was haggard and pale; or rather would have looked so, but for the dirt it bore; unwashed, unshaven; a brown rivulet of snuff massing the upper lip, and trickling down the chin; the eyes fixed, and of a glassy stare, with the eyelids half closed; the jaw dropped, the mouth open, and slavering like an idiot's. His hat—muddy, and crushed, and awry—was fixed, hard and low, upon his crouching head and shoulders. His shoes were brown and broken. He might be sixty; he might be forty; all too plainly he was a drunkard, seeking a country home, after wallowing for at least one night in the city's mire. Something told me that was no stranger; many years must have passed since I had seen him; but in a few minutes memory carried me through all his antecedents. I remembered him a university student, of almost the same age and standing with myself; the gayest of the gay, in heart and disposition; gentle, loving, kind; studious, too, and talented. I remembered him licensed to preach the gospel; popular, respected, devoted. I remembered him settled down in a country charge; married, the father of a hopeful family, the centre of a loving circle, the pastor of an attached flock. Then came the dark cloud. He had always been of social habits, and he had indulged them; through indulgence the power of drink had crept upon him unawares; and now, with a bound, it took him by the throat, and held him down. I remembered to have heard strange rumours about that manse; there had been surmises, even among his distant friends, of a sad fall there; and news had come one day, like a thunder-clap, of drunkenness, and delirium and deposition. That was long since; and the sad story had faded greatly from my recollection. But here he stood; a fearful proof and concentration of it all. His body that of a paralysed idiot at least, for the time; his mind sunk to nothingness; his soul—and the

souls of his people—what of them? Alas, alas, these shaking helpless hands of his are stained with the blood of souls committed to his care—himself a hopeless castaway.

WHAT JACK DID.—A STORY FOR CHILDREN.—Mr. Pollard states that, in his drinking days, he was the companion of a man in Arundel County, Maryland, who had a monkey which he valued at a thousand dollars. "We always took him out on our chesnut parties. He shook off all our chesnuts for us, and when he could not shake them off, he went to the very end of the limb, and knocked them off with his fist. One day we stopped at a tavern, and drank freely. About half a glass was left, and Jack took the glass and drank the liquor. Soon he was merry, skipped, hopped, and danced, and set us all into a roar of laughter,—Jack was drunk. We all agreed, six of us, that we would come to the tavern the next day, and get Jack drunk again, and have sport all the day. I called at my friend's house the next morning, and we went out for Jack. Instead of being as usual on his box, he was not to be seen. We looked inside, and he was couched up in a corner. 'Come out,' said his master. Jack came out on three legs; his forepaw being on his head. Jack had headache: I knew what was the matter with him. He felt just as I felt many a morning. Jack was sick and could not go; so we waited three days. We then went; and while drinking, a glass was provided for Jack. But where was he? Skulking behind the chairs. 'Come, Jack, and drink,' said his master, holding out the glass to him. Jack retreated, and as the door was opened he slipped out, and in a moment was on the top of the house. His master went out to call him down; but he would not come. He got a cowskin and shook it at him; but Jack sat on the ridgepole and refused to obey. His master got a gun and pointed it at him. A monkey is much afraid of a gun. Jack slipped over the back side of the house. His master then got two guns, and had one pointed from each side of the house; and the monkey, seeing his predicament, at once whipped upon the chimney, and got down into one of the flues, holding on by his forepaws! Thus the master was beaten. He kept that monkey twelve years, but could never persuade him to taste another drop of whisky. The beast had more sense than many a man who has an immortal soul, and thinks himself the first and best of God's creatures on earth."

TESTIMONY OF A STATESMAN.—Richard Cobden, Esq., M.P.,

at a great political meeting held at Bradford, Yorkshire, on Thursday, 20th December, 1849, said:—"The Colonel did not tell you what I can tell you, that he is a teetotaller of ten or twelve years' standing. And you are all aware, or at least some of you, that out of the 658 members of the House of Commons, Colonel Thompson was able to endure the fatigue and annoyance of those long, dreary, and dull speeches better than any other man. He was more constantly upon the benches than any other member of that house. And I believe the member who came second to him was Mr. Brotherton. Now, it appears very oddly (and I tell it as a secret to those teetotallers who may happen to be present, that they may tell it to those who are absent,) that both Colonel Thompson and Mr. Brotherton are teetotallers. And from what I have seen in the house, I must say that I have the belief that the men who are the most temperate are the men who bear the fatigue of that house the best. I remember on one occasion that Colonel Thompson, Mr. Bright, and myself, went on an agitation tour, during the height of the league agitation, into Scotland. We separated, and went through Scotland, lecturing every night, and holding public meetings, and sometimes two meetings a-day. We rendezvoused together on coming back. On comparing notes, we found that during all our tour in Scotland, not one of us had paid a farthing for fermented or intoxicating drinks of any kind. I remember at one house where we met, we were visited by a number of bailies—bailies in Scotland correspond to aldermen in England—who called for glasses of whisky-toddy. And it was exceedingly amusing to see the very ingenious twist with which they managed to lift out the toddy—the way in which they twisted and turned it out from a large glass into a small one. I remember that Colonel Thompson and all of us tried to imitate that twist, but could not. These bailies stayed with us until two o'clock in the morning; they had glass after glass of toddy, and still they went on in the process of twisting it out of the tumbler into the wine glass. Just as they were going off, we told them the circumstances under which we could not join them; in consequence of the hard work we had to do, we were obliged to confine ourselves exclusively to the pump. And I remember one of these bailies looked up, with rather a maudlin expression—for it was late, and he spoke at the bottom of three or four glasses of stiff toddy—and said, 'Hey, mon! but you water drinkers would upset the world.' I do think that water drinkers

will upset the moral world, and will turn it round with a much better face to us when they have done with it."

WASTE AND WANT.—The Board of Trade returns show that upwards of 43 millions of bushels of barley were consumed in the manufacture of these liquors during the last year; and when the destruction of grain in the production of the 22 millions of gallons of spirits, returned as manufactured last year, is added to the amount stated, we find a total of about 60 millions of bushels of grain abstracted from the food market of the country. Thus nearly eight millions of quarters of grain are destroyed annually in the production of liquors, described by some as a "demoralising poison," but which all admit to be mere luxuries. Were this vast quantity merely wasted—thrown into the sea or burned in the fields—it would simply have the effect which a deficiency in the harvest to the same extent would produce. This, however, is not the good fortune of the country. The liquors produced are floated, not to say forced, through the nation, by the machinery of nearly 140,000 public-houses and beer-shops; and wherever the stream reaches, it carries with it the invariable results of increased pauperism, crime, disease, and premature death. Commercially, it materially limits the markets for our manufacture and industry, and is thus hostile to every useful trade of the country. Seventy-five millions of pounds sterling spent in the purchase of intoxicants, and passing into an unproductive channel, is surely a state of things challenging the attention of the political economist as well as of the philanthropist! The commercial and industrial classes are alike interested in the fact, that of this vast expenditure but a small per centage finds its way into the labour market, either for the benefit of the working classes, or their employers. It has been estimated, that, in the manufacture of a pound's worth of intoxicating liquors, *less than a shilling is paid for labour*, whilst in the production of cotton and woollen goods, hardware, earthenware, furniture, and useful articles generally, the average payments for labour exceed *ten shillings in the pound.* Only five per cent. goes to working men for the manufacture of liquors, whilst more than fifty per cent. is given them in producing articles contributing to the comfort and to the well-being of the community! In other words, where one man is employed in the manufacture of intoxicating liquors, ten would be required, if the money were otherwise expended. In view of these facts attention must be given to this question by all who claim the character of thoughtful men. Public opinion is ripening in

favour of a complete change in regard to our drinking-system, and the conviction is gaining ground that its influence—morally, physically, and commercially—is only evil.

OUR ANNUAL MEETINGS.

We earnestly direct the attention of our readers to the announcement of our annual gatherings. We hope they will excel all former anniversaries in numbers, influence, enthusiasm, and usefulness. The conferences will doubtless obtain the sympathy of all who conduct Bands of Hope, and the public meeting will, we are sure, be an occasion of profound interest. The Devotional Meeting deserves the attendance of all who desire that our movement may be endued with the favour of the Everlasting Father.

ANNALS OF THE BAND OF HOPE UNION.

Mr. S. Insull has visited the following Bands of Hope :—Church place, Paddington, twice; Fetter lane Chapel; One Tun School-room; Mill Pond, Bermondsey, twice; Barnsbury Chapel; St. Clement's Danes; Tottenham, twice; Lant street, Borough; Palace Yard, twice; Fitzroy; Deverell street; Camden town; Marlborough Chapel, Kent road; Weigh House Chapel; Star of Temperance, Carr street, Limehouse. Adult Meetings :—Hawkstone Hall; St. Clement's Danes.

During the past month, Mr. Blaby has visited and addressed the following Bands of Hope:—Bloomsbury Refuge, three times; Denmark street, three times; St. Clement's Danes, twice; Church place, Paddington; Charles street, Drury lane; Star of Temperance; Weigh House Chapel Sunday School. Addressed Adult Meetings at Denmark street; Wesleyan Chapel, King street; Havelock Temperance Society, Poland street; Bromley, and Staines. Lectured with Dissolving Views at Portman Hall. Addressed Sunday Schools at New court, Lincoln's inn fields, and Charles street, Drury lane.

West Green, Tottenham.—On Easter Monday Mr. S. Insull delivered a lecture in the British School, upon the Manufacture of Malt Liquor, illustrated with Diagrams and Experiments. Some ale and porter were purchased from a public house in the neighbourhood, the alcohol was extracted and burned—Mr. I. explaining its poisonous effects upon the brain.

City road Juvenile Temperance Society.—A lecture was delivered in the School-room of the City road Congregational Chapel, in connection with the above society, on Tuesday evening last, by Mr. Smith, of the Band of Hope Union. Subject—"The Fate of Sir John Franklin," illustrated by Dissolving Views. The lecture was a most interesting one, and the views of the highest order; at intervals during the evening a select choir sang several pieces, amongst which were "Rule Britannia," "The Frost," "Fox and the Grapes," and "Blow, blow, thou wintry wind," which reflected great credit on them and their able conductor, Mr. F. H. Rooke, of the Macclesfield street Tonic Sol-fa Singing Classes. The evening's entertainment seemed to be highly appreciated by a large and attentive audience, the large school-room being well filled. The whole proceedings were brought to a close by the choir singing, in a grand and masterly style, the National Anthem.

Staines, Middlesex.—Mr. G. Blaby, agent of the Band of Hope Union, delivered a highly entertaining lecture on the Beauties of Temperance Song, accompanied with vocal illustrations, in the Literary Institute, April 3rd, to a highly respectable audience, who listened with the utmost attention, both to the sentiments and melodies introduced. At intervals Miss J. Worms gave a choice selection of Temperance recitations, which afforded much satisfaction and delight to old and young, and the company (several of whom subscribed their names to the pledge), on retiring, appeared much gratified by the evening's entertainment.

Spa Fields Band of Hope.—It is now two years since the establishment of the Band of Hope, in connexion with Spa Fields Chapel Sunday School. During that time 241 children have taken the pledge. The average attendance during the first year was 65, during the second 71. The meetings are held once a fortnight, from seven to half-past eight, which commence with prayer. Singing forms one of the principal features, and one or two short addresses, combining with temperance, moral duties, and above all, duty to God. These, with a recitation from one of the boys, is the general outline of the way we spend the time. The excellent hymns and melodies, with recitations, published by the Band of Hope Union, have been found of great service. The occasional visits of agents, and those connected with the Union, have also been very acceptable, and we trust mutually beneficial. With a view to get the minds of the children exercised upon the temperance question, we

offered small prizes at the close of last year, to those who could give the best reasons for being total abstainers, such reasons varying from two to six, according to age. The Band of Hope Union very kindly relieved us of the onerous task of selecting the best, and in addition, presented books for the two first prizes. The reasons given by the children exceeded our expectations, and fully proved that many understood the subject better than we anticipated. We have small frames at (cost price) 4d., 6d., and 10d. each, for the illuminated pledge card of the Union, which we always recommend should be hung up at home. We have also been very anxious to obtain the co-operation of the parents in our work, and have often through the children, invited them to our meetings. We also prepared a circular addressed to them, encouraging them to send their children *regularly* and *punctually*, and also to keep every temptation to drink out of their way. This address was enclosed in an envelope, with a suitable temperance tract. Often have we been encouraged by a kind word of gratitude from a parent, who has fully appreciated the effort we are making. In a few cases parents have come to the meetings to sign the pledge. One mother came with her boy who had broken it, and signed it herself to help him to keep it. We believe that good has been accomplished in several ways. The fact of a Band of Hope in connexion with any Sunday School, tends to keep the subject before the minds of the teachers and the church. This has been proved by ten of our teachers having signed the pledge since the establishment of the Band of Hope, in connexion with our own School, and several of them have rendered us the most valuable assistance. In one case a whole class of eight scholars followed the example of their teacher, as soon as she had signed —a striking illustration of the power of example. We cannot conclude without referring to the kindness of our friend, Mr. James Tidmarsh, of Claremont Square, who has very liberally presented us with 100 copies of the Band of Hope Review, every month, since we commenced our operations. In conclusion, we trust the day is not far distant when every Sunday School shall have its Band of Hope, and that all who bear the christian name will join in holy alliance, to remove the greatest reproach from our beloved land—drunkenness!

Albany Chapel, Regent's Park.—On Tuesday, April the 9th, a Tea and Public Meeting was held at the above place. The Rev. Dawson Burns presided. The school-room was densely crowded, and much interest manifested in the proceed-

ings. Mr. Burns commenced the proceedings by a suitable address, but having to leave, Mr. Dickson occupied the vacant post. The first speaker was Mr. S. Shirley, Hon. Sec. of the Band of Hope Union, who explained the nature of Bands of Hope and the importance of the movement, especially in connection with Sunday Schools. Mr. Warren, jun. gave an admirable recitation, and in his own case showed the value of the Band of Hope movement. Other gentlemen followed with excellent remarks, and thus brought this useful meeting to a close.

Offord Road Chapel Band of Hope.—On Tuesday evening, March 19th, a Band of Hope was inaugurated in connection with the Offord Road Chapel, under the Presidency of the Rev. Paxton Hood and superintendence of Mr. Budd. About fifty declaration papers were handed in signed, by the young people, with the approval of their parents, their ages varying from eight to eighteen. Several melodies were sung during the evening, and all appeared highly pleased and gratified. The meetings are intended to be held fortnightly, commencing at seven o'clock, and closing at a quarter past eight.

Hinde's Mews, Marylebone.—A short summary of last year's doings will give a tolerably correct notion how this Band of Hope is carried on. In the way of publications there have been given away during the year, 2,000 "Advisers," 1,000 "Leaflets," 12 packets of Ipswich Juvenile Tracts, 500 Adult Tracts, 250 "British Band of Hope Melodists," besides reward-books and cards. The bi-monthly meetings have been mainly occupied by the children, with one address, assisted by experiments on each meeting-night, for the purpose of riveting on the children's memories some phase of the great Temperance question. The Annual Meeting was held on Tuesday evening, April 2nd, when a large meeting of parents and children was addressed by Mr. G. Miller, the Rev. G. W. M'Cree, and others.

Fitzroy Society, Little Portland Street.—On Thursday, March 21st, the eleventh anniversary of the Fitzroy Band of Hope was celebrated. The members and their young friends met at Fitzroy Hall, at half-past four o'clock. The hall was decorated with banners, on which various mottoes were inscribed. Tea was provided at five o'clock, which consisted of tea, plenty of bread and butter, plum cake, and biscuits with marmalade. After tea we were allowed to go out. When we came in we had our names called over, after which we left the Hall, and

walked in procession to the Queen's Concert Rooms. We arrived there a little before seven. The chair was occupied by the Rev. George Grundy, a Minister of the Methodist New Connexion. The meeting was opened by a hymn, sung by the whole assembly. Mr. Grundy then addressed the meeting, after which some of the juveniles sang a semi-chorus, entitled "The Crystal Spring." Frederick Jones then recited a piece, called "Our Practice;" Emma Woolston, "The Three Homes;" Lucy Coppins, "The Temptation;" Elizabeth Bird, "Bright Water for Me." Gertrude and Charles Mason sang, after which the Rev. Charles Stovel addressed the audience. Henry Leggetter then recited "Pity the Drunkard;" Caroline Teague, "Who sends each Little Flower;" Harriett Leggetter, "The Grave of the Drunkard;" some of the juveniles then joined in singing a semi-chorus, entitled "The Skaters." Mr. Hillocks then addressed the juveniles, showing what little boys and girls could do. The collection was then made, which we hope was a very liberal one. The children were then treated with some oranges, after which Edward Leggetter recited "The Brewer and his Coachman;" some of the juveniles then joined in singing an anthem, called "I will arise and go to my Father." Maria Woolston then sang "Hail to the Brightness;" Hannah and Jane M'Donough "The Band of Hope Meeting." The meeting was then addressed by the Rev. Newman Hall, after which the whole company joined in singing a beautiful hymn. The meeting was then closed, and the whole audience, which was supposed to be not less than a thousand people, separated, apparently highly delighted, not only with the gentlemen who spoke, but also with the performances of the children.

[This account was written by Harriet Leggetter, aged ten years, for which she received one of the prizes offered.]

Fetter Lane Chapel Band of Hope.—This society held its first festival in Fetter lane Chapel, on Tuesday last, the Rev. R. G. Harper, Pastor and President of the society, in the chair.

The children, to the number of about 100, sat down to an excellent tea, after which they adjourned to the chapel, which was hung with numerous appropriate banners, and presented a very cheerful appearance.

The meeting opened with singing, after which Mr. Melluish, one of the Deacons, engaged in prayer.

Very instructive and amusing addresses were given by the Rev. G. W. M'Cree, Mr. Kaines, and Mr. Insull. Each of the speeches was illustrated with pleasing anecdotes, enforcing the

principles of total abstinence, honesty, cleanliness, a love of truth, and the desire to benefit the less fortunate of our fellow creatures.

In the course of the evening recitations and dialogues were given by the children, and were highly appreciated by the audience. Several of the dialogues, recitations, and melodies were written for the occasion by Mr. Longley, one of the Superintendents.

Joseph Payne, Esq., gave an address in his usual happy rhyming manner, concluding with his 1,546th "tailpiece," of which we give two verses:—

Success to the Temperance plan;
  When properly understood,
'Tis honoured by God, and admired by man,
  And worketh the nation's good.

Success to the children's song,
  Success to the Harper's strain,
Which waken the echoes that roll along
  The chapel in Fetter lane!

—*City Press.*

KENILWORTH.—The fifth birthday of this society was celebrated by a series of consecutive meetings. The annual meeting was presided over by T. Cotton, Esq., an active county magistrate. The introductory proceedings were taken part in by the Rev. W. Kendall, an old abstainer. Then followed Mr. Lawrance Gane, with genial-hearted oratory. His similies were rich, and ornate, and his whole bearing that of a christian and gentleman.—The following night was the children's gathering. As chairman, the Rev. J. Button, minister of the adjoining Independent Chapel, fulfilled the duties admirably. The juveniles sang merrily and well, led by Miss Osborn, and the speaker was in such spirits that a couple of hours slipped past without the clock being once looked at. Then came the meeting at St. John's school-room, presided over by the worthy Incumbent, the Rev. F. R. Kite, M.A. Here the audience and speaker were, if possible, still more thoroughly at home with each other; and in spite of drenching rain, the room was densely crowded in every part. At each of these meetings pledges were registered.—Next night the village of Stoneleigh, two miles from Kenilworth, was stirred to its core by Mr. Gane. The Reading Room was the place of rendezvous, and the Secretary, Mr. Ison, filled the chair in the absence of the Vicar.—On Sunday the annual sermon was preached at Abbey Hill Chapel, Kenilworth, by the Rev. Ralph Stott, of Leamington.—Looking at the above meetings as a whole, *every friend of* temperance and every

labourer in the vineyard may "thank God and take courage," seeing the accomplishment of such apparently large results in a locality where, five years ago, teetotalism possessed neither habitation nor name.—*Kenilworth Advertiser, April 11th.*

NEWCASTLE-UNDER-LYNE. — EBENEZER SUNDAY SCHOOL BAND OF HOPE.—This Society held its second annual meeting in the Marsh Street Lecture Hall, on the afternoon of Good Friday, when a large number of members and friends assembled. The chair was occupied by Mr. John Williams. The secretary read the report, which shewed the number of members to be 166, the increase on the past year being 26. These are wholly in the boys' school, belonging to the Methodist New Connexion Society. Addresses were delivered by the chairman, and Messrs. Baker and Pepper, and recitations by various members of the Society, but the chief attraction of the afternoon, was a dialogue said by five boys, representing a scene inside a public house. A prize was offered for the best recitation, which was gained by Thomas Edwards, and another for the boy who said his part in the dialogue in the best manner, which was gained by Henry Coomer. The two prizes (bibles) were presented to the boys, but the Committee decided to present each one who had either said a piece, or taken part in the dialogue, with a prize of some kind. After the Benediction, each member received an orange, a cross bun, and his usual monthly present of a Band of Hope Review. This was the best meeting the Society has yet held.

The Editor has much pleasure in directing the attention of Secretaries to the advertisement of Mr. S. INSULL. His testimonials are of a very satisfactory character; and his services would benefit any Society or Band of Hope engaging them.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

The Editor hopes to Review a number of Reports, Books, Pamphlets, &c., kindly sent him, in the June number.

All communications should be written on one side of the paper only.

Names and Addresses should be written very plainly.

Intelligence should be sent early.

Books for Review, Articles for the Record, &c., may be sent to the Editor, at No. 37, Queen Square, London.

Business Letters, as Orders for the Record, must be addressed to Mr. S. SHIRLEY, *at the above Office.*

J. BALE, Printer, 78, Great Titchfield-street, Marylebone.

BAND OF HOPE RECORD.

OUR MAY MEETINGS.

It will gratify our readers to know that our Anniversaries were well attended, enthusiastic, and perfectly successful. The gathering for prayer in Fetter Lane Chapel was marked by due solemnity and devoutness. The meeting in Exeter Hall was the largest and most spirited we ever held; and the Conference was attended by gentlemen from Scotland, Ireland, and many of the English provinces. We may well thank God and take courage. Our good cause is undoubtedly growing in favour. Bands of Hope are rapidly multiplying on every hand. Both parents and children take an increasing interest in them, and perseverance on our part will secure for us a series of victories over our national foe. Let us be more zealous, united, self-denying, and resolute, and next year will find us with augmented numbers, increased funds, and consolidated power.

We have great pleasure in now inviting our readers to peruse the following report (taken from the *Weekly Record)* of

OUR SIXTH ANNUAL MEETING.

It was held on Monday Evening, May 13th, at Exeter Hall, Strand. The chair was taken at half-past six by S. Gurney, Esq., M.P. On the platform were the Revs. R. Maguire, W. M. Statham, G. Lamb, W. Acworth, W. W. Robinson, Hugh Allen, D.D., Newman Hall, LL.B., G. W. M'Cree, and J. B. Smyth (of Dublin); Messrs. Joseph Payne, W. J. Haynes, John Thwaites, T. Hudson, Garnett, W. Tweedie, J. L. Gane, G. Howlett, J. Burns, Robert Rae, T. Fewster, J. Phillips, W. R. Selway, W. A. Venning, M. Ambler, John Taylor, F. F. Williams, S. Insull, and J. W. Worley. A choir of upwards of six hundred children, selected from the various Bands of Hope in the metropolis, occupied the orchestra. The vocal arrangements were under the direction of Mr. Smith, who conducted them with so much success at the last annual meeting. Several Temperance melodies were sung by the children during the evening in a most admirable manner, and the good singing was evidently appreciated by the audience, who vociferously encored several of the pieces. The hall was crowded with a delighted auditory.

A hymn having been sung by the children, the Rev. W. W. Robinson offered prayer.

The Rev. W. M. Statham moved the following resolution:—"That this meeting, viewing with deep regret the prevalence of the drinking customs, the insidious and fascinating nature of alcoholic beverages, and

the great activity of those engaged in the traffic, pledges itself to support the Band of Hope Union in its endeavours to promote the principles of entire abstinence from intoxicating drinks amongst the young." He said he liked the name "Band of Hope." He understood that there was to be a meeting of rifle volunteers in that hall to-morrow, but he would venture to affirm there would not be a better chorus or better singing than they now had, for that was the music of the heart—the music of those who were, after all, Britain's best defenders—(hear). Nations had declined even when their armies had been mightiest; but he had yet to learn that any nation had lost her position, her pre-eminence, or her power, if she had kept her moral virtue, and held fast to that which it was the aim of this society to produce. The name "Band of Hope" implied unity and expectancy. Persons could do when united what they could not do alone. We had yet to learn what the Christian Church could do when all her ministers were united; and they could not be better united than in such a cause as that they were assembled to promote. The day was coming when true and God-fearing ministers would awake to the fact that the great source of most of the evils in their parishes was the gin-palace and the public-house. Those engaged in this movement were cherishing no false hope; for only let their hopes be realised, and let that platform be a type of the children of England, and we might then turn our asylums into tea-gardens, and our poor-houses into wash-houses; for it was known that three-fourths of the crime and insanity of the land arose from the use of strong drink. In reference to the movements that were now taking place, he would say that whilst there was a Band of Hope Union amongst children, he hoped it would be a type of union amongst all Temperance men. Oh, let the day die out when there will be any differences in connection with the Temperance cause—(applause). Some might think it best and noblest to reclaim the drunkard, and others might think it best to shut the poor of the public-house and lock it with an everlasting key; but all were doing the same work, though in different ways. The effect of Bands of Hope had been to produce, in many of our neighbourhoods and many of our churches, a new and better feeling towards total abstinence. It was a great point to have young people rising into manhood unfettered by the drinking customs of society. No man knew the force of a habit but he who had been bound by it. The labour expended in the cause was not in vain. Many of our works might die, but this would never die. Even forests which once waved in heaven's breeze were now fossil remains beneath the ocean; cities which once had their halls and their banquet-rooms now slept in the caverns of the earth; but truth should never die. The seed that was planted in the minds of the children should bring forth fruit a hundred-fold, and those who were engaged in Bands of Hope were planting that everlasting truth which nothing could destroy—(applause).

The Rev. George Lamb seconded the motion. He said he considered this country privileged to be a great one; her commerce was found upon every sea; her language bade fair to be spoken by the majority of the human family; our institutions were noble; our hand of benevolence

had been stretched out to the relief of the famine-stricken of other lands; our missionaries had gone forth to the ends of the earth to unfold the glorious Gospel of the Divine Redeemer; but notwithstanding the greatness and the glory of our country, there was one dark blot upon it, and that was the abounding of intemperance upon every hand. If we could collect together the whole of the drunkards of the country into one town, what a fearful sight should we there behold!—what oaths and curses would be heard! and while poverty and desolation were seen on every hand it would be found that in the midst of all there were persons fattening by the destruction of those who were ruined by the intoxicating cup. It would be seen, also, that there were vast numbers of the honest, and industrious and sober population of the country engaged in supporting this town of intemperance; but this was not the only evil, for the children of the drunkards were also sufferers, and others who were not inebriates were hastening onwards in order to become so. He rejoiced in the success which had resulted from the efforts of those engaged in the Temperance cause; and not only had multitudes been benefited in reference to the present world, but if they would see all the good that had resulted from the labours of total abstainers, they must not only go to the reformed drunkard's house and see the delightful and blessed change that had been produced there, but they must turn aside the veil and look into yonder company before the throne of the living God. And while Temperance men had been attempting to reclaim the drunkard, they had also addressed themselves to the work of prevention. Like persons in a leaky ship they had been employing their pump; but, yet hard as they had toiled, the water was still rising, and what was then to be done? A happy thought occurred to some one to found these Bands of Hope. He believed that thought was a direct inspiration from the God of heaven, from whom came every good and every perfect gift. While some were engaged in pumping out the water, the men and women engaged in Bands of Hope were determined to stop the leak—(applause). It was ever found that the first impressions made upon the human mind were those of the most lasting character. An ancient King of Egypt was desirous that the record of his deeds of glory should be handed down to distant posterity. Accordingly he had a monument erected, and this monument was to be coated with a certain kind of plaster, and on it was to be inscribed his deeds of glory; but he took care that no other name should appear on the monument but his own. The builder, however, was ambitious of his own name being inscribed there as well as that of the King; but that was not to be allowed on any consideration. The builder, therefore, on the naked stone itself cut his own name, and then it was covered with the plaster, upon which the name of the king was to be inscribed. That builder knew that the time would come when by the winter's frosts and rains the plaster would fall off, and when the deeds of the king were forgotten his own name would appear on the naked stone —(applause). The teachers in Sabbath schools and Bands of Hope had the mind in its naked and pure state, before it was coated with evil habits and evil influences; and it was their blessed privilege to write upon

that mind the first and most enduring characters. Let them write on that mind the name of God, the great and glorious truths of our holy religion, and the glory of self-sacrifice and of doing good: and though the world might cover over with its accumulations their teachings, yet they might rest assured that when the winter of adversity and affliction should shake the stone, God of his mercy and of his truth would cause that covering to fall off, and there would then appear the writing of the teacher in the Sabbath-school and of the labourer in the Band of Hope, and the man would thank God for the influence of early teaching.

The Rev. J. R. Sarsse, of Dublin, supported the resolution. He said that the gentlemen of the press would be able to tell the public that, judging from the speeches they had heard, in carrying out this great enterprise, teetotallers did not oppose the publican, but the business. There was no ill-feeling towards the publican: he was as good as any other man apart from his business: but to sell intoxicating drink to the public house was not fair, and they found fault with that which was making orphans, opening graves, filling hells, blasting hopes, breaking hearts, assassinating the church, and damning the souls of thousands—(applause). They quarrelled with the business because it was the bane of our homes. A happy home was the type of that country where the sky would never be obscured with a cloud, where the calm would never be ruffled by the tempest, and where the tear of sorrow would never moisten the cheek; and yet drink came into happy homes, separated the most endearing relationships, snapped the most hallowed ties, extracted all the honey and sweet we had, made mothers monsters, and converted happy homes into perfect hells. Out, out, upon any instrumentality that would destroy a man's home! They quarrelled with the business, moreover, because it could not be tamed: and inasmuch as it could not be kept in order, they were determined to annihilate it altogether—(cheers). Tame the drinking business! Monstrous to talk about it! Break Exeter-hall to pieces with a feather! Subdue a lion with a straw! Empty the sea with a cockle shell! Light your fire to morrow-morning with a pail of water—(laughter)—and then talk about taming the traffic in intoxicating drinks—(cheers)! This movement was a struggle for freedom of thought, independency of mind. They wished the children to grow up independent, for they would soon be the leading actors in the great drama of life; they would be the stones in our future buildings, and they were anxious to polish them; they would be the stars in our future firmament, and they wished them to have brightness; they would be the flowers in our future gardens, and they wanted a fragrance and a perfume to emanate from them. They sought to save the young, and in doing that they struggled for freedom of mind. The first speech was evidently calculated to show to Temperance men the great necessity for unity. There was but one charge which he thought could be brought truthfully against Temperance people, and that was want of perfect unity. Let them be united and success would be sure, and, they might hope, speedy. He was glad to be able to tell that large and respectable audience that the Band of Hope Union was doing a great work; all the organisa-

tions in London were in a very healthy and thriving condition, and he might say with reference to the kindred society, the National Temperance League, that they were doing a great work as well. There must be a disposition on the part of Temperance men to pursue with heart and soul their routed foe. They had confidence in the movement, and they believed they received the Divine approbation. The toiling had been hard, but the angel of Temperance was higher on the mountain of public opinion that night than ever she had been before; she had found it hard work to cling to that mountain side with her lily-white fingers, but she had succeeded, and higher and higher she would yet ascend; and if they were faithful to their solemn vows, and brought the religious element into the enterprise, and under the shadow of the throne of grace pleaded for help from heaven, they would presently see the angel of Temperance upon the mountain-top of public opinion, standing erect that the nations might see her while she gazed around; and then, stooping down, she would lift the stone of intemperance, and dash it into the depths of the sea. The falling of that stone would occasion confusion and tumult; but that tumult would be succeeded by a calm, tranquil as the summer breeze at eventide—a calm which would be improved by ten thousand times ten thousand singing, in one great and glorious chorus, as angels would help them, "Drunkenness has fallen—has fallen to rise no more"—(loud applause).

The Chairman stated that Mr. Smyth, who had just addressed the meeting, had been engaged for twelve months to lecture on behalf of this society.

The resolution was put to the meeting, and carried unanimously.

A hymn was then sung by the children, during which a collection was made on behalf of the funds of the society. The boys from the Bloomsbury Refuge also sang two melodies, both of which were loudly encored.

The Rev. W. Acworth, vicar of Plumstead, said he had a very important resolution to present to the attention of the meeting; it was, "That this meeting, believing that the success of the efforts of those engaged in religiously instructing the young is greatly neutralised by the drinking system, earnestly commends to all such, and to Sunday-school teachers especially, the importance of furthering by their own personal example the total abstinence movement." The resolution spoke of example. One of the earliest copies he was taught at school was, "Example goes before precept," and he believed that was a proverb the truth of which they all admitted. He saw its truth illustrated in his own immediate neighbourhood, for he lived in a parish close to the garrison town of Woolwich. Numbers of "awkward squads" came there to be drilled; they were recruits, and were destined to serve her Majesty in different parts of the habitable earth. When they came their shoulders were up, and they had a sort of clumsy, clod-pole gait. When they were being trained one of the directions given was, "Hold your head up, sir; right foot foremost;" but then, in addition to that verbal order, there was the corporal, erect as a dart, and he showed them how they were to move their feet; and they learnt far more by the instructive example of the

corporal who was drilling them than they would by the precepts of the whole officers of the garrison. We could preach much better by example than by precept. He would give them his own experience. He preached for thirty years, "Be not drunk;" "Drunkards shall not inherit the kingdom of God;" but everybody knew that he kept an exceedingly good cellar of wine, and he could not conceal that fact had he tried About three years ago, after having been a great friend to moderate drinking, he attended one of Mr. Gough's lectures, and took his seat among the crowd thinking he might not be observed. The oration had such an effect upon him, that he (Mr. Acworth) said to his better half, who was by his side, "Well, I have been preaching by precept for thirty years; I have preached very little by example; what shall I do?" Mrs. Acworth replied, "Why, go and take the pledge!"—(hear)—and he took the pledge. He had since been the means of inducing others to become abstainers. He congratulated the chairman on presiding at such a meeting as the present, and confessed that he had never seen a finer sight in all England—(cheers).

The children then sang, "The Christian's Rest," with the chorus, "There is rest for the weary; there is rest for you."

The Rev. Newman Hall, in seconding the resolution, said: Oh! sir, what a joy it is to us to know that there is "rest for the weary" sinner. What a blessing it is that we can go to the most degraded drunkard and say "There is rest for you;" that we can say it not as a matter of mere theoretical speculation, but that we can turn to the words of Him who could not lie, and who said "Come unto me all that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." No one so burdened or more hardened than the poor drunkard. Oh! the blessing of being able to tell him there is rest in Christ and rest in heaven even for him! Oh! the joy of knowing, as we meet to-night, that this teetotal cause has been, under God, the instrument of bringing many poor drunkards to the enjoyment of that rest! Ay, there are persons in this hall, no doubt, to-night, who were weary under the yoke of sin, but are now rejoieing in the rest that Jesus gives; and there, "on the other side of Jordan," they are eating of the fruit of the tree of life. At this very time there are hundreds and thousands of wretched sinners, who, through the instrumentality of teetotalism, have been brought to that land of rest and joy. Thanks be unto God for this gift of His!—(applause.) Mr. Hall then proceeded to the consideration of the resolution, which, he said, related to Sabbath-schools; and he supposed he had been asked to second it because he had the honour of presiding over a church connected with a Sunday-school organisation of a somewhat remarkable character. Those schools contained four thousand five hundred children, instructed by four hundred teachers; and from the enlarged experience which the presidency of such a system gave him, he was able most confidently to assert, what the resolution stated—namely, "that the success of the efforts of those engaged in religiously instructing the young is greatly neutralised by the drinking system." It was neutralised, first, by the multitudes of children that were altogether kept from the schools through

drink. Very few of the children of drunkards attended the Sunday-school; and those for whom ragged-schools were provided were generally the children of drinking parents. It was neutralised, secondly, by the irregular attendance of those few children of drunkards who did come to the schools. It was neutralised, thirdly, by the children under instruction being absolutely tempted to drink while children. Fearful facts might be detailed in reference to those children who in the afternoon were being taught Bible, hymns, and catechism, and who in the evening might be found in gin-palaces and drinking-saloons. It was neutralised, fourthly, by the fierce temptation to which children, especially the lads, were exposed when they grew up. Almost the first thing a boy saw in the workshop was the drinking can; his footing was spent in drink, and he was expected to drink. The moral certainty was that, drinking, he would drink too much, unless he had been previously trained by the teaching and example of his Sunday-school teacher in habits of total abstinence. It was fearful to think of the multitudes who left our schools, but were not found afterwards in connection with our churches. Mr. Smithies, in his valuable statistics, had shown that a very large number of those who were convicted of crimes and imprisoned in our gaols had passed through our Sunday-schools, and they confessed that their first step in ruin was indulging in strong drink. If these things were so, were not Sunday-school teachers to be earnest in counteracting that which was counteracting their labours? Sunday-school teachers were the Christian minister's best coadjutors—(hear). He honoured them for their zeal, their piety, their disinterested devotedness; but he implored them that, to careful study, earnest prayer, and punctual attendance, they might add a practical recognition of that of which the resolution spoke—the importance of furthering by their own personal example the total abstinence movement—(applause). After referring to the interest excited at Temperance gatherings, the reverend gentleman concluded as follows:—And now, sir, to turn to the general question. And before I sit down I will use just one illustration which may interest the young people as well as the old. I am reminded of the last occasion on which I was on this platform. It was at the meeting of the London Missionary Society on Thursday morning. There were missionaries present from all parts of the world; and among them was a missionary from India, who told us of what was being done there. We were not harrowed by those recitals of atrocities to which we used to listen years ago; but one was reminded of some of those fearful tales we used to be told of the fearful procession of Juggernaut. You children have seen pictures of it—the car of the idol, the hideous image, the multitude dragging the car along with ropes, and then victims, men and women, throwing themselves down under the wheels, and those wheels rolling on and crushing men, women, and children down into the dust, and their blood flowing along the road; and you could see where the car had been by the blood of the victims that had been crushed beneath it. Oh, Mr. Chairman, and fellow teetotallers! oh, ye youthful aids and allies in our great cause, we have a Juggernaut at home—a fearful Juggernaut car, a Juggernaut procession, *Juggernaut* victims—human victims

they are. I seem to see the image of the idol now right before me, borne along upon his ponderous car. That car rolls upon six mighty wheels. The first pair of wheels resemble beer barrels; the second pair of wheels look like wine pipes; the third pair of wheels are of enormous dimensions, they look like spirit casks. Upon the car rises a lofty tower, many sided; on each side there is a beautiful portico, and under each portico there stands a priestess of the god attired like a harlot, with winning smiles and many blandishments inviting the people to come and offer their tribute to the god, and promising to give in return the god's benediction. Up on high there is an image of the great spirit, spangled with gold and with gems; his name, Alcohol. The secondary names of the god are seen inscribed in flaring letters all about the tower. There, in one group, you read, "Beer, Porter, Stout;" yonder you read, "Port, Sherry, Madeira, Champagne;" and yonder in another group, in letters of gas, brilliant in the extreme, you read, "Rum, Brandy, Whisky," and brightest of all, the word "Gin;" and the multitudes stare, and repeat one to another "Gin! Gin! Gin!" The trophies of the god are hung around his car. There are the pens of philosophers and historians and poets, who have been dragged, as victims, at the wheels of that chariot. There are the swords of mighty generals, who, after having conquered powerful armies, have themselves been conquered and cast to the dust. There are the coronets of proud peers who have become the basest of slaves. There are the mitres of dignified ecclesiastics who have been made the serfs of the lowest priests of that infernal god. There are the sceptres of great monarchs, who, though they have swayed those sceptres over millions of subjects, have themselves been subjected and done homage to a mightier than themselves, as to their prince paramount. In front of the idol car are two heralds, and they proclaim—one of them, the oblivion of all sorrow, and the other, the prospect of all that is good. Thousands of men and women have hold of the ropes, and are dragging along that car. Look in front of it: the fields are smiling and covered with rich harvests, the gardens are beautiful with flowers, the ploughman is whistling at his work, and the wife and the children that you just see if you peep into that half-open cottage door are enjoying all the peace and plenty of a happy home. Those villages smile with beauty; those towns resound with joyful industry; all things are bright in the happy sunshine. But look behind: oh, how dark and terrible the scene! Tempest broods over the fields; fire is consuming the towns and the villages; here and there you see, amid the gloom, many a gallows and many a victim hanging, just visible in the flickering light, quivering in his death agony. Pale Want shrieks through the streets; red Battle stamps his foot and mounts his fiery car; a hideous hum comes up to us of demoniac rage, and fiendish cruelty, and despairing woe. Those multitudes that are applauding—do they not hear those sounds of agony? No; for the priests are making such a din with their trumpets, and their drums, and their shouting, that those sounds of sorrow are inaudible. See how the votaries of [illegible] are rushing on! they are bringing their offerings. Here is one [illegible] just sold his patrimonial estate, and he lays all his money down

before the idol; here is another with his last shilling, and he throws it down before the priestess; here is another with the dress of his wife, and he offers it to the god; there is another coming, and in his hand he brings the shoes of his little children; and yonder there is another who has just snatched the last bit of bread from his famishing family, and he brings that and offers it to the god. Yes, here they come; one offers his intellect, another his affections, another his conscience. On they come; they cast themselves down before the car; they cast their bodies down, they cast their souls down; and that murderous car rolls over them, crushing them down to the grave and down to hell—taking only half the estimated number—three every hour, upwards of seventy every day, upwards of thirty thousand every year. Oh, what a mangled heap of carcases! and oh, how fearful to contemplate that which you cannot see—the state of the souls that once dwelt in those bodies. And yet the multitude applaud, ay, and intelligence, and beauty, and virtue, and piety, look on and smile; nay, I will not say that, but I will say that multitudes possessing intelligence, and beauty, and virtue, and piety, look on and smile, and pour out their dainty libations to that god. Oh, be none of you amongst his worshippers! Dash the wine cup from your grasp, rush in amongst the maddened crowd, persuade them of their folly, their peril. Brace every nerve, combine your energies, invoke the help of God; hurl down the tower, shatter the image, trample it under foot, upset the car; and in reference to the drinking customs of your country, let your watch-word ever be—"Overturn! overturn! overturn!"—(Immense applause.)

The Chairman said that the last time he had the pleasure of occupying that chair was on the occasion of the last oration delivered in that hall by Mr. Gough. That was in July last, and on that occasion he was induced, after having thought much on the subject before, to sign the pledge—(cheers.) He did not sign on the mere spur of the moment; and he had never had any cause to regret what he had done. Some of the speakers had referred to the fire that was in the meeting; but he thought there was not only fire, but a great deal of "ardent spirits" as well, although it was a Teetotal meeting—(cheers and laughter.) He had been told by the treasurer that there were in London one hundred and forty Bands of Hope with about one hundred members in each, making a total of about fourteen or fifteen thousand. In the country there were about five thousand Bands of Hope, and taking the average number of members in each to be about one hundred, there would be a total in the provinces of about five hundred thousand members. What a fine body of young volunteers this was. Neither of the speakers had referred to the habit of smoking. He was a great enemy to smoking, and had never smoked a cigar or a bit of tobacco in his life. He had the greatest detestation of the habit, and he hoped the lads present would not only keep the pledge against drinking, but add to it a determination never to use tobacco in any form—(cheers.)

Mr. Joseph Payne, Assistant Judge of Middlesex, supported the resolution in a characteristic speech. *Referring* to Bands of Hope as an

auxiliary to Sunday Schools, he said that while the work of the Sunday School Teacher consisted in gathering in the masses, forming them into classes, and furnishing them with passes, it was absolutely essential that they should also guard them against glasses. The Band of Hope movement wages war with sinning, works its way by dinning, and was certain sure of winning. The effects produced by it were considerable clearances, respectable appearances, unchangeable adherences, and determined perseverances. The learned gentleman concluded with his 1,573rd poetical tail-piece, and resumed his seat amidst loud cheering.

The resolution was carried unanimously.

Mr. Thomas Hudson said he sympathised most heartily with the views of the honourable chairman with reference to the tobacco as well as the drinking question. It had been said by a great authority that the man who would "perpetrate a pun" would "pick a pocket," but he saw no reason for such an opinion, and considered the phrase more correct in alliteration than sound in reason; and he might be allowed to say to the young friends that he wished them to remember that although, in the estimation of some people, smoking might be very manly, he rather thought that it was only manly for boys, and in the estimation of all persons of correct taste, the habit was dear, dirty, and disgusting; while the habit of drinking was dear, dangerous, and demoralising. He had risen to propose "That the best thanks of this meeting be presented to Samuel Gurney, Esq., M.P., for his kindness in presiding on this occasion." It was not always they could get a member of Parliament to preside at such a meeting; but he trusted the time would come when not only the members of the House of Commons, but the House of Peers would join the movement, and the coronets of our nobility would reflect the rays of the sun in cold water—(cheers)

The Rev. Hugh Allen, D.D., seconded the resolution, coupling with it a vote of acknowledgement of the services of the children and their leader, for the pleasure they had afforded the meeting by their excellent singing.

The resolution was carried by acclamation, and briefly acknowledged by the chairman.

Another melody was sung and the proceedings terminated, every one feeling that they had taken part in a truly noble demonstration.

THE ANNUAL CONFERENCE

Was held on Wednesday, May 15th, at Shirley's Temperance Hotel, 87, Queen-square, Bloomsbury, London, when the Rev. G. W. McCree presided, and the following delegates attended:—Mr. G. Curtis, of Poole; Mr. G. H. Graham, Maidstone; Mr. Harvey, Frome; Mr. Kirby, Tottenham; Mr. Lane, Christchurch; Mr. Rutherford, Northampton; Mrs. Fison, Brighton; Mr. J. Burns, Neath; Mr. J. H. Raper, Bolton; Mr. McNeil, and Mr. Marr, Edinburgh; Rev. Dawson Burns, Rev. J. B.

Smyth, Dublin; also Messrs. Haynes, Shirley, Dunn, Venning, Bailey, Insull, Hind, Campbell, Murphy, Wybroo, Chamberlain, Shomerson, Tressider, Shillittoe, Spriggs, G. Blaby, F. Smith, Mrs. Gee, Miss Evans, and Miss Chapman.

A hymn having been sung, various portions of Scripture read, and prayer offered, the Chairman expressed his thankfulness for having been spared to preside again at the Conference, and attributed his good health, considering how much his duties exposed him to disease, in a large measure to Teetotalism. When he first came to St. Giles's, twelve years ago, there were twenty-one Scripture Readers and Missionaries, who were labouring there at the same time; he and another were the only abstainers amongst them, and now only these two remained to labour in the same field. Mr. McCree then stated that a note had been received from Mr. J. W. Barker, of Wolverhampton, who was to read the first paper, regretting his inability to be present, but expressing his good wishes for the success of the meeting. In the absence of Mr. Barker, Mr. F. Smith, secretary to the conference, read the following paper :—

HOW MAY THE BAND OF HOPE UNION ASSIST COUNTRY SOCIETIES?

BY MR. J. W. BARKER, OF NORTHAMPTON.

"How to save the little ones?" from intemperance will, from its ever-growing gravity, commend itself to all hearts. Let us feel ourselves friends, brothers, and workers in this great movement. The question is being answered by the formation of family, school, church, village, city, and national Bands of Hope. Mothers, with an anxiety quickened by the remembrance, perhaps, of a brother or sister's fall, are making the home teetotal, and their children under such beneficial culture are making the good cause stronger. Philanthropists, snatching an evening for the purpose, are gathering the young around them, and in the season of faith, sincerity, and love of truth, are depositing precious seed, and praying for the blessing of Heaven to save them from the curse of drunkenness. Sabbath School Teachers, deploring the havoc drink has wrought, are pointing the attention of thousands of children to that which "stings like an adder and bites like a serpent." Hundreds in our cities and towns, and even in the rural districts, are joining the cold water army, and already their number is legion, and they are preparing for *the great battle of* freedom from drink.

In the fourth place, the Union could largely assist the movement in the provinces by obtaining the services of qualified persons, to act as honorary deputations, to address mass meetings of children, sabbath-school teachers. The Union could also extensively benefit existing societies, by mapping, &c. districts, and appointing honorary secretaries to overlook them, arranging for agents, and uniting all the societies in each district to the Union. In conclusion, permit me to say that if a definite sum were fixed upon as the subscription of Societies to the Union, to include travelling expenses of the agents, it would be better. May your meetings strengthen the cause, and may God's blessing rest upon you!

Mr. W. A. Venning, late of Canterbury, gave some interesting details of the state of the Band of Hope movement in that city, where, under the auspices of the Rev. F. J. Holland, it has been very successful.

Mr. F. Smith stated, that the chief object of the morning sitting was, if possible, to form some idea of the feeling of the country in respect to receiving supplies of agents from the Union. In the circular sent to the various provincial societies, the committee of the Union had proposed that if a sufficient number of societies could be found willing to affiliate, that four periodical visits might be made by the agents of the Union for an annual fee of £2. 2s., one of the visits to be with the Dissolving Views belonging to the Union; in this way providing an annual treat for the children, at a small expense. It was intended that the agent in each case should employ the day in visiting the schools, &c., and in this way a large amount of good might be done. It was intended for the agents to take tours, and that arrangements should be made for agents to visit contiguous towns. The agents' travelling expenses and entertainment would have to be paid in addition to the affiliation fee.

Mr. J. B. Kirby expressed his opinion, that such a system of visitation would be very useful, as many societies, especially in small towns, felt the want of others to take part in the work besides those they could secure in their own locality.

Mr. J. Rutherford, of Northampton, thought it was a great evil that the work was in most places left to a few; he felt very strongly, that the chief obstacles to societies affiliating with the Union, as proposed, would be their want of funds; still he thought that there were few places where this was felt, but what it might be remedied, and more money secured.

Mr. W. B. Harvey, of Frome, thought it very desirable

that some such proposal as that of the Union, should be carried out. He thought that £2. 2s. would seem a large sum for some societies to pay all at once; and that some modified plan might be adopted. He thought that societies in the country should be considered affiliated by the payment of some sum—say 5s. or 10s.; and that for each separate lecture, an additional sum should be paid—say 10s. besides travelling expenses and entertaining the agent; or if with the Dissolving Views, £1., thus giving societies the option of having one visit or more in the course of the year, according as their funds would allow. He thought that this was the most likely way of carrying out the system. In regard to Band of Hope libraries, he thought it a good plan to establish them. He would recommend the Union to publish a complete list of books suitable for libraries, and thought it would be a great boon to Bands of Hope, if the Union could make arrangements with the various publishers to supply them at twenty or twenty-five per cent. discount.

Mr. G. Curtis, of Poole, said there would be no difficulty in getting money, and thought it was a good plan to give the children collecting cards. In respect to libraries, he thought it perhaps a better plan to get temperance literature as part of the libraries in Sunday Schools.

Mr. Mait, of Poole, said he was a warm supporter of the Band of Hope movement, and considered it was increasing in interest. He referred to facts having come under his own knowledge, of societies being in existence, where he least expected to find them. One way he considered the Union might help societies would be, by publishing suitable registers, and all the other requisites for a society, besides those already in existence. He also thought that it would be wise for agents to visit a place for a week or so at a time.

Mr. G. M. Murphy, in the course of some remarks suggested that it would be well if friends, when they went out of town, would place their evenings at the service of the Union, and thus provincial societies might be benefited.

Mr. Harvey remarked it would be a useful plan if the Union would offer prizes for Essays from members of the Bands of Hope.

After some remarks from Mr. Hayes and Mr. Shirley, the Conference adjourned till 3 o'clock, when it was resumed.

Mrs. Wm. Fison, of Brighton, then read a short Paper on the importance of *the Temperance work*, as removing one of

the greatest obstacles to the progress of the Gospel, the other being the bad sanitary condition of the people. Mrs. Fison expressed her earnest sympathy with the founders of the Band of Hope Union, and her purpose, in connection with her own special mission, of bringing the Temperance subject before the children of the upper classes, in meetings of Upper Class Schools. Mrs. Fison suggested the desirableness of promoting the circulation of the *Adviser*, and other publications bearing on juvenile abstinence. In conclusion, after a renewed expression of her sympathy, Mrs. Fison said she should do all in her power to promote the objects of the Band of Hope Union.

Mr. HARVEY said he had listened with great interest to Mrs. Fison's paper, and felt deeply grateful that so many ladies were taking part in this good work; he moved the following resolution, "that this Conference thanks Mrs. Fison for her interesting paper, and recommends the Band of Hope Union to accept the offer of her services as a Honorary Deputation to hold Drawing Room meetings."

Mr. B. TRESSIDER seconded, and Mr. MURPHY supported this resolution, which was carried unanimously.

The Chairman then called upon the Rev. DAWSON BURNS to read the following paper:—

BAND OF HOPE LITERATURE.

Free speech and a free literature—represented by the rostra and the printing press—these are the constituent elements of the vital atmosphere of all social movements; the poles on which they revolve; the motive-powers by which their progression is ensured. It is not for us here to discuss which of the two is the more valuable. It is sufficient for us that they are both essential. In our day, at least, a social movement without a literature is a contradiction in conception, and would be a nullity in fact. And what is the Band of Hope Institution but a social movement of deep significance, both as to its moral tendencies and indestructible issues? It exists immediately for the young; but its influences radiate to all classes, and must affect the destinies of all future ages. As lovers and servants, then, of such an institution, we are attending to no matter of minor importance, or common-place, when we address ourselves to the subject of its Literature—what that literature already is, and what it may become—what, in simple reality, it must become, if the movement is to enjoy a reasonable prospect of desirable success.

The title of this topic—"Band of Hope Literature," though so concisely sounding, has a convenient comprehensiveness about it, which tempts to sermonific subdivision; and I hope it will not be deemed falling too much under the power of the temptation, if I make it the ground of some remarks on Band of Hope Literature—1st, for the *Children* of Bands of Hope; 2ndly, for the *Conductors* of Bands of Hope; and 3rdly, for the *Patrons* of Bands of Hope.

I. The Children of Bands of Hope require a literature suited to their years, tastes, and temperance standing. Do they possess such a literature? Fortunately, we can give an encouraging, if not a fully satisfactory, answer. Children's literature must embrace, prose, pictures, and poetry. (1.) As to prose, they have some excellent stock literature in the Ipswich Juvenile Tracts and those of the Scottish League—and in the periodical department, the *Band of Hope Review* and *Adviser* regularly provide fresh articles in prose, whose attractiveness is best displayed by the eagerness with which they are perused. At the same time I do not think that this vein has been fully worked, or that the supply equals the possible demand. I should like to see a Band of Hope Library, published in numbers, beginning with an Alphabet Book, and embracing a collection of anecdotes, narratives, fables (original, selected, and adapted), and sermons. Peter Parley's Tales, Æsop's Fables, and Todd's Sermons are models which I see nothing to prevent being followed in the preparation of a "Library" of the kind recommended. The style should be invariably simple and lively. By simple I do not mean that words of one syllable should be always used, or even always preferred. Band of Hope children do not talk in monosyllables, and words of several syllables are often the most common and best understood. A simple style for children is the style which most nearly approaches to their own ordinary mode of conversation, as much removed from affected primness as from gaudy rhetoric. (2.) As to pictures, nothing can surpass those presented in the monthly publications; but both artistic excellence and encomium must stop here; yet wherefore should they? Why should not a series of beautiful designs be produced, at a price within children's savings, and the purchase of which for album and other use would cultivate their taste, and bring the eye in frequent contact with temperance truth set off with pictorial bewitchery? If "a thing of beauty is a joy for ever," why should not abstinence and beauty be united so far as the art of the painter and en-

graver can unite them? I say the painter; for as children are fond of colours, provision should be made for colouring the prints, which might be plainly done at a small expense. Why, indeed, should not some of the *Band of Hope Review* engravings of a temperance cast be separately struck off with the accompanying letter-press—so reducing the outlay to a minimum cost? (3.) As to poetry—I speak under correction, but speaking according to my present knowledge—there is a great and urgent want—a whole continent yet unexplored. Hymns and melodies there are, of which I would not speak in disparagement—some of them are exquisitely sweet—but what have we in the way of a poetic collection expressly adapted for children to compare with Watts' Moral and Divine Songs, or Jane Taylor's Hymns? Our range of subject is, I am aware, much more limited; but surely the doings of intemperance and the contrasted doings of temperance could furnish suggestions for many a pathetic and arousing verse. Here I would earnestly deprecate doggrel in the attempt to avoid stiffness. There is a medium in metre, as in other things, between stilts and leap-frog; and children are keen at discriminating pleasant sense from jingling nonsense. Why should not some of our Parnassian friends try their hand at rendering the thousand and one historical incidents bearing on our question, into short poems, somewhat of the ballad stanza, so universally agreeable to young and old? Pardon me if to illustrate this point—which in my opinion is of mighty moment—I venture on a specimen—not *par excellence* but by way of indication. Suppose the title to be—

A TALE OF ANCIENT GREECE.

A King there was of mighty fame,
And Alexander was his name;
He led his soldiers far and wide
And conquered lands on every side.

Once many tears this monarch shed,
And when the reason asked, he said,
"One world I've mastered, and in vain
I seek another here to reign."

But ah! with all the power he got
King Alexander grew a sot,
And when with raging liquor filled,
Clitus, his dearest friend, he killed.

Yet still he loved the wine, and drank
Till in an early grave he sank,
For wine Great Alexander slew
When he was only thirty-two.

Now we can never hope to be
So famous in the world as he;
But we can keep the pledge, and then
We 're sure to grow up sober men.

And if we 're sober who can tell
In what good things we may excel?
So we 'll not drink, but shun the fate
Of Alexander called the Great.

On the subject matter of which this Band of Hope Literature should treat, there will be no difference of opinion. We are all agreed that it should describe the nature and effects of intoxicating drinks—the evil of drinking customs—the nobleness of resistance to temptation—and the duty of putting drinking-shops down as quickly as may be; in short, the literature which is wanted is one which will tend to make our young friends enlightened and earnest abstainers and prohibitionists.

II. The Conductors of Bands of Hope are a class of voluntary teachers not to be named or thought upon, without feelings of glowing regard. We should esteem them very highly for their works' sake, and in place of ungrateful grumbling over manifest deficiencies, we should rather express admiring surprise at the difficulties so bravely grappled with and so frequently overcome. This may be granted, however, without in the least disputing the proposition that for the efficient discharge of their duties, conductors of Bands of Hope need a literature specially intended for their use. The Sunday School teacher has his Bible Commentary, his *Union* or other Magazine, and Scripture Lessons for assistance and guidance: and it cannot be doubted, I think, that thousands of Band of Hope leaders and teachers would gladly avail themselves of similar aids if placed at their disposal. There are few of that class having such advantages of education and leisure, or such facility in appropriating knowledge in its raw state, as to be able to dispense with some assistant. In one sense the teacher, like the poet, is born, not made; but the teacher is not born in a state of perfection, and he who feels no need for external help, or disdains to use it, proves his radical unfitness to be entrusted with any office higher than that of feeding swine. Much may be done to make children their own entertainers and edifiers; but there is a skill in management, an art of speaking, and a variety of material which the conductor must possess, or his influence diminishes, and the school becomes a mere play-yard or a baiting-arena in which the part of bull is involuntarily borne by the unhappy teacher. How to teach the teachers to teach successfully is a question, the solution of which must largely depend on the literature provided. A

The Doxology was then sung, and the Chairman pronounced the benediction, after which the Conference terminated, every one feeling that it had been most pleasant, and undoubtedly helpful to the good cause.

DRIVE AWAY!

BY UNCLE TRUE.

Drive away is the order of the day, and everywhere it is drivea way! Although sometimes "drive away" means drive away your business, drive away your friends, drive away your fortune, drive away your reputation, drive away health and character, and everthing worth keeping. But after all, a better motto cannot be had for a right-hearted man. The devil is driving people headlong to ruin. The gin-palace is driving people to the workhouse, the madhouse, the gaol, and gallows. Despots are driving their victims to extremities. There is also such a thing as driving a bargain, driving a good trade, and if there is so much driving, why should not we have a little of it? Some are going to sleep. To you we say, rouse up, and drive away! Now is the time for work. Teetotallers, of all men, should not sleep at the post of duty. Nay, arouse up, and drive away! Some are getting tired; come, friend, that will not do. What, get tired in so good a work? You don't see much good resulting from your labour. Well, what of that? Work on. Faint hearts give way. Cowards loiter at their task, But true men do not put their hands to the plough and look back. They march boldly on, laugh at difficulties, and with every obstacle gather new strength to face their foes. What is your difficulty? Perhaps, after all, only a ghost of your own creation. Be a man! look your work in the face, and then do it. Drive away! This is not time for taking naps. The combined forces of interest, appetite, and custom, are no mean foes to contend against, but *men* can manage the work! God helping them and they will do it. But they must be men of the right stuff. God employs men ready for rough work. The men to fight the world's battles are like Cromwell and Milton, Luther and Bunyan, Howard and Williams, and Carey. Such men bear hard work, hard fare, and never cry out about weariness and want of success. They knew something was to be done, and they did it. Oh, for a league of such men! Now, who will preach a crusade against the giant sins of the day, especi-

lly against strong drinks, and seek to drive the curse of trunkenness from the land? I won't weary you, my friends, lest I should drive you away from my article. But I entreat you to drive away a little faster at your work. Do it more earnestly, more prayerfully, more thoughtfully, and then perhaps it will be done more successfully.

HOW LIBERALLY TO SUPPORT A CHURCH WITHOUT COST.

BY JOHN P. PARKER.

A Church of three hundred Members, of whom one third expend *One Penny per day*, one third *Twopence per day*, one third *Fourpence per day*, in intoxicating beverages, will spend in one year *One Thousand and Sixty-Four Pounds Eleven Shillings and Eightpence.*

That amount, if paid into the treasury of the Church, would defray all the following expenses:—

Rent of Chapel	£300	0	0
Minister's Salary	300	0	0
Local Missionary	100	0	0
Sunday and Day Schools	100	0	0
Schoolmaster and Schoolmistress..	160	0	0
Benevolent Fund	50	0	0
Foreign Mission	20	0	0
Tract Society	20	0	0
Leaving for Coals and Gas	14	11	8
	£1064	11	8

REVIEWS OF BOOKS.

The Band of Hope Movement: how to establish, conduct, and support a Band of Hope. By STEPHEN SHIRLEY. W. Tweedie, 337, Strand. Job Cauldwell, 335, Strand.—All who know Mr. Shirley will have entire confidence in his guidance, and we are sure that any Band of Hope commenced, continued, and conducted in accordance with this admirable manual, will prosper abundantly, and prove an ornament to our movement.

Who are Hindering the Little Ones? By JOHN WHYTE. W. Tweedie, 337, Strand.—We read this sermon with great satisfaction. It does Mr. Whyte much credit, and we hope it will be studied by all who doubt the prudence of enlisting children in the temperance ranks. The Liverpool Band of Hope are happy in having such a teacher.

Lecture on the Life, Character, and Labours of the late Joseph Sturge. By

HANDEL COSSHAM, Bristol.—This admirable lecture on the career of a great and good man should be circulated by thousands. Mr. Cossham should see that some copies are sent to our publishers. We are sure our readers will want to read about one of the most distinguished moral heroes of the age.

The Annual Report of the Leicester Temperance Band of Hope Society, 1860. *The Sixth Annual Report of the Band of Hope Union*, 1861.—Every society should, if possible, publish their annual reports. They are not always read, but they often do much good, and generally afford useful aid to our cause. We congratulate our friends at Leicester on their success, and shall feel obliged by contributions to our monthly annals. Brief reports from country societies will be gladly welcomed. Good friends! write, and let us know what you are doing, and how we may help you.

OUR PROGRESS.

We heartily thank our friends for having doubled the circulation of the *Record*. We hope they will repeat their kindness. We ought to have a large circulation. No movement can prosper without the aid of the press. Help us. Send copies to clergymen, Sunday-school teachers, visiting ladies, and to every editor in the town. Please to forward us all reviews of the *Record* which may appear in local journals. We are in want of some good papers on "The best mode of retaining the elder members of Bands of Hope;" "The evils of juvenile smoking;" "The way to interest children;" and "The present defects of Bands of Hope." We shall be glad to receive some papers on these subjects. They must be short, well-written, and practical.

NEW TEMPERANCE PAPER.—The British Temperance League announce that they will, on and after July 6, issue the *Temperance Advocate* as a weekly newspaper.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

All communications should be written on one side of the paper only.

Names and Addresses should be written very plainly.

Intelligence should be sent early.

Books for Review, Articles for the Record, &c., may be sent to the Editor, at No. 37, Queen Square, London.

Business Letters, as Orders for the Record, must be addressed to Mr. S. SHIRLEY, *at the above Office.*

J. BALE, Printer, 78, Great Titchfield-street, Marylebone.

BAND OF HOPE RECORD.

ONE OF OUR ORATORS.

By the Rev. G. W. McCREE.

The temperance platform can boast of a splendid array of varied, useful, eloquent, and truly earnest advocates. No movement has more able, devoted, fervent, and distinguished speakers. Such men as J. B. Gough, Samuel Pope, Newman Hall, T. A. Smith, Samuel Bowly, William Reid, Robert Rae, Dr. Lees, George Howlett, George Roy, Stephen Shirley, George Charlton, Lawrence Gane, John Burns, R. G. Mason, John Cunliffe, Henry Vincent, John Charlton, Edwin Paxton Hood, James McCurry, Hugh Allen, Robert Charleton, William Tweedie, George C. Campbell, G. M. Murphy, Thomas Hudson, J. P. Parker, Jabez Burns, J. H. Raper, George Lamb, T. B. Smithies, the illustrious Thomas Guthrie, and a thousand more noble spirits do honour to our cause. Who does not relish the homely humour of Richard Horne? Who does not enjoy the polished periods of Irving White? Who does not listen with pleasure to the solid words of William Spriggs? Who does not cheer the rattle of George Lomax? Who has not admired the honesty of James Teare? Who can surpass Professor James Miller? Who would not welcome Thomas Whittaker? Who would not applaud John De Fraine, the youngest captain of our glorious host? One who has heard him, says:—

"Some twelve months ago, while rusticating at Clifton, I was met in my morning rambles by the oft-repeated enquiry, 'Who is Mr. De Fraine?' I was compelled to acknowledge my ignorance, and confessed I had never heard of that gentleman. However, on reading one of the daily papers, I found a long article descriptive of his merits as an orator, and speaking of his talents in a manner so highly eulogistic, as to produce a feeling in my mind strongly approaching nausea. It appeared that on the preceeding evening, a lecture had been given in one of the largest halls in Bristol, by Mr. De Fraine, and that it had produced a very great impression. I felt some little curiosity to hear this modern "Demosthenes," and finding he was to lecture that evening, I went to listen, expecting to hear the rhapsodies of a modern boanerges. As the clock had not yet struck the hour which was to usher in the "far-famed speaker," I amused myself with looking round the hall. I found an audience of more than a thousand persons assembled, and among them saw the ministers of the leading dissenting chapels mingling somewhat

profusely with the crowd, and in one corner discovered the chief magistrate seated quietly with his wife and daughters. I then thought perhaps my time would not be wholly thrown away, and that possibly I might spend a tolerably pleasant evening. My reverie was however disturbed by a tremendous clapping; I turned, and found it was the chairman, followed by a young man (almost a boy in appearance), ascending the platform. I examined the lecturer somewhat narrowly. There was certainly an air of intellectual superiority, and a careless gentlemanly exterior about him that raised him above the common order, but nothing extraordinary in his looks. I need not go into the subject of the lecture. His language was fully calculated to raise one to the highest pinnacle of enthusiasm; anon his full dark eye would light up with flashes of fire, and then melt into almost effeminate softness. His whole appearance proved his very soul was breathing life into his words. Last week, while going to the South-Western Railway Station, I saw announced on a plain unpretending placard,—"On Tuesday Evening, Mr. De Fraine will deliver an Oration on Temperance, at Hawkestone Hall, Waterloo Road." I went, and again with increased interest, heard this youthful but eloquent orator. I cannot describe how I felt my soul thrilling with pleasure as he poured forth his grand language, yet soft and poetical, mingling keen satire with brotherly counsel, and sage advice. I should not mind twenty times the sum I paid for my admission ticket, could I hear him in the midst of a multitude such as Exeter Hall will contain. No doubt the presence of such a crowd would cause him to excel himself. I have often listened to men in this noble building, but never with half the pleasure I experienced while profiting by the words of matured wisdom that fell from Mr. De Fraine's lips."

We trust Mr. De Fraine will have a bright career. He is very young, but, already the laurels are entwined around his brow. He is honoured in his "own country"—great praise for any man. The *Bucks Chronicle* recording his visit to his native town, said :—

"The oration was eloquently delivered, and was frequently illustrated by extracts from poems and anecdotes, which betoken a wonderful memory, and which were received with much laughter and applause. We have no hesitation in saying, as all present can testify, that the oration was one of the finest that has been delivered in Aylesbury for years, and that it called together a larger audience than on any similar occasion."

Another Journal says :—

"Though the youngest man we ever saw on a platform, he has acquired a knowledge and mastery of the art by which great masses are stirred, and by which great questions ought to be handled. Now by a glowing and rapturous appeal; and then by a sarcasm redolent with shrewd insight, he roused his hearers at one time to the highest height of enthusiasm, and at others to uncontrollable outbursts of laughter."

May he live many years to address the people of England in words like these :—

'You know that the years which have swept over my face are few in number, yet have I seen noble manhoods, and bright hopes, and pure joys, and all "sweet affections," sacrificed at the shrine of a liquor glass or wine cup. I know young men now whose hearts were as warm, whose friends were as loving, and whose prospects in life were as promising as ours; but a growing passion for strong drink has desolated their pathway; and they stand many of them, to-day, like weary souls upon the verge of the grave, without hope, and without God in the world. They said they would see *life*, and they found *death*. They said they would quaff the beaded wine in the sparkling cup, and it stung them like a serpent, and bit them like an adder. They said they would follow in pleasure's fair footsteps, and they did, till they came to the wayside of life; and finding the promises only mockery, and the service hard, and the wages a lie, sat down to weep the hottest, bitterest tears that could be wrung from any repentant heart. Oh, I think the doings of drink so terrible! Is it not the great curse of our Old England—desecrating our homes—undermining moral purity—standing in the way of all attempts to uplift the people—mocking your efforts after social regeneration—binding thousands of our young men and women with the cruelest slavery that has ever afflicted humanity, whilst it goeth forth like pestilence at eventide, and destruction at noonday. Oh, it dethrones bright genius, and blasts lofty intellect. I think of Burns going down to the grave at thirty-six, and Byron at thirty-seven, and Edgar Allan Poe picked up drunk and raving in October, 1849, in the streets of Baltimore, to die in a hospital. Last August, at the house of an eminent man in London, some of us were told of a clergyman carried drunk to a station-house, and unstrapped from the stretcher a corpse! I was at Newcastle-on-Tyne in November last, and the newspapers told such a touching story. A young girl eighteen years of age was turned out of a public-house at eleven o'clock at night, and found dead the next morning! Oh, young men, it might have been your sister, or the young woman you intend to make your wife, or somebody you have known and loved from childhood. Oh, brothers, do something, I beseech you. This Temperance instrumentality can prevent and cure the evil. You ask me sometimes to look at the star-spangled heavens, and, as I measure planet after planet, you say, "one soul outweighs them all." You proclaim it more precious than mine of gold, or crown of jewels, and whisper that it was bought with a price—its price being the agony and death of the meek and lowly One. You tell me that the noblest work in which I can engage is to be instrumental in saving a soul from death, and lifting it up to the better liberty of sonship with God. My brothers, do we believe it? Oh, then, here are souls everywhere near us, passing away uncared for, unloved, unwept—going down to a dark, joyless, and blasted immortality—sinking in the great ocean tide of iniquity, without a rising bubble to tell of their disappearance. And you say that life is so short, time so fleeting, opportunities for good doing so transient. I know it.

In one year, from January to January, there were thirty-one million, five hundred thousand of the world's population went down to the earth again. Place them in long array, and it will give a moving column of thirteen hundred to every mile of the globe's circumference. Ponder and look at this astounding computation!—what a spectacle as they move on—tramp—tramp—tramp—forward upon this studendous dead march:—

"Life is short and time is fleeting,
And our hearts, though strong and brave,
Still like muffled drums are beating
Funeral marches to the grave."

Or, as has been sweetly sung:—

"A hundred years! and still and low,
Will be my sleeping head!
A hundred years! and grass will grow
Above my dreamless bed.

The grass will grow, the brooks will run,
Life still as fresh and fair,
Will spring in beauty 'neath the sun;
Where will my place be? where?"

Oh, if all this be true, what are we doing? Here, I say, is an instrumentality which can roll away the great drink curse and make the people free. Young men and women, be up and doing. Give to this movement, and to every other good one, your prayers, your sympathy, your practical help. Work and win. There are golden promises gleaming high above thee. We win often and do not know it. Some word spoken by thee may have cleared away sorrow, or dried up fountains of doubt, or removed clouds of agony from despairing hearts; some sympathy shown by thee have lightened labour, and whispered love; some deed, unknown to the world, have gone forth to impress its influence on all the ages, and bear fruit for thee in the kingdom of eternal blessedness. Have faith in the better day that shall yet dawn upon the people. I would never speak again if I thought that "what always has been always will be." Nay, it cannot be so. God shall show himself stronger than Satan, and right triumph over wrong, and truth, breaking away from the malignant scorn of unbelieving men, rise up with its angel smiles to bless the world. Great principles cannot die. Truth is not to be crushed by our scorn, nor annihilated by our opposition, nor frightened by our most imperative mandate. It may receive a baptism of blood—be bound—dungeoned—cast into the fiery furnace, seven times heated—but it would come forth unscorched and unscathed: "fair as the moon, clear as the sun, and terrible as an army with banners." I think of the prophets who were persecuted—of the ambassadors of peace who were stoned—of the world's moral emancipators scoffed at and mocked by the people; I remember the men of "heroic actions" and "deathless deeds," who lived great lives, and laid their heads upon the bloody block as their last pillow, while with flame-quivering fingers they sowed every wind with sparks of fiery thought. I think of them bound with chains, and burned with fire,

and blasted with cruel anathemas, yet in faith dropping the imperishable seeds which were to germinate, and after many days break forth into glorious blossoming and fruitage. Oh! and there's power in God's truth now. Young men, arise. Sound an alarm. Do your work bravely. Fight nobly. Live righteously.'

"Firm in faith, and brave of heart,
Never from the right depart,—
Not for gold, nor wealth, nor fame,
Barter freedom's hallow'd name,—
Let your thoughts for aye aspire
God-ward—heavenward—higher!
Then the world may scorn and jeer,
But you shall triumph, never fear."

THE ARCHITECTURE OF THE BODY.

What kinds of substances are found in the human body?—Solids and fluids.

What constitutes a solid?—That is called a solid the small parts of which adhere together so closely and firmly, that they do not separate by their own weight. A stone, a piece of wood, a lump of clay, a leaf, &c., are solids.

What constitutes a fluid?—That is called a fluid, the parts of which adhere together so feebly as to separate readily by their own weight, when not confined in a vessel. The parts of a fluid move easily among themselves, and readily change places, in any direction, with each other. Water, milk, blood, and all kinds of liquids, are fluids.

Will you name some of the solids and some of the fluids of the body?—Bones, muscles, and nerves, are solids. Blood, tears, and saliva are fluids.

Which is the hardest solid in the body?—Bone.

Where are the bones in man placed?—Under the skin and flesh of the body.

Where are the bones of lobsters, oysters, crabs, and other shell-fish placed?—On the outside of the body. Their bones are called shells, and serve to protect them from injury.

Why are the bones of man not on the outside of the body?—If he were covered with bone, like an oyster, he would have but little or no feeling or knowledge.

Of what use are bones to man?—They make his body stronger, and keep it upright. When a carpenter builds a house, he makes and raises *the frame first.* Bones are the frame

of the body. They give strength and form to the body, and supply a mechanism by which, with the muscles, motions are effected.

Are the bones of children hard?—No; the bones of children are very soft, and easily bent; but they become harder and stiffer as life advances. The bones of old people are dry, hard, and brittle. Children are sometimes taught to stand alone, and to walk, when so young, as to bend the bones of their legs, and thus make them bandy-legged or knock-kneed for life.

There is a tribe of Indians in North America called *Flat-heads.* This name is derived from their custom of binding pieces of board to the front and back of the heads of their infant children. The hard wood, pressing against the soft bones of the head, flattens it; and this pressure is continued till the bones become hard enough to retain through life the unnatural shape thus forced upon them. In the same way, any pressure from without, if long continued, will alter the shape and position of the bones in any part of the body.

Do tight clothes injure the body?—Yes; when very tight, they not only crowd the bones out of their natural places, and injure their shapes, but they prevent the free and uniform circulation of the blood; thus tight clothes not only injure the general health of the body, but sometimes occasion sudden death.

What are bones made of?—They are made from and of our food, after the food has been changed into blood. As the blood circulates through the body, certain portions are secreted, or separated from it, to supply the several solids and fluids of the body. This secretion is continually going on, so that every part of the body is constantly fed by the blood.

How many bones are there which give form and shape to the skull or head?—Eight bones or pieces, and these are united like two saws when the toothed edges are pressed together. To make this comparison more exact, the saw-teeth should be a little crooked, so as to hook into each other.

How many bones are there in the face?—Fourteen, apart from the teeth.

Are there any other bones in the head?—There are four small bones in each ear. These ear-bones help to convey sound to the brain. There is also one at the root of the tongue: making, in the whole head, sixty-three bones, including the teeth, above the upper joint of the neck of an adult or grown person.

What is the back-bone?—The back-bone. or spinal column,

is that which extends from the bottom of the skull behind, down along the middle of the back. It is made up of twenty-four short, round, and perforated bones, termed *vertebræ* in Latin, but in our language *vertebers*, and having some resemblance to so many rings piled one upon another. This resemblance, however, is not very exact, for the vertebers are not perfectly round, and they have, each of them, several projecting points, which, with the elastic cartilage between every two vertebers, serve to link and bind them all together, and thus form that strong, upright, and yet flexible column, which gives erectness, dignity, and grace to the human body. Moreover, this spinal column is largest at the lower end, or base, because at that point it has the most weight to sustain.

What makes this bone crooked in some persons?—The careless habit of stooping or leaning forward, remaining too long in a one-sided position, sitting too long without anything to lean the back against, tight lacing, and the want of suitable exercise in the open air.

How many ribs has the body?—Twenty-four; twelve on each side. They grow out of the spine, forming a hoop by meeting and being fastened to the breast-bone in front.

What is the use of ribs?—They are the framework of that part of the trunk termed the chest, in which the lungs and heart are deposited for safe keeping.

What and where are the shoulder bones?—They are two broad flat bones, lying over and fastened to several of the ribs behind and at the upper part of the chest.

Of what use are the shoulder-bones?—They furnish sockets or rests for the arms.

What and where are the collar-bones?—They are two long slender bones passing over the ribs in front, from the highest part of the shoulder-bones to the head of the breast-bone.

Of what use are the collar-bones?—They prevent the arms from sliding too far forward.

How many bones are there in each arm?—Three: one between the shoulder and the elbow, and two between the elbow and the wrist.

How many bones has the wrist?—Eight, all being wedge-shaped, and strongly united together by ligaments.

How many bones are there in the hand and fingers?—Nineteen. These are also strongly secured together.

How many bones are there in each foot?—Twenty-six; all strongly fastened together by ligaments.

How many bones are there in each leg?—Three: one betwe the hip and knee, and two between the knee and ankle. The is also a small bone or cap over each knee, called the knee-pa

What is the bone called upon which the back-bone rests?- The *pelvis;* it has four parts.

How many bones are there in the whole body?—Two hundr and forty, in an adult person.

Who have sound, healthy bones?—Those who eat wholesom nutritious food, and who exercise frequently in the open air.

Who have diseased and unsound bones?—Those who wo in mines, and in damp, poorly-lighted places; those who sle in close rooms, where the air is stagnant and impure; the whose food is usually too scanty, or of a poor quality; the whose bodies while labouring are kept constantly bent, or any posture which prevents the free circulation of the blood a the natural action of the vital organs.

How often does the entire body change?—Every person a renewed body every ten years; the previous substance havi gradually wasted away, and a new growth, by degrees, havi taken its place.

POETRY,

FOR RECITATION FOR BANDS OF HOPE.

LILIE EUSTACE.

BY JOHN P. PARKER.

"I am so little," Lilie said,
And shook her well-curled, thoughtful head.
"I shall grow bigger by-and-by,
Then to do good I'm sure I'll try."
"None are too little," said mamma;
"The ants and bees,
How small are these!
And yet exemplars, both, they are.
Sermons they preach,
And wisdom teach;
Lessons they give, to you and I;
And like them, too,
I counsel you,
Never to say, 'I can't,' but try."

Away tripped Lilie, full of thought,
  As down the garden path she went,
The lesson she had thus been taught
  She treasured up, with full intent
To put in practice, when she could;
As every honest scholar should.
And when she reached the garden gate
She sat down for mamma to wait.
Just at that instant came a cry,
And noise of broken crockery.
A little girl lay on the ground;
    Her cry of pain
    Was heard again,
And sympathetic Lilie found
That she had sprained her ancle so,
That without help she could not go
Along the road; so Lilie there
Supported her with tender care.
    "Oh dear! Oh dear!
    My father's beer
Is wasted, and the jug is broke!
    What shall I do?
    Thank you, Miss, you
Are very kind; we 're such poor folk.

Father is very poor, and I
Went to the public-house to buy
Some beer for him—he was so dry.
He gave me all the money he
Had got, and there he comes, I see.
What I shall do I do not know,
For father he will beat me so."
"Say, how much money had you got?"
"Fourpence I had to buy a pot."
"There, take that silver sixpence, dear,
And then you need not be in fear."
"You stupid girl, see what you 've done!"
The father cried; "I 'll give you one
Of the worst beatings you have known."
But, when the sixpence met his view,
He grumbled out a word or two
Of "Thank ye, miss," and went away,
While on the *ground poor* Susan lay.

Just then mamma came, looking out
To see what Lilie was about;
Well pleased, you may be sure, to see
Her lesson of the ant and bee,
Had led to such result as this.
She saw that Lilie felt the bliss
The merciful most surely know
When they, with heart and hand, bestow
On those who need their charity.

They placed poor Susan in a chair,
And thus indoors conveyed her, where
They washed her face and comb'd her hair,
After her foot was bathed with care.
Lilie's mamma's soft gentle hand
Then swathed it with a linen band;
She gave her food, and dressed her neat,
To make the Christian work complete;
For Susan long had lost her mother,
She had no sisters, nor a brother.
Poor lonely child! her gratitude
Her looks expressed. She understood
The kindness of her "lady friend";
And pleased she was, you may depend.

"Now, dear mamma," said Lilie; "you
Have kindly taught me good to do.
I've asked Poor Susan Rose, if she
Will join the Band of Hope with me;
And, if her father don't refuse,
Or put me off with an excuse,
She'll go with me on Monday night.
I hope you think I've acted right."
"Quite right, my dear; I thought you would.
And now you see,
My busy bee,
You're not too little to do good."
"Hark! there's the postman's knock; I see
A letter's come, mamma, for me.
Look here! mamma,
Dear Effie Parr
Has written to me, to invite
Me to her home on Monday night.
She writes to say,
That Mary Gray

And all the Frazers will be there;
  And Willie Graeme and Geordie, too,
The four M'Donalds, and their mother,
And Ellen Malcolm and her brother;
Oh! mamma dear, I do declare,
It will be quite a Fancy fair!
  Oh! I'm so pleased! I long to go.
  I shall be happy there, I know."
"That is your Temperance meeting night."
"Yes, mamma dear, you 're very right;
But I am not obliged to go
There every night, of course, and so
I 'll write to say I must attend
The birth-day party of my friend."
"But, Susan Rose, what will she do?
She won't go there, of course, if you
    Don't go that night."
    "Oh dear! I quite
Forgot poor Susan; mamma, dear,
It won 't be right to go, I fear;
Its very disappointing, too;
And I am puzzled what to do.
But, now suppose I stay away,
To Effie Parr what can I say?
    Oh dear! dear me!
    She vexed will be!
I think I 'll write a letter. Yes,
I can't the Temperance meeting miss;
It won 't be right to stop away,
And you shall soon see what I 'll say.
Dear Effie Parr,
                I am sorry, I
Can't with your loving wish comply;
For, just before your letter came,
I promised, and you must not blame
Me for so doing, a young friend,
That, if she would with me attend
Our Temperance meeting, I would go
With her; and so I must, you know.
So pray excuse me, Effie, dear.
Because my duty keeps me here.
Kind love, and hearty thanks, I send;
    And ever am,
                Your loving friend."

Then Lilie led her little friend,
  On Monday night, to join the Band.
And constantly they both attend:
  Returning homeward, hand in hand.
And Susan Rose now takes great pride
  In keeping home both clean and neat;
No girl in all the country-side
  Can be a housewife more complete.
Her coarse and drunken father, then,
An interest took in Susan's plan;
    And in her book
    Would often look;
    And frequently
    She would him see
Enter the Temperance meeting, when
  The girls and boys would hymns recite:
  And on one happy Monday night
He signed to be a Temperance man!
Oh! what a change the pledge has made
  In that once vulgar, brutal man!
He steadily works at his trade,
  And, when the Sunday comes, his plan
Is not to drink, and waste the day
In idle talk, or foolish play,
But you may see him sitting, where
He ought to be, the house of prayer.
He has humbly sought the "The Sinner's Friend."
And now my story's at the end,
I hope you all have understood,
  Like Lilie, you
  Have work to do:
None are too little to do good.

LENDING LIBRARIES FOR BANDS OF HOPE.

It is of great importance that both the junior and senior members of Bands of Hope should have the means of mental and moral culture placed within their reach. The ladies and gentlemen who kindly conduct and address them should also have convenient access to standard Temperance Literature. How can this be done? By Lending Libraries. Every Temperance Society and Band of Hope should have its book-case, library,

printed catalogue, librarian, and hour of distribution. The best works on Temperance should be obtainable. "Pilgrim's Progress, "The History of England," "Peep of Day," "Robinson Crusoe," "Williams' Missionary Enterprises," "Dr. Dick's Christian Philosopher," "Life in Earnest," "The Hand of God in History," "Todd's Sunday School Teacher," and also his "Student's Guide," "Chambers' Introduction to the Sciences," "Know Thyself," "The House I Live in," "Robert Dawson, or the Brave Spirit," "Harry Birket," "Uncle Tom's Cabin," "Cowper's Poems," "How a Penny became a Thousand Pounds," "The Successful Merchant," and many similar volumes should be in the library. Let such works as these be circulated and read, and we shall soon find intelligence, wise plans of action, a high moral tone, better speaking, and more success resulting from their study. But three things are needed:—

1.—A Catalogue of suitable Books.

2.—A Book Depôt; and

3.—A Sufficient Fund.

The Rev. D. Burns, the Rev. G. W. McCree, Mr. S. Shirley, Mr. F. Smith, and Mrs. Fison will assist in preparing the catalogue, which, we hope, will be ready for our next number. The Band of Hope Union will arrange for a Book Depôt in London, where the libraries may be obtained on reasonable terms. And as to the funds, and the future support of the libraries, we think it would be well for our readers—especially the responsible conductors of Bands of Hope—to communicate with us as to the best way of obtaining funds for local libraries. We will carefully consider their counsel, and give our readers the benefit of any suggestions which may appear likely to promote success.

PRIZES FOR GIRLS AND BOYS.

We are making arrangements for the announcement, in our next number, of prizes to be competed for by the children associated with Bands of Hope. We intend to offer prizes of books, engravings, ornamental pledge cards, atlases, &c. Papers will have to be written on specified subjects, and of course the best paper will determine the recipient of the prize. It is proposed to publish the best papers in our pages. Full particulars will be given in our number for August, when we hope both teachers

and children will be prepared to co-operate with us. We invite suggestions in reference to our intentions, and shall be glad to hear the sentiments of our friends as to the prizes, the length of the papers, and the subjects which it would be desirable to announce. As the arrangements are in active progress, our readers will be so kind as communicate with us as soon as possible.

THE EDITOR'S PRIZES.

We beg to offer four prizes, namely:–

1. "Harry Birket; the Story of a Man who helped Himself."
2. "The Pearl of Orr's Island." By Mrs. Harriett Beecher Stowe.
3. "The Adviser," gilt edges, for 1860. And,
4. Another copy of the same.

TERMS OF COMPETITION.

The first prize will be given to the boy who gets the largest number of orders for the *Band of Hope Record* for August. The competitors must be from twelve to fifteen years of age.

The second prize will be given to the girl who gets the largest number of orders for the *Band of Hope Record* for August. The competitors must be from twelve to fifteen years of age.

The third and fourth prizes will be given to the boy and girl who get the largest number of orders for the *Band of Hope Record* for August. The competitors must be under twelve years of age.

ADVICE TO COMPETITORS.

1. Buy the present number of the *Band of Hope Record*, and enclose it in a neat cover. 2. Shew it to all your friends, and ask them to assist you in gaining the prize you desire. 3. Take their names and addresses in a small memorandum book. 4. Ask them to pay you in advance. 5. On Saturday morning, July 20th, post your letter. 6. It must contain your full name, exact address, age, number of *Records* wanted, and postage stamps, or a post-office order, to pay for them. 7. It must be signed by the full name and address of the conductor of the Band of Hope to which you belong. 8. Address your letter thus:—Mr. F. Smith, 37, Queen Square, London, who will return on the first of August the parcel of *Records* paid for, and also the prizes which may have been won by any competitor.

HOW CAN THE CONDUCTORS OF BANDS OF HOPE HELP US?

1. By carefully reading the account of the prizes and terms of competition. 2. By explaining them to the members of their Bands of Hope. 3. By giving attention to the competitors, and endeavouring to promote their zeal, and guarding their integrity. 4. By reading and signing the letters with due regard to the perfect accuracy of their contents. 5. By ascertaining that the *Records* sent are delivered to the persons who subscribed for them. And, 6. By reporting to us for publication any interesting incidents in connexion with the prizes, canvass, and subsequent delivery of the *Record*, which may come to their knowledge.

THE EDITOR'S BIBLE PRIZE.

Boys, girls, and "little ones" will be allowed to compete for a beautiful Bible, well bound in morocco, with rims and clasp, illustrated with engravings and maps. Full particulars in our next number.

A DIALOGUE FOR GIRLS.

By Mr. A. ELLIS, Secretary of the Kennington Band of Hope.

Catherine. Well, Hannah, I'm glad to have a little time to talk to you. It is so nice to come to these meetings.

Hannah. Yes it is. If it was'nt for what we hear from month to month, I'm afraid some of us would get laughed out of our teetotalism.

C. Laughed out of teetotalism! well all I know is, that our opinions would be worth very little, if such was the case.

H. But then people say such queer things about us. They say we are ruining our health, weakening our minds, setting up ourselves above others, and despising things which God has given us to use.

C. Well now, let us just think over some of the nice things we hear at our meetings, and see how we can answer these objectors. You know we *ought* to think about them, for if we only hear and then forget, our hearing won't do us much good. And first of all, what a silly idea it is to say we are ruining health.

H. Oh yes it is, because we hear so often of people dying through drinking too much *beer, to say* nothing of the accidents

it causes, but who ever heard of anyone being hurt by water-drinking?

C. It is to be hoped that those who can't do without beer will take care to keep out of prison, for they'll get none there, although facts prove that *that* won't injure them. I fancy though that teetotalers know less about prisons than the beer-drinkers.

H. And besides, see what the doctors say about it. Some of the cleverest men who have ever written on this subject prove that all forms of alcohol are poison.

C. They do, and yet people get used to it and like it, just as the Chinese like opium, and the Germans arsenic.

H. Well, and how about the next point—that we are weakening our minds? They say it is a proof of our folly to sign the pledge, because it shows that we have not sufficient power over ourselves to drink a little of a thing without taking too much.

C. The fact is, we are the only people who have power to govern ourselves in this particular. We know when we have had enough—that is, before we taste the first drop, for if a thing is bad at all, it is bad in small quantities as well as large.

H. But doesn't that rather lay us open to the charge of setting ourselves up above others?

C. No; because we only follow out nature's plans, while they have not thought about the matter, and so fall into the same way of thinking and acting as those around them. We lay no claim to superiority, but simply to more thought on this particular point.

H. Very true. And talking about nature's plans reminds me that what they say about wine, &c., being God's gifts, is, to say the least, very silly; for we never heard of God giving us wine. He gives us grapes and barley to use, and not to abuse, but men spoil them by turning them into poisons, which take away their senses and leave them quite unfit to think about Him who gives us all our blessings.

C. Why when barley is made into beer it goes through a certain process, in which it becomes just in the same state as the spoiled barley which the farmers throw away as unfit for food.

H. But there is no harm in making a drink from the grapes, as the ancients did. They squeezed the juice out of the fruit, and drank it off at once. You know we read in the Bible about Pharaoh having his cup in his hand, and the grapes being pressed into it for him.

C. The ancients had wine which intoxicated, and wine which

was harmless, and they called only the harmless sorts "good wine." This is in all probability the good wine spoken of in the Bible.

H. But does the Bible say we ought to be teetotalers?

C. It does not say, of course, "Thou shalt not drink beer," as it says "Thou shalt not steal," but it contains principles and records examples which, when understood, lead us, as I think, to abstain from wine, spirits, and beer.

H. I am glad to hear you say that.

C. Yes, let us remember that although the Bible does not tell us in so many words to be teetotalers it gives us instances of great and good men who were, and while it over and over again most strongly condemns drunkenness, its whole teaching is in harmony with temperance principles.

H. Will you please to show me that in a few words?

C. Are we not told to pray that we may not be led into temptation? And it seems to me that such a prayer cannot be very sincere, if we go into temptation ourselves without any necessity for it.

H. It certainly is a temptation, for when people once get a liking for strong drinks they have great difficulty to get rid of it. It is something like the pilgrims Bunyan tells us of. You know they got out of the pathway into the meadow by the side, but soon they found themselves a long way from the road, and got into terrible trouble with Giant Despair.

C. It seems so curious that folks won't keep out of danger when they are safe.

H. Do we get any more support from the Bible?

C. Yes, a great deal. Doesn't the Bible tell us to set a good example? and seeing the great evils wrought by it, isn't it right to help to get rid of the drink, by shewing people that it can be done without? and you know that all through the Bible we are told to do all we can to help what is right, and put down what is wrong.

H. You say we are to do what we can. I'm thinking its very little some of us *can do.*

C. Let us do our best. Don't you remember how Christ praised the poor widow who threw what she had into the treasury, although it was only a mite?

H. Yes! so He did. And now I think of it, there was another woman whom He praised, because He said "she had done what she could"; so I see, Catherine, we must be like her, and do what good we can. *I am sure* God will bless humble efforts.

C. He will, and therefore let us ask God to help us, to us what to do, and how we should do it, and when we done to bless both us and our work.

H. That is just what our teachers so often tell us, and I it is one great proof that teetotalism is true and good, th can ask God's blessing upon it, and feel that we are ri so doing.

C. Temperance is a noble thing,
And blesses all who try it,
So firmly to it we will cling,
Although some folks decry it.

H. And having tried and found it good,
We recommend it you,
We have not told you half we could,
But what we have is true.

ANNALS OF THE BAND OF HOPE UNION.

During the month Mr. F. Smith has visited and add Band of Hope meetings as follows :—Forest Hill; King E Street, Mile End; One Tun Ragged School, Westmi Pond Place, Chelsea; Lant Street, Borough; Windsor S Islington; Kentish Town; Esher street, Kennington; C Town; Ogle Mews, Tottenham Court Road; Asylum Old Kent Road; Greenwich; Bloomsbury Refuge; G Yard, Whitechapel; Shadwell; Mill Pond, Rotherl Horsley Street, Walworth: Prospect Row, Walworth: Newington; St. Clement's Danes; Willow Walk.

Mr. Blaby has visited the following:—Denmark Street times; St. Clement's Danes, four times; Bloomsbury R Barnsbury Chapel; Fox-and-Knott Court; Lant S Borough; Prospect Row, Walworth; Palace Yard; Fields; and Providence Hall, Shoreditch. Addressed Meetings:—Camden Hall; Albion Hall; Kentish T Liverpool Buildings, twice; Half-Moon Street, Bishop Crystal Spring, New Cut; Saffron Hill; Brentford; Greenwich; West Greenwich; Shadwell; and Weir's Pa Somer's Town. Addressed Sunday Schools:—Leather and King Street, Long Acre.

During June, the Rev. J. B. Smythe (agent of the U has been lecturing to large audiences in Kent and S

Some of the meetings were in the open air, and all of them very successful in their results.

Hendon, Middlesex.—Mr. Insull visited the schools and houses in this village, canvassing for children to become members to the Band of Hope about to be formed. The result of his labours were two crowded meetings, and upwards of 50 pledges were taken and a Band of Hope formed. The Sabbath School teachers have thrown their influence into the movement, and by God's help are determined it shall prosper in this place, where sin and intemperance abound.

Fyfield, near Ongar, Essex.—Mr. S. Insull, Band of Hope agent, visited this village a short time since, for the purpose of strengthening and increasing the Band of Hope that has lately been established there. Mr. Insull visited several of the cottages in the parish, endeavouring to persuade the parents of the benefits arising from Teetotalism, and of the especial benefits that it would bring to those who were taught to adopt its principles from their childhood. Mr. Insull also gave a kind and interesting address to the boys of the National School, and was pleased with their attention and general good conduct on two evenings. Band of Hope meetings (well attended) were held in the school-room, at which the rector of the parish, the Rev. H. Gibson, presided. Temperance melodies were sung, and Mr. Insull and Mr. Gibson earnestly advocated the cause; and several additional members were enrolled in the band.

Star of Temperance Society, Mission Hall, Moor Street, Five Dials.—On Wednesday, June 5th, this Society held a very successful meeting, Rev. G. W. M'Cree in the chair. Addresses were delivered by Messrs. Blaby, Golding, R. Rae (National Temperance League), and S. Shirley (of the Band of Hope Union). The speeches were all very practical, and produced an evident effect upon the audience, some persons at the conclusion of the meeting signing the pledge, It was rendered more than usually attractive by the singing of a number of children, who formed part of the choir at Exeter Hall on the 13th May. A vote of thanks to the speakers and the children terminated this interesting and profitable meeting. It is intended on Wednesday, July 3rd, to hold another special meeting, when 100 children will enliven it by singing some choruses. This meeting will be made specially interesting for the benefit of the young people of the neighbourhood.

Chippenham.—On Friday, May 24th, a union festival of the Temperance Society and *Band of Hope* was held. At four

o'clock more than 120 members of the Band of Hope were provided with a tea, after which, at five o'clock, a public tea was held for the members and friends of the Temperance Society in the Band of Hope room. In the evening at half-past six, a public meeting was held, Mr. Mills, sen., the president, in the chair, when the secretary read the report. The Rev. D. Harding, of Dublin, with Mr. John Chappel, of Calne, then addressed the meeting, and appropriate pieces were sung by the members of the Band of Hope. Extract from Report:—The Chippenham Temperance Society was established Nov. 16, 1860, when the Rev. James Pooley, of Corsham, delivered a lecture. At the close, those friends who felt an interest in the total abstinence movement remained behind, and appointed officers and committee for the management of the society. During six months we have had six lecturers from various parts of the country, and have taken 130 pledges. In February last we formed a Band of Hope, in connection with the society, and have taken 135 pledges. We have circulated more than 200 copies of the *Adviser*, besides hundreds of tracts and little books. We now employ one of the members of the Band of Hope to circulate the *Band of Hope Review* and *British Workman* in the town. We hold our Band of Hope meetings fortnightly, on Fridays. Our nett amount of receipts during the six months of our establishment is £17. 10s. 2d. Our expenditure is £16. 13s. 3d. The use of the room in which we hold our Band of Hope meetings is kindly given us by our president, Mr. Mills, sen. [We are glad our friends circulate the *Adviser*, &c. This is doing good service. We hope, however, that they will not forget to add to their list the *Band of Hope Record*. If all our friends would sell the *Record* at their meetings, our circulation would soon be doubled. We trust they will TRY to accomplish this for us.]

HAVERSTOCK HILL.—The First Anniversary of this Band of Hope was held on Thursday evening, May 16th, in the Schoolroom of Haverstock Chapel. The room was tastefully decorated, and crowded to the door. The Rev. John Nunn, the pastor, presided. After a hymn had been sung by the children and prayer offered, Mr. H. T. Stanes, the superintendent of the Band of Hope, briefly stated that since the formation of the society—rather more than a year since—children to the number of 170 (viz., 80 boys and 90 girls) had joined what he designated as the "Cold Water Army"—an army, however, although engaged in conflict, having the end in view of saving instead of destroying life, and of bringing joy and gladness into many

a home, instead of sorrow and death. He also said they were Volunteers, as in no case had he asked a child to join the ranks; but when children wished to become members they sent in a request, upon receiving which, and before allowing them to sign, he visited them at their homes and discussed the matter with their parents. The Chairman having expressed his sympathy with the movement when conducted in a Christian spirit, called upon Mr. Lewellyn D. Bevan, of New College, who addressed the meeting in powerful and eloquent strains, and defended the Band of Hope movement. He was loudly applauded. George Mudie, Esq., next earnestly advocated the Temperance cause in general, and was followed by the Rev. J. B. Smythe, from Ireland, of the Band of Hope Union, who gave an interesting and touching address. Mr. Edward Hassan, and Mr. John B. Figgis, A.B., both of New College, next briefly addressed the meeting. The children of the Band of Hope were each presented with a bouquet of flowers, and during the evening they sang and recited some pieces, and rewards were distributed. The proceedings terminated at a late hour. [The Editor had the pleasure of seeing this Band of Hope, and was much pleased with it. The visitation of the parents is an admirable plan, and the flowers would, doubtless, prove an elegant and acceptable gift.]

WINCHESTER.—The Winchester Band of Hope has lost a member, William Butterly, aged fourteen years, under rather painful circumstances. He was employed by a grocer, and injured his back by lifting a heavy weight. He was removed to the infirmary, where he died. His remains were borne to the grave by his young Band of Hope friends. The service was performed by the President, the Rev. W. Thorn, who delivered an appropriate address at the grave. Trivial as it may appear to the world at large, the death of this youth (who was much beloved) has made a deep impression on his Temperance friends.

RICHMOND, SURREY.—The Third Annual Festival of the Band of Hope was held on Tuesday evening, the 21st of May, in the British School-room. Ninety members and above twenty friends sat down to tea. P. Carstairs, Esq., presided. The secretary, Mr. F. Cox, made a statement of the origin, present position, and proceedings of the society during the past year—shewing that 44 pledges had been taken, and 710 *Band of Hope Reviews* distributed, &c. The Chairman made some suitable remarks, comparing those present to Volunteers, who by their influence and example are seeking to preserve and protect their

country, and exhorted them to strive to be very useful in the good cause. The meeting was addressed by Rev. Branwhite French, who approved of Bands of Hope because they aim at a good thing, and aim at it in a good way. Mr. Sawell spoke, urging the necessity of having a good object in life, and shewing the need of a strong resolution to accomplish it. Mr. Newby made a very animated speech upon sowers and reapers, watchers, and weepers, stimulating them to make a firm stand, to add to the Band, and bless the land. A short lecture on the "Britons under the Romans," illustrated with coloured diagrams, was delivered by Mr. Allen, which added greatly to the interest of the evening. Some pledge cards were distributed, and the meeting dissolved.

NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.—A young lady writes to us thus:—"I have a Temperance Band; but it is composed of girls only. We rise early, and go out to the Leazes, or other places. At five o'clock yesterday morning we went to the New Cemetery, Elswick Lane. It is very beautiful. We had our hymn-books—the Revival hymns—and we sang praises to God. I then read the Scriptures to them, and we had a little prayer meeting. No one was near. We were quite alone. We went this morn- to the Leazes, where we enjoyed ourselves with battle-dore and skipping-rope. We then sat down on the grass, and I was enabled to speak to them of Jesus—His life, death, and sufferings. We then read from the *Band of Hope Record*, and liked it very much. We then had prayer, and came home. I think God will be with me. I feel my own helplessness, and look up to God for strength." [We hope our correspondent will send us some more news of her "early birds." With the exception of their rest on the grass, which in the morning is damp with dew, we think their proceedings are very commendable. Blue skies, flowers, the waters of the Tyne, the valley of the Team, the green meadows, the spire of Carr's Hill Church, and Scotswood Bridge, would form a fine picture for our friend and her girls. Better this than the late hours, heated rooms, and flaring chandeliers which are the delight of some Bands of Hope. We commend the attention of our friends to "the early birds" of the North.]

REVIEWS OF BOOKS.

Know Thyself. By Mrs. JANE TAYLOR. W. Kent and Co., Paternoster Row. *Price* Sixpence.—We would strongly recommend this volume to the teachers of our Bands of Hope. It will enable them to give lessons on

physiology, food, physical discipline, beverages, and moral training. It is illustrated with numerous engravings, and forms a cheap, simple, and interesting manual for the youth of both sexes. We do not know a better book of the kind. Its pages have supplied us with the article on the architecture of the body.

The Life and Labours of Jabez Inwards: a Catechism for Teetotalers. By JABEZ INWARDS. *A Catechism for Bands of Hope.* By JABEZ INWARDS. *Alcohol: a Prisoner at the Bar.* By JABEZ INWARDS. *Food, Famine, Drink, and Death.* By JABEZ INWARDS. Job Cauldwell, 335, Strand.—We are very great admirers of the sincerity, fervour, and manly bearing of Mr. Inwards, but his works do not always commend themselves to our taste. In his Catechism, he says:—

"*What is Gin?* A fiend in white.

"*What is Porter?* An enemy in black.

"*What is Beer?* 1. An old thief in a white cap and a brown coat, who loves the darkness of the cellar, and hates the light of day. 2. An expensive medicine made in breweries, prescribed by quacks, drawn by horses, and drank by strong and healthy persons for their stomachs' sake, and for the production of often infirmities."

What useful knowledge is there in such empty words? Hear Mr. Inwards again:—

"*What is the Maine Law?* 1. A thing which will shorten the chain of the *mad dog* Intemperance. 2. The vendor's terror, the people's glory. 3. A step, and *only* a step, in the right direction. 4. A prospective good."

Do these answers inform us of the true character of the Maine Law? Would they teach any student the nature of proposed legislative action? Why say "mad dog?" Hear Mr. Inwards a third time:—

"*What is Teetotalism?* 1. A power which will wind the chain around the neck of the *mad dog* Alcohol, and will strangle him for ever. 2. It is a principle in harmony with the universe, the handmaid of religion, and the child of God. 3. It is a lever of which truth is the fulcrum; let the people grasp it, and it will raise humanity out of the depths of drunkenness. 4. It is the tear of mercy mingled with the prayer of faith, that Jehovah may gird his sword upon his thigh and annihilate the monster Alcohol."

The mad dog again! But Mr. Inwards can do better than this. His "Alcohol" is a noble production, and places him in the foremost ranks of our speakers.

The Domestic Messenger and Temperance Journal. Edited by John De Fraine. London: W. Tweedie.—This serial is worthy of purchase and perusal. Varied in matter, genial in style, lofty in its moral tone, and adorned with poetry like "apples of gold in pictures of silver;" it may be profitably read by young men and maidens. We strongly recommend it to them.

THE WORDS OF A FRIEND.

We thank the *Temperance Spectator* for the following:—

"The Band of Hope Union, with its Prayer Meeting on the 12th, its Exeter Hall Meeting on the 13th, and its Conference on the 15th, shewed

that it is working its way upwards; and we should hail such an extension of its agency as would make its London offices the centre of a federation of societies, stretching from Newcastle to St. Michael's Mount. The federal link might be very light and comely rather than costly; but as union is economy as well as strength, we have no doubt that some arrangement is practicable by which the Band of Hope Societies, now so dislocated, could be connected by a London Executive, with clear reciprocal benefit, and no loss of the advantages secured by their independent government."

[We believe the present "London Executive" could largely help Bands of Hope, without interfering with "their independent government." Affiliation with the Band of Hope Union is simple, the reverse of costly, and helpful to all parties.]

THE BAND OF HOPE RECORD, for June, contained—Our May Meetings—Report of the Annual Meeting in Exeter Hall: Speeches of S. Gurney, Esq., M.P.; the Revs. W. M. Statham, G. Lamb, J. B. Smythe, W. Ackworth, Newman Hall; J. Payne and T. Hudson, Esqrs. —The Annual Conference of Delegates: Papers read by J. W. Barker, Rev. D. Burns, and Mrs. Fison—Drive Away, by Uncle True—How to Support a Church—Reviews of Books—Our Progress. Price 2d.

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BAND OF HOPE RECORD.

LECTURE TO CHILDREN.

By the Rev. JOHN TODD, D.D.

FRAGMENTS ALL TO BE SAVED.

"*Gather up the fragments that remain, that nothing be lost.*"—John vi. 12.

CONTENTS:—The goldsmith's shop. The stars named. The little gleaners. Christ feeding the multitude. Wrong to waste things. Wrong to waste money. The poor widow. Brimstone matches. The expensive drink. The sailor's dream. The ring. The ring lost. Burning mountains. The ring recovered. The dream supposed to be true and real. Limbs lost. The Bible wasted. The mind ruined. Six things seen. The SOUL—the SOUL.

I suppose some of these children have been into the shop of a goldsmith. A goldsmith is a man who works in gold, and makes chains, and rings, and other things out of gold. If you have ever been in such a shop, did you see the man at work at the gold? What fine and beautiful tools he has! What little saws, and files, and drills to bore with! And then he is very careful not to waste any gold. When he files it or bores it, he is very careful to have a fine, soft brush, with which to sweep up every grain of gold, even the smallest and finest dust. He is very careful not to lose any fragments.

Go out on some bright, star-light evening, and look up. What a multitude of stars! How thick they are! If many of them should go out for ever, we should not know it. And if new stars were added to them, we should not know it. They may seem useless to us. We cannot count them. But God knows every one, and has not made one too many nor one too few. David says, "He telleth the number of the stars; he calleth them all by their names." What a family! All have names; and all are

> "For ever singing as they shine,
> The hand that made us is Divine."

Have these children been out in the time of harvest, and seen the men reap the wheat and rye? They cut down the waving grain with the greatest care, and then bind it in bundles, and then carefully carry it home on the cart. They try not to lose any, because every grain will make a little flour. But after all their care they do lose some. Some heads of wheat

do drop out, and some precious grains fall out. God knew this would be so. But he would have nothing lost; and so he has made "the little gleaners," such as the little birds, to follow the harvest, and pick up the fragments, that nothing be lost.

So Jesus Christ teaches us to gather up the fragments. A great many thousands followed him, and when he had taught them for a great while, and found that, under the hot sun, they were weary and hungry, he bade them sit down on the grass in companies. I suppose this was so that neighbours and friends might sit together, and also, that they might be counted. He blessed the bread, which was only five loaves, and the fishes, which were only two little ones, yet they all ate enough. One loaf of bread was made enough for a thousand people after Christ had blessed it. After they had done eating, he told the disciples to "gather up the fragments, that nothing be lost." So they gathered up the pieces and the crumbs, and had each of them a basket full. Now, Christ could have made bread enough to feed the world. He does make enough every year for every mouth. And he could make it at any time. But he would have nothing lost. The twelve baskets of fragments would do for the poor, and the disciples at another time.

You see what I am teaching you in this lecture. It is, *that it is wrong to waste any thing.*

Give me your thoughts, and follow what I say, and see if it be not so. Shall I have your close attention? Yes; I see by the looks of every little boy and every little girl that I shall.

Suppose you know of a narrow river, where the waters are dark, and almost black. They are deep too, so deep that no one with the longest pole can reach the bottom. The stream runs swift too; so that if you drop any thing into that river, it sinks, and can never be found again. Now, suppose just on the bank of this river, a little way back, there is a little cottage. It is very small. And in it is a poor widow, and five or six little children. The woman is sick and poor, and can neither work nor buy food for her hungry children. She is in great distress. Suppose a man lives not far off who has money—a great deal of money. He hardly knows what to do with it. So every night he comes just before that cottage where the poor children are crying for food, and there drops half-a-crown into that river. It sinks, and is lost for ever. To-morrow night he will do so again, and so every night, while that wretched family are starving. Now does he not do wrong? Has he a right thus to drop his money into the river, and let poor chil-

dren suffer? No, no; he has no right to do it. But suppose, instead of throwing it in the river, he spends it for something which he does not want, and which will do him no good. Is this right? No. It is wasted even then. Suppose he spends it for something fine and showy, but which is really of no use. Is that right? No. It is still wasted. You see then that it is wrong to waste money, when people are starving.

A Bible or a Testament at any rate can be printed and bound, and sent to a poor family, or to a poor child who has none, for half-a-crown. Some gentlemen went out one day to ask such as chose to give for money, in order to send the Bible to the heathen, who have none. They went to one house and another, and at last went up to a house where they were not acquainted. As they stopped on the door steps, they overheard the gentleman of the house scolding a girl in the kitchen for wasting a new match every time she wanted to light a candle. This they thought was real stinginess.

"Let us go on," says one, "we shall get nothing here. A man who scolds about a match, will never give any thing."

"We can but try," said the other.

They went in and told their errand. The gentleman took out his purse, and gave them more than any one had done, enough to send a hundred Bibles to the heathen. They were astonished at his giving so much. They told him that they had overheard him talking about the match, and did not expect any thing from him.

"Oh! this is the very reason," said the gentleman, "why I can give so much to send the Bible. I allow nothing to be wasted; and thus by saving all, I have money with which to do good."

But people love to spend their money for handsome and fine things, rather than use it to send the Bible to those who have not any Bible. I know they do. But do they do right? Suppose there is a kind of drink that you like very much. It tastes so good, you could drink a whole tumbler full; but, this drink—though it does not hurt you now—will in the end shorten your life one minute for every drop you taste. One minute for every drop. One hour for every tea-spoonful. One year for every tumbler full. Would it be right for you to drink this awful drink, though you do love it? No, no. You know it would not be right. You have no right to waste your own life. You may not throw away a year, nor a fragment. All must be gathered up. Nor have you a right to waste money because you love

the useless things which it will buy, any more than to waste life by such a miserable drink.

When the Rev. John Newton was a sailor, and very wicked, he tells us he had this remarkable dream. "The scene presented to my imagination was the harbour of Venice, where we had lately been. I thought it was night, and my watch upon the deck; and that as I was walking to and fro by myself, a person came to me, (I do not remember from whence,) and brought me a ring, with an express charge to keep it carefully; assuring me, that while I preserved that ring, I should be happy and successful; but if I lost or parted with it, I must expect nothing but trouble and misery. I accepted the present and the terms willingly, not at all doubting my own care to preserve it, and highly satisfied to have my happiness in my own keeping. I was engaged in these thoughts, when a second person came to me, and, observing the ring on my finger, took occasion to ask me some questions concerning it. I readily told him its virtues, and his answer expressed a surprise at my weakness, in expecting such effects from a ring. I think he reasoned with me for some time upon the impossibility of the thing; and at length he urged me, in direct terms, to throw it away. At first I was shocked at the proposal, but his insinuations prevailed. I began to reason and doubt, and at last plucked it off my finger, and dropped it over the ship's side into the water, which it had no sooner touched, than I saw, at the same instant, a terrible fire burst out from a range of mountains, (a part of the Alps,) which appeared at some distance behind the city of Venice. I saw the hills as distinct as if awake, and that they were all in flames. I perceived, too late, my folly; and my tempter, with an air of insult informed me, that all the mercy God had in reserve for me was comprised in that ring, which I had wilfully thrown away. I understood that I must go with him to the burning mountains, and that all the flames I saw were kindled on my account. I trembled, and was in great agony; so that it was surprising I did not then awake: but my dream continued, and when I thought myself on the point of a constrained departure, and stood self-condemned, without plea or hope, suddenly either a third person, or the same who brought me the ring at first, (I am not certain which,) came to me, and demanded the cause of my grief. I told him the plain case, confessing that I had ruined myself wilfully, and deserved no pity. He blamed my rashness, and asked if I should be wiser, supposing I had my ring again. I could hardly answer to this, for I thought it was

gone beyond recall. I believe, indeed, I had no time to answer, before I saw this unexpected friend go down under the water, just in the spot where I had dropped it, and soon returned, bringing the ring with him. The moment he came on board, the flames in the mountains ceased, and my seducer left me. Then was 'the prey taken from the hand of the mighty, and the lawful captive delivered.' My fears were at an end, and with joy and gratitude I approached my kind deliverer to receive the ring again; but he refused to return it, and spoke to this effect: 'If you should be intrusted with this ring again, you would very soon bring yourself into the same distress; you are not able to keep it, but I will preserve it for you, and whenever it is needful, will produce it in your behalf.' Upon this I awoke in a state of mind not to be described."

This was a dream; but had it been real, and had the ring been a real ring, and able to make him happy as long as he kept it, I ask you if he would not have done wrong, and have been very wicked, in throwing it away into the sea? I know you will say, Yes. Had all of these dear children a ring put on their first finger, which could make them happy as long as they kept it, would they not be foolish and wicked to throw it away? Suppose you had such a ring, and as you went home, you should meet with a wicked child, who should try to persuade you to throw it away, would you not do wrong to listen to him a single moment?

Suppose that you were very fond of a certain kind of food. It does not hurt you now, but some time hence it will hurt you. It will cause you to lose a finger, and then an arm, and then a foot. Would it be right for you to eat it, though you were fond of it? You all say, No, it would not be right. Our hands, and our arms, and our feet, are too valuable to be wasted in this manner.

If each of you had a beautiful new Bible given you, and it was the only one you could ever have in this world, would it not be wrong to throw it away? Would it not be wrong to tear out its leaves and burn them? Would it not be wrong to take a pen and blot out whole verses, so that you could not read them? I am sure you will all say, Yes, it would be wrong. And why? Because the Bible is too valuable to be wasted.

Suppose you know of a fine little boy, who behaves well, and learns well, and who has a bright eye, and a bright mind looking out of that eye. He is the hope of his parents. He may make a minister of the gospel, or a very useful man, if he lives. And suppose that two or three of these children should

get together, and lay a plan to frighten that little boy on some dark night. They do it. They frighten the poor child so much that he loses his reason, and will be crazy all the rest of his life. I ask you would this not be very wicked, very wrong? I know you will say, Yes, yes. And why? Because the mind is too valuable to be thus wasted, and destroyed in sport. Very true.

Now if you have heard what I have been saying, you see,

1. That it is wrong to waste property, because it is too valuable. Christ would not allow the crumbs to be wasted. Property will feed and clothe the poor, and send the Bible to those who have it not.

2. That it is wrong to waste our lives, because life is too valuable to be thrown away.

3. That it is wrong to waste our happiness, it is too precious.

4. That it is wrong to waste our limbs, such as hands and feet.

5. That it would be wrong to waste and throw away the Bible, or any part of it.

6. That it would be very wrong to destroy the mind even of a child, because the mind is too valuable to be wasted.

And now, dear children what shall I say to you of the SOUL—the SOUL—which will never die? If it be wrong to waste other things, is it not more so to throw away your thoughts your feelings, and at last your soul itself? Oh! you may be careful of property, and of life, and happiness, and limbs, and the Bible, and the mind, but if you neglect the soul, and do not see to that you are miserable for ever. All other things are nothing, of no value when laid by the side of the soul. "For what is a man profited, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul? or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?" Matt. xvi. 26. I beg you then as you gather up the fragments about the soul, not to forget and neglect the soul itself. That must live for ever. Such indeed is its value, that the Son of God came down from heaven, and died on the cross, that the soul of every one that believes in him might be saved. May your sins be taken away by his precious blood. Amen.

DUTIFUL JEM.

By JANE TAYLOR.

There was a poor widow, who lived in a cot,
She scarcely a blanket to warm her had got;
Her windows were broken, her walls were all bare,
And the cold winter-wind often whistled in there.

Poor Susan was old, and too feeble too spin,
Her forehead was wrinkled, her hands they were thin;
And bread she'd have wanted, as many have done,
If she had not been blessed with a good little son.

But he loved her well, like a dutiful lad,
And thought her the very best friend that he had;
And now to neglect or forsake her, he knew
Was the most wicked thing he could possibly do.

For he was quite healthy, and active, and stout,
While his poor mother hardly could hobble about,
And he thought it his duty and greatest delight,
To work for her living, from morning to night.

So he started each morning as gay as a lark,
And work'd all day long in the fields till 'twas dark:
Then came home again to his dear mother's cot,
And cheerfully gave her the wages he got.

And oh, how she loved him! how great was her joy!
To think her dear Jem was a dutiful boy:
Her arm round his neck she would tenderly cast,
And kiss his red cheek, while the tears tickled fast.

Oh, then, was not little Jem happier far,
Than naughty, and idle, and wicked boys are?
For, as long as he lived, 'twas his comfort and joy,
To think he'd not been an undutiful boy.

STOP THE LEAK!

By the Rev. NEWMAN HALL, L.L.B.

The question of the day is, "*How best to help the working classes.*" Here is a cistern with plenty of water at hand; the question is, how best to fill it. Send to the pump-maker; call for willing labourers; now then pump-away! We look into the cistern—it does not fill! send for more pumps—more labourers—still the cistern does not fill! See the water is rising, certainly rising! Now it is stationary—it begins to fall, fall, fall. It rises again a little—falls again. How tantalizing! what shall we do? Go on pumping? Is there anything *else* we can do? Would it not be wise to examine the cistern? but to do this, it may be necessary to stoop, and people don't like stooping. We stoop! we look below!—through a large hole the water is

flowing out almost as fast as it is pumped in. Would it not be well, while you go on pumping, to *stop the leak?*

When was more done for the working classes than at the present time? Think of ragged-schools, Sunday-schools, mechanics' institutes, popular lectures, provident societies, savings' banks, hospitals, societies to provide food, raiment, and improved dwellings, tract and Bible societies, city missionaries, people's services at theatres! Let us bless God that there are so many philanthropic pumps at work to fill the cistern; but the cistern does not get full. How terrible the poverty, how fearful the degradation pervading whole districts! What emaciation, filth, and vice! What is to be done? We must go on working at all the pumps. God bless every one of them; but, in the name of common sense, as well as godliness and philanthropy, oh! let us stoop a little and see if there be not a flaw in the cistern; and, while we go on pumping, *stop the leak of intemperance.*

Is there not a leak? Mr. Gladstone said lately, in the House of Commons, there were upwards of 100,000 houses in this country licensed for spirits and beer. Mr. Porter, in a paper read to the statistical section of the British Association, made this statement:—The quantity of spirits of home production in 1849, was 22,900,000 gallons; of rum, in the same year, 3,000,000 gallons; and the whole outlay of the people for those two descriptions of ardent drinks amounted to £20,800,000. Excluding women and children, taking adult men, the following portions would fall to the share of each:—In England, about 2 and one-third gallons; in Scotland, 11 and one-sixth gallons; and in Ireland, 3½ gallons of spirits to each adult man. The total sum paid for spirits, including brandy, was about £24,091,000. The malt which paid duty in that year was 37,900,000 bushels, or 4,700,000 quarters; the number of gallons brewed was 435,100,000; the money spent on beer was £25,380,000, chiefly by the labouring classes; so that, putting the two together, here is a sum of upwards of £49,000,000 of money spent in spirits and beer in that year. But the sum total expended is much more, because this calculation is made from the amount of drink which returned duty to Government; but it is quite possible to pay duty on a certain quantity of spirits, which slightly increases as it is retailed out to the people. More than sixty millions are actually spent in this country every year for intoxicating drinks. That is a leak!

I have made a calculation. My figures are facts—which all figures are not. This £60,000,000 would provide 6,000 churches

every year at £4,000; and 5,000 schools, at £600; and 200 hospitals, at £20,000; and 2,000 mechanics' institutes, at £2,000; and 25,000 alms-houses, at £200; and 2,000 fountains, at £50; and 2,000 libraries, at £500; and 200 parks for the people at £10,000.; and 1,000 baths at £3,000.; and give away 3,800 prizes to working men of £100. each prize; and provide for 10,000 sick people, at £1. per week; and give 400,000 poor families £10. each at Christmas-day, besides a Bible for every man, woman, and child in Great Britain. It would do all that! Is there no leak?

There are seven drink-shops to every baker's shop, and they seem to be successful, from their gilding and gas. In Manchester, a gentleman found, by observation, that twenty visits were paid to each beer-shop every Saturday night, and two shillings spent by each person. At Newcastle, there are 500 public-houses; 10,000 visits paid and £1,000. spent every Saturday night. I read in *Chambers' Miscellany*, that at a certain factory 100 men, receiving 35s. wages, spent £70. a-week in drink, amounting at the end of the year to £3,640. You would not believe it possible, and yet this is below what working men frequently spend. A friend of mine told me that he went a few mornings ago into the bar of a public-house, where he found four men, who, *before breakfast*, had twenty pots between them, and spent, therefore, 1s. 8d. each. He told me he had known some men to spend 25s. a week in drink. What a leak in the cistern which we are trying to fill!

POETRY,

FOR RECITATION FOR BANDS OF HOPE.

THE ANGEL AT NUTTINGDELL.

By JOHN P. PARKER.

What is an angel? Who can tell?
I think I hear
Some little dear
Say, "They are messengers who bring
Good tidings from their Heavenly King.
Angels rejoice,
With happy voice,
Over repentant sinners; there,
With pleasure they
Behold them pray.

Angels are ministers to men,
And women, too, like Hagar, when
They are distrest,
Or sore opprest.
They minister to such in love;
As many facts in Scripture prove."
'T is very true,
My dear, as you
Can from your Bible show so well;
But I'm about to tell a tale
Of facts, that happened in a vale,
Where all went well,
Till, sad to tell,
An Angel came to Nuttingdell.

"Mother! dear mother! come with me!
And such a picture you may see.
Oh! angels must be lovely things;
If they 're like what I've seen with wings,
Silver and gold, and blue and white,
Oh! mother, it 's the sweetest sight!
And you may see the picture swing
Outside the door, a pretty thing!
At the new house, just by the Pound,
That 's built upon the old waste ground.
The picture 's painted, oh! so fine!
And Joe Smith says, it's called a Sign.
What is a sign?" "My little dear,
It 's a bad sign for all, I fear.
For many wives, and children, too,
Have cause for sadness,
But none for gladness,
When tempting signs like that they view.
Their hard-earned money soon is spent,
Money that should be saved for rent,
And children's clothes
Too often goes
In drunken, wasteful merriment.
It pleases you,
But men will rue
The day, when they
Were lured away,
From home and honest industry,

To what is called 'good company.'
Ruin and grief, I know full well,
That angel brings to Nutting dell."

"And lead us not into temptation,"
We are taught to pray,
Thus, day by day,
No matter what our rank, or station.
But we must watch, as well as pray,
Not go into temptation's way.
Of all the tempting snares we know,
What can surpass
The social glass?
Men, every day,
It leads astray,
To poverty, and shame, and woe.
Thus Nuttingdell soon felt the curse
Of that false Angel near the Pound;
The whiskey glass, the pipe, the pot,
The gossip, and the skittle-ground,
Made first the idler, then the sot;
For thus men go, from bad to worse.
By whiskey's strong, enchanting spell,
That Angel enthralled Nuttingdell.

Poor little Winny's father, too,
That sober man, went there to see
The rules of a society.
A tempting bait, held out to view
By the sharp publican, who knew
That clubs were profitable things.
There, under that bad Angel's wings,
A club was formed; a vile pretence
To catch the simple, and their pence.
And Winny's father, in that shop,
Began to take his little drop.
The little led to more, and he
Was brought down, thus, to poverty.
What could be done? the women then,
Began to ask each other, when
It was resolved, that they would go
Unto the court-house, there to show
Their haggard faces,
Where the traces

Of want, and suffering, pleaded so,
That, when the publican applied
To renew his licence, by his side
Stood Winny's mother, and her tale
Of sorrow told, did there prevail
With the good magistrates, who then,
As upright and judicious men,
Resolved the licence to withdraw,
Because they evidently saw
More wretchedness than tongue could tell
That Angel wrought in Nuttingdell.

Remove the sign!
Though painted fine;
No more the tempting Angel's face
Shall smile, on high,
To passers by.
Off with the roof! down with each wall!
And soon erected in the place
Of that vile den,
The village men
Subscribed and built a Temperance Hall.
And from that day all things went well;
The Angel fled from Nuttingdell.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF THE PIPE.

The tobacco plant is a native of America. It was first carried to Europe by Sir Francis Drake, about the year 1560. Sir Walter Raleigh introduced it into England about 1584. Professor Hitchcock says—"I group alcohol, opium, and tobacco together, as alike to be rejected, because they agree in being poisonous in their nature. In popular language, alcohol is classed among the stimulants, and opium and tobacco among the narcotic poisons, whose ultimate effect upon the animal system is to produce stupor and insensibility. Most of the powerful vegetable poisons (says he), such as henbane, hemlock, thorn-apple, prussic acid, deadly nightshade, fox-glove, and poison-sumach, have an effect on the animal system scarcely to be distinguished from that of opium and tobacco. They impair the organs of digestion, and may bring on fatuity, palsy, delirium, or apoplexy. In those not accustomed to it, tobacco

excites nausea, vomiting, diziness, indigestion, mental dejection, and, in short, the whole train of nervous complaints." Dr. Rees, in his "Cyclopœdia," says—"A drop or two of the chemical oil of tobacco being put upon the tongue of a cat, produces violent convulsions and death in the space of a minute." Dr. Hossack classes tobacco with opium, ether, mercury, and other articles of the "Materia Medica." He calls tobacco a "fashionable poison. The great increase of dyspepsia, the late alarming frequency of apoplexy, palsy, epilepsy, and other diseases of the nervous system, is attributable, in part, to the use of tobacco." Dr. Waterhouse says that Linnæus places tobacco in the class of plants to which belong foxglove, henbane, deadly nightshade, lobelia, and atropa belladonna. He says—"When tobacco is taken into the stomach for the first time, it creates a nausea and extreme disgust. If swallowed, it excites violent convulsions of the stomach and bowels to eject the poison either upward or downward. The oil of this plant (he adds) is one of the strongest vegetable poisons; insomuch as we know of no animal that can resist its mortal effects. Moreover, I never observed so many pallid faces and so many marks of declining health, nor ever knew so many hectical habits and consumptive affections as of late years; and I trace this alarming inroad on young constitutions principally to the pernicious custom of smoking cigars."

The conclusion from all this evidence is, that tobacco is *an active poison;* and that its constant use induces the most distressing and fatal diseases. Dr. Rush has truly said, "that smoking and chewing tobacco, by rendering water and other simple liquors insipid to the taste. dispose very much to the stronger stimulus of ardent spirits; hence (he says) the practice of smoking cigars has been followed by the use of brandy-and-water as common drink."

The ruinous effects of tobacco upon public and private morals are seen in the idle, sauntering habits it engenders; in the benumbing, stupid sensations which it induces: but especially in perpetuating and extending the practice of using intoxicants. Governor Sullivan has truly remarked, "that the tobacco pipe excites a demand for an extraordinary quantity of some beverage to supply the waste of glandular secretion, in proportion to the expense of saliva, and ardent spirits are the common substitutes; and the smoker is often reduced to a dram-drinker, and dies a sot. Now, the fact that some chew, and smoke, and snuff, without becoming sots, proves *nothing* against the general prin-

ciple—that the natural tendency of tobacco is to promote intoxication. Probably one-tenth, at least, of all the drunkards made in the nation, and throughout the world, are made so through the use of tobacco."

WISE WORDS AND GREAT FACTS.

A Good Defence.—A clergyman called upon me a few weeks ago, and after the usual complaints and the usual prescription, he said, "Well, I cannot bring my mind to identify myself with the teetotal party; there is something about the whole thing I exceedingly dislike. We have a small teetotal society in our town; they are a set of most opinionated people, and some of them I know to be infidels." I asked if any of his congregation, or any of the leading people of the town, took any part in it. "Oh, no," he said, "no one of any consequence; and as religious people we strictly keep ourselves out of it." "Ah, I see how it is," I said; "I have no doubt but there is a great deal that is objectionable in your teetotal society, for I see you carefully exclude from it every bit of leaven which could possibly leaven the lump, and therefore, *not* strange to say, it remains unleavened." "But," he said, "you surely could not expect me to identify myself with such a set." "I was not just that moment thinking of you," I replied; "I was thinking what a mercy it was for poor fellow-humanity that the very arguments you have adduced in justification of yourself, for standing aloof from those poor people struggling to free themselves from the fetters of drink, are the same which Jesus has assigned for coming amongst us at all. It was because we were 'such a set' that he came, as we learn from His words —'The Son of Man is come to seek and to save that which was lost.'"—*Mrs. Baily.*

Illustrative Teaching.—An eminent divine was once trying to teach a number of children that the soul would live after they were dead. They listened, but evidently did not understand it—he was too abstract. Snatching his watch from his pocket, he says, "James, what is this I hold in my hand?" "A watch, Sir;" "a little clock," says another. "Do you all see it?" "Yes, Sir." "How do you know it is a watch?" "It ticks, Sir." "Very well, can any of you hear it tick? All listen now." After a pause, "Yes, Sir, we hear it." He then took off the case, and held the case in one hand and the watch in the other. "Now, children which is the watch? You see there are two which look like watches?" "The littlest one in your right hand, Sir." "Very well, but how do you know that this is the watch?" "Because it ticks." "Very well, again. Now I will lay the case aside—put it away, there, down in my hat. Now let us see if you can hear the watch tick?" "Yes, Sir, we hear it," exclaimed several voices. "Well, the watch can tick, and go, and keep time you see, when the case is taken off and put away in my hat. So it is with you children—your body is nothing but the case, the soul is inside. The case, the body, may be taken off and buried down in the

ground; and the soul will live and think, just as well as this watch will go, as you see, when the case is off." This made it plain, and even the youngest went home and told his mother that his "*little thoul* [soul] *would tick after he was dead.*"

HEALTH AND STUDY.—It is of great importance to persons of sedentary occupations to obtain brisk exercise as the first act of the day. Whether it shall be walking or some vigorous exercise at home, is a matter of choice; but a man will study all the better after breakfast, for having cheered his spirits and quickened his circulation by a walk; and, I will add by what some people would call an unpleasant one. I speak from experience here. For thirty years my business has lain in my study. The practice of early rising was, I am confident, the grand preservative of health, through many years of hard work; the hours gained being given, not to book or pen, but to activity. I rose at six, summer and winter, and, after cold bathing, went out for a walk in all weathers. In the coldest season, on the rainiest morning, I never returned without being glad that I went. I need not detail the pleasure of the summer mornings. In winter there was either a fragment of gibbous moon hanging over the mountain, or some star quivering in the river, or icicles beginning to shine in the dawn, or, at worst, some break in the clouds, some moss on the wall, some gleam on the water, which I carried home in the shape of refreshment. I breakfasted at half-past seven, and had settled household business and was at my work by half-past eight, fortified for seven hours' continuous desk work without injury or fatigue.—*Miss Martineau.*

THE THRONE OF GRACE.—If you want your spiritual life to be more healthy and vigorous, you must just come more boldly to the throne of grace. The secret of your weakness is your little faith and little prayer. The fountain is unsealed, but you only sip a few drops. The bread of life is before you, yet you only eat a few crumbs. The treasury of heaven is open, but you only take a few pence. O man of little faith! wherefore do you doubt? Awake to know your privileges; awake and sleep no longer. Tell me not of spiritual hunger and thirst, and poverty, so long as the throne of grace is before you. Say, rather, you are proud, and will not come to it as a poor sinner; say, rather, you are slothful, and will not take pains to get more. Cast aside the grave-clothes of pride that still hang around you. Throw off that Egyptian garment of indolence, which ought not to have been brought through the Red Sea. Away with that unbelief which ties and paralyses your tongue. You are not straitened in God, but in yourself. Come boldly, for you may, all sinful as you are, if you come in the name of the great High Priest. Come boldly and ask largely, and you shall have abundant answers; mercy like a river, and grace and strength like a mighty stream. Come boldly, and you shall have supplies, exceeding all you can ask or think. Hitherto you have asked nothing; ask and receive, that your joy may be full.—*J. C. Ryle.*

THE FAR EAST.—One of the leading men of the Independent Chapel in Victoria Dock-road, having *long prayed* earnestly, has lately begun to

work. Capt. Orr has addressed crowded meetings, and Mrs. Orr a women's meeting, and many immortal souls have been brought home to God. Christians of all denominations are revived and united to save their fellow-men. One beer-shop has been closed, the keeper being convinced that he had been earning the wages of sin, and now he serves the Lord. We pray that the work thus commenced may never languish, and we ask the prayers of our brethren to the same end.—*The Revival.*

Fountains of Evil.—In this country there are 95,000 houses licenced for the sale of spirituous liquors, from four o'clock on Monday morning till twelve o'clock on Saturday night; and there were 45,000 houses licensed by the Excise for the sale of beer on the premises—making a total of 140,000 houses in this country licenced for the common sale of intoxicating liquors.—*J. H. Raper, Esq.*

PRIZES FOR BANDS OF HOPE.

Several gentlemen, the members of the Committee of the Band of Hope Union, and the Editor, intend to continue offering prizes to the Bands of Hope, and in some cases to the adult members of Temperance Societies. In the number for July the Editor had the pleasure of announcing four prizes. They will be distributed as follows:—

FIRST PRIZE.

Miss ISABELLA WORMS, London.

The Editor congratulates his young friend on her success, and would, at once, ask the attention of all concerned to the following announcement of

MORE PRIZES!!

THE HAYNES PRIZE.

W. J. Haynes, Esq., has promised a handsome prize for the best temperance melody.

THE TUCKER PRIZE.

S. Tucker, Esq., will give a beautiful prize for the best dialogue for children.

THE BAND OF HOPE UNION PRIZES.

The Band of Hope Union intend to offer some valuable prizes for the best recitations.

Full particulars will be given in our next number.

THE EDITOR'S PRIZES.

The Editor will give a Bible, well bound in morocco, with

rims and clasp, and illustrated with beautiful engravings and coloured maps, to the boy or girl of any age, connected with a band of hope, who shall obtain the largest number of orders for the *Band of Hope Record* for September.

The Editor will also give a second Bible to the boy or girl who shall obtain the next largest number of orders for the *Band of Hope Record* for September.

The competitors must proceed in the manner specified in the July number of the *Record*. All letters must be posted on or before the 18th of August, and be addressed to Mr. F. Smith, 37, Queen Square, London. A post-office order for the *Records* wanted must be enclosed in each letter.

AN AMERICAN NAME TO BE HONOURED.

The world has many whom it has written heroes—many whom it has called great; but not all whom it so honours can be called good as well as great, and pure as well as brave. But our country is now mourning for one of her brave young defenders, recently fallen, who gave his country the example of an unstained manhood and a noble character, as well as distinguished himself in her service by his energy, patriotism, courage and remarkable military genius. We wish our young readers to remember and honor his name, because he was a true temperance soldier, and worthy to receive the tribute of love and respect from all who march under the banners of the Cold Water Army. Honor this name:

ELLMER E. ELLSWORTH,

The Brave Young Chieftain,

THE TEMPERANCE HERO.

WE HONOR HIM

FOR

THE PURITY OF HIS MANHOOD,

EVEN MORE THAN FOR

HIS PATRIOTIC COURAGE

AND

The Brilliancy of his Military Genius!

Perhaps there is not one of our young readers who has not heard of Col. Ellsworth. He *was born* at Mechanicsville, N. Y.,

on the 23rd of April, 1837. He lived at home, a good and studious boy, till the age of thirteen, when he went into a store in Troy, then to a store in New York, and then, about six years ago, to Chicago. Here he formed a military company of young men, all between the ages of 18 and 26 years, and taught them the drill practiced by the French Zouaves. They became, in a few months, the best drilled company in the country, and last summer Col. Ellsworth brought them to New York and Boston, visiting many other cities, and everywhere they astonished and delighted the people by their skill. Afterwards Col. Ellsworth went to Springfield, Illinois, and studied law in President Lincoln's office, and went with Mr. Lincoln to Washington. When it became necessary for the government to call the people to arms to subdue rebellion, Col. Ellsworth went to New York, and there formed a Zouave regiment from among the firemen of the city.—His regiment was raised, drilled and equipped in a few days, and went to Washington. They were among the troops ordered to cross the river and occupy the city of Alexandria, and on the morning of the 24th of May, Col. Ellsworth was shot dead while descending the stairs of a hotel, with a rebel flag wound around him, which he had taken down from the roof. His murderer was James W. Jackson, the keeper of the hotel, who was instantly killed by one of Col. Ellsworth's men. Col. Ellsworth was 24 years of age.

Col. Ellsworth's Chicago Zouaves were a noble company, but what gave them their highest and peculiar honor was the fact that they were all young men of strict temperate habits. Their rules forbade them to drink spirituous liquors, wine, beer, and cider, to use tobacco, or to be guilty of licentiousness. They were on no account to enter bar-rooms, or other disreputable places, unless some business made it absolutely necessary for them to do so. This gave them more honour than their skill in arms; and, indeed, to this strict temperance was their vigor and skill chiefly due. All honor to such young men.

Col. Ellsworth's name should be honored, because his example furnished so true and noble a type of young manhood for the emulation of American youth—an example so priceless where so many of our boys and young men seem to think that a certain amount of vice is necessary to establish their character for manliness. Col. Ellsworth was not one of these. He did not think it manly to smoke and chew tobacco, and he never defiled and degraded himself by using the vile poison plant. He did not think it manly to drink intoxicating liquors, and never was the

wine-cup pressed to his lips. He was a strict teetotaller. He never polluted his body and stained his soul by dissipation and debauchery. He did not degrade himself by profanity. He knew that the noblest and most vigorous manhood was the purest, and he acted on this principle. A pure and virtuous and temperate life, and a filial trust in God, (which is evinced in the last letter he wrote), are the ornaments which make his valour, his patriotism and his genius shine with the brightest lustre. So brave, so young, so noble, he will be honoured so long as the country for which he died shall be worthy of such sons.

Let the boys who read these lines, and the boys of our land wherever his story is known, honor the name of ELLSWORTH, and imitate his example. And let them, as they look forward to the time when they shall be men, remember that his manhood is the truest and the noblest who with temperance, integrity and high principle, the physical vigor and strength of a healthful prime, and the courage and firmness of a man, unites the innocence of a child, the tenderness of a mother, and the purity of a maiden.—*The Youth's Temperance Visitor, America.*

LENDING LIBRARIES.

By the Rev. G. W. McCREE.

Every temperance reformer should be familiar with temperance literature. He should endeavour to have a thorough knowledge of the history, philosophy, progress, and results of the movement to which he has adhered. Knowledge imparts confidence, zeal, and life. The intelligent abstainer never violates his pledge. The man who is familiar with our standard works is not prone to instability and cowardice. Knowledge gives firmness and courage. Hence the importance of lending libraries for our members, our bands of hope, and our speakers. But, it has been said, what shall we read? We present our readers with the first of a series of catalogues which we intend to place before them. It is a carefully-selected list, comprising forty-two volumes of choice temperance and other literature. They are handsomely and strongly bound in half-calf, and present a series of uniform, double-lettered, instructive books. Here is the catalogue:—

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1. **Teetotaller's Companion.**	Scottish Pictorial, 1 to 70.
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10. Do. Do.

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Rhymes and Recit
Parker's Catechisn
How to Form Ba
Hope.
Glover's Recitatior
Scottish League Hy
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sons.

39. Hymns and Recit

Pocket Reciter.
Green's Hymns.
Ipswich Recitation
Hymns and Melo
the Band of Ho
Dialogues for R
Do.

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41. Scottish Tracts
Young.

Mr. W. Tweedie, 337, Strand, has undertaken to sup
ties with this noble collection of volumes for ten pounds.
appear a large sum; but it is not really so. The b
worth the money, and, if obtained would greatly pro
permanent usefulness of any society purchasing it.
could we most easily raise the money?" will be a
proposed by many an anxious secretary. We pr
attempt a solution of this problem, and invite our read
the same. We ask for their hints on the subject.

ANNALS OF THE BAND OF HOPE UNIO

Lant Street, Borough.—This Band of Hope held
ings for the first time in their new school-rooms, on

The Rev. Hugh Allen, D.D. presided. Mr. G. M. Murphy desired them to persevere in trying to add to their numbers, for every little boy and girl could do good; and concluded by saying that useful people were always happy. The Rev. Hugh Allen said he wanted the members 1st—to love Jesus Christ; 2nd—to honour their parents; 3rd—to try and get their parents and companions to sign the pledge. Mr. Haynes spoke on individual labour. The Rev. J. B. Smyth said he could not see why men and women could enter the public houses, for if they only looked at the signs of them they could learn lessons. There was one called the "Cross Keys"—one key to open the door and let happiness out, and the other to open the door and let misery in. Mr. Hawkins, in moving a vote of thanks to the Chairman, gave his fable of the crocodile being killed by the spiders. Several pieces were recited by the children during the evening. The meeting was very large.

NOTTINGHAM.—A grand demonstration, in connexion with the Sunday-schools identified with the Band of Hope, was held in the grounds of the Arboretum, on July 1st. Vast numbers were present from Sheffield, Leicester, and other places, Sheffield alone contributing 3,680 visitors. Flags, banners, music, processions, &c., were the order of the day, and the number of children as well as adults was immense. An open-air meeting was held, and among the gentlemen on the platform were—Rev. J. S. Withington, Nottingham; T. D. Dyson, Esq., Leicester; J. E. Nelson, Esq., Manchester; Rev. S. Chester, John Unwin, Esq., and W. J. Clegg, Esq., Sheffield; Dr. Popham, Nottingham; Mr. Thomas Turner, agent of the British Temperance League; Rev. R. Buck, Leicester; Mr. Mellors, &c. Mr. Dyson occupied the chair, and called upon Mr. Nelson, of Manchester, who delivered a lengthy and beautiful address. He was followed by Mr. Clegg, Rev. H. Farrant, and Rev. W. Buck. Mr. Turner of the British Temperance League, addressed a vast gathering from the caravan, opposite the refresment rooms, on the sources of wealth and on the productive power of the nation, showing the loss of life and capital by the drinking customs of society, and asserting that the only hope for emancipating the people lay in the Temperance Reformation. After an hour and ten minutes' address, in which he elicited frequent applause, there were loud cries, "Go on," but the keen breeze, which rendered the day delightful for such an out-door gathering, made it somewhat severe for the speaker, who stood facing the wind,

making the audience merry at the expense of the drinking and smoking customs of society. The arrangements were of the most satisfactory character, and reflected great credit on the committee of management. It was computed that about thirty thousand people visited the grounds during the day and afternoon.

York.– From the 24th annual report of the Temperance Society, just issued, we learn that 400 pledges have been taken during the year, and 250 members transferred from the Band of Hope to the Parent Society, which now numbers 1,420 members. This vigorous organization hes effected, and is effecting, a great amount of good in York.

Kenilworth.—The fifth annual report exhibits considerable usefulness and success. Twenty-six meetings have been held. Since 1856 upwards of £250. have been expended in promoting the good cause. Two thousand tracts and one thousand copies of the *Band of Hope Review* have been circulated. There is a library of one hundred volumes. The motto of the report is excellent—

"In life's earnest battle,
They only prevail,
Who daily march onwards,
And never say—*Fail.*"

The Wesleyan Conference.—The Annual Conference of the Wesleyan Methodist Connexion is being held this year at Newcastle-upon-Tyne. A committee of the Conference has arranged with Mr. Wilkie to provide the dinners for the preachers during the sittings of Conference at his Temperance Hotel. It was in the first instance desired that ale should be provided for the dinners, but Mr. Wilkie positively refused to undertake the contract except upon teetotal principles; and at length his faithfulness to conviction was rewarded by the assent of the committee, and perhaps for the first time in the history of the Methodist Conference, the preachers will dine without the adjunct of malt liquor.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

All communications should be written on one side of the paper only.

Names and Addresses should be written very plainly.

Intelligence should be sent early.

Books for Review, Articles for the Record, &c., may be sent to the Editor, at No. 37, Queen Square, London.

Business Letters, as Orders for the Record, must be addressed to Mr. S. Shirley, *at the above Office.*

J. Bale, Printer, 78, Great Titchfield-street, Marylebone.

ND OF HOPE RECORD.

THE GENERAL FEATURES AND OBJECTS CONTEMPLATED BY THE BAND OF HOPE UNION.

By Mr. S. SHIRLEY.

persons interested in all that affects the Band of Hope movement, quiry into its present condition cannot fail to exercise feelings of est interest.

would afford us the highest gratification to present such a view of land of Hope movement as would convey a true picture of the nt state of the cause throughout the world; this however without labour could not be done, nor shall we attempt it. We may in a al way remark, that it is matter for deep and heartfelt gratitude, that rers in many parts of the world have recognised the claims of youth eir sympathies, and that God has so signally blessed their labours in ection with the Band of Hope movement. The results of these rs are more apparent in some places than in others, and perhaps rica may claim for herself the enviable position of having done most nd consequently reaped most from, this particular department of the erance enterprise. Scotland has also in a most noble and worthy er laboured in this important department of the temperance field, t the present time probably presents an organization without a el.

land has also been partially worked, though labourers are few, and the limited reports received, it is feared that but a very small portion s fertile field is brought under cultivation. In Wales there have most flourishing youth's societies, and still the results of these are while many a flourishing Band of Hope gives evidence of the vitality principle in this interesting portion of our country. Coming to rovinces, we have in many parts most encouraging signs of progress, bundant reason to be thankful—to look forward and take courage. of the manufacturing districts particularly, such for instance, as ford, Leeds, Birmingham, Huddersfield, Frome, Devizes, Notting- Northampton, Poole, and many others which might be named, give of vigour and vitality of the most cheering description. Gratifying, ver, as these general statements may be, a moment's consideration hew that tens of thousands have not been brought under the elevat- influence of the movement.

t our present object is to deal more particularly with the Bands of in the metropolis. But here even our task is not light. Nor can ope to present a flattering picture of the progress of our cause. True that in London and its suburbs we have a large number of these utions, many of them possessing features of the deepest interest, but ce demands that we should deal faithfully with a subject of such vast ortance, and the truth is, that the Committee of the Band of Hope

Union see many and grievous defects in the metropolitan Bands of Hope. There are, of course, exceptions as to the mode of working and managing, and some Bands might be regarded as models, but these are few and far between. As a rule, we fear that London Bands of Hope are a long way behind kindred institutions in many other parts. It may be necessary therefore to point out what is defective, and if possible suggest remedies. One great defect is,—want of order. Children in some cases appear to think they have license to do just as they please, and scenes of most serious disorder are witnessed; children restless—talking—moving about from place to place during an address, and frequently openly rebellious against lawful authority. The conductor may not be an unmoved spectator of such disorder; frequently it is evident that he is pained by it, and storms at it, striving to put it down by noise rather than authority; in all such cases, however, the conviction forces itself on your Committee, that the fault lies not so much with the children as the manager, for were he thoroughly well trained himself, his charge would manifest the fruits of that training; for it may be regarded as an axiom, that a class—a school—or a Band of Hope, will be a reflection of the mind and character of the teacher. The remedy therefore for disorder of this kind, is to be found in well informed and well trained teachers. It must not be here supposed that the Committee do not appreciate the intentions of such conductors, as now frequently take upon themselves their duties. We give them credit for the best intentions, nor would we say to them, relinquish your tasks; but our exhortation to them is, brethren! seek by prayer, by close application and well directed study, to qualify yourselves for duty. There is also a danger that our Bands of Hope may be turned into semi-theatricals. We have had dressing up in character, and partial performances. To say the least of this, it may deter many from lending us their aid, and identifying themselves with us, whose sympathy and assistance it is most desirable to secure. Nothing will be more calculated to keep the religious part of the community at a distance from the Band of Hope movement, than putting our children unduly forward, or introducing any system calculated to cherish a desire for display, or a love for theatrical and public amusements of an objectionable character. There can be no objection to singing—to a dialogue or a recitation,—but in all these cases the selection should be judiciously made; and if a Band of Hope has means of carrying on its operations without the children being elevated to the platform at all, it is the opinion of many that it would be for the advantage of Bands of Hope so to be conducted. Singing is a branch of Band of Hope work of such importance as to merit special consideration. In most metropolitan Bands of Hope, this forms a prominent feature of their evening's work; but persons who have visited these institutions in London, and who have an ear for music, cannot be very much gratified with the advancement made in this branch of science; irregularity in time—noise instead of harmony—notes omitted, and others added—make up frequently a jangle of sounds, which should not be named singing; it is not that there are not good voices, but they want training, and for that purpose there requires the trained teacher. Let us

have such men in connection with the movement, and the singing alone may be made a means of attraction, which will draw vast numbers to our meetings, and when there, the truth taught in our hymns, and spoken from our platforms, may find a lodgment in their heads and hearts prolific of mighty results. One method of securing better singing has been suggested, viz., the engagement of a competent teacher who shall visit periodically Bands of Hope gathered in districts, and on the tonic sol-fa system impart to them the theory, and drill them in the practice of singing. Another subject requires noticing. Our friends are aware that at our meetings, addresses are in almost all cases given; now to persons attending Bands of Hope, it need hardly be told that such addresses are frequently most unsuited; they are frequently too long, and quantity is given instead of quality. Now addresses to children should be simple, earnest, pointed, anecdotal, and illustrative,—but specially short; and only by such addresses can children's attention be secured. If we want material, the Bible—natural history—every day life, furnish abundance; let the speaker's mind be given to his work, let him study before he goes to speak to children, and by such a course he may hope to be prepared; but there can be no doubt that some are more gifted for the work than others, and it should be the earnest aim of Band of Hope conductors to find out right men for the right place in this respect, and to exclude from their platforms unsuitable speakers; but specially, coarseness, vulgarity, and inconsistency should be rigidly excluded from the Band of Hope platform. The time of meeting, is another matter deserving our notice. Doubtless in almost every case, the earliest hour possible for the conductor to be present, is that fixed on for the meeting, and mostly this is at a seasonable time; but great care should be taken to bring proceedings to a close at an early period. A mere hint on this point will, it is presumed, be as much as is required.

The present time in the history of the Band of Hope movement may be regarded as one of the deepest interest; for notwithstanding the imperfect character of its elements, it must be borne in mind that the movement is quite in its infancy, and yet shews signs of vigour and vitality. Many a devoted Sunday school teacher is prepared to buckle on the armour in its defence. Many a minister of the gospel throws around it the weight of his influence; in many a domestic circle are its principles cherished with the tenderest solicitude; connected with many a sabbath school we have our Bands of Hope. The same may also be said of day schools; while on every hand we find words of encouragement from those who are not personally abstainers, but who have evinced their sympathy by subscribing, and in other ways indicating their interest; and though personal abstinence is the only standard we can fully recognise as consistency, still we would remember the words of our Master,—"he that is not against us is on our side." But there is one thing in connection with our movement, more encouraging than anything beside, and that is the fact that we can look to God for his blessing, fully believing that he has owned and is owning our work; and though the labourers are few, and the instruments feeble, the cause has had its parallel in the gospel. Disciples met in an

upper room—men were called from the plough and the fisher's boat; but God sent them, and blessed them; and if we place ourselves in his hands, he will employ us as instruments for accomplishing his purposes. That this result may be consummated in regard to drinking customs, and that our youth may be preserved, and that our friends may be more fitted for their work—that more labourers may be sent into the harvest—that drunkenness may cease, and the will of God be done on earth as it is done in heaven, is the heartfelt desire of the Committee of the Band of Hope Union.

TRY AGAIN!

By W. FROST, a Junior Member of the Fitzroy Band of Hope.

"Try again," is our watchword, when troubles assail,
When the fight rages fiercely, and foemen prevail;
When our hopes and our struggles alike seem in vain,
We think of our watchword, and "try, try again."

When misfortune's dark clouds gather thick in life's sky,
When our hearts beat but faintly, and dangers are nigh;
As we think of our watchword, our strength we regain,
We march onward blithely, and "try, try again."

Our country's destroyer, her bitterest foe,
The demon, Strong Drink, we strive to o'erthrow;
We think of the myriads that tyrant has slain,—
Cry, "God speed the right," and "try, try again."

We know that amidst us this tyrant doth stand,
We see the dark blight he hath thrown o'er our land;
Of brightest hopes blasted, and lives spent in vain,
With sorrow we think, and "try, try again."

The oppressed and the bondsman we fight to set free,
And the day shall soon dawn when slav'ry must flee;
And bravely we struggle to break every chain,
And though oft defeated, we'll "try, try again."

Oh! think how the brave in the dark days of old,
Dared the flames and the torture their faith to uphold;
And gather fresh courage to shout the glad strain,
Though often defeated, we'll yet "try again."

THE GREATNESS OF OUR WORK.

By the Rev. A. HANNAY.

1. Our work is great in its political aspect. It concerns the purity and strength of our national life; it is a high service of

patriotism. No nation whose sons are debased by vice, can be permanently great. This is the verdict of reason. Rectitude, purity, self-control, love, are seen to be necessary to the greatness of the individual; and the same force must be held necessary to the perpetuation of a great nationality. It is the lesson of history. Great nations have sprung up; they have aggrandised themselves; they have seized with sudden and rapacious clutch all the elements of supposed strength which lay within their reach; they have wielded a vast power, and shone with an exceeding glory for a time; and yet, after a brief season of pomp, their bright crown has been cast to the dust; men of learning and leisure have written the story of their decline and fall, and curious pilgrims from new-born nations have mused and made sketches amid the ruins of their collapsed civilization. Nineveh, Babylon, Rome, Islam, Spain;—these were once names to conjure with, and what are they now? Affecting memorials of spent strength and fallen greatness. The reason? Is natural life subject to the same law of morality as individual life? No; there is no natural death of nations. Nations die by the rebound of their own unrighteous deeds. They die when their sons cease to be courageous and brave; when self-denial gives place to luxury; when the family retreat is desecrated by vice, and when public virtue is trampled upon in the base competitions of self-seeking, or the brutal indulgences of lust. Nations have their mortal diseases in the forms of superstition, slavery, the spirit of conquest, ignorance, luxury, and vice. Some nations have succumbed under one of these diseases, and some under another, or under a complication of the others. Our own beloved fatherland is threatened. We have a great history,—there is none greater. We have been great in war, great in our manifold industry, great in the enterprises of commerce and science, great in the manliness with which we have welcomed liberal ideas, and adapted our institutions to them, great in generous sympathy with freedom all the world over, and great in a certain grave, intelligent, and earnest religiousness. At present we are great in wealth, intelligence, internal political coherence, and outward political influence; and those among ourselves who cast the horoscope of Britain and the Anglo-Saxons, paint a yet greater future. God grant the fulfilment of their prediction! But I am not without my fears. Not to refer to other causes which threaten national decadence, the leprosy of vice is too rife within our borders, to allow of absolute *confidence with regard* to the future. The

emasculating virus of luxury is in the veins of the nation, and that specific form of it with which we are leagued to do battle —drunkeness to wit—is so prevalent, as to be, to observing foreigners, one of the most conspicuous features of our national character. At present we are weak as a nation, compared with what we would be if sobriety were a universal virtue among us. Drunkenness holds some of our finest minds in thrall. Commerce, literature, art, science, religion,—all would receive an impulse, if these minds were emancipated. Whole classes of the people, instead of adding to the national strength, become burdens upon the other classes, and those rescources and energies of the nation, which might be devoted to the consolidation of its parts and to the building of it up in strength and beauty, are needed to hold vice in check, and to repair the waste of its morbid action in the body politic. And of the future we can only judge by the present. The next age will be what this age makes it. The harvest which our sons will gather will be from the seed which we sow. If this national drunkenness continues, we shall have within our borders, generation after generation, an ever-widening area of social misery, physical decrepitude, intellectual feebleness, and moral sterility. Nor can this process long go on without laying Britain's glory in the dust. She will be outrun in the race of nations. Lusty competitors will first overtake, and then distance her. Corruption will sap her noble institutions, and her Titanic strength will become as the weakness of a man in dotage. Then will it fall to history once more to read the lesson to the ages, that no nation can persist in wrong-doing, and continue to be great. Britain, she will add, had all the elements of greatness, and she had great opportunities, but she allowed drunkeness to prey upon her vitals, and so she died.

This, then, sirs, is our great work. We would cast beyond our borders the evil which already enfeebles, and which threatens to destroy us. The very attempt is great; it is in the spirit of patriotism. We make no claim to have our names placed on the roll of patriots. Too well do we know that patriotism of the type which appears among moral reformers—the patriotism which seeks to promote the moral strength of a nation, as the cause of all other kinds of strength, is as yet but little understood. The great warrior, the fluent, eloquent demagogue, is still the idol of the people. The moral reformer is more likely, beyond a certain select circle, to be sneered at as a puritan, then hailed as a benefactor. But the verdicts of the present are not without appeal. There is a time coming, even on this

side the Great Assize, when in this matter as in many others, the last shall be first, and the first last. Meanwhile we can do our work, sustained by the conciousness of the patriotism which inspires our efforts; and I do verily believe that in this temperance movement of ours, there are means of making reputations for patriotism for men of firm will, deep convictions, vigorous mind, and self-denying effort; men, who, not thinking of making a reputation, will work in a real, honest, manly way for the redemption of their country from drunkenness; there are means, I believe, of making for such men reputations for patriotism, which will shine as bright as any, and brighter than most, in the future of our country.

2. But our work is great in what it proposes to do for individuals. Most conspicuous among the objects of our solicitude —but for whom our organizations and efforts would never have been thought of—is the *drunkard.* I hold it to be a great work to make a drunkard a sober man. It is not merely that you bring the hue of health to his cheek, and the energy and gravity of manliness to his gait, and peace, plenty, and cheerfulness to his home. These are all great works. He who accomplishes any one of these is entitled to apply to himself Nehemiah's language. But there is a greater work than any of these. The drunkard is the slave of appetite. There is utter derangement and disorder in the sphere of his moral life. His will is enfeebled by indulgence. He is not free to act according to his own convictions of what is right and good. Think you that that bloated and staggering thing, at which fools laugh, has no aspirations after a manlier life? Think you he feels not his degradation? Ah! in many a dark, horrible hour he curses the imperious lust which holds him in bondage. In many an hour, which some gleam of hope has gilded, he rises out of the slush in which he has been wallowing, and resolves to bid defiance to his enslaver. But this virtuous purpose exhausts his resolution, and he falls back weak and subject as before. He is a slave. The menial appetite, rules in the kingdom of his moral life. Now, to take that abject and pitiable thing, and make a free, strong man of it, is not that a great work? And that, sirs, is our work. Many a man now walks among his fellows with an air of modest strength, conscious still of the cravings of appetite, nor indisposed to give them legitimate indulgence—for appetite is, after all, as truly a divine endowment as conscience—but moderating them by the firm hand of moral reason—a free *man now* ruler in the kingdom of

his own life—who can say to his appetites, as to servants, "Go," and they go, "Come," and they come. We approached that man in his degradation; we found him heartless and hopeless. Others had been there before us. They had attempted to shame, or command, or bribe, or bind him to effort after self-recovery, and they had left him themselves disgusted, and the poor object of their disgust, despairing. But our sympathy touched his heart; our hope with regard to him, bred hope in his heart with regard to himself; our fellowship with him in the abstinence we recommended to him, gave him strength in the hour of his fiery trial; and now he stands erect, free, and the helper of others! We have sometimes been tauntingly asked—and that, too, to our surprise, by temperance reformers of a certain class—what our movement has effected? We point to trophies like this, and there are many such; and we venture ask our questioners, What other scheme of temperance reform can point to such trophies—*men redeemed from moral slavery to self-control?* The same question substantially is sometimes put in the interests of the gospel. And those who put it, add—you have made certain who were drunkards to be sober men, but that is all. Well! be it so. It is more than all other schemes, the agencies of the Church included, did for the same persons. It is with no good grace that those who have failed to make the drunkard even sober, taunt us with having done no more for him than to make him sober. But I cannot admit that we have done no more for the drunkard than to make him a sober man. We have taught him self-control; we have brought back the light, and life, and energies of hope, into a despairing heart; we have taught a crouching creature, who had learned to despise himself, to feel that his is a great nature still, and to stand up with a strong pulse of self-respect throbbing in him; we have brought him to believe in the reality of virtue and human sympathy; we have given him a glimpse and a taste of joys, deeper, purer, fuller, than those of vice or sense. It was a great work to make him a sober man, but this is a greater work, and it is a work for which the temperance movement is very dear to me. We sometimes hear, we often hear, of reformed drunkards going to the church, and becoming, under the preaching of the gospel, partakers of the regenerate life; and these two things are mentioned as isolated facts. First, they became total abstainers, and, secondly, they became Christians. But they are not isolated facts; they are two stages in one great spiritual change. I verily believe that God is in our day working largely for the

spiritual conversion of men through our total abstinence societies in the way of preparing many to receive the gospel, who would not, and could not otherwise have been prepared. I say it is a great work to make a drunkard a sober man; but we do even a greater work than this—we restore to the drunkard, reformed on our method, elements of character which, to say the least of them, are conditions favourable to the decisive operation of those influences which go to produce a higher life; and even the highest life of all—the life of a humble and earnest Christian.

But the drunkard is not the only object of our solicitude. We embrace also, within the sweep of our reformatory operations, the deluded multitude who suffer from the use of intoxicating drinks less manifestly and in a less degree. We have a mission to moderate drinkers as well as to drunkards. It may be said it is no great work to persuade a man who never drinks to excess utterly to abandon the use of alcoholic stimulants. But I venture think that the work is, in most cases, greater than it seems. It is a salutary and often much-needed discipline. I have been told by men, who were of the excellent of the earth, who had been induced to abandon their moderate indulgence, that they might qualify themselves to act as helpers of the drunkard, that they felt deeply grateful on their own account that the agencies of our movement had been brought to bear upon them. They found that total abstinence involved a sorer struggle than they had anticipated. They had scarcely committed themselves to the struggle until they felt that their moral lives needed this discipline. From being a question of benevolent concern for the deliverance of the fallen, it presently became a question of their own moral strength. We believe that no man can habitually use intoxicating drinks as a beverage, though in moderate quantities, without being injured. Not to speak of their interference with bodily functions, their tendency is to fret the temper, to blear the eye of reason, to disable the mind for concentration and meditativeness, to pamper the appetites and stimulate the passions. They are unfavourable to all kinds of manly growth, and to that equanimity which is so necessary to the peace and beauty of home life, and to kindliness and profitableness in one's social relations. I believe it is a great work of national education, in the highest sense, to which we have committed ourselves. It is a work from which the most beneficent result must issue in the sphere of moral and spiritual life. It is a discipline conceived in the spirit of our self-denying religion; *a discipline* which, as it does its work,

cannot fail to give to that religion a purer and nobler practical development. If we shall succeed in putting down the moderate use of intoxicating drinks as beverages, we shall accomplish, "a great work" within the proper sphere of temperate life, in elevating the tone of moral feeling, in checking the insidious and enervating progress of luxury, in promoting a manly, reasoning, and self-denying interest in the welfare of others, and in making the Christians of the time more Christ-like. It is a poor narrow view of our work which regards it merely as a promotion of temperance: it is a subtle, pervasive, educational force, which, as it spreads, will touch the higher life of the nation at every point.

I cannot leave this part of my subject without refering, in a sentence or two, to the bearing of our work upon the young. I rejoice exceedingly that men among us, who are not likely to waver in their purpose, have lately given special attento this department. May God bless and direct them in their efforts to protect our rising youth from the prevailing contamination! You do a great work for a youth when you keep him from entering into the associations which our drinking usages have gathered about them; when you teach him to bear himself vigilantly amid the hidden snares of social life, when you help him to stand upon his own convictions against the persuasion of friends and the banter of companions. There are few better preparations than this, not merely for the temptations with which our drinking usages surround our youth, but for all the work and trials of life. If our movement could take up but one generation of our youth, train them to an intelligent adoption of our principies, and carry them through the conflict of their earlier years with the prejudices and the habits of their seniors, it would give to our country a generation of men who would make her name greater than it has ever been. They would not merely be temperate men, they would, as a rule, be men of a clear head, and a firm will, and a pure life—worthy children of a great movement, and certain to be the fathers of some movement greater still.

PRIZES.

The Committee of the Band of Hope Union offer Three Prizes,

ONE OF ONE GUINEA,

AND

TWO OF HALF-A-GUINEA EACH,

for the Three best Recitations or Dialogues, suitable for Bands

of Hope. The adjudicators to be appointed by the Editor of the *Band of Hope Record.* The rejected as well as accepted MSS. to be the property of the Union. The productions to be in Prose or Verse. Open to all.

DIRECTIONS.

All MSS. to be sent in by the 30th of September, directed to the Editor of the *Record*, 37, Queen Square, London. W.C.

Each MS. to bear at its head a motto, and a sealed letter to be enclosed, stating the name and address of competitor.

The sealed letters will remain closed till after the adjudication.

The result will be stated in the November number.

FREDERIC JAMES EDWARDS, Abingdon, Berks, has obtained the Editor's Prize Bible.

POETRY,

FOR RECITATION FOR BANDS OF HOPE.

EVERMORE.

I beheld a golden portal in the visions of my slumber,
And through it streamed the radiance of a never-setting day;
While angels tall and beautiful, and countless without number,
Were giving gladsome greeting to all who came that way;
And the gates for ever swinging,
Made no grating, no harsh ringing,
Melodious as the singing
Of one that we adore;
And I heard a chorus swelling
Grand beyond a mortal's telling,
And the burden of that chorus
Was Hope's glad word, Evermore!

And as I gazed and listened, came a slave all worn and weary,
His fetter-links blood-crusted, his dark skin clammy damp,
His sunken eye gleamed wildly, telling tales of horror dreary,
Of toilsome strugglings through the night amid the fever swamp,
Ere the eye had time for winking,
Ere the mind had time for thinking,
A bright angel raised the sinking,
Wretch, and off his fetters tore;
Then I heard the chorus swelling
Grand beyond a mortal's telling,
"Pass, brother, *through our portals*—
Thou 'rt a Freeman evermore."

And as I gazed and listened, came a mother wildly weeping,
"I have lost my hopes for ever—one by one they went away;
My children and their father, the cold grave hath in its keeping,
Life is one long lamentation, I know no night nor day."
Then the angel softly speaking—
"Stay, sister, stay thy shrieking,
Thou shalt find those thou art seeking
Beyond that golden door;"
Then I heard the chorus swelling
Grand beyond a mortal's telling,
"Thy children and their father
Shall be with thee evermore."

And as I gazed and listened, came one whom desolation
Had driven like a helmless bark from infancy's bright land;
Who ne'er had met a kindly look—poor outcast of creation,
Who never heard a kindly word, nor grasped a friendly hand.
"Enter in, no longer fear thee,
Myriad friends are there to cheer thee—
Friends always to be near thee,
There no sorrow sad and sore;"
Then I heard the chorus swelling,
Grand beyond a mortal's telling,
"Enter brother, thine are friendship,
Love, and gladness, evermore."

And as I gazed and listened, came a cold blue-footed maiden,
With cheeks of ashen whiteness, eyes filled with lurid light;
Her body bent with sickness, her lone heart heavy laden—
Her house had been the roofless street, her day had been the night.
First wept the angel sadly,
Then smiled the angel gladly,
And caught the maiden madly
Rushing from the golden door;
Then I heard the chorus swelling
Grand beyond a mortal's telling,
"Enter, sister, thou art pure, and
Thou art sinless evermore."

I saw the toiler enter, to rest for age from labour,
The weary-hearted exile therein found his native land;
Beggar there could greet King as an equal and a neighbour—
The crown had left the kingly brow, the staff the beggar's hand.

And the gate for ever swinging,
Made no grating, no harsh ringing,
Melodious as the singing,
  Of one that we adore;
And the chorus still was swelling
Grand beyond a mortal's telling,
  While the vision faded from me,
  With the glad word, "Evermore!"

Edinburgh Guardian.

A GOOD EXAMPLE FOR YOUNG MEN.

e Sunday morning the Superintendent of the Adult School
rern Street, Birmingham, distributed amongst the scholars
British Workman Almanack." It was illustrated by
woodcuts of a superior character; one of these represented
ıg man, with a cigar in his mouth, just entering a room
ıpplied with books, where was another young man, sitting
ıble reading. In one of the classes, the teacher remarked
ıe young man with the cigar might be intended for one of
ıolars, who was not present that morning, and who was
ı to be very fond of smoking. Seeing that there was
ription of the scene below the picture, one of the scholars
the teacher to read it. It appeared that two young men,
had formerly been companions, had been separated for
ime; one had been induced to seek the company of those
ought only of the pleasures of the present moment, and was
f the excitement of theatres and saloons, and had indulged
oking cigars and tobacco. The other had devoted himself
rary and scientific pursuits; he had been determined to
p a stock of useful information, and had expended his
money in books. These were the companions whose
ıg was represented in the engraving.
er reading the narrative, the teacher made some remarks
nning the practice of smoking, and asked the young men
rere around him if any of them smoked. Two or three
d they smoked a little. The teacher said if any of the
rs were willing to leave off the use of tobacco, that he
take charge of their savings, and add interest at the end
year. One of the scholars, rather older than the rest,
e calculated that he spent sixpence a week, and he should
deposit that sum weekly. A bargain was made, that if
holars took *to the use of tobacco* during the next twelve-

months, that the deposits were to be forfeited and placed in the charity box belonging to the class.

The scholar brought his tobacco-sixpence very regularly. He lived at Hockley, and was several times prevented from going to Severn Street at such an early hour—for the school there opens at half-past seven on Sunday mornings; whenever he did miss, he always brought his tobacco-money the next week. He soon reported that he felt a great deal more comfortable; that he could enjoy reading at home and learning at school much better than formerly. December came round, and he was desirous of procuring some comforts for Christmas. He told his teacher that he should like to settle up. An evening was appointed, and he came to receive the money. He had paid 6d. a week for fifty weeks; there was interest 1s. 3d., and a bonus besides of 1s. 3d., making £1 7s. 6d; this was handed to him over the table, when he promptly returned 2s., saying, "Teacher, I have already felt a benefit from leaving off tobacco, far beyond receiving this money. I feel very thankful to the Almighty that He has enabled me to resist the temptation so often before me. I feel also very grateful to you, for encouraging me to leave off smoking; I shall be glad if you will take these two shillings, and buy Testaments, and give them to those who have none."

His offer was accepted, and a request was made that he would furnish a list of the goods he purchased with the £1 5s. 6d., so that a comparison might be made between the profit of saving and the loss by smoking. In a few days he called with this memorandun:

Paid for Hat	£0	7	6
„ Trousers	0	12	0
Soleing and Heeling Boots	0	3	6
Goloshes.....	0	2	6
	£1	5	6

Reader,—if you are in the habit of smoking, reflect upon the loss you suffer by the expenditure of your money on a useless gratification; reflect on the loss of mental power it involves. Your pipe or cigar may soothe the brain; but it prevents the full exercise of those faculties God has given to mankind *alone*; it promotes unclean habits in the workshop and at home; it teaches an injurious habit to those who are younger, and who, if they begin the habit earlier in life, will be still more its slaves in riper years. Leave off, then, your pipe or cigar;

n will feel a satisfaction in the result, and may, like the man ferred to in this narrative, enjoy the pleasure of doing good o others.

MAN'S PROPER DRINK.

By J. BRADFORD SAX.

Man is so constituted that he requires daily liquid supplies, as well as solid aliment. No substance in the world but *water* can possibly answer or supply the natural demands of the system for drink. Water taken into the stomach is absorbed into the general circulation, but it is never assimilated. It serves to give fluidity to the blood, to supply the aqueous portion of the secretions, excretions, &c. No other fluid will answer this purpose; consequently no substances, except such as contain water, can answer the purposes of drink. As a general thing, foreign substances artificially mixed with water make pernicious drinks.

Notwithstanding man requires daily supplies of water, yet the quantity, in a perfectly normal condition of the body, and under correct diet and regimen, is very small; not more than can be abundantly supplied, under ordinary circumstances, by the juices of those fruits and succulent vegetables which he ought to eat as a part of his daily meals. Nor need or ought the quantity of these to be large. If our habits are correct, we shall feel thirst only when the system really needs water. A small quantity of ripe fruit, taken with our meals, will then keep the system abundantly supplied with moisture, and, except under extraordinary circumstances, prevent our ever being thirsty.

In his lectures, Mr. Graham says:—"If the dietetic and all other habits and circumstances of man were truly natural and in strict accordance with the laws of his nature, he would very seldom require drink, and therefore very rarely experience thirst. The fruits and succulent vegetables which entered into his diet would afford all the aqueous matter that his vital economy requires; and this would always be of the purest and most salutary kind. Besides, being introduced in such a form, the stomach would never be inundated by a flood of water at once, but would receive it more gradually, and in a manner better adapted to the action of its absorbent and receiving vessels. So that, by this means, the system would be secured from improper quantities *and qualities* of fluid, and the sense of

thirst would never be depraved, nor its integrity impaired. Many individuals in the United States have so regulated their dietetic habits, as to be able to live without taking any kind of drink or feeling thirst for the space of three, four, and six months; and these have invariably found that their health was, in every respect more perfect at such times, than when they frequently experienced thirst, and drank even pure water. By deviations from the strict line of physiological rectitude, however, in the quantity and quality of food and drink, and other errors of voluntary habits, the actual demands of the vital economy for pure water are increased, and the integrity of thirst as a natural instinct is always more or less impaired."

The experience of the author perfectly corresponds with that of those mentioned in the above extract. While he followed the common dietetic and other habits of the Americans, before he adopted a true physiological diet and regimen, he was in the practice, and had been for years, of drinking immense quantities of water. He was constantly, winter and summer, night and day, afflicted with a tormenting thirst, which he had not moral power sufficient to resist. It was a species of insanity, and drinking water became a real mania, which must be gratified at whatever hazard. He thought, and still thinks, that abstinence from water for a single day would have produced madness. In the summer it was the worst, and when labouring in the harvest field, he has often drunk several gallons in a day. The stomach would be filled and kept so full during the day, that it would not be emptied by absorption until near morning. A quart at once was a common draught.

After he adopted a correct system of living, and without any other means being used, this thirst entirely left him. He could now work through the hottest day in July without being thirsty hardly at all, and without drinking more than a very little if any fluid, of any kind whatever. When he could have ripe fruit, fresh, to eat with his meals, he did not want any other drink. He has been for eight months together without even once tasting of any kind of fluid whatever during the whole time, or ever once being thirsty. During all this time his health has been perfect, and not the least lack of water in the system for all the purposes of life; not even excepting perspiration and renal secretion.

These experiments, as well as everything else, go to prove *that, under* ordinary circumstances, man need not, if his habits *are correct,* drink fluid. All the water which the real wants of

the system demand, is abundantly supplied by the fruits which he ought daily to eat, and in the purest and most proper condition possible. This is as nature designed.

Now if man was designed and constitutionally adapted to receive the fluid necessary to sustain his body in health, in the form of fruits and succulent vegetables, as he beyond question was, then the reception of it in any other form, even the drinking of pure water, is to some extent a violation of Nature's laws, and therefore injurious: that is, it would be better to receive it as Nature intended. But if we cannot procure fruit, or if for any other cause the wants of the system cannot be fully supplied by its use, then pure water is the next best drink which it is possible to procure, and the only one which ever ought to be used by man. It should be pure and unadulterated.

One strong objection to the use of water rather than fruit to supply the demands of the system for aqueous matter, is the fact, that it is extremely difficult to procure water perfectly pure, or free from deleterious substances; while the juices of fruits are entirely free from all injurious substances, and just as Nature prepared them for our drink. The beverages which Nature has prepared for us are the best possible—are *precisely* right—and those differing from them in any respect are, of course, not as good. In Nature's beverages—the juices of fruits—there are no injurious substances mixed; while everything is present which makes, or is necessary to make them perfect.

Concerning water, most of that which is used for drink, or at least much of it, is too impure even for the purpose of washing our clothes; what do you say to its fitness for drinking? A large proportion of our wells furnish water so thoroughly impregnated with mineral substances, that it is unfit for washing; it is called *hard* water, and rain-water is used in its stead; but it is drank without any hesitation. Can it be possible that the mineral matter contained in several quarts of this water can be taken into the general circulation of the human system daily for years, without doing any injury? It is irritating and offensive to the delicate tissues with which it comes in contact, and must of necessity be constantly doing injury.

"It is well known that if hard water be habitually used for washing the hands, even for a short time, the skin on which it acts soon loses its natural softness and smoothness, and becomes dry and rough, and often cracks and becomes painfully diseased. And can any one believe that a fluid which produces such an

effect on the external skin, that is protected by a horny epidermis or cuticle, can continually come in contact with the most delicate nervous and other tissues of the vital domain, and not injure them?" If we use fruit for drink in the room of water, and so regulate our habits as to avoid the necessity of drinking, we shall of course escape the evils of drinking hard water—the evil of introducing daily into the system a large amount of poisonous mineral matter.

Again, the deleterious influence of unhealthy climates and situations is known to depend in a great measure upon the badness of the water found in them. It is a kind of proverb among people, that if the water is good, the situation is healthy; if it is bad, it is unhealthy. If we are in a situation where the water is bad, and are under the necessity of drinking several quarts of it daily, how are we going to escape this deleterious influence? But if we make fruit supply the necessary moisture to the system, and so regulate our habits that we shall not be under the necessity of drinking water, we can live in an unhealthy climate or situation with comparative impunity, and escape most or all of the deleterious influences which it is supposed to exert.

We have before remarked that if the habits are truly natural, the quantity of drink required by man will be small. All that he takes more than the legitimate wants of the system require, is evil, and necessarily injurious. If more be taken than is necessary, the absorbents which take it from the stomach, and the organs which excrete it from the system, are overtasked. Vitality is wasted thereby, and the organs debilitated and prostrated, and finally diseased. The action of the stomach is also interrupted and deranged, and digestion therefore impaired. Dyspepsia with its train of evils follow. If, when we are at work, for instance on a summer day, we drink large quantities of water, and perspire profusely, the vital energy necessary to absorb and excrete it will be withdrawn in a measure from the muscles, and therefore make them less able to perform a given amount of labour; while the additional task thus put upon the vital machine will make it much more—perhaps painfully—fatigued at night, than it otherwise would be. So far from being less able to endure the heat, we shall be better qualified to endure it, as experience abundantly proves.

Whatever produces irritation in the stomach or alimentary canal, causes morbid thirst; remove the cause, and the effect will cease. The appetite may also demand large quantities of

fluid from *habit*, when the vital economy does not need it, or perhaps would be injured by it. Break the habit, and this unnatural appetite, which is supposed to be true thirst, will be overcome. The appetite for drink can as well be depraved as the appetite for food; and in point of fact the depravity of thirst is almost universal. "When thirst, by whatever cause produced, is not the true instinctive demand of the vital economy for water, it is never so well satisfied with water as with some stimulating beverage; and when such beverages are used, the sense of thirst is still more depraved; and in exact proportion to the stimulating and intoxicating power of those beverages, and the freedom with which they are used, it becomes more and more exclusively a demand for accustomed stimulus, and correspondently, more frequent and more despotic. So long as the dietetic habits of mankind are greatly at variance with the physiological laws of the human system, therefore, nothing but necessity arising from the want of means, or the most powerful moral restraint, continually imposed and enforced, can keep the race from universal drunkenness:—and hence the melancholy fact that from the earliest history of the species until now, with the occasional exception of a limited and brief paroxysm of reform, the human world has staggered with inebriation; and, so long as the fixed constitutional laws of Nature shall remain, in spite of all the efforts that have been made or that *can be made* to choke man off from his intoxicating cup, the human world will continue to stagger on, unless the reformation goes beyond the cup, and removes the deep depravity of thirst."

No fluid should be taken with our meals, nor until digestion is completed. The times of drinking, if we drink at all, should as a general thing be regulated with as much precision as the times of eating; that is, they should be at the same hour every day, as nearly as possible.

"On the whole, then, in regard to the drink of man, it were best, and most truly natural, if his dietetic and other habits were such that the demand of his vital economy for water were fully answered by the aqueous juices of the fruits and vegetables which properly compose a portion of his food." But if he *must* have drink, let it be pure water, not warmer than the blood, not taken with the meal or too soon after eating, nor in large quantities. If you are thirsty, or if you cannot get fruit, take a glass of pure cold water—rain-water is decidedly the best of any that can be procured—some twenty or thirty minutes before eating, or three or four hours after. Have a regular hour for

drinking, and regulate the quantity according to the real demands of the system. Nothing but pure water should ever be drank. Never drink for pastime, or because the beverage has a pleasant taste, but solely to supply the legitimate wants of the system. Obtain a good filter, for the purpose of filtering rain-water, and you can always have water almost as good as distilled water. But if possible, make fruit supply the system with aqueous matter.

The above remarks are designed to apply to those in health. In certain conditions of disease, very copious drinking of pure water may be very salutary, and often necessary. Indeed, internal as well as external applications of cold water are employed with the greatest success as remedies in cases of disease, and promise soon to supersede all other remedies; but still it is best to remain in health, by obeying the organic laws, so as not to be obliged to use even the *water-cure.* "An ounce of preventive is worth a pound of cure," let the cure be ever so valuable. We will leave this application of water to the physician, as our purpose is only to speak of the laws which govern the system in a state of health. To cure disease, it is frequently necessary to take a certain course, which would not be salutary —at least not the best course to pursue—in health. However salutary copious drinking may be in certain diseases, it is certainly not necessary, nor best, in health. But in health, and with correct habits, there is little or no danger in this direction; and with improper habits,—especially *dietetic* habits,—copious drinking, at proper times, may mitigate the evil.

INTERESTING READINGS.

Public House Clubs.—I don't like your Club, because it meets at a Public-House. The Landlord got it up, and the Landlord makes a capital thing out of it; it is a real "Benefit" Club to *him.* What does the first Rule of the "Blue Boar" Club say? "That this Society do meet at the Blue Boar on the first Saturday in every month; that every member do pay 1s. 3d. to the box, and 3d. to be spent *for the good of the house.*" Now we all know what "3d. to be spent for the good of the house" means. It means 3d. for a pint of beer. You may say that you don't want beer, or that it does not agree with you, or that you can't afford to spend money on drink; never mind, 3d. is the rule, and 3d. you must pay, not for your own good, "but for good of the house." Now it is true, you can't expect to have a room to meet in, and a fire for nothing, but you may pay too high even for a good article. Look here; twelve threepences make 3s. Suppose you have 100 members, that is, 100 times 3s. or £15 a year. If you have 200 members,

brings it to £30 a year. Rather a high rent, is it not, for the hire of a warm room, once a month, even when some bad beer is added to it?

But this is not all. A good many men who come to drink the Club's three-penny-worth, stay to drink a few more three-penny-worths of their own. A fellow who would not otherwise have gone near the "Blue Boar" at all, goes just to pay his Club-money and drink his pint; but it's thirsty work waiting there for his name to be called, and his week's wages are in his breeches-pocket, and so ———. You know the rest a deal better than I do.

There are some other ingenious ways invented, for putting money into the Publican's pocket. As for instance, "Whenever a Steward attends for a member's sick-pay he shall be allowed a pint of beer for his trouble. And when any member or member's wife dies, the Clerk and Steward shall be allowed 2s. 6d. as *spending money;*" that is, as beer-money, in plain English. In fact, Beer may be said to be the very foundation on which the "Blue Boar" Club rests; it can't do a single thing without Beer, Beer, Beer.

Then there is your Feast-Day. There is no reason why you should not have a good dinner, (you don't get one too often, many of you, more's the pity!) but again I say, you may pay too dear for your whistle. You pay 2s. each out of your own pocket, and 1s. 6d. or 2s. more each out of the box. Then there is something for your pretty blue cockade, and something more for flags, and a nice round sum for the band, and no end for extra beer: to this you must add two days' wages (for all the eating and drinking can't be got through in one day),—I leave you to calculate how much a Club of 200 members spends on its Feast. And the worst of it is, that the day never ends without a fearful amount of drunkenness; I know that the respectable members confess that it is so, and regret it as much as I do.

I will not now go into the question of *Women's* Clubs. I will only say, that if I were a labouring man, I should not like to see my wife making a goose of herself, by tramping about the Parish with a lot of other women and a band of music. If it is an evil for *men* to meet at the Public House, for *women* it is simply an abomination.—*Penny Post Magazine.*

Health of the Army.—Captain Jervois, Commandant of the Military Convalescent Establishment at Yarmouth, has delivered a lecture at the United Service Institution on Recreation as a means of health for the army, shewing the deterioration, bodily and mental, brought on by want of sufficient occupation, and the benefits arising from rational means of recreation. He advocates the introduction of recreation-rooms in all barracks, hospitals and camps, with dominoes, draughts, chess, billiards, and other games, excepting cards, and in these rooms he would allow the men to smoke and have tea and coffee. At Hong-kong in 1851, and at Yarmouth in later years, he has found the most favourable results follow from offering to the men a resource which many were prepared to accept at once, and which many others preferred, after a little experience, to their usual dissipations. He would have recreation-marquees for troops

in camp at home, or abroad on active service; and argues that though the marquees would be an additional burden, there would be a counterbalancing diminution of hospital baggage. The Captain shews, moreover, that it is bad economy to aim at producing cheap soldiers, inasmuch as, like other cheap things, they soon become unserviceable.—*Chambers's Journal.*

Hope for the Hopeless.—One of those wretched creatures, with whom to be drunk is the rule and sober the exception, knelt in a lonely place, and lifting up his shaking hand to heaven, said, "God, if you be God at all, send me to hell now, for I am tired of this miserable life." He waited a minute, and then drew a knife from his pocket and opened it, then holding it across his throat with one hand, he again raised his other hand, and in his impious raving cried, "Do you call yourself a God? If you can send me to hell, why dont you do it? If you won't send me, I'll send myself there!" and his clutch of the knife was tightened, and the blade pressed against his throat, when he heard an approaching footstep, and in tremulous haste closed the knife and put it in his pocket. Wandering on in his misery, seeking a place where, uninterrupted by man, he might consign himself to perdition which the tender mercy of God refused, he stumbled into a church, for it was a Sabbath night, and the Lord's prayer was being prayed. "Lead us not into temptation," fell upon his ear. Possessed with the gin-fiend, and insensible to the sacredness of the place, he stammered out in a loud voice, "Lead us not into temptation; I've been in temptation." That the congregation might not be disturbed, the drunkard was kindly taken to George-yard Ragged school, and the worthy master was asked to try if he could do anything with him. The half-madman was kept till he became sober, kindly treated, and told of the Saviour of sinners, who died that drunkards as well as other sinners might possess the kingdom of God. And the loving Father, whose compassions fail not, having refused to answer his blasphemous prayer for instant damnation, sealed the gospel on his heart, and made him a new creature in Christ Jesus; and now, clothed and in his right mind, he tells of the redeeming love which has made him a sober man and a rejoicing saint of the most high God.

ANNALS OF THE BAND OF HOPE UNION.

Kent and Sussex.—We learn with great pleasure, that the Rev. J. B. Smythe, (Agent of the Band of Hope Union,) has lectured during the past month with gratifying success at Hastings, St. Leonard's, Battle, Northiam, Tonbridge Wells, and Ashford. Some of these places have been visited several times, and each time the Lecturer has been well received, his audiences being always large, and as a result of his appeals, many have signed the pledge, including several clergymen.

Houghton.—The friends at Houghton have lately held a very successful fête. The meeting was addressed by several

well-known advocates, including the Rev. James Harcourt, the Rev. J. B. Smythe, and Mr. Whittaker.

WARWICKSHIRE.—Mr. G. Blaby has visited several places in this county during August; including Kenilworth, Cubbington, the fête held at Warwick Castle, Wolverhampton, Smethwick, and Birmingham. At the fête at Aston Park, at which Mr. Blaby addressed the meeting, there were no less than 17,000 persons. Great good has been the result of Mr. Blaby's tour; in every place he seems to be liked very much, and especially by the young folks. Indeed Mr. Blaby may be said to be the "children's friend."

DEVONSHIRE.—Mr. Q. Dalrymple, as a deputation from the Union, has been holding interesting meetings at Exeter, Torquay, Topsham, and Salterton. These meetings were some of them of Sunday School teachers, others of children. Much information has been given upon the subject, by Mr. Dalrymple, and the work is going on in the places visited, with increased success.

KENILWORTH.—The annual summer excursion came off under circumstances of a peculiarly favourable character. Admission to the beautiful grounds of Warwick Castle, having been generously granted by the noble Earl, a party of fully 400 gladly availed themselves of the opportunity of visiting so charming and delightful a spot. Headed by a brass band, a procession formed in Kenilworth at one o'clock, and proceeded for about half a mile along the road, to where waggons were drawn up waiting for the conveyance of the holiday-makers. Arrived in Warwick, the musicians again took the lead, and under the guidance of Mr. Spink, the gardener, proceeded up the rocky avenue, and then onwards to the noble piece of open space, with the house containing the Pompeian vase in the rear, the Avon in the foreground, and the noble cedars of Lebanon on the left. Till half-past six in the evening amusements of various kinds, such as foot-ball, cricket, foot-racing, amongst the members, and other matters occupied the attention. Refreshments were supplied on the ground, and a portion of the company also temporarily left to obtain tea at the various places where such accommodation could be had in the town. At various periods during the afternoon, the band struck up a few merry airs; and the juveniles also sang several of their most popular temperance melodies. Able assistance was given during the day by Mr. G. Blaby, from London, who has rendered acceptable service to the societies in and near Kenilworth.

RUGBY.—The annual festival of the Band of Hope took place on the 10th inst. The members with their friends formed a procession, and paraded the town, accompanied by two temperance bands. On the 16th the annual meeting was held in the Town Hall, and the report of the past year was read, from which it appeared that there are nearly 500 staunch teetotallers belonging to this Band of Hope.

WEST BROMWICH.—On the 15th and 16th instant, Mr. Burns gave two attractive lectures before large audiences. The first was on "London after Midnight:" the second, "A Six Years' Spree." The latter is said to have been a brilliant affair. The platform was occupied by the Garibaldi life-boat crew, attired in their red shirts and sashes, in company with a band of music. These men are all reformed characters; they are the Tubal Cains of the black country."

GREENWICH.—The Band of Hope here has been celebrating its annual festival. Every thing likely to make the occasion a happy one, was provided for the young people by their kind friends. A good tea was provided, and the day terminated in singing, all returning home with increased love for their Band of Hope.

LONDON.—The Rev. B. W. Bucke, M.A., preacher at the Magdalen, and chaplain to the Marquis of Westmeath, preached a most eloquent sermon, on behalf of the Bands of Hope connected with the City of London Temperance Association, on Sunday, July 28th, in the parish church of St. Botolph, Aldersgate, kindly lent for the occasion by the rector, the Rev. W. C. F. Webber, M.A. In the exposition of the text, "Be thou faithful unto death," the rev. gentleman dilated on the difficulties and encouragements connected with preaching and practising the principles of true Temperance at the present day, and then beautifully led his hearers on to a higher platform, and urged the experience and enjoyment of those higher truths of the Gospel, without which none can enter the kingdom of God. The congregation was large and attentive.

The FITZROY BAND of HOPE selected Erith as their place of excursion this year, and on Wednesday, July 31st, the members of the Society with their friends visited this place; all passed off very happily, and the children reached their respective homes soon after nine o'clock.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

All communications should be written on one side of the paper only.

Names and Addresses should be written very plainly.

Intelligence should be sent early.

Books for Review, Articles for the Record, &c., may be sent to the Editor, at No. 37, Queen Square, London.

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BAND OF HOPE RECORD.

PUBLIC SPEAKING.

The substance of a Paper read before a Conference of Advocates in London.

By the Rev. G. W. McCREE.

In an age of freedom, philanthrophy, and religious activities, the power of the public speaker is immense, and whoever desires to play a useful, conspicuous, and honourable part, must carefully cultivate oratory as an art. Few men are born orators. To speak fluently, to sway hearers by argument, to charm them by word-painting, to excite them to action, and to lead them in a great enterprise, requires peculiar gifts, careful culture, and long-continued preparation. We do not despise "rough diamonds," but prefer to see them polished. And why not have them polished? We cultivate our grounds, our trees, our flowers. We train our dogs, horses, and oxen. We apprentice our children to trades. Why should our public speakers ask us to take them "in the rough?" Surely inaccuracy, awkwardness, stammering, repetition, noise, and failure, are not so many virtues which we are bound to admire. Nay, they are defects which may be remedied. Allow me to refer with great plainness of speech to some pre-requisities of good, sensible, popular oratory; and if I shall succeed in furnishing one useful hint to any young man present, I shall be glad, and amply repaid for the trouble of writing this paper.

The public speaker, then, should endeavour to thoroughly understand his subject. Whether he speaks on politics, temperance, science, or religion, let him master his theme. Has he nothing to say? Then let him hold his peace. Is he going to mumble, to chatter, to weary us with aimless talk? I pray him to withhold his infliction. Fulness of knowledge is essential to golden speech. Hear Lord Brougham on law, Lord Shaftesbury on Ragged Schools, Richard Cobden on free trade, Dr. Livingstone on Africa, John Bright on India, George Thompson on Slavery, Paxton Hood on Poetry, Henry Vincent on Cromwell, or Samuel Bowly, Dr. Lees, Newman Hall, or John B. Gough on temperance, and you hear men who have studied their various themes. We ask, then, for experience, knowledge, competence. Give us these as the foundation of good, instructive, and popular speaking. Read, think, compare things that differ, look through and round your subject—master it—and I will venture to predict success.

I would suggest elaborate preparation. When I was a boy I occupied a place on the temperance platform. I always wrote my speeches. In later years I have written some of my speeches two and three times. Many of my sermons have been written three times. The sermons I preach to my congregation of working people in Seven Dials are as carefully written as those I have preached in Exeter Hall and St. James's Hall. Why do I reveal these personal facts? Because I wish you to know that I have proved the value of pen, ink, and paper. Because I believe that unprepared speeches have lowered the dignity, and dimin-

ished the usefulness of the temperance platform. Because I hold that an audience of thinking persons should have better fare than rambling addresses and incoherent lectures. And, finally, because our meetings are being attended by increasing numbers of intelligent persons, and if we wish to retain them we must have a higher style of advocacy.

It is said—"The Rev. Charles Spurgeon does not write his sermons; Mr. J. B. Gough does not write his orations." It may be so. But in the first place, few men have their incomparable genius for public speaking; in the second place, with rigid preparation their sermons and orations would contain fewer blemishes; and, in the third place, all the experience of ancient and modern orators proves that preparation is the parent of grace, power, and fame.

The temperance speaker has to deal with the physiological, statistical, moral, domestic, national, and religious aspects of his great theme. History, science, philosophy, poetry, religion—all await his command. Can he marshal them well without previous thought, arrangement, and composition? It is impossible. Let him read, think, determine his course, write, master all he has prepared, and then let him face his audience like a man, and proclaim the truth that is in him. Such a speaker will rarely fail in achieving an honourable name as an advocate, and thousands will hail his appearance on the platform.

To be a truly useful speaker, there must be individuality in language and manner. We must not be eccentric. We must not aim at the grotesque, the obtrusive, the odd. Nor must we imitate any one. Every man has his forte, and that is a "tower of strength." Some men are naturally mild, others sarcastic, others excitable, others witty, others logical, and others brilliant. Yes, and others are dullards and fools. Now, let every man know his own powers, study his characteristics, comprehend his possibilities, choose his "line of things," and resolve to be himself and no other man. Develope the better part of yourself—extirpate the weeds and faults of your mind and manner. Do not be a crooked thorn, a rotten stump, a desolate marsh, a gaudy flower, but a noble, lofty, fruit-bearing tree. Do not be a parrot repeating the sayings of others, a monkey imitating the gait and tones and looks of others, but a man of sense, of independent thought, of fearless speech, and words like silver purified by fire. Do not offend by an arrogant assumption of originality, but fascinate by a modest self-respect. Beware of the pretensious. The Teacher who spake as never man spake was "meek and lowly in heart."

Accuracy in grammar and pronunciation is evidently essential to agreeable speech. Few speakers are faultless in either grammar or pronunciation; but a little care, attention to finished orators, and the study of suitable works, will soon purge our common speech from vulgar errors. I would advise reference to Walker's Dictionary, Allen and Cornwall's Grammar, and a useful little book entitled "The Grammatical Omnibus," in which there is an amount of good sense, apt example, and simple instruction, which young men will find invaluable. Go and listen to Mr. Noel, or Dr. Cumming, or Dr. Lees, or George Thompson, or W. J.

Fox, or any other able speaker, and mark their words. How musical they are! How they thrill all hearers! How they ring through vast halls! How entrancing it is to listen to them! Be as much like such men as you can. Take a leader from the *Times*, a paragraph from the orations of Mr. Gough, a page of the Task by Cowper, a hymn by Dr. Watts, or any of the selected pieces in a book on elocution, and having ascertained the correct pronunciation of every word, begin to repeat them until your tongue and lips roll them out like the tones of a bell—clear and full and sonorous, and in a short time your addresses will have a fresh charm. The aid of a competent friend or teacher of elocution will be found of the utmost use. I had the tuition of the finest elocutionist I ever knew, and I consider the lessons he gave me were of the greatest value. I have also read to, and recited before, intelligent friends, and allowed them to criticise every look, tone, gesture, and movement, and although they made me feel my defects, yet their kind remarks were the means, I hope, of correcting some of my obvious and glaring faults. I recommend you to expose yourself to similar discipline. It will try your temper, perhaps, but you must not rebel. Take your flogging, put on your coat, and mend your ways.

One word here—conceal your art. Do not obtrude it on the audience. Keep the machinery—the preparation—the workshop—the study—out of sight. Let your art be lost in your naturalness. The less your art is seen the better.

Long speeches are the bane of the senate, the lecture-hall, and the temperance platform. And our speeches are growing longer. Every man wants to exhaust his matter. Very good, but I don't want you to exhaust me. Can you speak well for twenty minutes? Try, and then sit down. A short, telling, instructive address is worth any number of wire-drawn stupidities. "Oh!" cries some one, "I must have an evening—a whole evening to myself." Indeed! Who are you? Are you Demosthenes? or Whitfield? or Chalmers? or Wilberforce? Can you speak ably for an hour? Can you interest an audience for that time, or are you a mere talking machine, a wind-bag, a repeater of loose, noisy, tedious words? Do the people want you to speak an hour? They may—they may not. Consider! Are you full of facts, wisdom, energy? Can you bring out of your treasury things new and old? An hour! Say half-an-hour. Try that. Do that well, and keep to it for some time to come. Depend upon it, short speeches, brief lectures, condensed orations, are what we want. Give us thoughts—facts—arguments in a few words bright with beauty, and precious as pearls, and you will never weary an audience.

There is one thing to which special attention must be given—I refer to the modulation of the voice. You must diligently practise the rising and the falling inflexions. Hour after hour may be profitably spent on these important laws of speech. The well-trained voice rises and falls, and swells and rings, and whispers and thunders, and seems to die away in the distance like music and song. Some men are bawlers. They begin bawling, they continue bawling, they finish bawling. Some men are mumblers. They do not open either teeth or lips, and hence their words

are lost. Some men are jumpers. They pass from word to word sentence to sentence in the kangaroo-style. Some men are pom and then every word is pronounced like a thump on a kettle-d Not a few imitate some prosy curate, and you have an address wh wonderfully adapted to promote soundness of sleep. But others mine to be simple, honest, audible, earnest, and persuasive, and th men whose services may well be coveted by our societies.

There is one more condition of acceptable, dignified, and useful p speaking which I wish to mention—blameless character. The p speaker—especially the advocate of freedom, political reform, total nence, and religion—should be a man whose daily life is pure and " Beware of false prophets, which come to you in sheep's clothing inwardly they are ravening wolves. Ye shall know them by their f Do men gather grapes of thorns, or figs of thistles? Even so every tree bringeth forth good fruit, but a corrupt tree bringeth forth evil f "Thou therefore which teachest another, teachest thou not th Thou that preachest a man should not steal—dost thou steal? that sayest a man should not commit adultery, dost thou commit tery?" Nay, it must not be so. The public speaker should take to his life. It should be adorned by all that is honourable, virt benevolent, and christian. Such men we know. Let us hold the high and constant honour. Their talents, zeal, patriotism, and goo deserve our admiration and love. They have stood in the front of a battle. The peace, welfare, riches, progress, and regeneration world—under God—are in their hands. Let cowards, extorti profligates, drunkards, and scoffers stand aside—let them retire fro senate, the tribune, the platform, and the pulpit, and let the goo great be our public teachers. We long for the day when every mo shall have a band of leaders who shall be at once its heroes, r saints and orators—when every public speaker shall be a man of man filled with goodness and truth.

MORAL COURAGE.

By KATE PYER.

Good friends, believe me there's a truth,
  'Twere wisdom all should learn;
You look so smiling that methinks
  Such truth you will not spurn,
When breathed through words of murmuring sou
  Which teach while they amuse;
Just simple, earnest, loving words,
  Which youths like us should use.

You know there's such a pompous word
  As bravery forsooth—
And dearly it is cherished
  By many an ardent youth.

And when we're brave to conquer sin—
  Our direst, deadliest foe—
The Bible teaches us this word
  Is a noble one to know.

But I've heard some grave old people say
  That many a one will stand
Right bravely on the battle-field,
  And other sites as grand;
Where worldly pomps and glories shine,
  (I think them falsely named;
But that's a little thought of mine
  For which I may be blamed,)

Who dare not, like brave honest men,
  Set up their stern strong will,
To oppose some dangerous custom
  E'en though it worketh ill;
And this is what they lack, good friends,
  ('Twas whispered unto me,)
Just moral courage—that's the word:
  Can they be brave?—Ah me!

Now, just to give one little hint
  From what I've often heard,
There are who say—We dare not break
  Through rules, howe'er absurd,
Which custom long has sanctioned,—
  For why?—we dare not meet
The scorn, contempt, and ridicule
  Which would such conduct greet.

And so forsooth, poor coward souls!
  Whether for right or wrong,
For bliss or bane, they all through life
  Old usages prolong.
Thank God for those of stouter heart,
  Who risk their all to save
Some erring soul—some grand old truth;
  Such are the *truly* brave.

And 'tis to this right noble band
  We youngsters would adhere,
And so we modestly stand forth
  Unmoved by shame or fear;

And that one noble principle
  For which our word is pledged,
Oh! how we wish deep in your hearts
  Its golden rivet wedged.
Pray listen; there's a custom, friends,
  Which we've been taught to shun,
Because it yieldeth prickly thorns,
  With roses never a one:
And you will readily discern
  The rueful thing I mean,
For many who are older, perhaps,
  Its bitters fruits have seen.
And so we've come to the grand truth
  With which I first began;
Then take advice and dare to act
  Like a courageous man:
And when the strong drink passes round—
  That cause of so much woe—
Have moral courage just to say,
  Boldly and firmly—No!
And should folks laugh, or even jeer,
  At such outlandish ways,
Bear meekly or commend by smiles
  The safer course we praise.
So now, good friends, I thank ye all
  For hearkening to my speech;
We do what many cannot say—
  Just practice what we preach.

THE WINE PRESCRIBED TO TIMOTHY.

By the Rev. ALBERT BARNES.

"Drink no longer water, but use a little wine for thy stomach's sake, and thi infirmities."—1 Tim. v. 23.

There has been much difficulty felt in regard to the cc tion which this advice has, with what precedes and what fo Many have considered the difficulty to be so great, tha have supposed that this verse has been displaced, and t should be introduced in some other connection. The tru nection and reason for the introduction and counsel here to me to be this. Paul appears to have been suddenly imp with the thought—a thought which is very likely to come a man who is writing on the duties of the ministry— arduous nature of the ministerial office. He was giving co

ard to an office which required a great amount of labour, and anxiety. The labours enjoined were such as to de- all the time; the care and anxiety, incident to such a , would be very likely to prostrate the frame and injure alth. Then he remembered that Timothy was yet but a ; he recalled his feebleness of constitution and his frequent s of illness; he recollected the very abstemious habits he had prescribed for himself; and in this connection he him to a careful regard for his health, and prescribes the a small quantity of wine, mingled with water, as a suit- edicine in his case. Thus considered, this direction is as y to be given by an inspired teacher, as it is to counsel a pay a proper regard to his health, and not needlessly to away his life (compare Matt. x. 23). The phrase, "Drink ger water," is equivalent to, Drink not water only. The word here used does not elsewhere occur in the New nent. "But use a little wine," mingled with water— mmon method of drinking wine in the East—"for thy ch's sake." It was not for the pleasure to be derived from e of wine, or because it would produce hilarity or excite- but solely because it was regarded, as necessary for the tion of health, that is, as a medicine. "And thine often ities"—weakness or sicknesses. The word would include irmities of the body, but seems to refer here to some attacks kness to which Timothy was liable, or some feebleness of tution; but beyond this we have no information with re- o the nature of his maladies. In view of this passage, a further explanation of it, we may make the following ks:—1. The use of wine and of all intoxicating drinks olemnly forbidden to the priests under the Mosaic law, engaged in the performance of their sacred duties. (Lev. x.) The same was the case among the Egyptian priests. It improbable that the same thing would be regarded, as among those who ministered in holy things, under the ian dispensation: the natural feeling would be, and not perly, that a Christian minister should not be less holy Jewish priest, and especially when it was remembered he reason of the Jewish law remained the same—"That y put difference between holy and unholy, clean and un- " 2. It is evident from this passage that Timothy usually water only, or that in modern language, he was a teeto- He was evidently not in the habit of drinking wine, or ld not have been exhorted to do it. 3. He must have

been a remarably temperate youth to have required the autho of an apostle to induce him to drink even "a *little* wine." Th are few young men so temperate as to require *such* an autho to induce them to do it. 4. The exhortation extended only a very moderate use of wine. It was not to drink it freely was not to drink it at the tables of the rich and great, or in social circle; it was not even to drink it by itself, it was to "a little," mingled with water—for this was the usual metl 5. It was not as a common drink; but the exhortation or c mand extends *only* to its use as a medicine. All the use wl can be legitimately made of this injunction—whatever conclus may be drawn from other precepts—is, that it is proper to a small quantity of wine for medicinal purposes. 6. There many ministers of the gospel now, alas! to whom, under circumstances whatever, could an apostle apply this exhortat —"Drink no longer water only." They would ask with s prise what he meant? whether he intended it for irony banter?—for they need no apostolic command to drink wi Or, if he should address to them the exhortation, "Use a *lit* wine," they could regard it only as a reproof for their us habit of drinking much. To many the exhortation would appropriate, if they ought to use wine at all, only because they a in the habit of using so *much*, that it would be proper to restri them to a much smaller quantity. 7. This whole passage one of great value to the cause of temperance. Timothy w undoubtedly in the habit of abstaining wholly from the use wine. Paul knew this, and did not reprove him for it; he ma festly favoured the general habit, and only asked him to depa in some small degree, from it, in order that he might resto and preserve his health.

POETRY,

FOR RECITATION FOR BANDS OF HOPE.

ALL PLAY AND NO WORK.

By Mr. J. T. PARKER.

A cheerful and contented mind,
Pleasure, in work, will always find,
But all depends,
My little friends,
Upon the light in which you view
Your daily duties; for if you
Work with a will, just like the Bee,
Pleasure you 'll get from industry.

A little girl, whose mother taught her,
Because she loved her little daughter,
To sew, and read,
And write, and knit:
And well indeed
Did she do it,
I mean the daughter, for she could
Do all as an apt pupil would:
Once on a time, it came to pass,
That Annie Green, that clever lass,
Of work grew tired;
She much desired,
Just for one day, from morn to night,
From day-break until candle-light,
To pass the time in idleness,
And fully bent
On this intent,
Did thus her thought and wish express:—
"Kind mother dear, I wish that you
Would let me have to-morrow, to
Amuse myself the whole day long;
Instead of working through the day,
Let me devote it all to play,
To dancing, skipping, fun, and song.
I should be happy as a bird."
Her mother knew it was absurd,
To think that idleness could give
Pleasure, to those who wish to live
A life of usefulness. True pleasure
The busy find; who scarce get leisure
To sit, with folded arms, and rest.
Such all declare that "work is best."
Her mother smiled
At the request;
Instead of saying, "Nay,"
She judged it best
To please her child;
And, that she might
Know wrong from right,
Let Annie have her way.
Up the next morn at peep of day,
"Over the hills and far away,"
You might hear Annie singing;

Or picking daisies on the grass;
Or, for a change, the little lass
On the field-gate was swinging.
Then home to breakfast: oh how sweet
That breakfast ate! 'twas such a treat,
The milk so nice, the porridge too;
And, breakfast done, she went to do
That which she had been kindly taught,
To wash the breakfast things; she thought,
Of course, that she,
Quite usually,
Might wash up jugs and basons too.
"Not so," her mother cried, for you
Have leave for idleness to day;
No work! dear Annie, go and play!"
"Play! play at what? oh, now I know!
I'll dress my doll, and take her out,
Down to the old burn-side I 'll go,
And have a pleasant roam about.
How bright's the sun! how green the grass!
How sweet the birds are singing, too!"
But, strange to say, the little lass
Felt that she 'd like some work to do.
Homeward she turned, her mother there
She knew for dinner would prepare:
And, throwing down fresh gathered berries,
She thought she 'd go and pull some cherries,
And take them in to make a pie.
She set to work with right good will,
And soon had got enough to fill
The great pie-dish, and full of glee,
Thinking her mother pleased would be,
In doors she ran,
And thus began:
"I 've brought a lot of cherries."—"Fie!"
Her mother said,
"My little maid,
No work; dear Annie, go and play!
I 'll put the cherries all away:
You never heard
Me break my word;
I said you should not work till night,
From day-break unto candle-light,

And now it scarcely is mid-day;
No work, dear Annie, go and play!"
"Oh dear! oh dear!"
And then a tear
Dropped on the cherries in the basket;
I'm sorry I
So foolishly
Wished to be idle all the day:
For I am sure I'm tired of play."
"I cannot let you work, dont ask it;
Till day-light's gone,
My little one,
No work by you can I allow:
So run and play, and leave me now."

Oh what a day poor Annie spent!
No time of heartfelt merriment,
Play became toilsome, leisure pain;
She longed to be at work again.
"This tiresome day will never go!
I never have been wearied so!"
She yawned, and stretched, and longed for night,
"How pleasant, if at candle-light,
Mother will let me do some knitting!
Oh! that at work I could be sitting!
I wish this tedious day would end!
And when to-morrow comes then I
Will go to work so heartily,
And all the stockings I will mend;
All kinds of work I'll do with pleasure,
And never play till I have leisure."

This lesson Annie's mother knew
Would teach her what it may teach you;
That, if you are not to work inclined,
No rest in idleness you 'll find.
Work with a will, right cheerfully;
And thus quite happy you will be.

FACTS AND THOUGHTS FOR ADVOCATES.

THE COST OF THE DRINK.—A useful handbill has been ex-
sively circulated in Leeds. It is as follows:—"To the
epayers of the borough of Leeds. A poor rate of 2s. 4d. in
pound was confirmed by the magistrates on the 1st of Fe-

bruary, 1861, and the overseers stated they feared the next would be 2s. 8d., making together 5s. for about a year. They also state that 2s. 4d. would raise upwards of £28,000.; being above £1,000. for each 1d. of rate. Consequently the 5s. rate will extract from your pockets above £60,000. If drink and the drink-traffic cause 5-6ths of the crime and pauperism of the country, they cause also 5-6ths of the cost, or £50,000., which is paid annually by the ratepayers of Leeds, and the figures may properly stand thus:—Poor rate £10,000.; drink rate £50,000.; total £60,000. If the ratepayers wish to remedy this, they must aim at removing the causes of the evil, and not confine themselves to dealing with the effects merely, and support at all public elections those candidates only, who will aim in this way to diminish the burdens of our local taxation, by giving the full control of the liquor traffic to the ratepayers themselves."

Old Iron and Strong Beer.—The medical officer of the Sherborne district, Mr. S. White, stated in a note to the Board of Guardians on Thursday, "This woman, E. V., nearly lost her life by taking the following mixture, which had been recommended to her by a neighbour, viz.:—an old horse-shoe boiled in a pint of strong beer." The patient was suffering from jaundice.—*Sherborne Journal.*

A Military Maine Law.—A law has been passed in the American Senate, condemning, with a heavy fine, all persons selling intoxicating drinks to soldiers of the United States army; and, in accordance with this law, we learn that 6,000 dollars worth of liquors, from champagne to lager beer, intended for officers and soldiers, was seized at the Long Bridge, Washington, on the 4th and 5th instant.

An Arrow from John Cassell's "Quiver."—We cannot blind ourselves to the fact, that that which most effectually brutalises a man, or rather degrades him below the brutes, is strong drink. It is the most ruinous of all the stumbling stones that the devil or man can hurl in the highway of our God, and we should fail in our duty if we omitted distinctly to point out how much evil has resulted both to the Church and the world from its use. It has cast down the accomplished preacher from the pulpit, and the energetic professor from the pew; it has robbed our Sunday schools of their brighest ornaments, and has led astray alike the teacher and the taught; it has prevented thousands from ever listening to the Gospel, from accepting the salvation offered therein; it has blinded them to the glories of heaven, and the terrors of hell; it has robbed man of his soul,

and God of his glory. An evil of such magnitude we cannot look upon without emotion. The evil is physical as well as moral in its character, and the remedy is in a certain sense physical also. Hence, we hail with satisfaction the advance of what is termed the Temperance movement, not as a substitute for the Gospel, but as a pioneer of the Gospel, removing out of the way one of the most serious obstacles to the progress of Divine Truth.

THE JOLLY BISHOP AND THE SCRIPTURAL PRIEST.—The late Bishop Doane, of New Jersey, was strongly opposed to temperance, and his sideboard and tables were loaded with brandy, wine, &c. On one occasion, the Rev. Mr. Perkins, of the order of the "Sons of Temperance," dined with the Bishop, who, pouring out a glass of wine, desired him to drink with him; whereupon he replied, "Can't do it, Bishop, 'Wine is a mocker.'" "Take a glass of brandy then." "Can't do it, Bishop, 'Strong drink is raging.'" By this time the Bishop becoming somewhat restive and excited, remarked to Mr. Perkins, "You 'll pass the decanter to the gentleman next to you." "No, Bishop, I can't do that; 'Woe unto him that putteth the bottle to his neighbour.'"

THE LADY AND THE DOCTOR.—The following is vouched for as authentic:—Doctor: Madam, I assure you that you stand in need of a glass or two of wine during the day.—Patient: Indeed, sir! I will not take it if I do.—Doctor: Then, madam, I fear I cannot undertake your case.—Patient: Sir, I am a teetotaller. —Doctor: Yes, madam, but your pledge allows you it medicinally. Patient: If my pledge does, my conscience does not; and if you regard it as medicine, send it me in that form, if you cannot efficiently supply its place.—Doctor: Why, madam (ahem), we don't keep it for that purpose, you see, it is true. I *can* send you something that will do as well, *only* it is not so *palatable*, madam.—Patient: Oh, then, pray send it; I am not disposed to sacrifice my principles to my palate.—The doctor sent the substitute, and the patient got well.

POWER OF A WORD.

I was told a story to-day—a temperance story.

A mother on the green hills of Vermont stood at the garden gate, holding by her right hand a son of sixteen years, mad with love of the sea.

"Edward," said she, "they tell me that the great temptation

of a sailor's life is drink. Promise me, before you quit your mother's hand, that you will never drink."

Said he, (for he told me the story,) "I gave her the promise. I went the broad globe over—to Calcutta, the Mediterranean, San Francisco, the Cape of Good Hope—and for forty years, whenever I saw a glass of sparkling liquor, my mother's form, by the garden gate on the hill-side of Vermont, rose up before me, and to-day at sixty, my lips are innocent of the taste of liquor.

Was not that sweet evidence of the power of a single word? And yet it was but half; for said he—

"Yesterday there came into my counting-room a man of forty, and asked me—

'Do you know me?' 'No,' said I.

'I was brought once,' said he to my informant, 'drunk into your presence on shipboard. You were a passenger. The captain kicked me aside. You took me into your berth, kept me there till I had slept off the intoxication, and then you asked me if I had a mother. I said, never that I knew of; I never had heard a mother's voice. You told me of yours at the garden gate, and to-day, twenty years later, I am master of one of the finest packets in New York, and I came to ask you to come and see me.'"

How far back that little candle throws its beam—that mother's word on the green hill-side of Vermont! God be thanked for the almighty power of a single word!

INTERESTING READINGS.

The Ocean.—The Atlantic Ocean, covers 25,000,000 of square miles; the Antarctic, 30,000,000; the Arctic, 8,400; the Pacific, 50,000,000; the Indian, 17,000,000; the Mediteranean, 1,006,600; the Caspian Sea, 160,000; the Black Sea, 950,000; the Baltic, 175,000. Including all inland bays and seas, the ocean comprises 147,800,000 square miles; about three-fourths of the earth's surface. Taking it at two miles deep, the contents will be nearly 300,000,000 cubic miles.

Benefit Societies.—The holding of benefit society meetings at public houses is highly injurious to the welfare of the institution itself. It is disastrous to its well-being physically and financially. Physically, inasmuch as the health of the members and the collective body is much damaged by the drink taken. It is now well-known that intoxicating liquors are injurious to health,—in fact, that they are a poison, and effect the work of poison, when taken into the system. In some persons they create and in others they increase a predisposition to disease, and this necessarily produces a pressure on the financial department of the club.

Let us imagine a society of 300 members having a rule that every member shall contribute 1s. 3d. per month, 1s. to go into the box and 3d. to be spent in drink "for the *good of the house*." Now 3d. for each of 300 members is £3. 15s. a month for drink, to be spent for the *good of the house*, not the working man's house, no, but the publican's house. Well, £3. 15s. a month is £45. a year, and that in ten years is £450., that again in twenty years is £900., not to mention interest and compound interest of these hundreds for years.

Management of the Breath in Singing.—The following are the most essential practical rules for taking breath during vocalization:—In taking full breath before a musical phrase, the time necessary for inhalation should be subtracted in the middle of a sentence, the time of inhalation from the preceeding note. In taking half breath in the middle of a sentence, the time of inhalation should be taken from the note which follows respiration, unless the musical phrase require this note to retain its full value of duration. Breath must never be taken in the middle of a word and, if possible, not until a poetical or musical phrase be terminated. Full breath should be taken at the commencement of all passages; and a half breath (when necessary) to complete a passage, or whenever a melody is interrupted by rests. When breath is requisite in the middle of a passage, it should be taken before a word of small importance, such as *the*, *of*, *to*, and *ye*, because respiration shortens the note preceding it, and, therefore, should not occur before words of much significance. Breath should never be taken so as to divide an article from its substantive, nor this latter from its adjective; neither may it be taken between a dissonant note and its resolution on the succeeding tone.—*Voice and Vocal Art.*

Medical Testimony against Tobacco.—Mr. Solly, the eminent writer on the brain, says, in a lecture on that frightful and formidable malady, softening of the brain, "I would caution you as students from excesses in the use of tobacco and smoking, and I would advise you to disabuse your patients' minds of the idea that it harmless. I have had a large experience of brain disease, and I am satisfied now that smoking is a most noxious habit. I know of no other one cause or agent that so much tends to bring on functional disease, and, through this, in the end, to lead to organic disease of the brain, as excessive use of tobacco."—*Dublin Medical Press.*

The Rich and the Poor.—Take the example of one very frequent kind of charitable woman, for instance—the generous-hearted, dense-nerved woman, with distinct ideas of her own, great in theories of rule and government, and with an insatiable desire to put every living soul to rights. She goes to the homes of the poor as if they belonged to her, recognising no right of privacy, no right of exclusion on their parts, but visiting them spiritually and temporally, as a something between an inquisitor and a confessor, and putting her hand on all concerning them from the state of their floors to the state of their souls. Unconsciously, and as if consecrated to the office by the anointment of birth, she translates into our nineteenth century the habits of thought belonging to the

feudal times, and without meaning to be offensive, violates every principle of good feeling and good taste before she has been five minutes in the house. This is the woman who weights all her charities with lead, and makes the poor pay in soul for what they gain in body. There is not a personal kindliness that she does to them, but she mars by some flagrant act of discourtesy; her arrogance robs her grace of all its charms, and her mode of giving renders the recipient of her dole more humiliated than benefited. But she means to do well, and only blunders by the way because of the coarse texture of her brain, and the rough-hewn quality of her nerves. Such women—positive, dictatorial, interfering—are the terror of their neighbourhood, and the scourge of the district to which they may be appointed visitor. The poor acknowledge their well-meaningness, and are eloquent in praise of their good gifts; but, Lord love you! one kindly word is worth all their rice and blankets; and a half-hour's quiet talk, with a little morsel of comfort in it, does more good than a day's scolding from them, even with half-a-crown at the back of it! The poor are quick-witted, and know far more than such women as these give them credit for; above all things, they know that high-handed almsgiving is not charity, that love is better than gifts, and sympathy than pence; and that charity, to be true, must be the rich quality or expression of sympathy and human kindliness."—*London Review.*

THE MISERICORDIA.—The "Misericordia" is a brotherhood, consisting of Florentines of all ranks and professions, vowed to the ministering to and relieving certain forms of distress and calamity. It dates from the thirteenth century, and has ever been one of the most unexceptionable forms in which the spirit of Roman Catholic charity has manifested itself. The office which the society principally proposed to itself to undertake, at the time of its foundation five hundred years ago, was the burial of the dead. It arose from the urgent need that existed for some more efficient means to that end. The most destructive of all the great pestilences which desolated Florence again and again during the middle ages was then raging, and the dead were lying unburied in the streets of the city. Those whose office it was to bury them in normal times, had themselves fallen victims to the pestilence, and the duty of handling or even approaching the decomposing bodies was a fearfully perilous one. It was under these circumstances that the "Arch confraternity of the Misericordia" was instituted. But in process of time, as the better organisation of society has rendered this especial "act of mercy" unnecessary, the task which the brotherhood now chiefly propose to themselves is the immediate attendance on the spot where any accident or sudden stroke of illness has occurred, and the transport of the sufferer to the hospital, or to his home, as the case may require, in their litters borne on the shoulders of six or eight of the brethren. They also attend, whenever summoned, to transport the sick, when necessary, from their homes to the hospitals. And the latter form of assistance is that which they are in these days most frequently called on to render. Notice is sent to their office, headquarters, or oratory—for the place partakes of the nature of all these—which is situated on the south side of the cathedral piazza, to the effect

that the services of the Misericordia are needed in such or such a house in any part of the city. A large deep-toned bell, whose boding boom is well known to all dwellers in Florence, is immediately tolled to call those of the brethren who are "on the roster" for that week. One toll of the bell announces a call for the transport of a sick person to the hospital. Two strokes tell than an accident, such as a broken limb, or other, has occurred; and three, that a sudden death in some place, requiring immediate removal of the dead, has happened. But the especial characteristic and peculiarity of this ancient brotherhood is the care that is taken to provide against the good deeds done by its members "being seen of men." Each member when, on hearing the fatal bell, he hurries to the place of rendezvous above mentioned, finds there ready for him a black linen gown, which descends to his feet, and a black peaked hood, with holes in it for the eyes to look through, which he forthwith puts on, and becomes at once irrecognisable by his most intimate acquaintance. The black figures, some twelve or twenty in number, form themselves silently into procession, lift on the shoulders of six or eight among them a covered litter all black like themselves, and proceed in complete silence to the place where their services are required. And every hat is doffed, even by those who treat other ecclesiastical personages and corporations with scant reverence, as the funeral procession passes; and every carriage draws aside to leave the way clear for the bearers of aid and consolation to the wretched. For the brotherhood of the "Misericordia" has in all ages stood very high in the good opinion of Florentines; and to be a member of it is an undoubted mark of respectability and passport to consideration.—*By T. Adolphus Trollope.*

GIVING AWAY A CHILD.

On board one of the lake steamers, bound for the far West, were an Irish family—husband, wife, and three children. They were evidently in very destitute circumstances; but the exceeding beauty of the children, two girls and a boy, was the admiration of their fellow-passengers. A lady, who had no children of her own, was desirous of adopting one of the little travellers, and made application to the father, through a friend, who gives the following touching, and, as we suppose, truthful account of the negotiation:—

I proceeded, he says, immediately on my delicate diplomacy. Finding my friend on deck, I thus opened the affair—

"You are very poor."

His answer was very characteristic.

"Poor, sir!" said he, "ay, if there's a poorer man than me troublin' the world, God pity both of uz, for we'd be about equil."

"Then how do you manage to support your children?"

"Is it support them, sir? Why, I don't support them any way; they get supported some way or other. It'll be time enough for me to complain when they do."

"Would it be a relief to you to part with one of them?"

It was too sudden; he turned sharply around.

"A what, sir?" he cried; "a relief to part from my child? Would it be a relief to have the hands chopped from the body, or the heart torn out of my breast? A relief, indeed! God be good to us, what do you mane?"

"You don't understand me," I replied. "If now, it were in one's power to provide comfortably for one of your children, would you stand in the way of its interests?"

"No, sir," said he; "the heavens knows that I would willingly cut the sunshine away from myself, that they might get all the warm of it; but tell us what you're drawing at?"

I then told him that a lady had taken a fancy to have one of his children; and, if he would consent to it, it should be educated, and finally settled comfortably in life.

This threw him into a fit of gratulation. He scratched his head, and looked the very picture of bewilderment. The struggle between a father's love and a child's interest was evident and touching. At length he said:

"O, murther, wouldn't it be a great thing for the baby? But I must go and talk with Mary—that's the mother of them; an' it wouldn't be right to be givin' away her children before her face, and she to know nothing at all about it."

"Away with you then," said I, "and bring me an answer back as soon as possible."

In about half an hour he returned, leading two of his children. His eyes were red and swollen, and his face pale from excitement and agitation.

"Well," I inquired, "what success?"

"Bedad, it was a hard struggle, sir," said he. "But I've been talking to Mary, an' she says, as it's for the child's good, maybe the heavens above will give us strength to bear it."

"Very well; and which of them is it to be?"

"Faix, and I don't know, sir," and he ran his eye dubiously over both. "Here's little Norah—she's the oldest, an' won't need her mother so much; but then—O, tear an' aigers, its myself that can't tell which I'd rather part with least; so take the first one that comes wid a blessing. There, sir," and he handed over little Norah; turning back, he snatched her up in his arms, and gave her one long, hearty father's kiss, saying, through his tears:—

"May God be good to him that's good to you, and them that offers you hurt or harm, may their souls never see St. Pether."

Then, taking his other child by the hand, he walked away, having Norah with me.

I took her down to the cabin, and we thought the matter settled. It must be confessed, to my great indignation, however, in about an hour's time I saw my friend Pat at the window. As soon as he caught my eye, he began making signs for me to come out. I did so, and found that he had the other child in his arms.

"What 's the matter, now ?" I asked.

"Well, sir," said he, "I ask your pardon for troubling you about so foolish a thing as a child or two, but we're thinkin' that maybe it'd make no differ—you see, sir, I've been talkin' to Mary, an' she says she can't part with Norah, because the creature has a look ov me; but here's little Biddy, she's purtyer far, an' av you plase, sir, will you swap ?"

"Certainly; whenever you like," said I.

So he snatched up little Norah, as though it was some recovered treasure, and darted away with her, leaving little Biddy, who remained with us all night; but lo! the moment we entered the cabin in the morning, there was Pat making his mysterious signs again at the window, and this time he had the youngest, a baby, in his arms.

"What 's wrong now ?" I inquired.

"Be the hokey fly, sir, an' it 's meself that 's almost ashamed to tell ye. Ye see I've been talking to Mary, an' she didn't like to part with Norah, because she has a look ov me, an' be me soul, I can't part with Biddy, because she's the model of her mother; but there 's little Paudeen, sir. There 's a lump of a Christian for you, two years old, and not a day more; he'll never be any trouble to any one; for av he takes after his mother, he'll have the brightest eye, an' av he takes after his father, he'll have a fine broad pair of shoulders to push his way through the world. Will you swap, again, sir ?"

"With all my heart," said I; "it is all the same to me;" and little Paudeen was left with me.

"Ha, ha," said I to myself, as I looked into his big, laughing eyes, "so the affair is settled at last."

But it wasn't; for ten minutes had scarcely elapsed, when Pat rushed into the cabin without sign or ceremony, and snatched up the baby, and said:

"It 's no use; I've been talking to Mary, an' we can't do it.

Look at him, sir; he's the youngest an' the best of the batch. You wouldn't keep him from us. You see, sir, Norah has a look ov me, an' Biddy has a look ov Mary; but, be my soul, little Paudeen has the mother's eye, an' my nose, an' a little of both of uz all over. No, sir; we can bear hard fortune, starvation, and misery, but we can't bear to part with our children, unless it be the will of Heaven to take them from uz."

HAPPINESS AND MISERY.

It is impossible to churn happiness out of a chest of gold; it will never come. You can never make unfading crowns of fading flowers.—*Case.*

He enjoys much who is thankful for little. A grateful mind is a great mind.—*Secker.*

There are three things which, if Christians do, they will find themselves mistaken:—If they look for that in themselves, which can only be found in another—perfect righteousness; if they look for that in the Law, which can only be found in the Gospel—mercy; if they look for that on earth, which is only to be found in heaven—perfection.—*P. Henry.*

John Newton used to say, "I see in this world two heaps, of human happiness and misery. Now, if I can take but the smallest bit from the one heap, and add it to the other, I carry a point. If, as I go home, a child dropped a half-penny, and if, by giving to it another, I can wipe away its tears, I feel that I have done something; and I should be glad indeed to do greater things, but I will not neglect this."

Sydney Smith recommends it as a rule, to try to make at least one person happy every day; and adds the calculation,—Take ten years, and you will have made 3650 persons happy, or brightened a small town, by your contribution to the fund of general joy.

John Howard, the philanthropist, in the midst of his constant perils and dangers, wrote from Riga,—"I hope I have sources of enjoyment that depend not on the particular spot I inhabit. A rightly cultivated mind, under the power of religion and the exercise of beneficent dispositions, affords a ground of satisfaction little affected by *heres* and *theres.*"

Dr. Arnold exclaimed, on the review of the past, "I have enjoyed almost a *fearful* amount of happiness."

I fear I have not learned the secret of true happiness—a poor *and contrite* spirit.—*H. Martyn.*

Sunshine.—The day had been overcast; suddenly the sun shone out, and a little patch of sunshine brightened the corner of the carpet. Immediately Tray got up, and, with a wise look, trotted to the bright place, and laid himself in it. "There's true philosphy," said George; "only one patch of sunlight in the place, and the sagacious little dog walks out of the shadow to roll himself in the brightness." Let not Tray's example be lost upon us; but wherever there shall shine one patch of sunlight, let us enjoy it.—*Ibid.*

HOUSEHOLD PROVERBS.

We have great faith in Tracts, and wish success to all who write, publish, and circulate them. When they are neat, full of practical counsel, graphic, and free from cant, we regard them as eminently useful. Mr. J. F. Shaw, of Paternoster Row, has issued eighteen small tracts, under the title of Household Proverbs. They are not strictly Temperance Tracts, but they are what any of our readers might safely circulate. Here are a few words from "*Lightly come, lightly go*":—

"It is wrong by a penny, Bob. Go over it again and see whether you can find out your mistake," said an intelligent-looking workman to a fine little boy of about ten years of age, who was standing by his side, busily engaged in adding up some figures that were written on a slate.

"I cannot see it wrong, father," said Bob, as having gone over the sum again and again, the obstinate figures would come out the same.

"Perhaps it is not in the sum itself, my boy," replied Mr. Wilson. "May be it is in something you have forgotten to put down. I gave you five shillings, you only make four and eleven."

Bob carefully read over the various items. "I see it, father, I see it," he exclaimed. "I have forgotten to put down the pepper; it was a penny. It is all right now."

Down went the pepper, the sum added up all right, and Bob, who had been required to give an account of his morning's purchases when he brought his father's dinner to the works, was sent off home with a light heart and a heavy basket of groceries.

"Well, you do make a rout about a penny," said Reeves, another of the workmen, who had been standing silently by. "What can it signify, a penny more or a penny less."

"It just makes the difference whether my son is accurate or inaccurate," replied Wilson. Once let him think there is no great consequence in being a penny wrong, and he will soon come to think there is no great harm in being a pound wrong."

"Nonsense," said Reeves. "Every one would think of a pound—no one thinks of a penny."

"That is just it," returned Wilson with a smile; "and that is why there are so many accounts wrong in the world. People despise small things. I have heard tell of a man who died from not seeing to the replacing of a nail at the right moment."

"What do you mean?"

"Did you never hear that story?"

"Not that I know on."

"It tells how, in days when coaches were few, and railroads were not made, a man was taking a long journey on horseback. He had not got far on his way when he thought he heard a click as from a loose horse-shoe. Dismounting, he examined his horse's feet—yes, true enough, there was a nail out of that off shoe. Was there a blacksmith's near? Yes, up a lane about a quarter of a mile off. Ah, well, he could not be bothered. He could not go out of his way. Very likely one nail would not signify—the shoe would hold on till he passed a forge; and so he went his way. The road was bad, and before long his horse went lame. What was the matter? the shoe had never dropped, had it? Yes, it had though. Time was precious. His horse must be made to go, lame or not lame. All very well for a time; but soon the foot became so inflamed the poor beast could go no further, and its rider found himself obliged to leave it at the first farrier's he passed, and go on his journey a-foot. It was midsummer, the man was in urgent haste. The hurry, the. fatigue, brought on fever; and before he reached his place of destination he was forced toput up at a wayside inn, and there he died. So for want of a nail, says the old story, a shoe was lost; and for want of a shoe the horse was lost; and for want of a horse the man was lost."

"That is all very well for a story," said Reeves. "No man would have been such a fool out of a book."

"It is easy to say so," replied Wilson; "but if we just look pretty close at home, and see the mischief that comes from men not caring to be accurate in little things, I am afraid we should find as big fools amongst ourselves as the man was who died from the want of the nail. I am sure it is often a wonder to me to see how men, and very sensible, able men too, muddle away their wages, all because they will not keep account of how the pennies go. I am not one to speak against schooling, and I should like my boy to get the very best schooling that was to be had; but I should not be best pleased when he had had it, if he could tell me how many miles it was to the moon, and how many square inches go to the mile, whilst all the time he knew nothing of book-keeping, and not so much of arithmetic as served to keep things straight and tidy at home. And yet this is just what you see done every day. To my way of thinking, it would be better for a working boy to be able to make the calculations that will be of use to him afterwards, than to astonish a parcel of ladies in a school-room by his quickness in answering questions which might be very useful if he was going to take work in the moon, but will hardly help him much so long as he has to earn his bread on this world."

"But you do not mean to tell me, Wilson, that you keep an account of every single penny that you spend?"

"Yes, I do. Ever since I have first earned wages I have kept a strict reckoning of every penny that I have laid out; and I do believe that it is, under God's blessing, thanks to my having done so, that has made me the prosperous man that I am. Why, if a man does not keep an account, how is he to know how the money is going, and how he stands in the world."

"But what is the odds," said Reeves; "the money comes and the money goes. Things must be bought whether you put them down or whether you leave it alone."

"Yes; but there are two ways of buying things—a wasteful way and a prudent way. Rely upon it, when a man writes down all he spends, *he will think* twice before he puts his hand in his pocket for that which *he does* not really want."

"There may be something in that," replied Reeves.

"There is a deal more in it than people think," answered Wilson. "Depend upon it, quite as much wrong is done in the world from thoughtlessness as from wickedness. It is the want of thought, in the first instance, that drives in the thin edge of the wedge, temptation strikes the next blow, and it is left for sin to split up the tree. I am quite certain, if men and women could be persuaded to keep strict account of their incomings and their outgoings, there would not be half the dishonesty —no, nor half the misery neither—that one hears tell of now-a-days."

REVIEWS OF BOOKS.

Band of Hope Harmonist, No. I. W. Tweedie, 337, Strand.—This little publication has not appeared earlier than it was wanted; many conductors of Bands of Hope greatly feel the want of a good music book, exclusively for temperance pieces, and we feel sure they will find the Band of Hope Harmonist just the publication they desire. In this number there are twenty-three pieces, many of which are quite new, and all good. Singing should be made one of the chief attractions and exercises of a Band of Hope meeting. Many of our societies are not enlivened in this respect as they should be, and now that there is so cheap and easy a mode of overcoming the difficulty, we hope this defect will be of short continuance. We recommend the Band of Hope Harmonist, and wish for it a large circulation.

The Temperance Minstrel. W. Tweedie, 337, Strand.—We have perused these pieces with much pleasure; both the words and music are evidently penned by a careful hand; they are worthy of being introduced into every society, and we are sure they might with very great advantage be substituted for some of the pieces we have heard at our meetings.

Bands of Hope. By JOHN H. ESTERBROOKE. Job Cauldwell, 335, Strand.—This is a useful manual for those who wish to begin a Band of Hope, and its perusal will be found helpful to all earnest workers in the good cause.

Dialogues for Recitation. By KATE PYER. W. Tweedie, 337, Strand.—One of these excellent dialogues will be found in our pages. They are neatly printed, and will furnish much instruction and amusement for Bands of Hope.

Harry Birkett: the Story of a Man who Helped Himself. W. Tweedie, 337, Strand.—Here is a cheap, handsome, and interesting volume for lads and young men. We should like to see it on every working man's table; it would shew him the way to do well. We strongly recommend it to any of our readers who want a pleasant book to read on a winter's night.

Ready to Perish. Stop the Leak. Scriptural Claims of Teetotalism. Words from the Workshop. By NEWMAN HALL, LL.B. James Nisbet & Co., Berners Street; W. Tweedie, 337, Strand.—Such manuals as these are invaluable. By their publication, the Rev. Newman Hall has rendered essential service to Bands of Hope, and the cause of Temperance generally. They are cheap, portable, well printed, and eminently pleasant to read. As arguments for our principles and practice, they are unanswerable.

Address on Temperance. By the Very Rev. the DEAN of CARLISLE. Glasgow: Scottish Temperance League.—The accession of Dr. Close to the ranks of Temperance Reformers was very welcome, and he has since done valuable service. This is a racy address, and well worthy of a permanent form. Its presentation to clergymen and medical men would do good. It has an elegant cover, and is quite presentable in any drawing room.

OUR ANNUAL SOIREE.

This interesting gathering will take place at Mr. Shirley's, 37, Queen Square, when a large company are expected to partake of tea at Six o'clock. At Seven o'clock, Harper Twelve-

trees, Esq., of Eversley House, Bromley, will take the chair, and Addresses on the Band of Hope Movement, will be delivered by the Revs. R. Robinson, J. B. Smythe, and G. W. McCree, and also by Joseph Payne, and John Cassell, Esqrs.

A choir of singers will perform a selection of favourite compositions.

Single Tickets, 1s. 6d., Double, for a Lady and Gentleman, 2s. 6d.

ANNALS OF THE BAND OF HOPE UNION.

LONDON.—During the month the Agents of the Union have been actively and usefully employed, but we have not room for detailed accounts of their Meetings.

HENDON.—On Monday the 16th, Mr. S. Insull held an interesting meeting in the Mission-room; Mr. Charsley in the chair. Several pledges were taken, and great satisfaction expressed with the speaker's services. We beg to direct attention to Mr. Insull's advertisement on our cover; we believe his addresses to children will be found very acceptable.

SHADWELL.—On Wednesday evening, the 4th instant, an interesting meeting was held in the Sailors' Institute, Mercer Street, in connexion with the Band of Hope, when a number of the children were presented with rewards for recitation. Mr. M. W. Dunn presided. A number of melodies were admirably sung by the Band of Hope Choir, and the meeting ably addressed by the Chairman, the Rev. J. B. Smythe, and Messrs. Blaby and A. Hawkins, jun.

KENNINGTON PARK.—On August 28th, crowds of children and adults were assembled for a Band of Hope demonstration. Meetings were held in the afternoon and evening, when the chief speakers were Messrs. Bailey, Insull, Murphy, Pritchard, Malthouse, Howlett, and others. The Rev. G. W. Greatley, the assistant minister of Surrey Chapel, rendered useful service. Messrs. T. Hudson, and T. J. White, Esq. from the National Temperance League, were present, and spoke with great ability. The meeting was reported by the local papers, and regarded as a great success.

WANDSWORTH ROAD.—On Thursday, September 19th, a meeting was held at the Methodist Chapel. Mr. Symons, of Vauxhall, presided, and introduced Mr. S. Insull, to deliver his Lecture upon the Manufacture of Malt and Spirituous Liquors. Mr. I. illustrated his subject by numerous experiments upon ale, porter, rum, &c., and the alcohol extracted from each was burned during the meeting. Great interest was taken by the children of the Sunday School, as also the adults present.

Melodies were sung during the evening by the elder members of the Sunday School. The meeting passed off with great satisfaction to the temperance friends, and several pledges were taken.

J. BALE, Printer, 78, Great Titchfield-street, Marylebone.

ND OF HOPE RECORD.

BRIGHT MORNINGS AND DARK EVENINGS.

By the Rev. G. W. McCREE.

' we love a bright morning! The sun breaks forth from ›uds, and illumines the green earth with unspeakable ›ur. Every hill, lake, spire, meadow, palace, flower, and arkles in the light. The dew is like jewels. The birds r joy. All the trees of the wood are glad. Little chil- like angels from heaven—bound through gardens frag- ith sweet scents, and aged men chant with solemn voice rning hymn.

dark evenings come. No sun nor stars nor song. , fear, danger, and tears visit us. Where the joy? the hope? Where the beauty? Where the life? The s come, and they are fled.

ı is many a life. We know that the early days of thou- were fraught with promise. They enjoyed a father's The love of a mother rested on them. Brothers, sisters, troops of friends, were there. Strength enabled them ıd like a deer. Education enriched them with wisdom ›d from the men of old, and the marvellous discoveries of w age. Money was at their command. They had a ; tide, a fair wind, a smooth course, and a bright sky ad. But their evening was dark. Life was abused. lence, passion, worldliness, the lusts of the flesh, bad ıions, and the resorts of vice ruined them. Friends dare ention their names. The venerable father died of a . heart. The mother clung to life awhile, and then l in despair. And the ruined one was swept away by :k and stormy sea, and wrecked for evermore. Such an ght utter his wail, and say—

Obscurest night involved the sky;
  Th' Atlantic billows roared,
When such a destin'd wretch as I,
  Wash'd headlong from on board;
Of friends, of hope, of all bereft,
His floating home for ever left.

No braver chief could Albion boast,
  Then he with whom he went,
Nor ever ship left Albion's coast,
  With warmer wishes sent.
He loved them both, but both in vain,
Nor him beheld, nor her again.

Not long beneath the whelming brine,
  Expert to swim, he lay;
Nor soon he felt his strength decline,
  Or courage die away;
But wag'd with death a lasting strife,
Supported by despair of life.

He shouted; nor his friends had fail'd
  To check the vessel's course,
But so the furious blast prevail'd
  That pitiless perforce,
They left their outcast mate behind,
And scudded still before the wind.

Some succour yet they could afford;
  And, such as storms allow,
The cask, the coop, the floated cord,
  Delay'd not to bestow;
But he (they knew) nor ship nor shore,
Whate'er they gave, should visit more.

Nor, cruel as it seem'd, could he
  Their haste himself condemn,
Aware that flight, in such a sea,
  Alone could rescue them;
Yet bitter felt it still to die
Deserted, and his friends so nigh.

He long survives who lives an hour
  In ocean, self-upheld;
And so long he, with unspent power,
  His destiny repell'd:
And ever, as the minutes flew,
Entreated help, or cried—"Adieu!"

At length, his transient respite past,
  His comrades, who before
Had heard his voice in every blast,
  Could catch the sound no more.
For then, by toil subdued, he drank
The stifling wave, and then he sank.

No poet wept him; but the page
  Of narrative sincere,
That tells his name, his worth, his age,
  Is wet with Anson's tear.
And tears by bards or heroes shed,
Alike immortalize the dead.

I therefore purpose not, or dream
  Descanting on his fate,
To give the melancholy theme
  A more enduring date.
But misery still delights to trace
Its 'semblance in another's case.

No voice divine the storm allay'd,
  No light propitious shone;
When snatch'd from all effectual aid,
  We perished, each alone.
But I beneath a rougher sea,
And whelm'd in deeper gulfs than he.

Many a life has ended miserably. Why? Through wine and strong drink. Every man can produce cases in point. Here, for example, a great painter begins life in a blaze of fame, becomes a drunkard, and dies in a public hospital. Here, as another example, is a popular singer, he enchants immense audiences, begins to drink, is enthralled by *delirium tremens*, grows restless, walks day and night in the charge of a keeper, and falls dead in the streets. Some die of disease, some drink poison, and some perish on the scaffold. They had a bright morning, but their evening was black with portents of woe and death.

This is not fiction. We write the words of truth and soberness, and implore our readers to ponder some facts which we intend to lay before them. They are neither new nor novel, but are selected for a special purpose which we will presently unfold. Our first extract is taken from the "Report of the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland, by their Committee for the Suppression of Intemperance, given in and read by Rev. Robert H. Muir, Convener, May 31st, 1849." Said Committee was emphatically *a committee of inquiry*. They deemed it desirable "to gather as many facts and suggestions as possible from the church at large, and thus to prepare the materials for a deliberate finding of the General Assembly as to what practical steps this church can take for the suppression of intemperance." They accordingly issued circulars—two in number—earnestly soliciting their brethren to supply what information and suggestions they were able to give on the subject of their labours. To these circulars *four hundred and seventy-eight* responses were received. These came from every corner of the land, and many of them enter with praiseworthy explicitness and fulness into the subject. These returns prove the *intimate connection betwixt drunkenness and the public-house*. Let us give a specimen:—"The inhabitants of this parish are remarkable for sobriety;" and then invariably follows such statements as—"There has not been a public-house in the place, for upwards of twenty years." In close connection with returns of this class, there are those of a

directly opposite character, but proving precisely the same thing. We select the first that meets us:—"The parish contains 610 inhabitants, and there are *eleven* houses where intoxicating liquors are supplied; *nine* of these are shops, and *two* are public-houses. In all there is accommodation for drinking. This gives a drinking accommodation to each 55 of the inhabitants of all ages." What is the consequence of this? Here it is:—"Too many of both sexes, and all ages, are addicted to the vice of intemperance. Children are rendered familiar with it in being employed as carriers to their mothers."

In another return we read:—"I am told there are twenty-five or twenty-six houses in the town (with a population of about 2,000) where spirits are sold." What then? In reply to the inquiry, what classes of the population are more remarkably addicted to intemperance? we read:—"The labouring classes generally; and it is commonly understood that there is, to a very considerable extent, drinking among females. *Among boys also, from fifteen to twenty, belonging to public works, and beginning to earn wages* for themselves."

Our second extract is from an address by the Rev. Asa Mahan, the President of Oberlin Institute:—"I knew of a young man who went to college, and studied very successfully. Being of a bright and animated disposition, he was often invited to pleasure parties, and although he went to them he never could be prevailed upon to take a glass of wine. He was engaged to be married to a young lady of the first rank, and all seemed to go well and promise a future happiness; but intemperance had to do its work. While at a party, the young lady was told of the abstemious nature of her intended partner. She was told that nothing in the world could induce him to drink a glass of wine. 'Don't say so,' she said, 'till I have tried him.' She asked him to take a glass of wine from her. He firmly refused. She threw her charms about him—she prevailed. He got intoxicated. The abstemious youth became a drunkard, and ran rapidly in the downward course. Her father, though in the habit of drinking himself, could not bear to see his daughter marry a drunkard, and he was ordered from the house. The father got into difficulties and became bankrupt. He went into the back settlements to recruit his fortune. One night about twelve years afterwards, while there was noise, and dancing, and music, a strange wailing noise was heard outside the building. It became louder and louder. All was silent. The music ceased. The door was opened, and the figure of a man

ɔd, and threw himself on the floor, crying 'O, God, save om the fiends!' The young lady went up to him, and as pproached, his upturned eyes met hers. It was too much ɜr—she fainted away. He whom she had wronged thus, efore her a poor maniac, and in two days more, I had the ıcholy duty of attending his funeral, and hearing the clods ɜ valley rumbling on his coffin. She is now, if still living, lunatic asylum,—her father and mother sleep in an ıely grave."

ır final extract is from a speech by the Rev. Dr. Burns:— ver shall I forget the end of one with whom I was well ıinted, a member of the church of which I was pastor at ı. He was a moderate drinker; and at the solicitation of veller with whom he did business, retired one evening to ɔtel. For the first time in his life he became intoxicated, home, and in the heat of passion, excited by liquor, ted on his wife injuries of which she died. In due time he ried, the evidence was conclusive, and sentence of death pronounced. Never shall the scene be effaced from my ɔry. I attended him in his cell, and was the last to leave ın the scaffold; and there, within sight of the church of ı he had been forty years a member, was he hung like a

hat shall we say to these things? We think that the ɜ of one who never defiled himself with "wine or strong ." may guide our impulses and investigations. John the ist said:—"And now also the axe is laid at the root of the therefore every tree which bringeth not forth good fruit wn down and cast into the fire." This is what we must We must seek to hew down the tree of drunkenness, and up its very roots. How may this be done? *By more us training of children in the practice of total abstinence.* very other temperance agency go on. Let the agitation Permissive Bill prosper. But this, we believe, is the true of the future. We must adopt the children of the nation ır own. We may save them now. In ten years more ands of them will be beyond our reach—DRUNKARDS.

e do not "see through a glass darkly." We have wit- d scenes of juvenile drunkenness we dare not paint in ɜst colours. We could make our readers shudder with ıts of riot, of vice, and of misery among children and g people. A mere child said to a missionary:—"Young ɜm, drink has ruined me. My father died a drunkard,

though somewhat medicinal, are not poisons. They are not without some fair claim to rank as food, fitted for nutrition as well as respiration. Besides the active principle, theine—a nitrogenous compound—they contain a very considerable proportion of starch and gum, as well as of gluten; this last in such amount as to be equal to one-fourth of the weight of the dry leaves. In ordinary infusion, indeed, this gluten is but sparingly dissolved; but were the powdered dry leaves consumed as beans or pease are, they would prove about equally nutritious. There is also a certain proportion of fat or oil in both tea and coffee; while in cocoa the amount of this is very large.

While thus these things may rank as food—far more truly than alcohol—they are in another sense accessory to food, either as luxuries, or in a medicinal point of view. For besides their power of restraining the consumption of tissue, they excite a peculiar action in the nervous system. This action is neither truly stimulant nor sedative, but rather tonic; soothing when there is over-excitement, rousing when there is depression; and always tending to relieve the nervous centres from congestion of blood. Besides, from this pleasant and beneficial working there is no untoward reaction, unless the tea or coffee be taken in inordinate quantity; then—especially in the case of coffee—unpleasant symptoms do occur, affecting both the circulating and nervous systems.

Tea and coffee, then, may rank both as food and medicine. And the question naturally arises, in reference to their latter character, Whether the copious and constant use of them as food is quite proper and safe? This, as we have seen, is *not essential* even under the greatest exertion. And without presuming to dogmatise, we would venture to say that when used as ordinary diet, or as luxuries in connection with it, they ought to be taken weak as well as in moderate quantity—in other words, temperately;* while large and strong doses ought to be reserved for the necessities of the nervous system arising from exhaustion by labour or thought, depression by accident, or disorder by disease.

When judiciously used, they may contribute greatly to our comfort—as much as any form of alcohol can do, and with none of its sinister results on body, mind, or morals. Call them medicines, if you will. They are "domestic medicines," at

* Some have alleged that the success of homœopathic practitioners is not unconnected with the sparing use, or absolute interdiction, of coffee and tea, as well as of all alcoholics in ordinary diet.

once safe and suitable; and, as such, the canister may range on the frugal cupboard far more appropriately than the decanter or the black-bottle, the tankard, the greybeard, or the glass.

The great advantage of the water-drinker, as compared with the alcoholist, under work, is this. He has the same strength, with greater self-control. He is ready to stop, when necessity requires that he should, and runs less risk, consequently, of injury by excessive strain. He does not expend a temporary energy, at the expense of future exhaustion. He does not avail himself of a doubtful and deceitful hope, at the cost of deterioration of the blood, and consequent danger to health and life. He does his work at least as copiously and as well as the other, even for a time; and in long continuance of labour, he will do it both more copiously and better. He obtains his desired end in all respects satisfactorily. There is no lassitude, headache, feverishness, foul tongue, or aching limbs next day—even after the hardest labour. All is fresh, and supple, and free. *There is no reaction.**

Has alcohol no real and useful power, then, in relation to bodily labour? Yes; but much more limited than is generally supposed. It may be of use in an emergency; not for continuance. If an honest, willing horse has a daily round of work to do, what fits him for it is not the whip or spur, but corn and hay, and water, and regular rest. But if at any time a special effort is to be made, and the ordinary means do not seem sufficient to secure it, then whip and spur may be employed—though always with caution. If a mighty load is to be stirred, if a yawning ditch has to be leaped, if the rising tide or burning prairie be pressing behind the rider, he may well use both heel and hand; even should he have cause to fear that the effort which saves his own life, may be fatal to the faithful steed that carries him. As a man spurs his horse, so may he spur himself, for the accomplishment of some special end. But obviously that end ought to be of a sufficient importance to warrant such a means; and the spurring, even when warrantable, must be conducted with prudence and caution. Alcohol is not a suitable means of continuously sustaining man under bodily labour; it is only a spur for a spurt.

* "I have backed as many as 60 tons in a day, with perfect ease," says a London coal-whipper, "*since I took the pledge*. But, *before*, I should scarcely have been able to crawl home; *certain to have lost the next day's work.*"

DO YOUR DUTY!

By Mr. J. P. PARKER.

The Rev. Dr. Marsh, of America, visited London a few ago, and at a temperance meeting he related the followin markable incident. I am not aware that it has ever app in print, and I give it as nearly as I can recollect, in his language:—

"When I was a young man I was appointed as an itin preacher, to a place in what you have heard called the back of America. On the Lord's day morning I passed th stormy weather, to the post of duty, and found the chapel a rough log building, with a rude porch in front. The lings of the settlers were widely distant from each other. were two persons under the porch; one, the chapel keeper also acted as precentor; the other, a stranger, who was d by the pelting of the storm to take shelter."

"We shall have no congregation this morning," sai chapel keeper, "most of the people live six or seven away, and they could not get here, if they had ever so will, in this terrible weather."—"Well, friend," I said, " have but a small congregation, we cannot help that. The mise is, that where two or three are met together, ther Lord is present, to bless. So I will do my duty, if you kindly help me." I stood at the rude desk, and gave hymn, which we sung, perhaps not very melodiously, bu did our best, and the Lord demands no more from any disciples. I then read the scriptures, engaged in prayer, out a second hymn, read my text, and preached my se After a short hymn, I concluded in the usual way, and discharged my duty. All this time the rain came dov torrents, but, at the close of my sermon, it ceased for a time, and the sun peeped out for a few moments. My co gation, at last, as at first, consisted of two persons, the c keeper, and the stranger within our gates, who, at the cl my sermon, took advantage of the weather-change, and his way.

"You will say, I had not much encouragement to prea that time! It would appear so, but I knew that I was i way of duty, and that was satisfactory. Twenty-five passed away. I was then the pastor of a large church, an appointed its representative to a conference of ministers, i

of our large but distant towns. I journeyed many miles to reach the general rendezvous, and on my entering the large room, where my brethren in the ministry assembled for general introduction, and friendly greeting, preparatory to the business meeting, a stranger came across the room, and accosted me thus:—"Mr. Marsh, I believe?" "That is my name, brother, but I have not the pleasure of knowing you personally." "You don't recognize me, of course. Do you remember, about twenty-five years ago, preaching in a stormy season, in a roughly-built chapel, to a congregation of two persons?" "Perfectly well: and were you the stranger within our gates?" "I was. I was driven to shelter from the storm, and I remained in the chapel to the close of your sermon. I was at that time an atheist. Struck by the peculiarity of the preacher to a congregation of two, I became interested in your proceedings. I bless God for the sermon I heard. It was light in the midst of darkness; the turning point of my life. I am now in the ministry, by God's grace, but you were the instrument employed to awaken me to righteousness."

"Brethren, do your duty at all times; prayerfully, earnestly, and faithfully. Let not a small gathering discourage you. 'Who hath despised the day of small things,' saith the Lord."

LIFE SKETCH OF MR. GEORGE CRUIKSHANK.

To talk of the time when George Cruikshank was not, seems talking of another age. Who can remember the time when that strange spider-fashioned name did not appear at the foot of plates to illustrate comic annuals, or on caricatures in the print-sellers' windows? He was born in the year 1794, and is therefore, at the time we write, sixty-seven years of age. And during those sixty-seven years, no man has been more respected, has worked harder, or has, in his way, rendered his country better service. Singular to say, George inherited from his father the peculiar vein for which he has become so celebrated. His father was himself a painter, and an etcher of caricatures—a faculty of which the son has made abundant use. This design was frustrated by the death of his father—he could not then leave his mother and sister in their sorrow, and yet it was needful that he should do something to find them and himself with the necessaries of life. Ruminating upon the chances of

various employments, his thoughts turned to the stage, owing, probably, to his tolerably successful appearance at the Haymarket Theatre, upon the occasion of a benefit taken by his friend. Fortunately, at this period, some of his sketches which had served to amuse his leisure, coming by accident under the notice of one of the London publishers, he engaged George Cruikshank to illustrate some infant Primers, song books, and cheap drolleries; which not only obtained for him the immediate means of living, but led to the production of widely appreciated and more durable works. From the success which met his first efforts, he determined to make the pencil his profession. To this end he obtained admission to the Royal Academy as a student, in order that he might have the benefit of the lectures and the opportunity for study, which that institution presented. Fuseli, who was then lecturing, told him, owing to the crowded state of the rooms, that he must "fight for a place." The figures provided for illustration being ill-placed, for his short sight, prevented his making any drawings, and induced him to withdraw from the Academy at the end of the course. He did not, however, give up sketching, as he contributed at this time a number of caricatures for "The Scourge." This was before he was twenty; at which time he projected, in conjunction with a friend of the name of Earle, a periodical called "The Meteor," published at half-a-crown. This was a failure, owing it is said, to the negligence of Earle. From this time George Cruikshank devoted himself to the almost exclusive production of caricatures. All the popular print-publishers were employed at different times in bringing out his humorous subjects. At a later period he formed a connection with the celebrated Mr. Hone, whose political squibs he illustrated so forciby, as to draw crowds round the print-sellers' windows. In 1820, the Trial of Queen Caroline furnished both Mr. Hone and Mr. Cruikshank with a subject peculiarly adapted to their powers. "The House that Jack built," "The Man in the Moon," "The Political Showman at Home," "The Queen's Matrimonial Ladder," "Non mi Ricordo," "A Slap at Slop," are still remembered as amongst the most amusing and attractive.

George Cruikshank had long before this period contemplated a series of pictures to illustrate the evils of what is called "Seeing life." The designs he made were accompanied by descriptive matter, written by Pierce Egan, and published with the title of "Life in London." The book became at once very popular; but his idea of rendering the book instructive as well

amusing being lost sight of, he left the speculation in disgust, ere the work was finished. Probably thinking that he could orrect the mistakes in the "Life in London," he brought out "Life in Paris," where he had sufficient opportunity to "shoot bly as it flies." His next work was the illustration of a series f popular German stories: these were very successful, adding aterially to the popularity of the artist. These sketches, and thers called the "Points of Humour," drew forth a favourable notice in the pages of "Blackwood's Magazine." This at once gave him the highest position as a comic illustrator; so that no work, having any pretensions to humour, was deemed complete without the aid of his pencil. The books that were indebted to him at this period for their illustrations were Grimm's "German Popular Stories," "Mornings at Bow Street," "Peter Schlemihl," "Italian Tales," "Hans of Iceland," "Tales of Irish Life," "Punch and Judy," "Tom Thumb," "John Gilpin," "The Epping Hunt." At a later period he produced the plates for the "Illustrations of Phrenology," "Illustrations of Time," "Scraps and Sketches," "My Sketch-Book," "Sketches by Boz," "Oliver Twist," "The Tower of London," and the "Comic Almanack." The latter serial was an ever-delightful mine of pleasure during the festive season at which it was published. A few years before the lamented death of Laman Blanchard, Mr. Cruikshank published, in connection with him, a periodical called "The Omnibus," in which some of his best and happiest sketches appeared.

While he was thus amusing the age he did not forget to "point a moral" as well as "adorn a tale." His "Sunday in London," "The Gin Shop," "The Gin Juggernaut," "The Upas Tree," "The Pillars of a Gin Shop," are all sermons in pictures. "The Bottle," a more recent production, has attained immense celebrity. The tale of a drunkard's life is faithfully told in these eight plates. They met with extraordinary success, and were dramatised in most of the theatres in the kingdom. A series of plates—"The Drunkard's Children," followed "The Bottle," but were less successful. During the progress of the sale of these prints, George Cruikshank appeared on the platform as the advocate of Teetotalism—a principle which he had adopted, and which he has not failed to recommend whenever the opportunity has been presented. His Temperance addresses are full of humour and point. His action on the platform bears some affinity to his autograph—in and out, and on no recognised principle or rule.

His jokes come ringing from him with all the heartiness of a youth yet in his teens—his warnings and bitter denunciations of wrong as the wise speaking of the sybil. He has proved, in his own experience, when over sixty, that alcoholic drinks were not necessary for the development of his genius. He has shown, at a period when it is generally supposed the mental powers fail, and "the fine gold becomes dim," that, by the aid of temperance, his powers unclouded are preserved to the last. Recently he has produced in, to him, a new line of art, several oil paintings which have been exhibited in the British Institution and Royal Academy. The most noticeable is "Disturbing a Congregation," "A New Situation," and "Dressing for the Day," with some others equally full of humour.

In addition to these already enumerated capabilities, Mr. G. Cruikshank posesses considerable dramatic ability. When the Guild of Literature and Art was organised, he took part with the utmost acceptance in the dramatic performances given in London and the provinces, under the management of Charles Dickens.

In his vocation as caricaturist, in the words of his friend Samuel Philips, "At no period has he drawn a line which however cutting may have been the satire employed, has not had for its object the benefit, as well as the amusement of his fellow men. His latest works—attacking the most degrading of our national vices—command our gratitude and respect. George is popular amongst his associates. His face is an index to his mind. There is nothing anomalous about him and his doings. His appearance, his illustrations, his speeches, are all alike—all picturesque, artistic, full of fun, feeling, geniality, and quaintness. His seriousness is grotesque, and his drollery is profound. He is the prince of living caricaturists, and one of the best of men."—*From an Interesting Volume, entitled "Clever Boys."*

POETRY,

FOR RECITATION BY BANDS OF HOPE.

ADVERTISEMENT OF A LOST DAY.

Lost! lost! lost!
  A gem of countless price,
Cut from the living rock,
  And graved in paradise.

Set round with three times eight,
  Large diamonds, clear and bright,
And each with sixty smaller ones,
  All changeful as the light.

Lost—where the thoughtless throng
  In fashion's mazes wind,
Where thrilleth folly's song,
  Leaving a sting behind;
Yet to my hand 'twas given
  A golden harp to buy,
Such as the white-robed choir attune
  To deathless minstrelsy.

Lost! lost! lost!
  I feel all search is vain;
That gem of countless cost
  Can ne'er be mine again.
I offer no reward,
  For till these heart-strings sever,
I know that heaven-intrusted gift
  Is reft away for ever!

But when the sea and land,
  Like burning scroll have fled,
I'll see it in His hand
  Who judgeth quick and dead;
And when of scathe and loss,
  That man can ne'er repair,
The dread inquiry meets my soul,
  What shall it answer there?

DO IT WELL.

A little extra expense, on matters of taste, is not always money thrown ay in Band of Hope labours. The Band of Hope Union has—with-t any lavish expenditure—generally shown a good example on this ad. And we rejoice to know that many country societies are not slow following the example. Our friends at Kenilworth have done so for e past five or six years. Good lecturers and agents are engaged; as, r instance, a week of Mr. Laurence Gane, to give *éclat* to the anniver-ry meetings in April, and a fortnight of Mr. Blaby, to organize the nual fête later in the season. Their stationery and printing are invari-bly well got up—so much so that one quarter's plan, a few years since,

secured a couple of liberal annual subscribers in Berkshire. There laborious paid secretary, who devotes four days per week to the w and there is also a body of willing and active young persons on Committee.

Thinking it may interest fellow-labourers in others places, we app an exact copy of the present quarter's plan, well done up, on "Br board" of good quality:—

KENILWORTH BAND OF HOPE.

1861.

The Young of Kenilworth are affectionately invited to attend the following Meetings; each to commence at Seven o'Clock and to close at a Quarter-past Eight:—

At Abbey Hill School-room,

(TUESDAY EVENINGS,)

SEPT. 10th.—* Recitations by Miss WORMS, of London.
„ 24th.—* Lecture by Mr. HEMUS, of Birmingham.
OCT. 8th.—* Members' Meeting—Recitations and Melodies.
„ 22nd.—* Lecture by J. ALLAN, Esq., of Glasgow, and Address by Miss ANNIE ALLAN.
NOV. 5th.—* Magic Lantern Exhibition, by Coventry Friends.
„ 19th.—* Lecture on "Unfurnished Apartments," by J. W. BARKER, Esq., Wolverhampton.

AT ST. JOHN'S SCHOOL-ROOM,

(The REV. F. R. KITE, M.A., Presiding.)

OCT. 29th.—Lecture—"The Great Giant, and How he was Conquered."—By J. PHILLIPS, Esq., Wolverhampton.
NOV. 26th.—Lecture—"How they do at Matlock."—By Mr. T. BOWICK.

At Cubbington, Bubenhall and Stoneleigh,

as per local announcements.

* *Library open on these Evenings, from 6·30 to 7 o'Clock.*

The success of the above meetings will greatly depend on the efforts of the Members; they should ask parents, friends, and companions to accompany them.

"Abstain from every appearance of evil."

At occasional periods, as circumstances may suggest, a little two-p serial, called the *Kenilworth Band of Hope Messenger*, with engr heading, is also brought out. In addition to such particulars or annou ments as are of a local nature, several articles have appeared from attractive pen of UNCLE TRUE, and other friends. The same engra *is used to illustrate* Band of Hope advertisements which appear in *local newspaper*. This mode of advertising is found to answer v

and a few hundred proofs are also worked off by the printer for circulation by the members.

As the engraving is placed at our service for the purpose, we copy one of the most recent of these announcements, merely curtailing the spread of the type, so as to suit our own columns :—

THE young of Kenilworth, are invited to attend the OPENING MEETING of the season, at ABBEY HILL SCHOOL ROOM, on TUESDAY EVENING, September 10th, 1861.

The Committee have pleasure in announcing that MISS ISABELLA WORMS, of London (aged 14), a member of the Denmark Street Band of Hope, will give the following Recitations :—

"THE BUNDLE OF STICKS,"
"LITTLE LUCY AND THE SONG SHE SUNG,"
"THE FOOL'S PENCE,"
"THE DRUNKARD'S WIFE,"
"THE DRUNKARD'S HISTORY OF HIMSELF."

A SOLO—"BEAUTIFUL STAR," will also be sung by a member of the Choir of a neighbouring parish.

Admission by Ticket only—to be obtained from Mrs. Hughes, or any Member of the Committee.

Members and Parents—Free. All others :—Children, 1d. ; Adults, 2d.

THE CHAIR WILL BE TAKEN BY MR. BOWICK, AT SEVEN O'CLOCK.

The Chairman has since informed us that the meeting was of a most interesting and attractive character—drawing a crowded house—and that our young friend from London did her part well. And Mr. Blaby says that Miss Worms was highly delighted with her excursion, and with the kindness which she received on every side. May such interchanges of workers between town and country be more and more cultivated. We shall be glad, through the offices of the Union, to aid in their promotion, as we have done in this case. Railway trains do their part, and Band of Hope workers will, we feel assured, not be behind with *theirs*.—*Communicated.*

ANNALS OF THE BAND OF HOPE UNION.

THE REV. C. H. SPURGEON AND THE BAND OF HOPE UNION.

On Tuesday night, October 1st, a lecture was delivered by the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, in his magnificent Tabernacle, on "The Gorilla, and the Land he Inhabits." The lecture was in every way a success. The crowd, clamorous for admission at an early hour, showed the great interest taken in the subject, and no sooner were the doors opened than the large area and galleries were filled to overflowing, and many whose tickets were secured days before had to go away like hundreds of others unable to gain admission. Such a large chapel full of people paying 2s. 6d., 1s., and 6d. each must be considered as a great success financially to the excellent institution for whose benefit the lectnre was given. The rev. lecturer was himself in one of his happiest moods; his marvellous voice rung out clearly his sonorous sentences. His flow of natural humour found in his applauding audience that sympathy which made his every point tell, and showed us the genius of the man to greater advantage than we had ever seen in the pulpit. His more declamatory passages were sometimes truly eloquent, and the amount of information which he managed to impart in a lectare of two hours was really extraordinary. The gorilla himself was there—a fine specimen, kindly forwarded by M. Du Chaillu. We should also say that Mr. Layard, M. P.,the chairman, being present as a traveller, and also the presence of the little modest Frenchman, M. Du Chaillu, himself, whose travels were the subject of the lecture, were ample guarantees that nothing but a thorough knowledge of his subject could have been tolerated on the occasion. The dissolving views of the Band of Hope Union were the most perfect scenes we ever witnessed. The drawings were of the highest class, and they were well managed by Mr. Dunn. The singing of the children, under the leadership of Mr. Smith, was most effective, and added greatly to the interest of the proceedings.

Mr. Spurgeon explained why he appeared before them. It seems Mr. Haynes, the indefatigable treasurer of the Band of Hope Union, is a member of the Tabernacle, and one of Mr. Spurgeon's able assistants in his Mutual Improvement Society, and Mr.Spurgeon being anxious to recompense Mr. Haynes for the many favours he had received in that way from him, offered

to do anything in his power in return. Mr. Haynes then requested him to deliver the lecture on behalf of the funds of the Band of Hope Union, which he gladly did, and he hoped the institution would be greatly aided by the proceeds.

We consider that to raise funds for a society in such a way is perfectly legitimate, and certainly far more congenial to the tastes of those who have to raise money for benevolent objects than the dunning and calling upon people for their subscriptions, especially as this is sometimes a far from agreeable task. We congratulate the Band of Hope Union in having a treasurer able so to replenish their funds, and in having such a large sum to receive from the benefit. May it long flourish and prosper is our earnest wish.—*Weekly Record.*

BAND OF HOPE UNION AUTUMNAL SOIREE.

The autumnal soiree of the friends and members of the Band of Hope Union was held on Wednesday evening, Oct. 9th, at Shirley's Temperance Hotel, 37, Queen Square, Bloomsbury. Mr. Silas Tucker in the chair. Tea having been partaken of, the chairman said he greatly sympathised with the Band of Hope movement, and as they were about to open a new session during the coming winter, he hoped that the friends of the temperance cause would exert themselves, as he could assure them there was a great deal to do. He would also urge upon Sunday-school teachers to use their influence, which was very great, to induce their scholars to become total abstainers.

Mr. F. Smith then read a statement to the following effect:—

The Band of Hope Union is designed to promote the organization and usefulness of Bands of Hope. The ultimate stability of the Temperance movement, and the entire emancipation of our country from the evils of intemperance, depends upon the training of our juvenile population in the knowledge and practice of total abstinence from all intoxicating drinks. Hence the importance of Bands of Hope. But their rapid multiplication renders necessary an institution which will form a fountain of sympathy, a light to guide, a power to aid, and a centre, around which all labourers may rally. Such an institution is the Band of Hope Union. Formed for the purpose specified, it has already afforded material help to Committees, Societies, and Conductors; and, it is believed, will be able, this winter, to render them much valuable assistance. The Committee have much pleasure in informing their constituents, that the Annual

Meeting in May was a brilliant success, and brought the B of Hope movement more prominently before both the tempera and general public than it was before.

The Annual Conference was attended, as usual, by many and new friends, and the papers read and the information giv combined to promote good feeling, the zeal of labourers, and extension of Bands of Hope.

The Committee have, for some time, had the services, as Agent, of the Rev. J. B. Smythe, and his addresses in the p vinces and the metropolis have met with a very cordial recept from his hearers. Mr. F. Smith and Mr. G. Blaby conti to labour with great zeal for the development of the vari plans of action entrusted to them.

As an example of the increasing popularity of our movem the Committee would refer to the fact that the Rev. Cha Spurgeon kindly consented to lecture on behalf of the Uni and to do so in his magnificent Tabernacle. This meeting an undoubted aid to our cause, and the prelude of sim gatherings in days to come.

The Committee are anxious to promote the circulation of *Band of Hope Record.* In the month of April it was pla in the hands of its present Editor, who has endeavoured make it in every way adapted to the purposes of our movem Various improvements have been made in its appearance contents, which have secured for it a larger circulation, and approbation of its readers. Other improvements are cont plated, which, when accomplished, will make it still n valuable as the organ of the movement, and a manual for Conductors of Bands of Hope. It is of the utmost imports that the present circulation should be maintained, and as as possible much increased.

For some time past the Committee have desired to ob the services of a gentleman who would be competent to un take the Secretaryship of our institution. The Rev. G. McCree was invited to accept this engagement, but has not himself at liberty to do so. He is, however, willing to a us his assistance *for the present*, as an Honorary Secret This change has been necessitated by the desire of Mr Shirley to retire from his present position, in which his ser have been invaluable.

Various plans of usefulness are in contemplation, and be embodied in vigorous action, as soon as possible. trusted that during the forthcoming winter much work wi

ell done, and that our movement will do more than ever to ave the young from the miseries of intemperance.

The Rev. R. Robinson next addressed the meeting.

Mr. John Anderson, the fugitive slave from Canada, then briefly addressed the meeting. He said, having been unexpectedly called upon to speak, he should not trouble them with the details of his past life and of his escape from slavery, which were now so well known, but should confine his remarks to what he knew of the temperance movement in America, and what he saw of it since his arrival in England. The slaveholders in America, when they wanted anything extra done, were in the habit of supplying their slaves with whisky, thus stimulating and driving their slaves to greater exertions; but he disliked spirits himself, and he was in the habit of selling his allowance, though he would not do so now, knowing better. (Applause.) In that country the drinking custom was not confined to the slaves alone, but he had seen many respectable ladies partake freely of whisky. When he first came to England he was told that if he did not take champagne and good ale he could not live, and for a time he was prevailed upon to do so, but he soon found out that he could do without it. What induced him to forego drink was this. In order to carry out the recommendations of his friends with respect to the champagne and good ale, he entered one of the temples (gin shops), and after having called for a glass of ale he found that he had no money. He then told the landlord that he would pay the next time he passed—(laughter)—but the landlord said, "You must go without." Seeing this he had not been into one since, and he hoped that many of his friends would do the same. The landlord had no regard for a man after his money was spent. Having instituted a comparison between the drinkers of this country and of Canada, he proceeded to observe that one thing struck him in this country. When he was even a slave, he never went barefooted, but in this country many of the free people go about barefooted, and he thought it was because of the drink. (Cheers.)

Mr. Malthouse, of the Havelock Temperance Rifle Corps, in his uniform, subsequently addressed the meeting, and was well received.

The Rev. G. W. McCree was then called upon, and said:—There is an urgent need of a reform of temperance reformers. It cannot be affirmed that our advocacy is in a satisfactory state. Speeches are delivered in our meetings which are not at all

creditable to us as moral reformers. With regard to the Bands of Hope movement, I think there is ground for anxious thought. We have about a hundred and fifty Bands of Hope in London, and I have no hesitation in affirming that the conductors of them, in every instance, should be Christian men. I do not stipulate for adhesion to any particular creed. I do not say whether the leader should be a Protestant or a Catholic, a Unitarian, a Churchman, or a Quaker; but, I do say that he ought to be a Christian. He should be a man who can pray with any sick member of his Band of Hope, and teach the dying child to trust in Him who said—"Suffer little children to come unto Me."

After a few remarks from the chairman, and the Doxology having been sung, this interesting re-union of friends was brought to a termination about 10 o'clock.

The evening's proceedings were greatly enlivened by the singing of a selection of pieces by a small choir of teetotal friends.

PIMLICO.—ECCLESTON CHAPEL.—A numerously attended meeting was held on Wednesday, 25th ult.; Mr. John H. Easterbrook, honorary secretary, in the absence of the president, Rev. J. S. Pearsall, occupied the chair. After prayer and singing, the chairman said he was delighted to witness such a gathering, to listen to one of the noblest themes of progress that can engage the attention of man. All would admit that intemperance was a national evil. The question for discussion then was, how was this vice to be destroyed. They had one way; but if the friends of social advancement could introduce a better, they would cordially give up their scheme and adopt theirs. Their simple and efficacious plan was, the pledge of personal abstinence from all intoxicating liquors, and not give or sell them to others. All experience and observation testify to the fact, that no age, no sex, no station in life was exempt from this degrading vice; the rich the learned, and the pious have often become its victims. The pulpit had in numberless instances been deprived of its brilliant ornaments from the same cause. But it was the poor who were the greatest sufferers. In them all its horrors were perfectly exhibited in home, body, and mind. He hoped numbers would sign at the close. The Rev. John Pillans, recently from Scotland, delivered a powerful and telling address, "On the duty of Christians in reference to the claims of the perilous and fallen," which was listened to with much interest. Thomas Hudson, Esq., gave a masterly speech, in which he portrayed the evils of the traffic and its neutralising

influence upon national prosperity, interspersed with illustrations, which were loudly cheered. Previous to the general meeting, a very interesting juvenile gathering took place. The spacious place was crowded. The Band of Hope entertainers fulfilled their respective parts in an admirable manner, all of whom elicited immense cheering.

Deverell Street and Kent Road.—At the quarterly meeting, held on Oct. 4th, one hundred and fifty children and friends were entertained at tea, prepared by Mrs. Parker. After tea, addresses were delivered by Messrs. Dunn and Murphy, and a handsome table lamp—the gift of the children—was presented by Mr. Williams to Mr. Parker, the zealous conductor of the Band of Hope.

Horsley Street.—The sixth anniversary was held on Wednesday, Oct. 16th, when W. R. Selway, Esq., presided, and three hundred persons partook of tea. Instructive addresses were then delivered by Mr. Tresidder, Mr. Dunn, the Rev. S. Cowdey (of Arthur Street Chapel), Mr. S. Shirley, and Mr. Haynes. This was a very successful meeting, and marked by a highly christian spirit.

Shadwell Temperance Society.—A very crowded and interesting meeting was held in the Sailors' Institute, on Wednesday evening, Oct. 16. J. E. Saunders, Esq., C.C., took the chair, and opened the proceedings by giving an excellent speech. The Scriptural claims of teetotalism were then presented by Mr. Smythe, who dwelt at some length on the marriage of Cana, and the wine question in reference to the Lord's Supper. His address was well received. Much credit is due to the friends in connexion with the Shadwell temperance cause, for their exertions in making the meeting public, and filling the place. Several gentlemen took part in the service, and though the absence of two distinguished ministers was much regretted, yet the proceedings were very satisfactory. A good collection was made on behalf of the Band of Hope Union.

United Christian Temperance Association.—A festival of the Band of Hope, in connection with the above association, was held at the New Hall, Windsor Street, Lower Road, Islington, on Monday evening, Oct. 7th; Matthew Ambler, Esq., presided. A large number of ladies, gentlemen, and children partook of an excellent tea, after which there was a public meeting. The evening's proceedings were enlivened by the vocal talent of the numerous *young vocalists present*, who sang several *beautiful melodies with accuracy and harmony*. Credit is due

to the able manager, Mr Lucraft, for the children's proficiency in singing. Mr. Blaby (from the Band of Hope Union), in an appropriate speech, communicated to the children some moral and instructive tales, illustrative of perseverance and affection. The chairman examined the children in their knowledge of grammar. The proceedings terminated by the audience singing the Doxology.

We beg to call attention to the advertisement on our Cover, of the meeting at Exeter Hall, and hope our friends will lend a helping hand. The ladies who work in the Perkins Rents locality require and deserve the tangible sympathy of the warmest friends of humanity.—UNCLE TRUE.

SUBSCRIPTIONS TO THE BAND OF HOPE UNION,

During the Months of August, September, and October, 1861.

Mr. W. Tresidder - -	£0	5	0
W. Janson, Esq. - -	2	0	0
Lady Webster - -	5	0	0
W. R. Spicer, Esq. (don.)	1	0	0
W. Joynson, Esq. - -	5	0	0
Samuel Morley, Esq. -	21	0	0
Mr. G. Scaum - -	0	2	6
„ F. Fusedale - -	0	10	0
„ Ditto - (don.)	0	2	6
„ W. J. Barker - -	0	5	0
A. H. Layard, Esq., M.P.	2	0	0
John Murray, Esq. -	3	3	0
Mr. J. Keevil - -	0	10	6
Mrs. J. Keevil - -	0	10	6
R. A. Wainwright, Esq.	2	2	0
Mr. J. Howells - -	0	5	0
J. Pillow, Esq. - -	1	1	0
W. J. Palmer, Esq. -	5	0	0
Jas. Worley, Esq. - -	1	1	0
R. Charlton, Esq. - -	0	10	0
H. Bennett, Esq. - -	0	5	0
— Hever, Esq. - -	0	10	0
T. Engall, Esq., M.R.C.S.	£0	10	0
Bands of Hope or Temperance Societies.			
Tunbridge Wells - -	1	1	0
Ditto (2nd subs.)	1	1	0
Old Windsor - -	0	5	0
Devizes - - -	0	5	0
Northiam - - -	1	1	0
Houghton - - -	0	5	0
Greenwich - - -	0	5	0
Worcester - - -	0	5	0
London Societies.			
Calthorpe Street - -	0	5	0
Mansion House Chapel, Camberwell - -	0	5	0
Prospect Row, Walworth	0	5	0
Denmark Street, St. Giles	1	1	0
Spa Fields Chapel -	0	5	0
Albany Chapel - -	0	5	0
Total - -	£59	7	0

EDITORIAL NOTES.

All communications should be written on one side of the paper only.

Names and Addresses should be written very plainly.

Intelligence should be sent early.

Books for Review, Articles for the Record, &c., may be sent to the Editor at No. 37, Queen Square, London.

Business Letters, as Orders for the Record, must be addressed to Mr. SHIRLEY, *at the above Office.*

J. BALE, Printer, 78, Great Titchfield-street, Marylebone.

ND OF HOPE RECORD.

WHAT ARE WE DOING?

By the Rev. G. W. McCREE.

is a wise and good thing for men to examine their work ıe spirit in which they do it. To do work in any fashion :oduce a poor result. Whether we build a wall, paint a e, plant a vineyard, write a poem, form a committee, or a great movement, we should endeavour to perform our ı a pure and noble spirit. The slovenly workman is not his salt.

ɜ habit of looking back, forward, around, and above all, ı, is essential to sublime moral conquests. To understand ;e, our work, and ourselves, is to accomplish a truly desi- object. Fools can talk, spouters can excite an audience, is only cultivated, prudent, earnest, high-minded men who ive force and character to a popular movement. Such men ill the chiefest want of the Temperance world.

ıat are we doing? is a question which every adherent— ally every official adherent—of the temperance movement l frequently ask. Revision, self-scrutiny, amendment, new fresh efforts, and personal consecration will naturally flow an honest application of this simple enquiry. What then e doing?

What are we doing in our regular meetings? The weekly, tnightly, or monthly meeting is held, of course, but how is ıducted? Is it begun at the proper time? Is the secre- ılways at his post? Are long speeches prohibited? Is ɔ language kindly rebuked? Do none but reputable men y the platform? Are their speeches logical, truthful, and ;ing? Do any reformed drunkards relate their past follies ugh they gloried in their shame? Are the young people ıttend under strict superintendance? Is the chairman in- :ed to close the meeting in good time, and to avoid, as far ssible, the great evil of late hours? And, finally, are the ngs useful, and, if not, why not?

ch questions are not superfluous. Some of our meetings ull, hollow, useless affairs. No new facts are given. The tics of the day are not explained. Passing events are not l. Fresh speakers are not brought forward. Converts are

few and far between. Now this need not be so. "The field is the world." Our arguments are "legion." We need not get "pumped out." Any newspaper will give us a fact for a text, and five minutes' conversation with an opponent of our principles will furnish us with a topic. A good article read by a good reader will always aid a meeting, and the secretary should not fail to find such material for weekly use. Let the chairman be a man who can "fill up" the space between the speakers with a pleasant remark or timely anecdote, a brief argument or a courteous explanation, and let us not think that any person will do to preside at our meetings. These assemblies cost much time and money, and it is right for us to make them more useful than they are at present.

2. *What are we doing to circulate our literature?* Thousands of our members never heard of Livesey's Malt Lecture, which, in our opinion, is "the chief corner stone" of the Temperance Reformation. How many of our speakers have read Bacchus—that wonderful repository of facts, arguments and testimonies? How many of our committees have Anti-Bacchus on their book-shelves? Is Dr. Carpenter's volume well-known? Are the writings of Dr. Lees "household words?" Do the periodicals of the movement adorn our tables? Have we done anything to circulate the Ipswich Temperance Tracts? Have we placed "The Sins and Sorrows of the City" in the hands of the clergy? Do we circulate the *Band of Hope Record?* What are we doing to cast abroad the seeds of truth?

It is time to inquire into these things. Our literature is valuable. We need not feel ashamed of it. We have poems, tales, newspapers, debates, reviews, essays, tracts, volumes, and magazines which we need not be afraid to present to any child, workman, merchant, pastor, editor, philosopher, statesman, or monarch. It is worthy of the age. It is a credit to our movement. It is a great light. Why hide it under a bushel?

3. *Are we jealous of the reputation of the good cause?* We have our foes. We have been called infidels, disturbers, opium-eaters, schismatics, fools, despisers of the Lord's gifts, whited-sepulchres, humbugs, enemies of the poor, and a thousand more evil things have been said of us. We forgive our enemies. Not for the world would we return railing for railing. We leave foul words to foul men. It is for us, however, to defend our principles. Our movement should not be left unvindicated When attacked in the social circle, or in the columns of the press, or from the pulpit, a manly, full, earnest, irreproachabl

reply should be given. Few men have effected more good in this direction than James Haughton, of Dublin, and Duncan M'Laren, of Edinburgh. Their communications to the press have done immense service. Many others have also performed admirable deeds in defence of the cause. But how many never defend their principles. They are silent at social parties. They are dumb at public meetings. They decline controversy. But is the reputation of a great and philanthropic enterprise to be left in the hands of its foes? Is silence wise? Does it promote truth? Is it not timid policy? Why not speak out? Prudence and dignity are all very well, but courage and fidelity are much better. Jealousy and zeal and boldness are becoming in us. We have entrusted to us a great charge. It is our lot to know how to cure a lamentable social evil. We may usher in a golden age. Surely timidity and silence do not accord with our position. It depends upon us whether drunkards are saved or lost. Can we have a more stupendous motive for exertion, self-denial, and moral heriosm?

4. *Is it our endeavour to be genial and magnanimous in our official capacity?* Are we rash in our temper? Are we willing to assist others to do good? Do we proudly insist on the place of honour? How do we work? These are fair questions. Many of our most useful men are worried to death—not by the difficulties of agitation—but by the haughty, self-seeking, vain, impracticable persons who insist on being bought at twenty-five per cent. above their true value. In this way we have lost one of the richest and best men connected with our societies. And are such losses to continue? We appeal to the friends of temperance progress. Look around you. You have thoughtful, laborious, beloved, useful, good men in your service. They are the polished pillars of the temple. You have also some who are not model men. To whom is your support to be given? Who are the men to exalt and honour the Temperance Reformation? Judge for yourselves. Let the peaceable, intelligent, far-seeing trustworthy men have your esteem. All others are better left alone. In villages, towns, districts, and vast assemblies, put forward the best men, and cheer them in their efforts to lead us forth to victory.

Such are the questions which have long arrested our attention. We leave them with our readers. The winter campaign is upon us. Be it ours to fight well. We are not doing half our work. We must do more. Drunkenness is still rampant. It depends upon Temperance Reformers when it shall win its final victory.

GOOD FELLOWSHIP.

By the Rev. A. WALLACE.

'Hallo! what's ado?' exclaimed a bluff, weather-beaten, red faced coachman, when, on turning a sharp corner of the road the 'Defiance' came in sight of the village public-house whic formed the last stage for the night.

His sudden exclamation was called forth by a large crowd o men, women, and children gathered around the door of the villag inn, and shrieking, screaming, running, and dancing as blow fell thick and fast from six or seven drunk fellows; in the mida of whom, and above all the rest, was seen the village blacksmith with his face begrimed with soot and blood.

It was a sad sight in the open face of one of the loveliest sum mer evenings I had ever seen. The setting sun was gilding th white-washed gable end of the village inn, and its swing sign board, on which were painted two hands most lovingly joine together, and the words, 'Good fellowship for ever.'

'Strange "good fellowship" this,' said Coachee, as he pointe to the landlord, a gruff, woolly-headed, thick-set, in-kneed mar who was belaboring, both with feet and hands, a stalwart plough man, bowed like a willow wand, and stupid with drink, and al bespattered with blood.

What a scene in the midst of nature's loveliness! The haw-thorn was in full blossom; the pure stream fringed with flowers, over which bent from either side the graceful willow; and on which the blackbird chanted its hymn to the setting sun; and not a hundred yards from this was a bloody fight! Many a hor-rible oath fell upon the ear of that gloaming hour.

And all this was under the eye of 'Good fellowship for ever,' and within reach of the two hands that were so lovingly joined together as if they would never part.

The driver turned his coach from the ghastly spectacle into a narrow shaded lane, where all the passengers alighted, and all took their respective ways for the night.

About three hours afterwards I returned to the scene of fight. There was 'Good fellowship for ever,' swinging in the calm, clear, unclouded light of the moon, as if in awful mockery of the blows, and blood, and broken heads he had so lately seen.

Never did a clearer moon look down upon that lovely village than on that night of the drunken storm, which was not yet spent.

Three poor wretches, the wrecks of that tempest of blows

ɔly should be given. Few men have effected more good in s direction than James Haughton, of Dublin, and Duncan Laren, of Edinburgh. Their communications to the press e done immense service. Many others have also performed ırable deeds in defence of the cause. But how many never ınd their principles. They are silent at social parties. They dumb at public meetings. They decline controversy. But ıe reputation of a great and philanthropic enterprise to be in the hands of its foes? Is silence wise? Does it promote h? Is it not timid policy? Why not speak out? Prudence dignity are all very well, but courage and fidelity are much ır. Jealousy and zeal and boldness are becoming in us. have entrusted to us a great charge. It is our lot to know to cure a lamentable social evil. We may usher in a golden Surely timidity and silence do not accord with our ion. It depends upon us whether drunkards are saved or Can we have a more stupendous motive for exertion, self-al, and moral heriosm?

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With pleasure, Madam, I will tell
The reason why,
This evening, I
Am dressed so neat, and look so well.
Two years ago, my ragged clothes,
And shoes, both worn out at the toes,
My uncombed hair, and dirty face,
The poorest school would thus disgrace.
Just like a savage, I ran wild,
Because I was a drunkard's child.
All days were then alike to me,
Into a church I never went;
I was so ignorant, you see,
I did not know what worship meant.

Had you no mother, then, at home,
To teach you to know wrong from right,
Your face to wash, your hair to comb,
And in her darling take delight?

My mother died so long ago,
That I can scarcely call to mind
What she was like; nor do I know
If she was loving, or unkind.
I was my father's only one,
But he took little heed of me,
He gave me food, and I suppose
He, or some kind friend, gave me clothes.
But all day long he left me free,
With idle boys and girls to run;
He never beat me, Madam, he
Was too good natured, and I think
He would not have neglected me,
But for the publican's strong drink.
The public house, or skittle ground,
Was where my father would be found
After his work was done; in there,
With other men who did not care
For any thing, but smoke and beer;
He never thought of me, I fear.
But now he is quite a different man;
The Temperance pledge one night he signed,
And I am sure I never can
Love him too much, he is so kind!

We 've a nice house, with tables, chairs,
  A bed for him, and one for me:
Two rooms below, and three up stairs,
  One room we call, 'the nursery.'
For I 've a kind teetotal mother,
And such a pretty little brother!
So that, I 'm sure, I ought to be
A happy girl; and when you see
Me, on a Monday night, this street in,
I 'm going to the Temperance meeting.
The Band of Hope, on Monday night,
Its meeting holds; and I recite
Such pretty verses; and we sing
Praises to Christ, our Heavenly King.
For his great love, oh! lady, dear!
I wish you 'd come with me, and hear
Our songs, and then I think that you
Would be a pledged teetotaler, too.
I think I will a visit pay;
And the next time you come this way,
If you will call, with you I 'll go;
  Your story interests me so,
  That I am sure, with pleasure, I
  The pledge shall take; and then I 'll try
  To help the Temperance Cause, and be
  A friend to true sobriety.

AN EARNEST APPEAL TO CHRISTIAN MOTHERS.

The question of "Total Abstinence," has been so long before the blic, and its many bearings on health and morals have been so fully arged upon, that most persons are ready to think they have had enough he subject. Physiologists have shown the physical evils of intoxi- ng drinks, and moralists have continued the lesson, to prove that the ıtal is as great as the bodily harm,—and that crime is as inevitable a ial result of their use as disease. And yet many parents, even Christian ents, are still averse to total abstinence, and think they see in it the mpted revival of a yoke around the neck of Christian liberty. They ink from asceticism, and will not be bound in respect of meats and ıks. They cannot understand that they must refrain from certain ıgs because there are people who misuse them; and believe that they i their children will, with common prudence, be secure. They bid us ı to the drunkard (of whose reform they cannot but approve), and ıse a pledge *which their sobriety evinces to* be needless for them. *These objections meet us on every hand,* and from some of the best of

people; yet we cannot think that the work of temperance reformers can ever be complete, whilst one Christian mother is indifferent to total abstinence as a great social question. We cannot think that they should rest until they have gained the candid attention of each one to their views and set before them the danger of educating their children in the use of alcoholic stimulants.

These mothers are not thoughtless. They are not looking on their children as the gifts of chance, to be brought up at the mercy of circumstances, to live as best they can, and to die as best they may. They are regarding them, in the words of Holy Writ, as "an heritage from the Lord," and are looking on them as the hope of the church for future years; the lambs of the Saviour's fold now, the sheep of his pasture hereafter. They view the most trivial acts of their daily life with attention and guard every avenue to their minds with ceaseless care, lest evil should enter unawares. Every temptation to sin is checked, every tendency to wrong discouraged, and the Christian mother thanks the friend whose quick perception warns her of an unperceived danger.

But what if the danger comes in an unsuspected and subtle form—in some pleasure in which she indulges—in some habit which she can hardly forego? She has said, in general terms, I can sacrifice everything for my child,—rest, leisure, society; for him I could change the habits of my life, renounce my accustomed pursuits, and give up my cherished enjoyments;—can she in practice refuse to give up one small indulgence for his sake?

No, surely! The Christian mother only needs to be convinced that total abstinence is her duty, and, in the words of the apostle, she will exclaim, "If meat make my [child] to offend, I will eat no flesh while the world standeth, lest I make [my child] to offend."

But *will* intoxicating drinks make your child to offend? There Christian mother, lies your difficulty, and there the cause of your hesitation. It may be that a long line of honoured ancestors have left you the example of a moderate and justifiable use of these things. You have heard your father reccommend them to his guests, and have seen your mother use them to revive fainting childhood, and to stimulate the flagging energies of age; you have always been accustomed to see them resorted to as a cordial for sickness, and a social pleasure for health; and what are you that you should esteem yourself wiser than your parents? Why should you dread for your children what they valued for theirs?

This is one side of the question; but you are indeed blessed if you have never lost a relative or friend in that worst death of all the faculties which intoxication produces; if you have never seen intellect blighted and affections quenched, and prospects ruined, by yielding to the potent temptation of strong drinks. Your children may be temperate as your fathers have been, and self-controlled; but will you not remember that there is another possibility? Can you forget that there is a possibility of your seeing the child who is the delight of your eyes become such a man as you would blush to behold; and that the voice now ringing its happy tones in your ears may learn to utter the profanity or the folly of the drunkard? Can you forget that there is a degradation, a little short of absolute an

lrunkenness, which is almost as ruinous to soul and body, and
: world veils under the phrase "addicted to gay company."
admit this possibility for your child, will you not bestow a
n how the evil is to be averted? If you see the chance of a
in figure or a defect in speech, how careful you are to correct
ittle you think of time, or money, or inconvenience, in com-
th preventing the threatened evil. Will you think more lightly
leformity, or be less anxious to guard against it? If there were
; which parents could adopt to guard their children from other
s, would they hesitate to use them? A *little* lying, a *little*
never permitted, for it is the first step which overleaps the
er between right and wrong, and is at once the most difficult
ost terrible in its consequences; and since drinking is followed
/ evil results, why should you not in that case also enforce total
:?
ll allege that in the instances of lying and stealing, there is
in in the very smallest indulgence, and you cannot admit this
case with drinking; and herein, we candidly allow, lies the
:ulty of every advocate of total abstinence who undertakes to
cause with the virtuous members of the community. Let us
'aive the question of absolute right and wrong; and ask you to
whether the too easy gradation between temperance and intem-
; not in itself a reason why we should seek to make a hedge
e virtue of our children, and help them to resist temptation.
; this is done, some of them will always be gliding imperceptibly
boundary, as is attested by the histories of tens of thousands of
here an unsteady son has worked ruin and death, weeping him-
hile the bitter tears of a remorse, which he had not the strength
e into repentance. The blighted professional men, and the
desmen, who hang the heavy maintenance of their irregular lives
l and sorrowing friends, are seldom those who can cast the
of their inebriety on the example of drunken parent. They come
anks of the respectable, and they acquired their taste for stimu-
e temperate board of respectable and often pious relatives.
, then, permit children to use what may be so fatal to them?
not have our self-control, or they may be thrown amidst temp-
never experienced; would their degradation awaken no feelings
:hat we valued our own comfort or reputation for hospitality
to allow of our providing them with a shield against danger?
eguard against intemperance which total abstinence provides,
n all cases very simple, is one which education, and that alone,
· perfectly easy. Childhood has no craving for stimulants of
and the want, if not created, is never felt. The glasses of
/ champagne and home-brewed beer which we give to our
ire the first excitants of the taste which, when fully matured,
timulus of ardent spirits and brandied wines. Our children
e the temptation to excess,—but they may fall.
ardly needful to say, that those who would train their
o this *abstinence must practice it themselves*. If we withhold

intoxicating drinks from them only, we shall merely impress them w the idea that these things are among the indulgences of mature age a the privileges of manhood. But, surely, no sacrifice of personal luxu can be too great to secure our beloved ones from temptation.

Christian mothers, decide for your child *now!* Taste not, nor sul him to taste, anything containing the alcohol which has ensnared so ma souls for Satan, and made so many mothers childless; and then, if in al years you should have to weep over blighted hopes, and your grey ha go down with sorrow into the grave, you will not have to endure t added pang of an accusing conscience suggesting to you, that perhaps y laid the first temptation in his way. Paul may plant, and Apollos wat and only our Father in heaven can give the increase; but oh, how seldc will the reward of success be withheld from a mother's efforts and h prayers!

[The foregoing is a Tract issued by Mr. W. Tweedie, and may be had of him at o penny per copy, or 6s. per hundred.]

THE SUNNY SPOT.

The day had been overcast; suddenly the sun shone out, ar a little patch of sunshine brightened the corner of the carpe Immediately Tray got up, and, with a wise look, trotted to th bright place, and laid himself in it. "There 's true philosophy said George; "only one patch of sunlight in the place, and th sagacious little dog walks out of the shadow to roll himself i the brightness." Let not Tray's example be lost upon us; bu wherever there shall shine one patch of sunlight, let us enjo it.—*Henry Martyn.*

What, though we wander in a maze
  Bestrewed with many a thorn!
What, though across the stream of time
  Our bark be rudely borne!
What, though we number weary hours,
  When life appears a blot!
Still may we find, to cheer our hearts,
  There 's many a sunny spot.

Though on the present, with its cares,
  No light is seen to fall,
And o'er the page of future years
  Despair has spread her pall;
Yet early days of childhood's mirth
  What heart remembers not,
When hope's bright dreams made all so fair,
  Earth seemed one sunny spot.

The heedless foot may press the flowers,
  And odours from them bring;
Thus oft, in sorrow's deepest night,
  Faith's sweetest blossoms spring.

If thou hast dried the widow's tear,
  Pitied the orphan's lot,
Then hast thou *felt*, amid the gloom,
  There was a sunny spot.
If to the humble couch of pain
  Aid thou hast kindly brought,
And poured upon a wounded heart
  The balm it vainly sought;
If thou in prayer has meekly bent
  Within the lowly cot,
Then *thou* hast in life's desert proved
  Thyself a sunny spot.

Then what, though down the stream of time
  Thy bark be rudely driven,
Thy pilot's hand is ever near,
  To guide thee safe to heaven.
Earth's weary children then shall find—
  When, every care forgot,
They calmly rest secure from fears—
  Their heaven a sunny spot.

PWARD AND ONWARD—WATER OR SPIRITS.*

A DIALOGUE FOR GIRLS.

By FREDERICK JAMES EDMONDS, Abingdon.

'irl coming from the Band of Hope meeting is met by one of her companions.]

ry. Where have you been to, Jane? I have been looking for you for a long while.

ie. I have been to the Band of Hope meeting, and I wish ad been there too.

ry. Why do you wish that?

ie. Because you would learn something there that might been of use to you during your life-time.

ry. But, Jane, I can't understand what you do at this ng.

ie. Why, you see, we go and listen to some gentlemen. peak to us on the bad effects from drinking intoxicating s, and the good effects from drinking water.

ry. So you are a teetotaler, then!

ie. Yes: and I hope I ever shall be.

ry. But, I can't see any good in becoming a teetotaler.

ie. But there is a great benefit resulting from it; for it

* have inserted our young friend's paper as he sent it, and will have great pleasure ing similar contributions from other juvenile writers.

stops the drunkenness, which all will allow to be a very bad thing.

Mary. But doesn't moderate drinking stop drunkenness?

Jane. Very seldom; at any rate, whenever I hear that a drunkard has been reformed, it is by teetotalism.

Mary. But, because there are those that take more than they want, that is no reason why we should give up drinking altogether!

Jane. I think that is a great reason why we should give it up; for the drunkard would say, "I don't see why I should give up my glass or two, for you don't give up yours." And I think we also should give up moderate drinking, for it is dangerous; for all drunkards were once moderate drinkers; and also we ought to remember the old proverb, "Prevention is better than Cure."

Mary. Well, Jane, I must confess that you are right; but what else have you to say why we should give up moderate drinking?

Jane. This:—Because the Bible speaks against it.

Mary. Why, I always thought the Bible was for it; for Paul advises Timothy to take a "little for his stomach's sake, and for his often infirmities."

Jane. Paul only advises Timothy to take it as a medicine, for he says "take a little," which I should think doesn't mean take it every day, for that is not a little.

Mary. But then Solomon says, "Give strong drink unto him that is ready to perish, and wine to him that is of a heavy heart."

Jane. That means, "take it as a medicine," for I am sure you are not ready to perish, nor of a heavy heart; but besides, Solomon says a little further on, "Look not upon the wine when it is red, when it giveth its colour in the cup, when it moveth itself aright; at the last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder;" and many other passages does Solomon give. Then again, Samson was ordered not to take wine or strong drink, and also John the Baptist, which commands came from God.

Mary. It is certain you have defeated me with these two arguments; but what is the next reason why we should become teetotalers?

Jane. This: because it is better for your health than being moderate drinkers.

Mary. That can't be, Jane, for the doctor ordered me to take a glass of porter every day with my dinner, and surely they ought to know what is best.

Jane. But, Mary, those are only common doctors, whose advice I would never take in the place of such men as we were told of to-night, as Professor Miller, and some other men.

Mary. What does Professor Miller and these other great men say?

Jane. Why, they say intoxicating liquors are injurious to the body, for they are no more or less than poisons.

Mary. But, Jane, how is it that men that work in the field all day under the sun, can't do without it; for my uncle says he can't.

Jane. But, Mary, has he tried to do without it?

Mary. No, I don't think he has.

Jane. Then he can't tell whether he can do without it or not; I dare say he feels better after he has had a drop of beer, but remember, it does not give him strength to go on with his work; it is only a stimulant, which is not strength, for do you suppose when spurs are pricked into a horse's body, that they give it strength? of course it doesn't, for when it has finished its work, it is more tired still, and the case is the same with a man.

Mary. Does any one else besides Professor Miller say this?

Jane. Yes, and also two thousand of the greatest doctors in the kingdom.

Mary. Well, I must say that you are right, Jane, and now I think I shall ask father and mother whether I may join the Band of Hope; but they will be expecting me home now, so I must say good-night.

Jane. Good-night, Mary.

EXPERIENCE OF MR. T. B. SMITHIES,

The Editor of the "British Workman."

(FROM AN ADDRESS AT DARLINGTON.)

"When he visited his native city, and inquired there for his old school-mates, it was then that he was led with thankfulness to look back upon the past 23 or 24 years, because he saw so many who then could afford to laugh at him for relinquishing what they thought liberty, who were now either filling a drunkard's grave or going down to poverty and bankruptcy. He doubted whether there were many present who had been tried as he had been. About 11 years ago he was very severely put to the test. After leaving York to go to London, his strength began to give way, and apparently his days were numbered. He came back to his native city and consulted one of the most eminent physicians in the North of England. He examined him carefully, and then with sincerity, and the greatest gravity, said, 'You must *drink two* or three glasses of wine a-

day.' He looked at him and added, 'I know your connection wi the Temperance cause, but I tell you as your friend that you will d and that shortly if you don't.' He was weakly, and he must acknowled that he did not think at that time he was likely to live, but he had e amined it in a medical point of view, and he felt that if his system d require a doctor who carefully recommended medicine, he ought not t send him to the brewer or spirit-merchant for strength. Although h felt he could consistently take it at that time without violating his pledge he said, 'No, I will not do it; I do not believe that God will let me di for want of wine.' He went back to London, and in a few days consulted Dr. James Clarke. He made very minute inquiries as to his mode of living, and then came the question, 'What liquors do you drink?' He replied, 'I have been a Teetotaler for 12 years, and have never tasted wine, spirits, or beer during that time.' 'I am glad of that, sir,' he replied; 'you will be better sooner without it.' Now, had he taken his first doctor's advice, in all human probability he would have recovered, but to this day he might have attributed his recovery to the wine which he drank. He mentioned that at a meeting about a year after, when George Cruickshank jnmped up and said, 'That is just my case; the doctors told me the same thing some months ago.' Twelve months after that, he was at another meeting, when a gentlemanly-looking person said to him, 'I have great cause to thank God that you mentioned that fac about the doctors, and that Mr. Cruickshank confirmed what you said.' The gentleman then went on to tell him how he had been ordered to drink small quantities of spirits by his medical man; and how he was on the point of committing suicide that night, when what was then said lit up a spark of hope in his bosom, and he resolved to live without it. That man signed the pledge, and afterwards became one of the most succesful labourers in the cause in one of the worst districts in London.

HAGAR.

(From "Scriptural Sketches," published by M'Glashan, Dublin.)

Tis early morn—from off the freshened grass
No footstep yet has brushed the moisture sweet
Which the night skies have wept. Pellucid glass
Or sparkling crystal seem the drops that meet
The slanting sunbeams! Oh! how fair, how bright
Is morning's hour of loneliness and light.

Let me look forth on such—let me again
Dream, as I gaze o'er all the hopes of youth—
Feelings which dormant in the soul have lain—
Let them, with all the vividness of truth,
Burst warmly forth, and thaw each icy part
Which this world's converse freezes round the heart.

Who would not on such glorious morn rejoice
  And feel the strength, the freshness of the scene
Gladdening their spirit? But, ev'n now a voice
  Of lamentation sounds. Yes, there has been
A mourner here; mixed with the early dew,
Tears, tears are glistening in the sunshine too.

And they have fallen from eyes which oft have wept,
  But never in such bitterness before;
A wanderer seems she; in her hand is kept
  Another's closely clasp'd, while o'er and o'er
The boy looks shuddering up, as if to read
Ev'n in her tears the doom so dire decreed.

And there is one who, fixed as in a trance,
  Follows each movement of that sorrowing pair—
Whose aged eye is strained to catch the glance,
  The last, long, lingering glance of mute despair—
Whose groans are echoing every footstep's fall
Of those he longs, yet dares not to recall.

But now, ev'n now, the sun his mid-day seat
  Ascends with all the glow of torrid fire;
Struck by his fervid beams of withering heat,
  The herbage droops, the tender flowers expire.
Alas! by Hagar's side a flower as fair
Is drooping too, despite of all her care.

Spent is the water; sparingly and slow
  Drain'd drop by drop; his gift, who dared no more
Of earthly sustenance on those bestow,
  So fondly cherished and sustained before.
Now, must she, from Beersheba's desert wild,
Demand, in vain, refreshment for her child!

No gushing fountain gems those arid plains;
  No Elim palm-trees offer shelter there;
Throughout the waste a heavy silence reigns,
  And the hot simoon taints the baleful air.
She feels its influence through each trembling limb,
But heeds it not—her thoughts absorbed in him.

From out th' exhausted flask she drains the last
  One drop, to cool his burning lip and brow;
Herself, upon the ground despairing cast
  Hangs o'er her boy, in languor prostrate now;
While, like a broken lily, faint and weak,
Upon *his shoulder drops his* pallid cheek.

And swiftly she unbinds her raven hair
  To shield him from the fierce sun's scorching ray;
Loosened her veil, she fans, with jealous care,
  Each noisome insect from his face away.
And lays the fair curl'd head upon her knee,
Watching his breathing—oh! how anxiously!
Vain every effort—vain her burning tears
  To moisten his parch'd skin. She looks around
For hope, for succour. Alas! none appears.
  One little shrub her searching eye has found
In the far distance; it is reached at last,
  And 'neath its shade her dying child is cast.
A moment she stoops o'er him—can it be?
  So lately full of life, and joy, and power!
Are those the drops of mortal agony?—
  This the convulsion of his parting hour?
Shuddering she turns—she will not, dare not stay
  To witness all she loved thus pass away.

* * * * * *

She ceased—but ceased not with her words the tears
  Which gush in torrents from her breaking heart,
Rent by convulsive sobs, her breast appears,
  As from the dying boy she sat apart;
Nor raised her head, lest, piercing as a lance,
The last death-struggle sore should meet her glance.
But when on earth, by tempests fiercely driven,
  The clouds of fate across our path are borne,
Then wakes the watchful Providence of heaven—
  A pitying eye looks down on her forlorn—
A voice of comfort speaks—"Rise, Hagar, rise,
And Ishmael yet shall bless thy longing eyes.
"Take him once more within a parent's hand,
  Lift him from off the hard, unpitying ground;
For God has heard the lad. At his command
  The waters gush from stony rocks around:
Yet will I bless him for his father's sake,
  And of his seed a mighty nation make."
And now her sight is cleared—amazed she spies
  A fountain opened in the desert plain,
And crystal waters sparkling. Quick she flies
  To dip the flask; replenish it again
How joyfully! from heaven's provided spring,
And sweet refreshment to her child to bring.

Yes, Hagar's eyes are opened. Oh! for sight
Like hers, all ecstacy, to view the fair
And glorious fount of endless life and light,
And, pilgrim-like, to seek refreshment there.
Oh! to be sprinkled with those drops—bedew'd—
And feel, like Ishmael, our whole *life* renew'd.

AIDS TO LECTURERS.

A WARNING TO DRINKERS AND DRUNKARDS.—The follow- ; solemn and important statement as to the mortality among ınkards, is made on the authority of Mr. Neison, the celebrated uary, and is worthy the serious consideration of all parties) still use and indulge in the use of intoxicating liquors:— Neison states that out of 357 who died of drunkenness, e would have been only 110 according to the rate of sober tality. It was not only computed, but scientifically demon- ted, that between the ages of 21 and 30 the mortality of the ıkard is five times greater than that of the rest of the com- ıity; that between 30 and 50 it is twice as great. The ıken man at the age of 20 may expect to live fifteen years, sober man 44; at 30, the drunkard may expect to live 13 's, and the sober man 36; at 40, the drunkard may expect ive but 11 years, and the sober man 28. These are facts ch need only to be known to make a powerful impression on minds of all. Let young men especially ponder the fore- ıg facts, and at once renounce the use of intoxicants. Total ıinence is the course of wisdom and common sense.

ı TEETOTAL HIGHLAND GAMEKEEPER.—"John Macallum worthy of special mention, not only because he is a very est, superior, and civil man—though that last point is not extraordinary, for, as Sir Walter Scott says, 'there are few ions who can boast of so much natural politeness as the ghlanders,'—but because he is a Highland gamekeeper who 'er touches whisky. Like the prisoner at the tread-mill, ın Maccallum's turning was the result of conviction: he saw much abuse of whisky going on around him, that he deter- ıed to dispense with the use of the spirit, if possible, and nk instead the real mountain-dew that flowed from the hill- e. He did not take any unnecessary 'pledge' imposed by n, but followed out his own reading of the Word of God, l acted upon its precepts. It is now three years since he ıtained from everything in the shape of malt liquor and

spirits, and he finds himself none the less fitted for those arduous duties that his profession demands. All honour to a man like this, who can preserve himself victorious amid perpetual temptation."—From "*Glencreggan*," by Cuthbert Bede.

PROPORTIONS OF THE RESPECTIVE INGREDIENTS used to one hogshead of beer:—1. Capsicum pepper, in the proportion of half an ounce to one hogshead. 2. Coculus indicus, one ounce to ditto. 3. Liquorice juice, from four to eight ounces, ditto. 4. Salt of steel, a quarter of an ounce. 5. Sulphate of iron, vulgo, copperas, five drachms dissolved, and added just before the porter is sent out, a proportionate quantity for a hogshead. 6. Colouring, one and a half pint per hogshead.—*Art of Brewing*, London, 1824.

HOW TO SAVE MONEY.—At a Temperance Meeting held in Birmingham, a working coach painter addressed the meeting to the following effect:—'I have made a few calculations which I wish to communicate, with the view of showing the pecuniary benefit I have derived during the four years I have abstained from the use of all intoxicating drinks. Previously I had been in the practice of spending in alcoholic beverages upon an average five-pence a day, or £7. 12s. 1d. a-year, which, in four years amounted to £30. 8s. 4d. I will now state how this sum, which during the last four years I have saved, has been expended. First, I have allowed my aged father £3. 5s. per annum towards rent, making in four years £13. Secondly, I have become a member of a benefit society, and paid one shilling and sevenpence a-week, or £4. 2s. 4d. per annum, making £16. 9s. 4d. for the four years. For this payment I have secured to myself the following advantages:—In case of my being disabled by sickness or accident from doing my accustomed work, the society will furnish me with medical attendance and medicine gratis, and pay me eighteen shillings a-week till I am restored to health. In case of my death, my widow, or rightful heir, will become entitled to a bonus of £9., besides half the amount of what I have paid to the soeiety up to the time of my decease, and that with interest thereon. Thirdly, I have had the remaining four shillings and ninepence per annum, or nineteen shillings for the four years which I have laid ont in temperance and other periodicals. There is yet to be added, that should I live to have deposited the sum of £54. in the society's funds, no further payment will then be required, and I shall continue to be entitled to all the benefits which I have named without further charge.

HOW TO PAY RENT.—A blacksmith in the city of Philadel

phia was complaining to his iron merchant, that such was the scarcity of money that he could not pay his rent. The merchant then asked him, how much rum he used in his family in the course of the day. Upon his answering this question, the merchant made a calculation, and showed him that his rum amounted to more money in the year than his house-rent. The calculation so enlightened and impressed the artisan, that he at once entirely renounced all spirituous liquors. In the course of the ensuing year he paid his rent and bought a new suit of clothes out of the savings he thus effected. He persisted in the course on which he had entered, to the end of life, and the happy consequence was competence and respectability.

THE WHITE ANGEL.

Some children stood in a group about the door of the village school-house one lovely summer day.

They were all talking pleasantly together, from Kline, the son of the rich and proud Hoffmeister, to the little blue-eyed Carl, the only child of the poor baker.

The school-house door opened, and Master Friedrich himself appeared, and cried in a cheery, hearty voice,—

"Welcome, my children!"

"Welcome, master!" cried they.

And now they entered and took their seats, and were quite still while the good master read a short chapter in the Book of books, and then reverently kneeling, prayed that the dear Saviour would guide them in his teachings, and bless them, and send his Holy Spirit to watch over them all.

School began, the thumb-worn books were brought out, the lazy boys began to sigh and frown, and wish impatiently for the recess, and wonder why Latin dictionaries were ever invented; when, as if by magic, they found themselves listening to the pleasant voice of Master Friedrich, and actually understanding their lessons—so clear and simple were his explanations, and the time for recess came, to their great astonishment, long before they expected.

When the studies were over, the master drew from his desk a box, and whilst the children gathered around he opened it, and drew out charming little white and pink sea-shells, pretty pictures, and many other beautiful things, which he gave to the children, with loving words.

But the most lovely thing of all was a little porcelain statuette of an angel. She stood—so fair, so pure—with her small, white

hands folded over her breast, and her eyes uplifted, that the children gazed enchanted.

"O, the dear angel—the beautiful angel!" cried they all. "Wilt thou give it me, Master Friedrich?"

But the good master smiled and said,—"The little angel is too lovely to be given to any boy who is not good and true of heart. We shall presently see who shall deserve her. He who brings to me to-morrow the brightest thing on earth shall have the angel."

At this the children looked at each other, as if wondering what the master might mean. But he said no more, and they went home thoughtful.

The next day, after the lessons (which had now become so pleasant) were finished, the children clustered around the master to show him what they had brought.

Some of the smaller ones had picked up sparkling stones on the road, and as they laid them in the sunlight, they were sure they must be something bright and precious.

Some had polished up a shilling till it shone like a crown; one brought a watch crystal which his father had given him, and which he considered a wonder of transparent brightness; and Kline, the rich Hoffmeister's son had brought a paste buckle, made to imitate diamonds, than which, in his opinion, nothing could be brighter.

All these things were placed on the master's desk, side by side. The shilling shone away famously, the pebbles and the watch crystal did their best, but Kline's buckle was the bravest of all.

"Ah! mine is the brightest!" shouted Kline, clapping his hands.

"But where is little Carl?" said Master Friedrich; "he ran out just now."

"All eyes were turned to the door, when presently in rushed Carl, breathless. In his hands, held up lovingly against his neck, was a poor, little, snow-white dove. Some crimson drops upon the downy breast showed that it was wounded.

"O, master," cried Carl, "I was looking for something bright when I came upon this poor little white dove. Some cruel boys were tormenting it, and I caught it up quickly and ran here. O, I fear it will die!"

Even as he spoke, the dove's soft eyes grew filmy, it nestled closer in Carl's neck, then gave a faint cry, dropped its little head and died.

Carl sank on his knees beside the master's desk, and from his eyes there fell upon the poor dove's broken wing two tears, large and bright.

The master took the dead dove from his hands, and laid it tenderly down on the desk with the bright things; then raising Carl he softly said, "My children, there is no brighter thing on earth than a *tender, pitying tear.*"

The boys were silent for a moment, for they felt that the master had decided that Carl had rightly won the angel. Then Kline cried out,—

"My master, thou didst not fairly explain to us. I pray thee give us another trial."

"Yes, dear master," said Max, "give us another trial."

"What sayest thou, Carl?" said Master Friedrich.

"Yes, dear master," answered the generous boy.

The good master smiled thoughtfully, and his eye rested for a moment lovingly upon Carl, then glancing around, he said,—

"He who brings me the loveliest thing on earth to-morrow shall have the angel."

The children clapped their hands and departed satisfied.

After school, the next day, Kline was the first to run up stairs to Master Friedrich, and lay upon his desk what he considered the loveliest thing in the whole world, his new soldier cap, with the long scarlet feather and bright golden tassel.

Max came next, and placed beside the cap a small silver watch, his last birthday gift, with a bright steel watch-chain attached. Otto brought a great picture-book, just sent him by his godmother; Rudolph, a tiny marble vase, richly sculptured; and so on, until a still more motley collection than that before lay upon Master Friedrich's desk.

Then poor little Carl stepped modestly up, and placed in the master's hand a pure white lily.

The rich perfume filled the room, and bending over the flower, inhaling the delicious fragrance, the master softly said, "My children, the blessed Word of God says, 'Behold the lilies of the field; they toil not, neither do they spin, yet Solomon, in all his glory, was not arrayed like one of these.' Carl has rightly chosen."

But murmurs arose; the children were not satisfied, and again they asked for another trial.

And, as before, good Master Friedrich inquired,—

"What sayest thou, Carl?" and he answered as before, with generous haste,—

"Yes, dear master."

"Now, this is the last time," said the master; "and he who brings to me the *best thing on earth* shall have the angel."

"The very best thing on earth is plum cake," cried Kline, on the third day, as he walked up to the desk, bearing a large cake richly frosted, with a wreath of sugar roses round the edge. This he placed triumphantly before the master, sure of the prize.

"Nay, thou art wrong this time, Kline," said Max. "I asked my father what was the best thing on earth, and he gave me this golden guilder; the prize is mine."

"Ah! but my father said that the very best thing was a good glass of Rhenish wine," cried Otto, "and I have brought a bottle of it thirty years old; the prize is surely mine."

So they went on till all had placed their offerings before the master.

"And thou, Carl," said he, "what hast thou brought which thou thinkest the best on earth?"

A crimson flush rose to the little boy's forehead, and coming softly forward, he took from his breast a *small worn Testament*, pressed it to his lips, and then reverently laid it down with the rest, as he said, in a low, sweet voice,—

"My mother, dear master, says that God's precious Testament is far beyond all earthly possessions."

"'Tis thine, my Carl!" cried the master, snatching the boy to his breast. "The white angel is thine; for there is nothing in the wide world half so precious as the blessed words of Christ;" and he placed the white angel in the hands of the trembling boy.

ANNALS OF THE BAND OF HOPE UNION.

BAND OF HOPE UNION, 37, QUEEN'S SQUARE.

The Hon. Secretary begs to intimate that all letters relating to the Meetings, Dissolving Views, the RECORD, Agents, &c, are to be addressed to him as above. Non-attendance to this intimation will lead to delay.

COMMERCIAL ROAD CHAPEL.—On Wednesday evening, the 23rd of October, the Third Anniversary of this Society took place, when a goodly number of friends took tea. At seven o'clock a public meeting was held, when the Rev. John Sugden, B.A., Secretary of the London Congregational Association, presided. The Report stated that the number of signatures in the pledge book of the society, now amounts to 154—50 of these have been added during the past year. During last winter, illus-

ated lectures were given by Agents of the Band of Hope Union, and thers; and prizes had been distributed to six of the members, for regular tendance and good behaviour. The following gentlemen took part in e proceedings:—Rev. T. Goadby, Mr. T. White, of the Sailors' Institute, and others. Several dialogues were given by members of the society.

Forest Hill.—On Monday evening, November 4th, the Band of Hope eld their First Anniversary, and the room was well packed with children, ho regaled themselves with the cake and tea provided for the occasion. After tea, the chair was taken by Mr. J. Worthy, and short addresses ere delivered by Messrs. Child and Seddon; the remainder of the evening being devoted to the recitations and pieces sung by the children. A ote of thanks was given, and carried by acclamation, to Miss Gwennap, ho first established this Band of Hope, and has been unremitting in her xertions for its prosperity.

Bennett Street, Manchester.—A letter to the Editor says:—As ou desire to know something about our doings, I will give you a summary of what has been done during the last twelve months. Our society riginated amongst a few of our Sunday school teachers. We have met uninterruptedly on the the third Tuesday in every month. The society managed by twenty of our own teachers, who are formed into a committee for that purpose, and four superintendents, who co-operate with s. At ten of our meetings, we have had 37 speeches delivered, 38 ecitations, 16 glees and songs, and at the eleventh meeting, a concert as given by the Tonic-Sol-Fa Choral Society, in connexion with the chool. The average number attending our meetings is 400, and the umber who have signed the pledge is 680, very few cases have come to our knowledge where the pledge has been broken. We had our First Annual Tea Party on the 15th of last month, at which 452 persons sat down to tea; we had many friends present, and our worthy Pastor, the Rev. R. Lambe, came amongst us. He made a very feeling address on the evils of intemperance, as affecting the social and moral condition of the young, and he also encouraged the members to keep their pledge. An address was delivered by Mr. S. Whitmore, the President of the Society. He spoke of the necessity of Bands of Hope, in connexion with Sunday Schools, and related several instances of persons, who had once belonged to our own school, who had fallen through intemperance. The present aspect of our society is very encouraging, especially to those who are labouring for the cause of temperance, among the 2000 scholars in our school. We hope to do greater things yet, God helping us. We open all our meetings with a hymn and prayer, we also close each meeting in the same way. We intend distributing tracts at our meetings, as a further means of spreading temperance truth, and hope, by this plan, to reach the parents of some of our young members.

Chippenham.—Mr. T. Mills writes: "I am glad to inform you that we accepted the services of your Agent, Mr. F. Smith, with Dissolving Views, accompanied by descriptive Lecture, in our Town Hall. The results were most gratifying, we disposed of 360 tickets, which, of course, increased our funds. The lecture gave general satisfaction."

Bridport.—On Monday and Tuesday evenings, Mr. F. Smith, of Band of Hope Union, gave exhibitions of dissolving views in the Ass bly Room, Barrack-street. The subject of the first evening's enter ment was "London." Amongst the views of old London, were t of old St. Paul's (the one destroyed in the Great Fire); the Tower in 15th century; old London Bridge, with its numerous narrow arches, its bnrden of buildings; old Cheapside—a very different-looking st from the present wonderful thoroughfare of that name; the old R Exchange; and Temple Bar, as it appeared when the heads of decapit criminals grinned from its top, and the burning of effigies of unpop individuals was more common than it is now. Two pictures of the Gr Fire of 1666, as it appeared in the neighbourhood of the Tower and Temple. Among the views of modern buildings, were Westmin Abbey; the Houses of Parliament; St. Paul's Cathedral; the Tha Tunnel; and the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon's Tabernacle. Mr. Smith's s ject on Tuesday was "Lights of the World, or Passages in the Hist of Eminent Men." Among the great men whose portraits were giv were Caxton, Bunyan, Wycliffe, Cromwell, Franklin, Howard, Livi stone, Gough, &c. Mr. Smith had something to say about each vi Both lectures were full of very interesting information.

Kentish Town.—A large and pleasant gathering of friends and ch ren, celebrated the anniversary of the Band of Hope, by a tea and pu meeting, on October 31st. J. Broomhall, Esq. occupied the chair, Joseph Payne, Esq. Mr. Wybroo, Mr. Storr, Mr. Hudson, the Re W. McCree, &c., contributed to the instruction and entertainment of evening. The young friends have collected £5. 16s. 2½d.—a g example.

The Ragged Schools.—In addition to his other useful labours, G. Bla y is devoting a portion of his time to addressing the childre the Metropolitan Ragged Schools.

Mr. S. Insull during the past month has lectured with chem experiments, and also the magic lantern, at the following places:—l row, Middlesex; Peckham and Kingston, Surrey; Lambourne, Hun ford and Newbury, Berks; Marlborough, Wilts; Basingstoke, Hant

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NEW WORK.

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OUR NATIONAL SORROW.

THE DEATH OF THE PRINCE CONSORT, at Windsor Castle, on Saturday December 14th, will, we are assured, have filled with grief the TEMPERANCE HOMES of England. We are a loyal people: as Total Abstainers we cherish a wise, thoughtful, earnest patriotism. Although we could not claim the lamented Prince as a Total Abstainer, we could recognize in him one who looked with disfavour on revelling and drunkenness, and who took a profound interest in the moral welfare of the people. We are sure that every Total Abstainer will deeply sympathize with our beloved and gracious Queen in her great sorrow.

"It was too soon to die,
Yet, might we count his years by triumphs won,
By wise, and bold, and Christian duties done,
It were no brief eventless history.

"This was his princely thought:
With all his varied wisdom to repay
Our trust and love, which on that Bridal Day
The Daughter of the Isles for dowry brought.

"For that he loved our Queen,
And, for her sake, the people of her love,
Few and far distant names shall rank above
His own, where England's cherished names are seen.

"Could there be closer tie
'Twixt us, who sorrowing, own a nation's debt,
And Her, our own dear Lady, who as yet
Must meet her sudden woe with tearless eye?

"When with a kind relief
Those eyes ran tears, O might this thought employ:
Him whom she loved *so, we loved.* We shared her joy,
And *will not be denied to share her grief.*"

PRACTICAL PAPERS, No. 1.

By G. M. MURPHY.

HOW TO SECURE ATTENTION.

We will suppose the young people assembled. The cadence of the opening melody has died away. The bless of God has been invoked, and a suitable passage of Script read. The chairman, or conductor, is now ready to introd the business part of the proceedings,—and very much of happiness and usefulness of the evening depends on the way which this is done. If it is done coldly, or heartlessly, speaker who may follow has double duty to do,—first, to the wet blanket from the minds of the audience, and then attempt to fulfil the object of the meeting by pouring the l blood of vital principles into the hearts of his hearers.

There are two things which the Chairman of a Band of H meeting should never forget,—firstly, the object of the meeti the promotion of temperance principles;—and secondly, terms of the pledge by which we seek to accomplish t the voluntary promise to abstain from *all* intoxicating liq as beverages. Here are two points suggestive of valu arguments, and on which many vivid illustrations may brought to bear, if he (the Chairman) has properly prep and qualified himself for the position in which he is placed he has not done so, it admits of no excuse. It is folly, to it by no harder term, to depend upon present inspiration fo address, when the words uttered may exert an influence good or evil over the eternal destinies of some who are pres

The Chairman of a Band of Hope meeting needs anima both of body and mind,—not mock animation, like that of would-be orator, who points upwards to the sky while descan on the beauties of the ocean, and downward to the earth w eulogising the sky; but real spirited energy, flowing f intelligence and feeling. If he does not possess the former is in a false position,—a round man in a square hole;— having it, he needs but to look into the beaming eyes of youthful faces before him, and remember that, lacking teaching of the Band of Hope, and the good help of the S of God, some now before him, yielding to drinking cust may become drunkards, their eyes dimmed with lust, and t souls set on fire of hell, and if this train of thought does infuse something like enthusiasm into his spirit, he has mist

his vocation, and may be aptly designated—a square man in a round hole.

A Chairman's speech is like the key-note of a musical *melange*,—the forerunner either of harmony or discord; pitched too high, or too low, the consequence is a miserable grating upon the ears, a scream, or a growl; but struck happily, the cause of a glorious flow of sweet sounds, of course supposing the instruments it leads are good.

A Chairman should know when and how to stop a "prosy" speaker, or veto any indiscreet method of entertainment imprudent zeal may have provided. It is a delicate undertaking, but it may sometimes become necessary. A conciliatory firmness will be sure to carry the day under such circumstances. It is not unduly magnifying the office of President of a Band of Hope meeting to say, that for the time being, he not only has the comfort and success of the meeting in his keeping, but also the honour and dignity of the cause. That the stopping of a speaker requires care in more ways than one, the following amusing incident from an American paper will show:—"A distinguished member of the legislature, in addressing a temperance society, got rather prosy, but showed no disposition to 'let up,' though the audience waxed thinner. 'That 'll never do; I have got a few remarks to make myself,' said the president; 'how shall I stave him off?' 'Well, I don't know, (said a friend on the platform). In the first place I should pinch him in the left leg, and then, if he shouldn't stop, I'd stick a pin into it' The president returned to his seat, and his head was invisible for a moment. Soon afterwards he returned to the 'brother' who had prescribed the 'pin style of treatment,' and said, 'I pinched him, and he didn't take the least notice at all—I stuck a pin into his leg, and he didn't seem to care; I crooked it in, and he kept on spouting as hard as ever!' 'Very likely,' said the wag, '*that leg is cork!*'" Now, there are some speakers, who, as far as hints from the Chairman go, might be made of cork all over; but, by such speakers it should ever be borne in mind, that when the flagging attention of the Chairman attests that his thread is spun, it is an injury to his reputation as a speaker, as well as unjust to his hearers, to resist the polite intimation from the Chair that the platform is required.

With regard to the attention of the children, the Chairman's office should be a sinecure, a rule without an effort, or at least without *the appearance* of effort, and this will ever be the case when the Chairman is generally intelligent, having the love

and confidence of the children, and the speaking, singing, and reciting is, as it always should be, up to the mark. Men and women are in some degree trained to dissimulation; they will listen to a speaker sometimes for his own sake, when they would not for the sake of his speech. It is not so with children. Interest them, and you will have unmistakeable attention; fail in this, and if you had a name as long as a Spanish grandee, and a reputation encircling the globe, you may speak *at* the children, but the girls will be lost in the mysteries of their respective dolls, while the boys will be whiling away the time, whispering, or ruminating upon peg-tops and marbles. Teachers or friends may hish—hish—hish; the Chairman may shake his head, or elevate his finger with a sage and magisterial air, but no art, either discovered, or discoverable, can fix the attention of the young upon a speaker, unless they are interested in his theme, or in his way of putting it before them.

How is this interest to be excited, and this attention gained? By intelligent statements of principles; by vivid appeals to facts; by appropriately selected poetry; by apposite illustration and anecdote; by interestingly-told narrative; by ranging over the field of fable, or the province of proverbs, never forgetting the moral, and the application; by musical melodies, as sensible as musical; by recitation and dialogue, as witty as wise, but from which every element of low and coarse buffoonery has been eliminated; what is droll must not be offensive, and what is witty must not be vulgar. We will try in a future paper to illustrate what we mean.

A LITTLE DIALOGUE.

Mr. Jones.—"Smith, my boy, I have signed the pledge."

Mr. Smith.—"Why, Jones, teetotalism will kill you."

Mr. Jones.—"Look here, Smith, what I have in this book, it is called the Temperance Cyclopædia, by the Rev. W. Reid, of Edinburgh."

Mr. Jones.—"Well, old friend, what *have* you got?"

Mr. Smith.—"This, Jones, this:"—'Amongst the members of the Temperance Provident Institution, we are informed there are no fewer than 67 teetotal clergymen and ministers, 53 schoolmasters and mistresses, 21 physicians and surgeons, 18 bankers and merchants, 104 shoemakers, 99 tailors, 70 grocers, 60 carpenters, 45 bakers, 44 drapers, 33 ironmongers, 25 gar-

deners, 22 booksellers, 22 men and women servants, 20 temperance hotel keepers, 15 farmers, 14 hair dressers, 1 *mole-catcher;* besides postmen, milkmen, policemen, excisemen, bargemen, warehousemen, shopmen, rich men and poor men, of all sorts and descriptions. Amongst all these people (from 1500 to 2000) there has not been a single death for the last six months! So much for teetotalism! So much for cold water killing people! The teetotal life office has not had half as many deaths in its first six years, as any other office in the kingdom!!!'

Mr. Jones.—"Well, that beats me, and I'll say no more at present."

RED-HEADED ANDY.

By FANNY FERN.

What should you do were your mother to fall down in a fainting fit! Would you stand still and scream, or run out of the house, and leave her lying half-dead upon the floor? Or should you have what people call "presence of mind;" that is, call for somebody to help her, and do all you could for her till they came? It is a great thing to have "presence of mind;" there are very few grown people who have it; there are plenty of people, when a bad accident happens, who will crowd round the sick person, keep all the good fresh air away from him; wring their hands, and say oh! and ah! and shocking! and dreadful! but there are few who think to run quickly for the doctor, or bring a glass of water, or do any one of the thousand little things which would help so much to make the poor sufferer better. If grown people do not think of these things, we certainly should not be disappointed if children do not; and yet, wonderful though it may be, they are often quicker-witted at such a time than their elders. I will tell you a story, to show you that it is so.

Andy Moore was a short, stunted, freckled, little country boy; tough as a pine knot, and about with as much polish. Sometimes he wore a hat, and sometimes he didn't; he was not at all particular about that; his shaggy red hair, he thought, protected his head well enough. As for what people would think of it—he did not live in Broadway, where one's shoe-lacings are measured: his home was in the country, and a very wild, rocky country it was. He knew much more about chipmunks, rattlesnakes, and birds' eggs, than he did about fashions. He liked to sit rocking on the top of a great tall tree; or stand-

ing on a high hill, where the wind almost took him off his feet. He thought the sunset, with its golden clouds, "well enough;" but he delighted in a thunder-storm, when the forked lightning darted zig-zag across the heavy black clouds, blinding you with its brightness; or when the roaring thunder seemed to shake the very hills, and the gentle little birds cowered trembling in their nests for fear.

Andy's house was a rough shanty enough, on the side of a hill; it was built of mud, peat, and logs, with holes for windows. There was nothing very pleasant there. His mother smoked a pipe when she was not cooking or washing, and his father was a day-labourer, who spent his wages for whisky and tobacco. No wonder that Andy liked to rock on the top of tall trees, and liked the thunder and lightning better than the eternal jangling of their drunken quarrels. Andy could hear the hum of busy life in the far-off villages, but he had never been there. He had no books, so he did a great deal of thinking; and he hoped some day to be something beside just plain Andy Moore, but how or when the boy had not made up his mind. In the meantime, he grew, and slept, and ate, and thought—the very best thing at his age that he could have done, anywhere, had he but known it.

There was a railroad track near the hut of Andy's father; and Andy often watched the black engine, with its long trail, as it came fizzing past, belching out great clouds of steam and smoke, and screeching through the valleys and under the hills like a mad demon. Although it went by the hut every day, yet he had never wished to ride in it; he had been content with lying on the sand-bank, watching it disappear in the distance, leaving great wreaths of smoke curling round the tree-tops.

One day, as Andy was strolling across the track, he saw that there was something wrong about it; he did not know much about railroad tracks, because he was as yet quite a little lad but the rails seemed to be wrong somehow; and Andy had heard of cars being thrown off by such things.

Just then he heard a low distant noise; dear, dear, the cars were coming, coming then! He was but a little boy, but perhaps he could stop them in some way; at any rate there was nobody else there to do it. Andy never thought that he might be killed himself; but he went and stood right in the middle of the track, just before the bad place on it that I have told you about, and stretched out his little arms as far as he could. On, on came the cars, louder and louder. The engi

neer saw the boy on the track, and whistled for him to get out of the way; Andy never moved a hair. Again he whistled; Andy might have been made of stone, for all the notice he took of it. Then the engineer of course had to stop the train, swearing, as he did so, at Andy for "not getting out of the way;" but when Andy pointed to the track, and he saw how the brave little fellow had not only saved his life but the lives of all the passengers, his curses changed to blessings, very quickly. Everybody rushed out to see the horrible death they had escaped, had the cars rushed over the bad track, and tossed headlong down the steep bank into the river. Ladies kissed Andy's rough freckled face, and cried over him; and the gentlemen, as they looked at their wives and children, wiped their eyes and said, "God bless the boy!"

And that is not all, they took out their portmonnaies, and contributed a large sum of money for him. Not that they could ever repay the service he had done them, they knew that; but to show him in some way beside mere words that they felt grateful.

Now THAT boy had presence of mind. Good, brave little Andy! The passengers all wrote down his name, Andy Moore, and the place he lived in; and if you want to know where Andy is now, I will tell you.

He is in college; and these people whose lives he saved pay his bills, and are going to see him safe through. Who dare say now, when a little jacket and trousers runs past, "It is only a boy?"

A FABLE.

THE CAMEL AND THE MILLER.—Did you ever hear the fable of the camel and the miller?

One night a miller was waked up by his camel trying to get its nose into the tent. "It's very cold out here," said the camel. "I only want to put my nose in." The miller made no objection. After a while the camel asked leave to have his neck in, then his fore feet; and so, little by little, it crowded in its whole body. This as you may well think, was very disagreeable to the miller, and he bitterly complained to the forth-putting beast. "If you don't like it, you may go," answered the camel. "As for me, I've got possession, snd I shall stay. You can't get rid of me now."

Do you know what that camel is like? Bad habits; little

sins. A young man is asked to drink. He takes one glass, only a glass. Then he takes two. Intemperance has got its fore-paws on him. He neglects to rouse up and shake them off. So, little by little, it gains ground, until it gets the mastery; and too late he finds he has lost place, power, character, everything.

Coveting puts its nose into the soul, breathing only wishes, little wishes. It is not thrust out. Desires for ill-gotten gain grow strong and stronger. They get a footing, they fill the mind, they take possession, and at last lead to stealing, robbery, or murder.

Guard against the first approaches, the most plausible excuses, only *the nose* of sin. If you do not, you are in danger. It will surely edge itself slowly in, and you are overpowered before you know it. Be on your guard. Watch.

"THE COMMERCIAL ROOM."

By Mr. JOHN BURNS.

Twenty years in a "Commercial Room!" why I was not there more than one-third of that time, and yet my recollection of it is a register of ruin and shame; a prison register; a register of death. I was long enough there to become acquainted with all its usages; to see many fortunes made and squandered, many hopes blighted, many bottles emptied, and many early graves filled. I have seen drunkards, and sceptics, and infidels made there; I have heard Voltaire, Rosseau, and Paine quoted and extolled there; I have seen the seeds of peculation and embezzlement sown there; and I have seen the grave of the suicide dug there; and this in a room frequented by a class of men who, apart from evil influences, are as steady, intelligent, generous and useful a class of men as England can boast. And why is this but because the room is a *drinking room?* Let me adduce one or two of the many cases of ruin that came under my own observation.

The newspapers themselves afford sufficient evidence of the ruinous tendencies of the traveller's style of living. It is unfortunately nothing new to see a paragraph headed "Awful suicide of a Commercial Traveller through Drinking," or "Embezzlement by a Commercial Traveller." Cases of the latter description are of too frequent occurrence to attract much attention, and are almost invariably caused by the habits of intemperance and *extravagance* engendered and fostered in "The Commercial *Room.*" I have no need, however, to refer to the newspapers.

I speak from personal experience. I was but a very short time travelling when I became acquainted with a young man of extraordinary talents, good heart, and steady habits. He was, however, "Good Company," and he liked "Good Company." He had not the most distant fear of becoming a drunkard; (what young man ever has at first?) but from taking his glass in "moderation," he gradually became fond and fonder of it, till at length it became a necessity. After a night's excitement, he felt the want of the stimulus next day. He lived an artificial life, keeping awake by drink or excitement, and sleeping by opiates. The dreadful truth broke tardily on his conviction that he was becoming what he most dreaded—a drunkard. He wished to become an abstainer, but his being so he feared would be an evidence of his weakness to others, and he had not the moral courage to avert the danger by confessing it. How he struggled! I have seen that fine young fellow shed tears like a child, as he thought of the chains that were every day fastening more firmly upon him. What resolutions he formed!—but they were built on the sandy foundation of his own strength, and crumbled with the first blast of temptation. His mornings were spent in bitter agony of spirit, and through the dreary day he yearned for the night when he might again partially dispel his sorrows in the social circle. At length he ceased to struggle: he felt the Philistine of evil habit was upon him; but his hair was cut; his moral strength was gone. Of course his nerves were shattered, his business neglected, and himself involved in debt and difficulty. Drink he would have, and to obtain it he embezzled some of the moneys of the firm. He had still some faint hope of being able to reform and adjust matters before detection; but it was too late; evil habit had sealed the tomb of hope. Let me be brief. To escape exposure he cut his throat; rushed into the presence of an unpropitiated God, dripping in the blood of the suicide. Now, bring that bleeding corpse into the presence of his former gay companions. Now, gay fellows, look at *that!* "Good Company," look at it! Try, now, if your best song, your merriest jest, your loudest laugh, or your strongest glass, can charm him back to life, and restore him to the arms of a broken-hearted mother! You have kind, generous dispositions; you would not hurt a worm in your path; yet, I tell you, you have murdered that fine young man, as you are murdering yourselves!—no not *you*, but those infernal agencies —company and drink. "Good Company" kept him in "The Commercial Room," *till he was murdered* with "The Bottle."

WORK WELL DONE.

"A Temperance Society and Band of Hope was commenced about three years ago, by Mr. W. Hume and myself. Much, very much good has been done by this society among the people of East Greenwich. Drunkenness, among both men and women, was frightful. There are fewer public-houses than there were, and those that remain do less business than they did formerly.

"I am aware that there are diversities of opinion among Christians with regard to such Societies as this, and this one in particular, and I know also that many are foolish enough, and wicked enough, to exalt temperance too high, and to assign it a place and a work which are only due to the Gospel of the grace of God. I am also aware of the fact that there are not a few persons, and that, too, among real Christians, who have as great a dislike to Total Abstinence Societies and total abstainers as any Christian can have or ought to have to intoxicating drinks, or drunkenness itself. Still, I believe I am right when I say that, although temperance will save no man's soul, it will, if adopted, cure drunkenness, and, by doing that, will lead to other beneficial results.

"There is a place for temperance; it has its work to do; and it has done a work which nothing else that could be found could do.

"I have made use of temperance, and it has served its purpose.

"Hundreds of the poor in East Greenwich, who would not come and hear the Gospel, have come to hear a lecture on temperance.

"Every lecture is preceded with singing and prayer.

"Every lecturer is, as far as we can tell, a Christian man. Nearly every lecturer tells the people that to come to Christ is better than signing the pledge; that to be a Christian is far better than merely being a teetotaler; and that the Gospel is better than teetotalism. They tell the people to look to God to help them to keep their pledge when they take it. Numbers who first came to hear about teetotalism, came to the room again and again, and continue coming, but they come now to hear the Gospel.

"During the past year there have been lecturers on temperance and other subjects delivered every fortnight, till the last quarter, and during that time we have had lectures weekly.

"There have been as many as 350 persons present at these lectures on one night, and as many as 50 persons have signed the pledge in a single night.

"Between 300 and 400 persons have signed the pledge during this year. Many of these were noted drunkards, and not a few of them keep the pledge. Who can calculate the amount of evil averted, and good conferred, and the number of persons benefited by these 400 pledges!

"The meetings of the Society are held at the Ragged School on Monday evenings. I have not been absent six times all the year.

"We now have a committee, and a most excellent secretary in the person of Mr. George Broomhead.

"All are Christian men who are on the committee. Many of those who signed the pledge now belong to either our Penny Bank or Coal Society."—*Annual Report of the* Hog Lane District, East Greenwich.

A CUP OF SORROWS,

By the Rev. G. W. McCREE.

It is a beautiful world. When it came fresh from the Divine Hand, it was "very good." The power, wisdom, and love of the Creator shine forth in it now. How green the earth! How sweet the flowers! How bright the sun! How glorious the mountains! How white the clouds! How magnificent the sea! Yes, thou art beautiful, O world!

Alas! that sin and sorrow should dwell with man. He might have been as the gods. Honour and majesty and peace might have crowned him for evermore. It is not so. We weep—we sin—we die.

The colossal evils of the earth are known. They are war, slavery, ignorance, and drunkenness. The last is the mightiest. War destroys, slavery oppresses, ignorance brutalizes, but drunkenness does all this. It is the prime curse of mankind.

Alas! for the ships sailing on the wide sea. How they breast the waves! Away like white sea birds they sail. There are music and song and dancing on board. The sailor boy wishes his mother could see him now. The emigrant is glad. Lovers whisper their vows. The evening prayer of the saintly voyager ascends to God. Hark! what is that? The drunkard's song breaks discordantly upon the ear. The captain is full of wine. Hark! what is that? The crash of timbers. The ship is on a sunken rock. When the morning dawns, the ship is gone. Floating planks and pale-faced corpses tell the tale of sudden shipwreck and of death.

Alas! for the smiling bride who comes in all her beauty and her joy to marry and be given in marriage. How young and lovely! How pure and happy! Surely sorrow will never dim her eye. Surely vice will never break her heart. See! the wine-cup is in the hand of her husband 'Tis his wedding-day. He is merry. A year rolls round. She is pale and sad. He is not with her. There is a tear in her eye. It falls. There is another tear. It drops upon her hand—upon her wedding-ring. She weeps now. There is her husband's step. He enters the room. It is enough. We see now why she wept. He is the slave of wine. Ten, fifteen, twenty years of sorrow roll slowly, wearily away, and then she dies of a broken heart.

Alas! for the mother who is a widow. How proud she is of her son. He stands before her now. He is a stalwart youth. His brow is fair as marble, and stately as a cliff. Brave, clever

loving—who would not be proud of such a son? He departs his college. There wine parties are the rage. He visits th His studies become wearisome. He grows fond of the c and the bottle. Vile pleasures seduce him. Debt begins to its iron hand upon him. He goes up for examination an "plucked." All will soon be over. Smitten with fever, returns to his mother's house, lays his head upon her bos and passes away from the stage of life.

Alas! for the babe crowing in its father's arms. Its cur hair glistens like gold. Its voice is loud and sweet. O, chil of joy! would I cause thee to remain an eternal child. It is vain wish. Girlhood comes. Then the glory of the woman There are before thee two fountains. Water sparkles in one wine in the other. Led by Fashion, I see thee drink win Years pass away—not many. I seek thee. Thy home know not thy voice. I seek thee still. "She died a drunkard," sa one. It is enough. I mourn for thee.

Alas! that christians know these things, and yet do so litt for the Temperance movement. Strong drink slays more th the sword. It blights more than the pestilence. It ruins mo souls than atheism. Surely they should consider their du with regard to alcoholic drinks. But this is our difficult Were christian men to read, consider, enquire, and pray wi direct reference to moderate drinking, intemperance, and to abstinence, they would soon enlist on our side. Alas! for o land. Too many decline to *consider* what is their duty in re tion to our movement. Is this right? Does it not argue unwillingness to "prove all things?" Is opium-eating wron If so, can alcoholic drinks be the proper beverage of the chr tian? We ask every member of a religious community to co sider his non-adhesion to our movement, and say whether accords with self-denial and love to mankind. Alas! that af twenty-eight years of demonstrated usefulness, the Temperan movement shonld still find the Christian Church standing al from it.

THOUGHTS ON BANDS OF HOPE.

At a Band of Hope Conference held in Edinburgh, so valuable papers were read, and addresses delivered, which find reported in the *Weekly Journal* of the *Scottish Temp ance League.* From its columns we have selected seve paragraphs of an interesting character:—

"MUSIC.—The teaching of music has already been int

duced as a feature in Band of Hope classes, and with excellent effect. We possess already not a few excellent songs and hymns, but there is still room here for great poetical improvement, and some might wish that the temperance muse did not think it necessary to exhaust invention in praise of water. Water is good, invaluable; but not the exclusive subject of a temperance pen, which in the hand of genius, may find innumerable scenes to picture, situations to colour, and sentiments to express. I am not sure that we can force a crop of temperance poetry by means of prizes, although genius does sometimes work under the golden spur; but I think we may be sure that only in proportion as temperance principle penetrates the heart and life of the country shall it come blooming out in those flowers of poetic utterance which the world will not let die. Still, we must try to call forth the best existing talent, for the improvement and increase of available melodies, using those we have till the progress of our cause furnish us with better, and bring the age of the Bards. I could not help being pained by recent illustration of the appetite for song which, whether good, bad, or indifferent, the popular mind craves. A group of children, little girls, they seemed of tender years, were playing on the evening streets, and as they frolicked and circled hand in hand they sang some words to the well known tune of "Duncan Gray." I could only catch in passing a line of the chorus which was often repeated—"You'll be drunk and I'll be fou," &c. As I heard the sweet infant voices sing this detestable stave my soul rose in loathing indignation of that drinking system which pollutes the minds of our tender children with the images, and their lisping lips with the language of vice; and I could not but wish for the speedy predominance of that movement which should help to replace in the mouths of the young the filthly slang of the bacchanal by the pure accents of virtue, and in their minds the images of drunken lusts by the pictures of domestic peace and pious content. Shall we live to see the time when our schools and homes and streets, shall ring with the strains of a temperance minstrelsy? We may all at least live to hasten it, and that shall be better than to see it without helping it on."

"The British League.—The British League of Juvenile Abstainers was instituted on the 1st of January, 1847, by John Hope, Esq., W.S., who has ever since continued to watch over it with anxious care, and to support it with noble liberality. Designed at first to embrace juveniles only, and confined to the

teaching of abstinence from intoxicants, tobacco, and o
it has gradually widened the area from which its adheren
drawn, and likewise the scope of its instructions, until it
numbers amongst its schemes not only juvenile absti
meetings, but also night schools for more adult pupils, at v
a good gratuitous education is imparted, one night a-
being set apart for abstinence. Its staff of officials is
posed of a superintendent, secretary, and ten teachers. Tv
juvenile abstinence meetings, each conducted by two tea
are held weekly, in different localities of the city, and
children are thus brought under the influence of tempe
teaching. Mr. Hope has also organised an abstainers'
Volunteer Company, of which he is captain ; a cadet com
numbering 300 youths, who are provided with carbines
regularly drilled by a competent drill sergeant, and an ir
mental band of sixty youthful performers. But as it
juvenile branch only in which we are more immed
interested, I will confine my remarks to this department
that we may have a definite knowledge of how it is cond
I ask you to accompany me in fancy to one of its t
weekly meetings.

"On entering the large and well-lighted school-roor
find a band of 120 boys and girls assembled, whose agee
from fifteen years to fewer months, these latter being
arms of elder sisters, and the absence of whom would cer
add to the quietness of the meeting. The children o
forms on each side of a centre passage—the sexes being
rated, and each form is presided over by one of the
advanced children, who, together, form the committee.
observe that each of these members of committee is pro
with a little pass-book, on examining which we find it
the roll-book of the children who form his or her class
in which the attendance of each child is carefully noted.
the duty of this committee to look after absentees, a
quote the words which head every leaf of the roll-bo
'try to increase the attendance at the meetings by visit
by bringing school companions and friends with you, a
them to try and get others.' How differently these instru
are acted on by the committee, we may see from the va
sizes of the classes. This boy's roll-book contains twen
thirty names, that one's not over half-a-dozen : and we
told of one lad who had upwards of eighty in his class.
attendance registered, and silence obtained, the children

two or three hymns, being led by one of the two teachers. Singing over, the children stand with folded arms and closed eyes, while the teacher offers up a short and simple prayer for a blessing on the children and on the meeting. A copy of a temperance tract is then given to each child, which is read in paragraphs by volunteers from the meeting. Appended to the tract are a few questions and answers on the subject treated of; the questions are asked by the teachers, and the children read the answers. A few words from one of the teachers on the lesson closes this, the principal part of the business of the evening. With the view of adding variety and interest to the meeting, a few of the boys or girls are now asked to give a recitation, tell a story, or relate an anecdote, when first one and then another little fellow mounts the form, and, amid the silent attention of his fellows, repeats his well-conned tale. As the silence with which the children listen to their fellows is more marked, so is the expression of their approbation more hearty than that which they give to their teachers, whose best efforts rarely secure perfect stillness, and almost never rouse a cheer. A hymn or two having been again sung, and a few words of prayer offered, the meeting which has lasted exactly one hour, from half-past five till half-past six o'clock, breaks up, care being taken to let the girls 'skale' before the boys are let out, the children carrying their tracts with them to be read at home."

"How to Speak.—They must, in speaking to children, set earnestly to work, and begin their speeches without any formal apologies—and close without any formal peroration. It was also, he thought, a great mistake to suppose that children were to be spoken down to, as if they were unable to understand a great deal that would be understood by others. Children were much more intelligent and more able to appreciate a good speech than was generally supposed; and he considered it a far more difficult thing to address a juvenile audience effectually than an adult audience. The meetings of Bands of Hope ought, he thought, to be well advertised—the children ought to be encouraged to support the meetings by giving regularly to the collection at the doors; and the promoters of the movement should exert themselves to the utmost in procuring subscriptions from the noblemen and gentlemen in the neighbourhood, as he could testify from his own experience, that they would be well supported, even by those not connected with the movement, on the ground that

they were doing a good work among the rising generation. the Dundee Band of Hope, familiar lectures were regu given to the children on Biography, and on Natural His which were very much liked by the children, who appear take a great interest in them. Music was also a attraction at the juvenile meetings, and greatly promoted success; but care must be taken in this department, les meetings were allowed to degenerate into mere concerts the great end of the movement lost sight of in the attrac of the vocal and instrumental music. He had some scruples encouraging the boys or girls to give recitations at the p meetings, as it had a tendency to take away their native mod and in some cases had an injurious effect on their chars He had known the boys who were encouraged to give tations at the public meetings, being led away to spor clubs, and he had even caught them going to the theatre; therefore he had no faith or hope in recitations. At annual excursions, little prizes ought to be given to encou the children in innocent sports, and book-prizes might be g throughout the year with advantage; but care should al be taken only to give prizes for what was done in the sig the superintendents, as it too often happened that when p were given for what what was done at home, the work really done, or greatly assisted, by the fathers and mothers thus injustice was done, and the children accustome deceit."

"Mr. Stevenson, Dunfermline, said he was very glad t so many present, and to take part in the proceedings of Conference. They commenced their juvenile society in about the same date as Mr. Hope's society in Edinburgh they adopted the same pledge, namely, a promise that children should neither drink intoxicating liquors, nor snuff or tobacco. Many of the members of the adult so took snuff and tobacco, but the members of the juvenile so stuck to their pledge. He thought the means they emp in carrying on their juvenile movement in Dunfermline as good as any he had heard brought forward that day. used the 'Crystal Fount;' they gave a short address they heard recitations given by boys and girls, who got c of the *Adviser* as prizes for saying these recitations. Of co they had also their annual *soirees*, and their annual excu by rail; and lately, just in the month of April last, they *menced* a Band of Hope Bank, which had proved a

success. Since the first Saturday of April last, they had enrolled in their penny bank upwards of 1000 boys and girls. The result of the establishment of the bank had exceeded their most sanguine expectations; and he was sure that if every Band of Hope were to start a penny bank, it would tend greatly to increase the number of their members. Owing to the strictness of their pledge, a number of boys left them when they got up to 14 or 15 years of age, as they did not seem to account themselves young men unless they got a cutty-pipe in their mouth. Unless the adult society caught these youths, they were lost entirely to the temperance cause, and then from the pipe they went to the public-house. When they broke the pledge of the juvenile society, they too often broke also the general temperance pledge; and it was of great importance that something should, if possible, be done to keep these young persons in connection with the movement."

AIDS TO LECTURERS.

What Wives Suffer.—I was once asked to go and see a drunkard—the worst, they said, in the whole town. I said 'You have no right to ask me to go and see him unless he wishes to see me; if he comes to me I will see him; or if he wishes me to go to his house I will go.' If I went unbidden he might say, 'Who told you I was a drunkard?—mind your own business and I will mind mine; wait until I send for you.' I have no more right to go into the poor man's house than into that splendid mansion. The servants would turn me out there; and the working man has as much pride as another man. 'But,' it was replied, 'the man beat a little girl fourteen years of age (and she will carry the marks to her grave) because she went to bed before he went home.' 'I do not want,' I said, 'to go to such a man.' 'But, his wife is very ill with a billious fever, and the doctor thinks she cannot get over it; the man has not been drinking for some days, and if you could see him now I believe you might do him some good.' Under these circumstances I said I would go, and I went accordingly, and tried to make some excuse for calling. When he came to the door he knew me. 'Mr. Gough?' he said. 'Yes,' said I, 'will you give me a tumbler of water, if you please?' 'O yes, wont you walk in?' I then walked in, and I sat on one side of the table, and he the other. Two little children *were playing* in the room; and a door *was half opened which led into* another room where the

wife was lying ill. I began to talk to the man about ever thing I could think of but temperance—about trade, the crop railroads, till I got on to drink—then he headed me off. began again, and talked about the badness of the roads, trave ling, business, drink—he headed me off again. I fancied I sa a malicious smile in his eyes, as much as to say, 'Young ma you are not up to your business yet;' and I thought I mu give it up. Providentially I thought of the children, and I said 'Pretty-looking children those, sir.' 'Yes sir,' said he, 'the are pretty good children.' 'And you love your children, don you?' 'Bless the children!' said he, 'to be sure I do.' 'An you would do anything in the world to benefit them, wouldn' you?' I asked. Then he looked as if he expected somethin else was coming, but he said, 'Yes, to be sure, I ought to b willing to benefit my children.' 'Well,' said I, 'I am going t ask you a plain, simple question—don't be angry with me—sup pose you never drank any more liquor as long as you lived don't you think those children would be better off?' 'Well, he said, apparently puzzled, 'I own you have got me this time the children would be better off if I were to quit drink.' 'An you have a good wife, haven't you?' I enquired. 'Yes, she' as good a wife as ever a man had.' 'And you love your wife' 'To be sure I do.' 'And would do anything to please her' 'Well, I ought to.' 'Now,' said I, 'suppose you should sig the pledge, would that please her?' 'By thunder, I guess would; I couldn't do a thing that would please her like that. I I signed the pledge I believe my old woman would be about he business in two weeks.' 'Then you will do it, won't you?' 'I guess I will;' and he at once spread out the paper, squared hi yards, and wrote his name. The children had been listenin with eyes wide open, looking like little saucers, as we wer talking about temperance. One said to the other, 'Father ha signed the pledge.' 'Oh!' cried the other astonished, 'I will g and tell mother,' and away she ran. The mother, when sh heard it, called out 'Luke, Luke, come in here.' The ma went in, and took me with him. The wife's face was ghastl pale. the eye large and sunk in the socket; with her long thi fingers she gripped my hand, and with the other took the han of her husband; and her face, sharp as it was, looked radian in the light that seemed to bathe it, coming from the throne o everlasting love. She then told me what a good husband sh *had:* '*Luke*,' she said, 'is a kind husband and a good father *he takes* care of the family and is very kind to them; but th

drink, you know, sometimes makes a little difficulty.' Oh! that little difficulty! God only and the crushed drunkard's wife know what it is. The man shook like a leaf; then tearing down his wife's night dress, he said, 'Look at that!' On her white shoulders was a bad looking mark. Again, he, said, 'Look at that!' and I saw a bruise on her neck, which made my flesh creep. 'Three days before she was taken sick.' he said, 'I struck her, God forgive me! She has been telling you she has got a good husband. Am I? am I a good husband? Look at that! God Almighty forgive me.' He bowed over that woman, and I never saw a man cry so in my life; it seemed as if he had gone into convulsions. 'Don't cry, Luke,' sobbed his wife, 'don't, please don't; you would not have struck me if it hadn't been for the drink; now you have signed the pledge we shall all be happy again. Don't cry.'—*J. B. Gough.*

Consequences of the First Drop.—Many awful consequences have resulted from partaking of the first drop pressed upon the lips of a child by an affectionate mother. I can state on this snbject an appalling fact which came within my own knowledge. I was intimately acquainted with a young man, of open, ingenuous, honest, upright character. A deep and sincere affection subsisted between us. He corresponded with me under the name of Jonathan, and I with him under the name of David; from this you may judge that our attachment was of the strongest kind. He went out into life; but, unhappily, he thought that a little drop might be taken after dinner with safety, and that he might take a little drop more at night. Thus he began by taking little drops. And his wife encouraged him to do so, under the impression that it would do him good. But a fatal habit was formed. The love of drink increased. His business, which was one of high respectability and profit, began to be neglected; his clerks and domestics, for want of proper superintendence, became negligent. His affairs went to ruin. He became a bankrupt. Some time ago, I saw him in the vestry of Spa-fields Chapel. I had been preaching from those words, 'The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin.' One of the servants came and told me that a person was waiting to see me who had sent in his name. I was surprised, as I had not heard of him for years. But O what a change did I discover in him! His face was bloated aud diseased; he was in rags: he had every appearance of poverty and misery. I asked him what had become of his *wife; 'O,' said he,* 'She is ruined!' Of his *children: 'O they are all ruined!* ruined by my drunkenness!'

I did not see him again for three months, and then I found him in Cold-bath-fields prison. The tale which he told the governor was enough to melt a heart of stone. His wife had died, eaten up by a disease brought on by his habits of intoxication. His children were, most of them, vagabonds upon the face of the earth, in consequence of the father's habits of intoxication. His tale contains some particulars too affecting for recital; and I make the statement not, to rouse your passions, but to deter you from taking the first step as to the use of intoxicating liquors; and to convince you that the safest plan is 'touch not, taste not, handle not!'—*Rev. James Sherman, London.*

ANNALS OF THE BAND OF HOPE UNION.

The past month has been one of constant exertion and good success. Among other efforts, the committee issued the following circular:—

"*November 28th*, 1861.

"Dear Sir,—We are desired to write you a note requesting your kind co-operation in regard to our system of Juvenile Collecting towards the funds of the Union. The Band of Hope Union has endeavoured to aid your society to the best of its ability, considering the limited means and agencies at its disposal. We greatly need the sympathy of our friends connected with the several local societies, and when we thus appeal, we feel at the same time that they are very willing to aid the movement in any way they may be able. Feeling this, we take an opportunity of pointing out to you how you may best do this. If only one out of every fifty children belonging to our Bands of Hope in London, collected for us threepence a week, it would at least bring in £350. annually. Hitherto, nothing approximating this has been achieved, and yet if our friends help us how easily this desirable result may be attained.

"A Social Meeting will be held at the office, as above, on Thursday evening, December 5th, at which the pleasure of your company is earnestly requested. Tea on the table at six. On this occasion we hope to see as many of our friends, secretaries, or any persons—ladies or gentlemen—who take an active interest in our work, as can make it convenient to attend. We shall esteem it a favour if you will kindly take an interest in the matter, and endeavour to secure us as many young friends from your Society as may be eligible to collect, and whom, also, we shall be happy to see to tea.

"For the encouragement of the children, we intend inviting them to a Quarterly Tea Meeting, on which occasion they will be encouraged in their work, and we shall do our best to make the occasions agreeable and profitable to them. In the summer, we shall perhaps take them out for a day into the country. Last Christmas we distributed prizes, &c., to the most energetic of our young friends. So that, altogether, whilst we ask your aid, we feel we shall be in no way lessening the usefulness of your members to yourselves, but shall be forming new incentives in your

children for further attachment to the cause. At the quarterly meetings, the amounts collected will be brought in.

"The Collectors are provided with boxes and collecting books, and are expected principally to exert themselves in getting small weekly subscriptions from their friends. One child who may thus endeavour to make him or herself useful, might *easily* obtain six penny weekly subscribers. This would give six shillings and sixpence per quarter; whilst, if it were only half the sum, it might be the means of doing much good.

"We shall be glad to receive any suggestion from you on the subject, either by letter, or on the evening. Tickets of admission to the meeting, on the 5th, will be provided for your own use, any friends who like to come, or children from your Society wishing to become collectors.

"We are, yours faithfully,

"G. W. M'CREE, } *Hon. Secs.*"
"M. W. DUNN, }

The meeting thus convened was held, and a goodly number of senior and junior friends attended. The chair was taken by Mr. S. Tucker, and after prayer by Mr. G. Blaby, addresses were delivered by Mr. S. Shirley, Mr. J. Eaton, and the Rev. G. W. M'Cree. The young friends brought in their collecting cards, and undertook to go on in their good and kind work. Misses Worms and Stone gave recitations with very good taste.

On the Cover will be found an advertisement of the next meeting—a new year's treat for our young friends. The committee will welcome any person (whether old or young) who may wish to aid the Band of Hope Union. A very pleasant meeting is expected.

MODEL BAND OF HOPE MEETINGS.

The committee of the Band of Hope Union, having long felt that much improvement might be made in the mode of conducting Bands of Hope, and that this desirable object would be accomplished by the institution of MODEL MEETINGS, they sought the co-operation of various well-known conductors. Having met with great sympathy from them, a series of these meetings were held, namely: at Deverell Street, Little Denmark Street, and Great Queen Street. The mode of conducting them was as follows:—1. The Band of Hope was conducted in the *ordinary* manner;—2. A *Model Address* was delivered by a gentleman appointed by the Union; and then, the children having been dismissed;—3. The friends present made pertinent remarks on the proceedings of the evening. The meetings were conducted by Mr. Parkes, Mr. Williams, Mr. B. Harvey, Mr. Wood, Mr. Blaby, Mr. Shirley, and the Rev. G. W. M'Cree. The criticism on the hymns, recitations, singing, addresses, &c., was of the most important character, and must do much to improve the present mode of conducting Bands of Hope. The committee are arranging for four more Model Meetings, and will be glad to afford every information on the subject. Societies wishing for such meetings, are requested to write as soon as possible to 37, Queen Square.

WEEDON.—*The Weedon Band of Hope Festival* took place on Friday,

November 22nd, in the British School Room. The room was tastefully decorated for the occasion with evergreens and flowers, whilst on the walls a suitable selection of mottoes were displayed. Great credit is due to Miss Page for her praiseworthy exertions, which at all times are cheerfully put forth to further the interests of this good cause. The arrangements for the tea were excellent, and well carried out, while the pleasant faces of the company showed that the provisions were heartily enjoyed by all. The chair was occupied by the Rev. J. Evans, who expressed his good wishes towards the society, at the same time he urged others to join the movement. Mr. Bird, the secretary, read the report, which was very encouraging. Mr. Littlemore moved, and Mr. J. Adams seconded the same, each speaking of the great importance of the society. The dissolving views were very good, and the clear way in which Mr. F. Smith, (agent of the Band of Hope Union,) explained them, together with a variety of anecdotes he related, rendered the lecture highly interesting as well as instructive to all present. At the close, Mr. W. Wareing spoke very highly of the manner they had been entertained, and concluded by moving a vote of thanks to Mr. Smith, which was passed with applause.

Mr. F. Smith has held meetings at:—Spa Fields Chapel, Clerkenwell; Alfred Place, Old Kent Road; Offord Road, Barnsbury; Darby Street, Mint; Farringdon, Berks; Worcester; Ledbury; Devizes; Cirencester; and Esher Street, Kennington, &c.

Mr. G. Blaby has held meetings at:—Bayswater; Soho; St. Clement's Danes; Bloomsbury Refuge; Albion Hall; Shadwell; Albany Chapel, Regent's Park; Spafields; St. Giles's; and Mansfield Street, Borough Road, &c.

Little Wild Street.—The Second Annual Meeting of the Band of Hope was held at the Chapel, on Wednesday evening, November 27th. A tea was provided at Half-past Five, and George Cruikshank, Esq., took the chair at seven o'clock. The meeting was addressed by Messrs. Payne, Campbell, E. J. Oliver, Woollacott, C. Oliver, and Howlett. The secretary, Mr. E. J. Oliver, read the report, which showed an increase of members, and was highly satisfactory. J. Payne, Esq, delivered a very interesting address, in his usual striking manner, and at the conclusion of which, he read the following verses:—

Bands of Hope are things of *beauty*,
  Buds and blossoms of life's spring,
Early training minds to duty,
  Early teaching lips to sing.

Bands of Hope are things of *brightness*,
  Shedding light on days of youth,
Children shewing true politeness,
  Children speaking sober truth.

Early habits are great blessings,
  If they are the proper sort,
'Midst the best of earth's possessings,
  'Midst the fairest time has brought.

Little sisters, little brothers,
  If you from old *alcohol* flee,
Happy fathers, happy mothers,
  In the future you may be.

But if you, your *comrade* make him,
  Shunning abstinence, which saves,
You perhaps will not forsake him,
  'Till you rest in early graves.

When you make a promise, keep it;
  If you *plant* it will *take root*,
If you *sow* it you will *reap* it,
  In enjoyment of the *fruit*.

CRUIKSHANK, veteran in the movement,
  Talent and experience brings,
And the means of vast improvement,
  All about the meeting flings.

Now let all, as earnest pleaders,
  Simply say without a *trope*,
God preserve the temperance leaders,
  And "The Wild Street Band of Hope."

er speakers very ably and earnestly supported the cause, and were to with great attention. During the evening the children sang ıymns and melodies.

ɜEHOLE.—On Monday evening, December 2nd, Mr. Insull, of , entertained the children and friends of the Wesleyan Methodist 'Hope, with one of his very amusing and instructive entertain- ınterspersed with striking anecdotes and melodies, the children art in the latter. For two hours Mr. Insull rivetted the attention ıildren to a greater degree than most lecturers have the ability to his singing is good. The chair was occupied by Mr. J. Perron, ınce.—*Cornish Telegraph*.

LITERATURE.

ppeal to the Lovers of the Saviour on behalf of Total Abstinence 'ovicating Drinks. By a RAILWAY PORTER. London: Jarrolds.— ɜr of this powerful appeal is an estimable metropolitan advocate, written what deserves wide circulation. The price is one penny , and the tract is well worth that small sum. We append a good ɜ of a Minister, which we extract from its pages:—"He was once rith a family, when the lady who presided at table said, 'Ah, I ke your doctrine; you go too far in refusing the *good creatures of* No notice was taken of the remark by the minister at the time. h he said, 'Pray, madam, can you tell me who made *this?*' holding ıss of water. The lady replied, 'Why GOD, I suppose.' 'Then,' minister. 'I think you do us an injustice, when you accuse us of the good creatures of God.' Silence again reigned. By and by, ister said, 'Madam, pray can you tell me who made *that?*' Point- glass of *beer*, which the lady had at her side. 'Why, no, sir, I ıxactly say; I suppose the brewer and the maltster.' 'Then,' replied

he, 'allow me to say there is some apparent inconsistency in your first remark. You prefer taking a thing which *man* has made, to that which GOD has so very bountifully provided; and yet you accuse me of rejecting God's good creatures, because I prefer water to beer! Let me leave the matter to your more serious consideration.'"

The Shadow of the Almighty. By NEWMAN HALL, L.L.B. London: James Nisbet & Co.—This is another of Mr. Hall's neat, portable, precious volumes. Our readers will find it full of beautiful thoughts and powerful appeals. In its pages will be found 'rest for the weary.'

The Threepenny Magazine. Job Caudwell, 335, Strand.—This new candidate for public favour is remarkably well printed, and filled with valuable papers on Domestic Happiness, The Settlement, a Tale, Compensation, The Brothers, Chapter I., The Penny Bank, &c. We strongly recommend it.

The Teetotalers' Almanac for 1862. London; Job Caudwell.—Here is a cheap and very good pennyworth. Every total abstainer should have it. It is full of most useful information, but contains one slight error which we beg to correct. The names of the gentlemen who act as agents of the Band of Hope Union (see page 17) are Mr. F. Smith and Mr. G. Blaby. The Union have no other Agents.

The Commercial Room. By JOHN BURNS. W. Tweedie, 337, Strand. Whoever begins to read this book will finish it. Mr. Burns is a man of varied experience, great talent, and intense earnestness, and has produced a book which every young man should read. Our pages furnish the reader with a specimen of the 'wares' to be found in "The Commercial Room."

Second Annual Report of the Nottingham Band of Hope Union, 1861.—This admirable report is worthy of perusal by all who are engaged in the good work. In our next issue we will say more about it. It will give us much pleasure to hear from our fellow-workers in Nottingham.

A Song for Life and Death. A Meditation on the Twenty-third Psalm. By GEORGE W. M'CREE. London: John F. Shaw and Co., Paternoster row, and Southampton row.—This small book may now be obtained of the publishers,

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MR. JOHN DE FRAINE.

We are glad to find that this gentleman is going to deliver an Oration in Exeter Hall. All the particulars will be found in the advertisement on our Cover. We trust the famous hall will be crowded, and that Mr. De Fraine will achieve a brilliant success. Tickets may be obtained at the office, 37, Queen Square.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

All communications should be written on one side of the paper only.

Names and Addresses should be written very plainly.

Intelligence should be sent early.

Books for Review, Articles for the Record, &c., may be sent to the Editor, at No. 37, Queen Square, London.

J. BALE, Printer, 78, Great Titchfield-street, Marylebone.

BAND OF HOPE RECORD.

MORAL SHIPWRECKS.

By the Rev. G. W. McCREE.

How many moral shipwrecks have I seen! Having been "a pilgrim on the earth," I have met with many men, and, alas! scores of them are now in a drunkard's grave. One of my early friends was a learned and eloquent preacher. Tall and graceful in person, wearing the highest academical title, able to speak with power, and excelling as a debater, he was a popular divine. One morning I went into his study, and to my surprise and grief saw the remains of a glass of brandy. From that hour I trembled for him. Not without cause. His name is now a bye-word, and in public disrepute.

Some years ago a bright and beautiful bride stood at the altar, and was married to a young man of good family, education, and fortune. They commenced life with eight thousand pounds. For some years they were very happy, but "wine and strong drink" at last enslaved my friend, and not long since he came to my door, without a penny, a shirt, or a home! In the days of his honour he rode his "blood horse" up a broad street; in the days of his dishonour he sold periodicals—old ones—in the same street to make a few pence. The last time I saw him was late at night. He was unshaven, dirty, ragged, and desperate, and exclaimed:—"For God's sake! give me sixpence." And yet he once had a splendid home, a beautiful wife, laughing children, troops of friends, and eight thousand pounds! "Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall."

Domestic life has often been seen by me under very distressing aspects. A respectable woman called upon me, and said:—

"O, sir, come—come and see my husband!"

"What is the matter with him?"

"I am ashamed to tell you, sir," and she burst into tears.

"Come," I replied, "tell me what it is."

"O, sir, he has cut his throat." In a few minutes I was beside him.

What a sight! The bleeding husband, the weeping wife, the crouching children, the alarmed and crowding neighbours, formed a memorable picture. When he was sufficiently well, he said:—I had been drinking, sir, and as I stood in the shop I thought I heard a mob of people rushing in upon me, and crying—'*We will burn him—burn him*—burn him!' I seized

the knife, and in my fear and horror did the deed, and fell down upon the floor where I was found." This man recovered, but did not sign the pledge.

Visiting the poor I found my way into a room where intemperance had long reigned. There was no fire. There was no food. There was no furniture. A child lay in its coffin; its father stood beside it. When that child was buried both its parents were too drunk to follow it to the grave. Then the father was taken ill. Filth, misery, and drink made his sick bed most painful to every visitor.

"Ah!" said he, "I feel better."

The next day he arose, and then the blood gushed from a broken vessel, he fell back, and died. I found him in his coffin, and his friends preparing the room for a drunken spree!

But all drunkards do not perish. Some reform. Their lives become beautiful. Pure religion becomes to them a crown of glory which fadeth not away. Men who have beaten their wives, desolated their homes, and cursed the living God, are changed into sober, humane, and virtuous members of the commonwealth. Such are the fruits of Temperance.

But a venerable figure rises before me. Standing in the pulpit of Rowland Hill is a serene, majestic, eloquent, white haired old man. His brow is square and massive. His eye is bright. His voice is silvery and sweet. Thousands listen to him. It is William Jay. There he stands—an aged preacher—in the midst of his ministerial compeers—a total abstainer. What a noble testimony did he once bear on behalf of our principles! "The subject of teetotalism," said he "I have examined physically, and morally, and christianly; and after all my reading, and reflection, and observation, and experience, I have reached a very firm and powerfnl conviction, that, next to the glorious Gospel, God could not bless the human race so much as by the abolition of all intoxicating spirits." Were William Jay, the Prince of Preachers, now living, he would be found a friend of the Permissive Bill. Had that law been in operation for the last twenty years, it would have been an inestimable blessing to the nation.

THE WORDS OF A POET.*

Mr. E. J. Oliver need not feel ashamed of a neat volume he has ventured to send into the world. It is filled with interesting

* "Hope On," by E. J. Oliver. W. Tweddie, 337, Strand.

poems which show intelligence, good feeling, the love of virtue, and—what our readers will value—a clear perception of the claims of the Temperance movement. The Rev. H. B. Ingram, in his preface, says—

"It is possible that some may be inclined to cast the book aside at the first glance, because its contents do not equal the productions of their favourite authors. It is hoped however they will not do so, when they learn that this is the first literary venture—the maiden book of a young man, who is now only 22 years of age, and who was considerably younger when some of these pieces were written. Nor will it detract from their interest in him when they know that the circumstances by which he has been surrounded have not been favourable to studious toil. Born in 1839, the son of respectable parents, he was apprenticed to an ironmonger in 1854, and continued in that business until 1858, when his indentures were cancelled by mutual consent, since which period he has been engaged in the more congenial occupation of a clerk in an office in the city. Probably therefore he will have but few readers who will not sympathise with him in his struggles and aspirations. His soul must have been endowed with some poetic fire, otherwise he would not have courted the Muses, under such adverse conditions. It is not the distinguishing characteristic of the youth of this Metropolis that they devote their mornings and evenings to study. The scenes presented in the streets, and still worse in the philharmonic halls, the low theatre and the gin palaces, must fill the Christian with many sorrowful thoughts and grave anxieties concerning them. The common type of the London apprentice is by no means a promising one; when therefore we see a young man, separating himself from those of his own age, that he may obtain knowledge, when we see him endeavouring to benefit those around him by the productions of his pen, we cannot but watch his career with interest, and earnestly and lovingly bid him God-speed."

We think our readers will admire—

LOOK UPWARD.

Look upward, ever upward, when the sunshine's golden ray,
Illumes the broad expanse of blue at every opening day;
Then to the Sun of Righteousness lift up thy voice in prayer,
That He may keep thy soul from sin, that borders dark despair.

Look upward, ever upward, when the sun has sunk to rest,
And brilliant rays of red and gold light up the distant west,
And pray that so thy end may be, that thus thy spirit may,
So glorious rest to rise again upon the judgment day.

Look upward, ever upward, in the stillness of the night,
When like a wreath of glory shines the moonbeams silvery light;
When all around is hushed in sleep, lift up thy voice and plead
With Him who never will desert His people in their need.

Look upward, ever upward, through the changing scenes of life,
And He will lead thee safely through the trouble and the strife;
Though many a dark and weary hour must yet by thee be passed,
Still trust in Him, and He will guide thee safely home at last.

Look upward, still look upward, when thy pilgrimage is o'er,
And thou art called to leave this world to rest on Canaan's shore.
Redeemed from sin by Jesu's blood thou canst triumphant sing,
"O grave where is thy victory? O death where is thy sting?"

Many despise the good man who has devoted himself to t welfare of the poor and needy: not so our poet, as witness l lines on

THE CITY MISSIONARY.

Through crowded lane and busy street,
To haunts of vice and sin;
Through rain and snow and driving sleet,
That he poor souls may win—
That he may bear those words of love,
The Saviour spoke to men,
And tell of endless bliss above,
And how He died for them.

Up winding stairs, that creak and shake
Beneath his gentle tread,
He goes, the Word of Life to take,
To many a dying bed;
The sinking sinner hears the word,
Believes, repents and cries,
"Oh, blessed Saviour, let me dwell
With thee beyond the skies."

All honor then to those who sow
In human hearts the seeds
Of love and truth, which often grow,
And bloom in noble deeds;
Let Christians all unite to pray,
That God may bless the men
Who labor hard from day to day,
To rescue souls from sin.

We greatly like—

CHILDHOOD'S SONG.

A little girl with golden hair,
Went singing through the wood;
I long for heaven for God is there,
And He is kind and good.

He doth my daily wants supply,
And guards me with His love;
Oh had I wings I'd quickly fly,
To that bright land above.

The little lambs went frisking by,
The happy child passed on;
Angels rejoiced above the sky,
To hear her artless song.

She sang and danced upon the green,
In innocence and mirth,
Then went to sleep beside the stream,
But woke no more on earth.

And now she joins her songs of praise
With the blest choir above,
And loud her hallelujahs raise,
Of peace, and joy, and love.

Will you love God in act and thought,
And raise to heaven yonr song?
For know, dear child, that time is short,
Eternity is long.

As a good piece for recitation by Band of Hope children, we may quote—

THE LANDLORD AND THE ARTIZAN.

"Will you walk into my parlour?" said a tavern-keeper sly,
To a happy-looking Artizan, who then was passing by.
"The way into my parlour is by walking through the bar,
Just step inside, good sir, I pray, I've left the door ajar."
"Oh, no, no," said the Artizan, "for I have oft been told
That those who enter lose their health, their silver, and their gold."

"I am sure you must be thirsty, sir, this sultry summer's day,
Just walk inside, and take a glass of something good, I pray.
Of various drinks I have a store, within a cupboard there,
Come, take a seat, and rest awhile, and banish all your care."
"Oh, no, no," said the Artizan, "pure water I enjoy,
For well I know those drinks of yours do peace of mind destroy."

"My dearest friend," the Landlord cried, "you've surely been misled,
I really do assure you that you have no cause for dread;
I'm well aware those temperance folks my humble self discard,
But thus to turn away a friend is really very hard."
"A friend! sir," cried the Artizan, "I surely cannot see
In what respect your friendship would of service be to me."

Said the Landlord to the Artizan, "dear friend, what can I do
To prove the warm affection I have always felt for you?
Come share my hospitality—I will not be denied—
For in my well-stocked table, sir, I take an honest pride."
"I would rather not, I thank you sir, so wish you now good-day."
Then bowing low, the Artizan went smiling on his way.

The Landlord turn'd him round about, and walked into his bar,
And thus he said between the puffs he took at his cigar:
"Ah, ah, my boy, if words won't do, we'll try another plan,

And then those brave teetotalers may keep you, if they can."
So then he wrote, with careful hand, in letters large and bright,
"Take notice all, a Concert grand is held here every night.
There's Signor Green, and Madame Veen, and vocalists a score,
And such a splendid Concert-room you never saw before."
He smiled a grim, sardonic smile, most horrible to see,
And at the bottom of the board, he wrote, "Admission Free."
Alas! alas! this gilded bait the silly workman took,
For coming home from work, one night, he just stepped in to look,
Intending to walk out again as soon as he had seen
This paragon of Concert-rooms and lovely Madame Veen.
But once within the Landlord's grasp, he soon forgot his vow,
And when he left the drunkard's mark was graven on his brow.
Good people all both young and old, who may this story read,
To public-house allurements I pray you give no heed,
But if their gay announcements should chance to meet your eye,
Think of this foolish Artizan, and the tavern-keeper sly.

A YANKEE TALE FOR THE CHILDREN.

Once upon a time, there lived in Bogustown, which, all r readers must be aware, is situated in the eastern part of Mass chusetts, though it is not customary to be very particular ab geographical matters in a fairy tale—once upon a time, th lived in Bogustown a man whose name was Natty Gobus.

Natty was a very nice man, and loved everybody and eve thing, particularly a certain villainous compound which Dabst the grocer, used to retail at three cents per glass. Natty u to like this vile stuff, strange as it may seem, and used to spe nearly all the money he earned in buying it; and, of course, he spent nearly all of it in the same manner, he had not much spend in any other manner.

Now Natty had a very nice wife, and two very nice li children. They were sweet babes, and the father loved dear little things almost as well as he loved Dabster's compou Mrs. Natty Gobus was very unhappy, or, to speak out in language of the time, she was miserable. She had a queer not that her husband and the father of her dear little nice child ought to spend some of his money for food and clothing for children; but then she must have been a very strange wom to think so! She was even so presumptuous as to tell Natty ought to mind his business, and not idle away his time at grocery; but Natty didn't seem to think so, and neglected *business* just as though she had never said a word.

Not only was Mrs. Natty Gobus miserable, but Natty Gol

was miserable himself. He owned a little house, a little barn, and a little piece of land, besides a little shop, in which he carried on the business of a shoemaker when he was not at the grocery, and that was not much of the time. Any one would have supposed that Natty ought to have been very happy with all these nice things; but he was not.

He was coming home from the grocery one day, and sat down on a stump by the roadside to think how miserable he was.

"Why ain't I rich, like some folks?" soliloquised Natty. "I hain't got nothing but my house and my barn, and my three acres of land, and my wife and my children, and my trade. I'm a poor miserable feller. I wonder if Cap'n Kidd never came to these parts and buried his money? Who knows but what he did? P'raps he buried his gold in my three-acre lot. What's the reason I can't go to work and dig it up, and be a rich man as well as any body else? I shouldn't wonder if Cap'n Kidd did bury his money on my place. I wish some of them Squiz-zlepops—them what-ye-call-'ems—fairies—would drop down here, and tell me where the money is hid."

On the instant, Natty saw poised on a stump, a graceful little figure, pirouetting now and then, and looking as sweet as a pound of honey and as pretty as a new silk dress.

"My stars!" exclaimed Natty.

The little lady turned a couple of back somersets, and whirled round two or three times like a top in a snow-storm.

"Good morning marm," continued Natty. "How do you do this morning?"

"Comfortable, I thank you," replied the little fairy, jumping as high as a tall hemlock, and coming down on the ends of her toes.

"Fine morning," said Natty.

"Beautiful. You wished for me, and I have come."

"So you have. And will you tell me where the gold is hid?"

"Certainly, I will."

"I'm a very miser'ble feller, and hain't got nothin'."

"Poor fellow! I see you are in the power of the giant."

"Who is the giant, marm?"

"He is a very big fellow that goes about New England doing all the mischief he can. I have long noticed that you were subject to his power.

"Me!"

"Yes, you, Natty." "*Gracious! you don't say so!*"

"*By-and-by, he will destroy you.*"

"My stars! Then it was lucky you came. But I don't know as I ever saw this giant."

"He hangs around Dabster's grocery. He gets you in his power more or less every day, and thus contrives to make you very miserable."

"You don't say so!"

"I am the fairy sent to protect you, and if you will only do as I bid you, the monster will soon lose his power over you."

"Then I will do all you tell me, and I am very much obleeged to you for letting me know."

"You must keep away from the grocery where the giant lives."

"I'll do it!"

"You musn't go near it on any account."

"I won't."

"Then you will be safe."

"But who are you?"

"My name is Toty."

"And will you tell me about the gold where it is hid?"

"I will, but I cannot yet. The knowledge will come to you in a kind of mysterious manner. You must work in your shop and on your land. You must keep busy all the time. Never lose a moment foolishly. Take good care of your wife and babies.

"But where shall I find the money?" asked Natty, who was not particularly pleased with these directions.

"Oh! you must keep busy all the time, and you will be sure to find it," replied Toty.

"Shall I?"

"You may depend upon it. The money was not concealed by Captain Kidd, but that will make no difference. Keep busy in the shop and on the land, and you will be sure to find it; but, above all, keep away from Dabster's. If you go there you will never find the money. Now, be careful, and do as I tell you."

"I will."

"I will call again in a year."

And Toty whisked out of sight like a streak of chalk.

"Consarn that monster!" mused Natty. 'I knowed some strange critter had hold of me, and was gnawin' away at my vitals. But Toty, you and I will fool him."

And Natty did fool him. Every day after that he was in his shop early and late, or at work on his land. Busy, busy all day long, he had no time to grumble, and very soon found

that he was a happy man, and Mrs. Natty Gobus found that she was a happy woman, and the babies found that they were happy babies.

Natty didn't go near the grocery, and so the wretched monster couldn't come near him. All the neighbours talked about the wonderful change that had come over Natty. He had all the work he could do, and his garden bore a beautiful harvest. As Natty did not go to the grocery now, he found at the end of the year he had saved two hundred dollars, besides feeding and clothing his family very handsomely.

Natty sat on his bench counting over his money. He was as happy as a clam at high water, and suddenly the little fairy whisked into the room, and sat down on a stool in front of him. Then Natty thought of the hidden treasure, which had before almost escaped his memory.

"I am very much obliged to you for all you have done for me. We have fooled the giant. The critter hasn't been near me since," said Natty.

"I told you he wouldn't," replied Toty.

"So you did, and I have been as happy as a lord ever since you paid me that visit. I feel a new man."

"I am glad of it," answered Toty, with a sweet smile.

"But I havn't found that money."

"Yes you have. What is that you have in your hand!"

"I earned that."

"That is the money I meant, and I knew you would find it."

Natty laughed and was perfectly satisfied with the explanation.

"You don't think the giant will touch me again do you?"

"Certainly not, if you keep away from him."

"I hope not, 'cause everything is goin' right with me; happy myself, wife happy, babies happy—well I declare I can't tell how nice I do feel."

"If you like you can keep him off."

"But you didn't tell me who the giant is."

"His name is Rum; he is the New England giant."

"And you can whip him in a fair fight."

"Yes, my name is Total Abstinence; but they call me Toty, for short."

The fairy vanished, but she kept near Gobus after that; he became quite a rich and respectable man.

PRACTICAL PAPERS, No. 2.

By Mr. G. M. MURPHY.

ENUNCIATION OF PRINCIPLES.

This should never be forgotten. Argument, illustration, and oratory are thrown away, if they do not leave upon the mind a distinct sense of the mischievous character of strong drink, and of the safety from its power felt and enjoyed by the total abstainer. The speaker should frequently sift the motives which induce young people to swell our ranks—exposing the weak position of any who merely sign because others do so, or because they have been solicited by some one whom they love. The only guarantee for firmness, is standing upon the unwavering rock of principle—abstaining because it is right, and good, and true. Some time since, I read an account of a lad whose father was a minister. The boy had learned to like drink by taking small quantities at the dinner table. On one occasion the father, who had erected a new barn, gave a treat to his workpeople, and among the other things provided a keg of rum, which was stowed away in the barn. While everybody was enjoying themselves in the fields, George, the minister's son, was helping himself to the rum. By and bye, one of the farm servants came in to prepare for dinner, when he saw the youth prostrate, and thoroughly stupified by the rum. He brought his father, who gazed upon his son with horror, and then lifting him in his arms carried him to the house. His mother was almost broken-hearted; but after thirty hours and more of unconsciousness, by the utmost attention he was restored; but he was very weak for some days. When he was well enough to walk out, his father said to him: "George, I want you to take a walk with me;" and the two strolled by the side of a stream, beneath a shady avenue, at the end of which was a slightly elevated mound, where both father and son sat down, and the following conversation took place. "George," said the father "do you know what ailed you the other day?" "Yes, father," said the lad; "I suppose I had drunk too much rum, and was drunk." "Alas! my son, you were," replied the father; "and I have determined to present you with this watch," and he drew forth a beautiful time-piece, "if you will promise me never to drink strong drink any more." The lad jumped up as though he had been bitten by a serpent, and throwing himself on his father's neck, he said, "Father, if it's right for me not to drink I 'll abstain from it; but I should be ashamed of being

bribed to do what's right." "Spoken like my own brave boy," said the father. "It cannot but be right to keep from drinking such dangerous things, and your mother and I have determined for ever to abstain from that which had nearly destroyed our son." And there, on that little hill, beneath the broad blue sky, witnessed only by God, they mutually promised to be total abstainers for life. This lad evidently understood the power of principle. Mr. S. C. Hall, in his tract, *The Guide to Glendalough*, gives another instance of the power of principle in a young Irish lad, who was acting as their guide, and who some time before had taken the pledge from Father Matthew. In the raw bleak morning, Mr. Hall offered the lad a drink of spirits from a flask; but he refused it, explaining the reason why. The traveller, however, had no faith in the pledge, and so pulling out a five-shilling piece, he said, "Come, drink hearty, my lad, and you shall have a crown." The lad jumped from the jaunting car on which they were riding, and replied, "No, Sir, not for a thousand crowns, or all Lord Wicklow's land." And in admiration of such an exhibition of sterling principle, the gentleman and author threw the flask of spirits into an adjoining lake, and adopted the principle so tenaciously held by the youthful guide.

Mrs. Clara Lucas Balfour, in *Morning Dew-drops*, a work every speaker to Bands of Hope should peruse, says, "I knew a very little child who was asked to fetch some beer for a neighbour, but who replied: "I will fetch you anything else; but I cannot fetch drink, for I am a member of the Band of Hope; and I should not like to go a public-house, and I should not like to help you to get beer that might do you harm."

"Well," said the person, "you ought to be obliging, and if the Band of Hope makes you refuse to do a service when you are asked, I don't think it does you much good. Children should be obedient to their elders."

"I will get you *anything else*," said the child, colouring; and I know I ought to be obedient to my parents and do all they desire; but as they don't drink they never send me for it, and I can't do anything for you, sir, that my parents never ask me to do for them; that I think would not be right."

The person, very anxious to try the child, offered her money; but the young abstainer turned away, saying, "I should be very sorry if I was willing to do wrong for love of money."

Such cases might be multiplied to an indefinite extent; but those adduced will serve as illustrations of our meaning. Ex-

amples of a directly opposite character might be adduc
way of contrast. These, alas! are by no means rare.
instances might be found where inducements in the w
festivals, exhibitions, or other treats, have led to ch
joining Bands of Hope. Any advocate, jealous for the h
of the cause, will point out the evil tendency of this as
opportunity. No present *eclât* arising from an addit
numbers, and consequently a seeming increase of strengt
society, can at all compensate for the ultimate injury d
the introduction of a company of children of a "fast and
kind. Better will it be, that like Gideon we go the c
with three hundred chosen ehampions, than venture c
moral warfare with thirty-two thousand indifferent adh
A lady, during a time of civil war, was taken prisoner,
the general's presence was interrogated as to where her hu
—a leader of the opposite party—was. "I have hidden
was the heroic reply. "Tell us where," said the soldier,
you are free." "I have hidden him here," said the lad
she laid her hand upon her heart. And we must ensh
our hearts the principles we profess, and desire to exten
God will bless our labours.

DIALOGUE BETWEEN WILLIAM AND HENRY

By JOSEPH HALSEY, jun., Mile End.

William. Why Henry! *(shakes hands)* how pale yo
What ever is the matter? Has anything upset you?

Henry. No, but I've seen somebody else upset an
much injured. A poor drunken man had just come out
"Blind Beggar," and was staggering across the road, lea
poor tattered, shoeless little girl by the hand, when a
coal waggon coming along at a rapid rate, before he could
of the way, struck him, threw him down, and passed rig
his body, and I assure you that to see the poor mangled c
lying almost crushed in a pool of blood, to hear his groa
gasps, and the shrieks and wails of the little child as she
by her father's side, wringing her hands and gazing pi
at him, have quite overcome me.

William. Well, I don't wonder at it. It is indeed an
occurrence. This is another illustration, Harry, of wha
talking to you about the other day with reference to the s
terrible effects of intoxicating drinks. This man's case
ful though it is, might be multiplied hundreds and even tho

of times. Many equally painful incidents occur daily, the results of indulgence in drink. Ships founder at sea, and whole crews of brave seamen are lost through the intemperance of the captain; houses are fired, valuable property is consumed, and still more valuable life is sacrificed in many many cases through neglect and carelessness, resulting from drink.

Henry (*pettishly*). There now, that's *just* what I expected. I oughtn't to have told you anything about it. I might have known I should be sure to have a teetotal lecture. Of *course* I shall never be like that wretched man or others you have mentioned. I shall learn always to leave off when I have had enough.

William. And who's to be judge of when you've had enough Harry? That poor fellow left off, I suspect, long before he felt he had had enough, and the longer he drank the farther he was from having had enough. You forget that *drink*, unlike wholesome and nutrituous food, creates its own appetite, so that the more a man drinks, the more he wants. And just when a man has had what you would call enough, drink has begun to cloud his reason and judgment, and to take away his self-control, so that having only his inclination, and not his judgment and reason to guide him, he very often takes more than enough, and bye and bye drinking becomes a habit which he finds it very very hard to shake off.

Henry. That may be in the case of a man like the one I have been speaking about, but I should take care that drink never got that power over me.

William (*slowly and seriously*). *Harry, there was a time when drink had no more power over him to make him its slave, than it now has over you.* He could once take a moderate quantity, and set his glass down and feel that he was its master. But slowly and imperceptibly it wove its fatal web around his intellect and his will, till he was powerless before it, and it mastered *him*, and you see to what a terrible fate it has brought him.

Henry. Well, then, I say that if drink is such a powerful and dangerous thing, the man who can take it in moderation shews more courage than the man who will not touch it, and abstains from it entirely.

William. I don't agree with you. Does it not require a greater effort and more courage to resist the tempting offer of a glass of wine, made you perhaps by some friend whom you very much love and respect, and who pretends to think less of you

and to be offended if you refuse, than to accept the wine and thus gain your friend's smile and favour? Besides isn't, there's maxim that says, 'Discretion is the better part of valour'? and I believe it's true. Isn't wisdom as good as courage? Then those of us who have the wisdom to keep out of danger's path, and courage to walk the other amidst scorn and contempt, have certainly the advantage over you, who walk where there are innumerable unseen and fatal dangers, though men may clap you on the back, and call you brave for so doing. Mind, I don't say that you will ever be intemperate. I only say that while I am out of danger, you are not.

Henry. Then you mean to say that you abstain from intoxicating drinks because they are dangerous?

William. That is one reason.

Henry. Then do you use knives and forks?

William. You don't think I eat with my fingers, do you? Teetotalism hasn't made quite a barbarian of me. But what on earth have knives and forks to do with what we're talking about?

Henry. Ah! you see I am going to give you a bit of argument that will completely put you in a corner.

William. Now for the 'knives and forks' argument (*smiling*).

Henry. You laugh now, but presently you will feel its weight. Haven't you ever heard of people cutting their throats with knives, and stabbing with forks, and doing all kinds of mischief with them?

William. Yes. A great deal too often.

Henry. And you use them?

William. Yes.

Henry. Then you are not consistent, for you said just this moment that we ought to keep out of danger and avoid dangerous things. Now confess yourself beaten, and your argument completely cut to pieces with my knives and forks.

William. No. I don't intend to let you have such an easy victory. Prove to me that the use of knives and forks causes every year the loss of myriads of souls,—makes wretched homes and wretched families,—that it is the principal cause of the poverty and crime in our land,—that it makes 60,000 human beings annually cut their throats, and hurry their souls to eternal ruin,—that it leads hundreds of thousands of others to wound and maim their bodies,—that it is in the nature of knives and forks to create in people a strong desire to cut their throats and injure themselves, and that my example encourages them to do so—and I'll eat with my fingers for the rest of my days

Henry. Well, but does drink do all that?

William. Aye, and a great deal more. It brings many and many a man and woman to ruin, it makes many a widow and many an orphan, it turns husbands into infuriated demons who will brutally abuse their wives, it hardens the hearts of children to ill-treat and even murder their parents, it does men's bodies no good, and destroys their souls. Oh! Harry, let me beseech of you to have nothing to do with this cursed drink. Don't let your example tell in its favour. Discountenance its use.

Henry. But then drink is good, at least the doctors say so; and why should I give up what is good for me, because a lot of people choose to make fools of themselves by taking too much of it?

William. "Too much of a good thing," eh, Harry? Well in the first place, I can find you as many doctors as you please, clever and learned men too, who tell us that except in a very few cases, drink is altogether unwholesome and injurious. And then, as for the reason why you should give it up, simply because giving it up will benefit yourself, and benefit your fellow creatures.

Henry. I don't see how my abstaining would benefit anybody else. If *everybody* abstained, that would be a different thing.

William. Well, and how can everybody abstain if you don't, or I suppose you consider yourself somebody? Oh! if all of us who are now growing up—the boys and girls of England—were to unite in one great band, and determine to drive this curse from our country, what a glorious thing it would be! Couldn't you be proud, after the victory had been won, to have laboured and struggled for such an end? It's worth a little self-denial, Harry!

Henry. Well, I must confess it is a noble thing to do good in the world. I'm half inclined to give your principle a trial—hardly like giving any one the chance to say I set a bad example. It certainly is a glorious cause, and though I've often ridiculed you, I always thought so.

William. Come now then, Harry, join our ranks, you'll never ever regret it. I'll promise you pleasures you never knew before, and you can come and spend such delightful evenings at our Band of Hope—

> "'Twill save you from a thousand snares,
> From want, and woe, and pining cares,
> While misery the drunkard shares;
> Oh! come, come and sign."

Henry. (*first pauses, then suddenly exclaims*) Yes, William, I will, though I didn't think you'd ever get me over to your way of thinking; but I see it in a different light now, for if every one abstains and sets the example of abstinence, and endeavours to induce as many as he can to do likewise, the drink-shops must soon be closed, drunkenness must soon cease, and peace, plenty, and piety prevail.

William. I am rejoiced to welcome you as a brother soldier, Harry, resolved to fight the battle of Temperance (*shakes hands*) and may God help you to keep firm to your noble resolution! Come with me to-morrow to the Band of Hope and be enrolled. Good night!

AIDS TO LECTURERS.

THE HOME OF THE DRUNKARD.—Edwin Chadwick, Esq. says:—I was lately informed by a master tailor of Bath, that one of his men who had earned £3. at piece-work for years, had even within his knowledge pawned tables, chairs, and bedding. I found the statement, on examination, to be strictly true, Some straw on which he slept, a square block of wood, and a low three legged stool, and an old tea caddy are the complete inventory of the articles of a room, the occupier of which, with only himself and wife to maintain, was wealthier than many in the station of gentlemen. He had frequently excited lively compassion in benevolent individuals, who supposing that he was struggling for very existence, furnished him with a variety of household goods, which were regularly pawned before a week was out, and afforded to the superficial observer fresh evidence of the extremity of his distress. The cause of all this is quickly told: the wife was to be seen going to and fro several times a-day with a cream-jug of gin; and to gratify this appetite, they had voluntarily reduced themselves to the condition of savages.

HISTORY OF FIVE HUNDRED PUBLICANS.—In a lecture at Huddersfield Mr. George Easton, of the Scottish Temperance League, stated that, in three months at the close of 1854, he got the history of 500 publicans in his travels through the country, and he found that in every 35 men that had kept public—houses, from 19 to 22 on an average became intemperate, from the same number there were from 7 to 9 wives became intemperate; to their sons, from, 14 to 15; and daughters, from 8 to 9.

MR. PETER FAIRBARN, the extensive mechanist of Leeds says, I employ between 500 and 600 men. According to my

wn observation, fully 10 per cent. of the men have their wives and children in attendance at the public-house. The poor women have no other mode of getting money to market with on the Saturday night than attending at the public-house to get it from their husbands. They may have children which they cannot leave at home, and these they bring with them. The wives are thus led to drink, and they and their children are made partakers at the scenes of drunkenness and riot. Then the Sunday morning is thus occupied:—the husband, and sometimes the wife, is kept in a feverish state of excitement by the previous night's debauch; they are kept in a state of filth and disorder; even the face is unwashed; no clean clothes are put on, and there is no church attendance, and no decency. Indeed, by the pressure of the wants created by the habits of drinking, there is soon no means to purchase clean or respectable clothes; and lastly, no desire to purchase them. The man, instead of cleaning himself, and appearing at the church on Sunday, or walking out with his family on the Sunday afternoon in a respectable condition, remains at home in filth and in a filthy hovel. On the occurence of the disease to which such habits predispose him, there is nothing but the most abject and complete destitution and pauperism. I have served the office of church-warden and overseer in Leeds three years, and having attended the weekly board, where applications for relief are made, I have seen the end of this train of circumstances in the applications for relief from parties who had previously been in the receipt of good and sufficient wages (and even high wages,) to have prevented such applications. I have observed the whole train of these consequences in several large works in London, as well as in this town.—*Report of the Poor Law Commissioners.*

THE RIGHT SORT OF THING.

We are pleased to find that the Rev. E. Davies has issued the following circular:—

6, Richmond Terrace, Richmond Road,
Barnsbury, N., 1862.

My Dear Friends,

As a Christian Minister, I am very anxious that your beloved child, the bearer of this communication, should grow up to be a great comfort to you in days to come. With that view will you kindly help to train up the child, not only in the love of God and goodness, but also in an intelligent abhorrence of all intoxicoting liquors as a beverage—those liquors which confessedly do more to lead the young astray, and to

produce in our country, crime and wretchedness, than all other caus combined. If the taste for those seductive and pernicious drinks, an tobacco, is never created, the craving for them will never be felt, and yo child, with God's blessing, will be far more likely in future years to resi those dire temptations to which so many thousands yield.

The Band of Hope, or Juvenile Temperance Society, held in the Cal donian Rooms, is now large and well conducted. In addition to i structive addresses, the children are taught to sing on the Tonic-sol- system; and no charge whatever is made, except for such little books an music as they may require, together with One Penny per Quarter f their Member's ticket. If you will allow your dear child to join th interesting association, I am sure you will not regret it when you com to die, or to meet that child in judgment. If you concur, please to f up the adjoining form, and send it by the bearer to an early meeting. need not say that it is very desirable that the children should be cle and well-behaved.

The Meetings of the Band of Hope are held every Monday evenin from ½ to 7 to 8 o'clock. The exercises are lively and interesting, an the children sing very beautiful melodies under the efficient leadership Mr. Albert Austin. Your presence at any time as visitors would n only be welcome, but deemed a favour. Should you, in consequenc have any suggestion to make, or any complaint to prefer, it shall be mo promptly and kindly attended to. May Heaven's best blessing rest up you and yours, and may you long be spared to each other.

I remain, my dear Friends, yours very faithfully,

E. DAVIES,

President of the North London Temperance Socie and Band of Hope.

Appended on the fly-sheet is the following:—

NORTH LONDON BAND OF HOPE.

PARENTS' CONSENT.

We, the undersigned, fully approve of our child becoming a memb of the above Band of Hope, and will do all we can to induce a faithf observance of the Pledge.

Names { _____ _____

Residence _____

CHILD'S PLEDGE.

I hereby promise to abstain from all intoxicating liquors as a bevera together with tobacco in every form, and to do what I can to induce oth to do the same.

Name _____

Age _____

Date _____

think the circular and blank forms are in every way
r of imitation, and will be glad to receive information of
' efforts. Copies of parents' certificates may be had from
ınd of Hope Union, for one shilling per 100, and we
ırge their constant use. We append a specimen of them:—

AND OF HOPE PARENTS' CERTIFICATE.

DECLARATION.

ereby promise to abstain from all Intoxicating Liquors as a
e, and from Tobacco."

ILDREN'S
GNATURE.

Name _____

Residence. _____

Age _____

he undersigned, fully approve of our Child becoming a Member
and of Hope.

Signed _____

_____

_____

This Paper is to be filled up and returned at the next meeting.

SONG OF THE WELL.

By GEORGE W. McCREE.

Israel sang this song: Spring up, O well; sing ye unto it.—
Numbers xxi. 17.

Spring up, O well!
In deserts lone,
Where fainting men
With thirsting moan.

Spring up, O well!
When flowers fade,
And children play,
In forest glade.

Spring up, O well!
Near dusty way,
And village green,
To make us gay.

Spring up, O well!
We shed no tear,
Through loving thee,
Nor sorrow fear.

Spring up, O well!
For ever spring,
And to the earth
Bright ages bring.

A GOOD BOOK FOR CONDUCTORS.

What do our zealous and useful friends—the conductors of Bands of Hope—think of giving their little ones a course of addresses on the Ten Commandments? Should they wish to do so, we would ask them to buy "The King's Highway," by the Rev. Richard Newton, D.D.* It may be got for threehalfpence, and, both internally and externally, is a truly attractive book. Conductors! buy it, and then use it in your important work. We will enable you to judge of its value by extracting the chapter on "The Sixth Commandment."

"Thou shalt not kill."—*Exod.* xx. 13.

We are to do no injury to others, directly or indirectly, either by our actions, our words, or our feelings. We must do no injury to our own lives, or health, by eating or drinking too much, or in any other way.

THE GRAND MURDERER.

Napoleon Buonaparte was a great murderer! He resolved to invade Russia. There was no necessity for it. But he resolved to do it, to please himself. He raised a great army of nearly five hundred thousand men. He marched to Moscow. He took it. The Russian set fire to it. It was burnt down. Winter set in. Napoleon was defeated and driven back. His grand army was destroyed. More than half a million of men were killed in that one campaign. Who killed them? Napoleon Buonaparte. What a grand murderer he was! Think of this when you hear or read of what is called—his glory! Would you like to be in Napoleon's place when he comes to stand before the judgment-seat? No, no; not for ten thousand such kingdoms as France.

THE POISON-SELLER.

If a man meets another in the woods, and plunges a dagger into his breast, that he may get his watch and money, does he break this commandment? Yes. But suppose, that, instead of getting his money in this way, he makes a poisonous drink, and sells it to the man without telling him what is in it; would this be breaking the commandment? Yes. It is just as bad to kill with poison as to kill with a dagger. And killing slowly is just as much a breach of this commandment as killing quickly. There are many people in this country who make and sell drinks of this kind. They call them wine, or brandy, or gin, or whisky. These are often made out of the most poisonous things that can be mentioned. The people who make these liquors call them by wrong names. Then they sell them to people to drink. They do this when they know that they are poisonous. But they are willing to do it for the sake of money. Are not such persons guilty of *killing* in the sight of God? Certainly.

THE PASSIONATE BOY.

Suppose you should find that in one corner of the room in which you

* Published by T. Nelson and Sons.

sleep there was a nest of young rattlesnakes, and that at any time they might spring out of their nest and bite you; what would you do? Search the room, find out the nest, and have the young snakes killed. That would be the only wise and safe course. But let me tell you that in the corner of your heart there may be something worse than a nest of rattlesnakes! Is anger or hatred allowed to dwell there? If so, that is worse than a rattlesnake. If you do not overcome it, it may spring up suddenly, some time or other, and make you a murderer in a moment.

One of the scholars in a large school, whose name was James, had a terrible temper. The least thing that displeased him would throw him into a rage and then he would act in a most violent manner. He never seemed to feel how dreadfully wicked it was, or to be afraid of the consequences that might follow from it.

One day, during the play hour, he stretched himself on a bench to take a nap. One of the boys thought he would have a little fun with James. He took a feather, and leaned over the bench, and began to tickle him in the ear. James shook his head, and cried, "Don't do that." Presently he felt the feather again. "Don't do that, I say," he exclaimed angrily. The boy thoughtlessly went on with his mischief. Then James sprang from the bench, seized a pair of compasses lying on the desk, and threw them at the boy with all his might. They struck him on the side of the head. They entered his brain. He fell down, never spoke again, and was carried home a corpse. How dreadful this was! Here was the young serpent, that had been allowed to nestle in this boy's heart, springing up suddenly to its full growth, and making a murderer of him. Oh, watch against those young serpents! And if you find them in your heart, take that heart to Jesus, and ask him to give you his grace to resist and overcome them.

ALICE'S REPENTANCE.

I suppose there is not one person, however young, who has not broken the Sixth Commandment. I don't mean to say that we have all been murderers in action. But we have all had angry feelings towards others, and this has made us murderers in heart. We have all reason, therefore, to repent before God, for the sin we have committed.

We may all learn a lesson on this subject from a little girl, of whom I was reading lately. Her name was Alice. One evening her mother was busy, and her elder sister, Sarah, took her up stairs to put her to bed. As Sarah was undressing Alice, she noticed that she seemed very sad, and that tears were running down her cheeks. She asked her what was the matter; but Alice gave her no answer. When it was time to kneel down by her little bed and pray, Alice knelt, and bowed her head, but no words came from her lips. Sarah thought this was very strange. So she went to tell her mother, who came to see what was the matter.

"My child," said she, "what troubles you?"

"O mother!" cried Alice, seizing her mother's hand, "I can't say my prayers, and I can't go to sleep."

"Do tell me *what's the matter with my little girl.*"

"O mother! I killed cousin Ruth *in my heart* to-day, I did;" and the tears flowed afresh. "I got angry, and I wished her dead. *That makes me a murderer.* I can't ask God's forgiveness till I've made friends with Ruth. He won't hear me, for my heart has had anger and hatred in it and not love. O mother!" and the poor child wept as though her heart would break.

Her mother tried to comfort her, but there lay the the cold, heavy weight of sin upon her heart, and she could take no comfort.

"Oh, if I could only see Ruth, and we could make friends, then I could pray, and go to sleep," she said. "Mother, can't I go to Ruth's house?"

Her mother thought a moment. She felt that to help her child to think and feel rightly on this subject was the most important of all things. "Yes, my child, you shall go," she said.

Ah, if she had been one of those mothers who always send their children to bed in charge of servants, what a golden opportunity she would have lost of doing her child good.

Alice's father was called, who carried his weeping child into the next house, where her cousin Ruth lived. She was taken to Ruth's bed-side. It was a melting scene to witness the confession, the prayer for forgiveness, and the kiss of reconciliation. Then Alice wiped away her tears and, laying her head on her father's shoulder, she asked to be carried home.

Once more in her own room, Alice kneeled down and prayed God to forgive her for the sin of hating Ruth. "Give me love in my heart," she cried earnestly, "because 'God is love;' and because it was love which made Jesus die on the cross for us; and oh, keep me from hating and killing anybody in my heart."

So did little Alice pray. Oh, what a prayer was that! Sin and conscience, love and hatred, had been fighting in her heart. But love gained the victory. Can we not remember feeling towards somebody just as Alice felt towards Ruth? Let us learn from the example of Alice what to do. We should ask the forgiveness of those towards whom we have felt anger or hatred. Then we should ask God's forgiveness, and pray for his grace to take away all such wicked feelings from our hearts, and fill them with love. It is love to God and love to our fellow-creatures which shows that we are the children of God; and it is hatred, and anger and strife, which make us the children of the devil. Let us remember the words of the hymn,—

"Whene'er the angry passions rise,
  And tempt our thoughts and tongues to strife,
To Jesus let us lift our eyes,
  Bright pattern of the Christian life.

His fair example let us trace,
  To teach us what we ought to be;—
Make us, by thy transforming grace,
  Dear Saviour, daily more like thee."

HYMN ON THE SIXTH COMMANDMENT.

Our hands may not be red with blood,
Yet we may murderers be;
For every causeless, angry thought
Is murder, Lord, with thee.
Oh, then to Christ, the living stream,
We'll come without delay:
And in the fountain of his blood
Wash all our guilt away.
There's many a deed of murder done,
Where blood has ne'er been spilt;
For angry thoughts and words are one
With deeds of crimson guilt.
Oh, then to Christ, &c.
Yes! in our hearts we often kill,
And think the deed unknown;
Forgetting that each secret thought
Is spoken at thy throne.
Oh, then to Christ, &c.
Great God, we cannot fully tell
How such a thing can be;
We only feel *how much of sin*
Within us thou must see.
Oh, then to Christ, &c.

ANNALS OF THE BAND OF HOPE UNION.

THE MEMBERS' ANNUAL MEETING.

nportant Meeting will be held at 37, Queen Square, on *Thursday, h*, when J. E. Saunders, Esq., will preside. Interesting matters, ly affecting the extension of the operations of the Band of Hope will be brought forward, and it is therefore hnped that all the s will attend. Tea and coffee will be ready at six o'clock, and the l be taken at seven o'clock.

uvenile Collectors' Meeting took place at Mr. Shirley's, 37, Queen when about fifty of our zealous young friends and several members ommittee partook of tea together. After the repast, various amuse- nited to the young people were enjoyed, and these were followed addresses from Mr. S. Shirley, Mr. F. Smith, and the Rev. G. W. . Recitations were well delivered by Miss Worms, and Master The prizes given to the most successful collectors were as :—

Shirley, the "Adviser" for 1861; Miss Louisa Shirley, "Widow ; Miss Miriam Shirley, "Danesbury House;" Master Joseph Ritter Bell"; Miss Oakes, "Waifs and Strays"; Miss Mather, r Bell."

hoped that our young friends will prosper in their good work, and augment the funds of the Band of Hope Union.

PUBLIC MEETINGS.

We have great pleasure in announcing that two Public Meetings will be held as follows:—The Independent Chapel, Caledonian road, on Tuesday, February 18th, and in Surrey Chapel, on Monday, February 24th. *Five hundred children will attend to sing select pieces.* The meetings will begin at half-past seven o'clock. The audiences will consist of adults, and a number of popular speakers will deliver suitable addresses.

PECKHAM.—On Monday, the 20th, instant Mr. Blaby gave us an interesting lecture, on "Temperance Song," in the School of Design, Hill-street. All present were much delighted. Mr. Jacobs, of East Dulwich, teetotaler of more than 20 years' standing, presided. Several signed the pledge.

GREENWICH.—Mr. Child says, "On Wednesday, Jan. 8th, 1862, the members of the Band of Hope held a tea party in the School-room of Providence Chapel, kindly lent them for the purpose. It was a pleasing sight to see youths and maidens, now verging into manhood, who have been brought up in the Band of Hope, gathering at these festive meetings and rallying round their respected superintendent. Recitations were repeated and melodies sang during the evening; even the least were anxious to take part in the evening's proceedings, and two little ones had to be on a chair, whilst they lisped forth their little hymns of praise. Our pledge book numbers 498 members. About 120 have signed within the last twelve months. And in my book I number upwards of 30 members who have been teetotalers ranging from 7 to 14 years, growing up to credit to our cause, some of the fair fruits of our Bands of Hope."

During the past month, Mr. F. Smith has attended meetings as under:—At St. Clement's Danes; Commercial Road Chapel; Brixton; York Road; Stanhope Street; Amicable Row; Deal; Tunbridge Wells, twice; Bloomsbury Refuge; Dalston; Regent's Park Barracks; Asylum Road; Camden Town; Brighton; and Uxbridge.

Mr. G. Blaby has attended the following:—Stoke Newington; Denmark Street, three times; St. Clement's Danes, twice; Bloomsbury Refuge; Bromley-by-Bow; Laystall Street; Pimlico; One Tun; Albion Chapel; Amicable Row; Brixton; Lant Street; Fox and Knott Court; Kennington; Willow Walk; Paddington; Little Wild Street; Kentish Town; Peckham; Lewisham; Grays; and Star of Temperance.

MR. JOHN DE FRAINE.

We—in common with many more—deeply regretted the illness which prevented the delivery of Mr. De Fraine's Oration in Exeter Hall, on the evening advertised. We believe it will be delivered on Monday evening, Feb. 10th. Tickets may be obtained at 37, Queen Square.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

All communications should be written on one side of the paper only.
Names and Addresses should be written very plainly.
Intelligence should be sent early.
Books for Review, Articles for the Record, &c., may be sent to the Editor at No. 37, Queen Square, London.

J. BALE, Printer, 78, Great Titchfield-street, Marylebone.

BAND OF HOPE RECORD.

THE MAN WE WANT.

By the EDITOR.

Our model abstainer is not an every-day sight, but he may be discovered by those who wish to know him. He was one of the first converts to our principles, and adopted them from pure and philanthropic motives. He did not sign the pledge because he was a drunkard. He was not actuated by the love of money. He had no desire to render our movement a political engine. The public good was the magnet which moved his soul and his hand, and it has always been the vital force of his life.

The model man has thoroughly studied the history, principles, objects, and results of our movement. He knows all about Dr. Beecher, Joseph Livesey, Father Matthew, Dr. Lees, the Rev. Francis Beardsall, James Teare, Benjamin Parsons, James Silk Buckingham, and Nathaniel Card. He has shaken them by the hand, reveres the memory of those whose feet have borne them through THE SILENT LAND, and loves to animate the faithful ones who remain in the field of battle. They are his heroes. He regards them as representative men. He never suffers any to slander them. Their reputation is safe in his hands. He loves them for their work's sake.

You never find the model man absent when the good cause has to endure "evil report." At all the moral conflicts of the campaign he has been present, and done his part. He never fled. We never knew him retreat. His face never blenched. In the thickest of the battle his hurrah was heard, and cheered many who were ready to faint and fall. And best of all, he knows how to stand on guard, and watch the foe.

The model man knows how to work. You find him on committees and sub-committees. He is always willing to make a quorum. His nobility in committee is like "a burning and a shining light." He will not quarrel with any one. He has no delight in schisms, in parties, in cliques, in rows. Wisdom and gentleness are found in him. He is wise in council—slow to anger—ready to hear—of few words—full of love. You find him prepared to do anything. He will take the chair, or speak, or be silent, or write a letter, or solicit a subscription, or double his own, or make one of a deputation, or prepare a

report, or stand at the door, or sit still, and cheerfully appla others as may seem most comely and expedient. Strife a vainglory are far from him. He deems it good to be usefi and always zealously affected towards whatever may aid tl movement, and make it a little stronger. His self-esteem: small; his benevolence and conscientiousness large and bea tiful. His combativeness is kept under. You will find hir exercising his firmness after a godly fashion. Whether in com mittee or on the platform he is found a man of thought, actio integrity, and gentleness, and therefore a man of power.

The model man is "a cheerful giver." He does not withhol his gold and silver. As he knows that debt is a drag upon th Society, he does his best to prevent pecuniary embarrassment His shilling, his half-crown, and his guinea, are therefor always forthcoming when wanted. But he does not admir "Benefits." He thinks that total abstainers should not fail t provide for sickness, want of employment, accident, and death He therefore does not patronise "Benefits," but looks upon the increasing frequency as an evil which ought to be condemned Self-help and self-reform he greatly admires, and he loves t cheer the brave soul.

The model man has a good temperance library. On hi shelves are books of religion, science, history, and poetry, bu in addition to these he has a noble and costly collection of tem perance literature. Livesey's Moral Reformer, Beecher's Si Sermons on Intemperance, and Dr. Grindrod's Bacchus hea the list; and ranged along the shelf are volumes, parliamenta reports, music, tracts, magazines, pamphlets, and newspaper all carefully classified and in fine preservation. From the publications he draws his arguments, facts, and illustrations, defence of his abstinence. And to this library he adds dail It grows in his hands, and bids fair to rival any similar collectio of temperance literature. He has also a smaller shelf on whi are placed a number of smaller publications from which l selects for distribution. Many a convert has he made by tl gift of Dr. Carpenter's Essay and Livesey's Malt Lecture. T the Mayor of the town he sent the works of Dr. Lees, and the Mechanics' Institution a complete set of the Ipswich tract

The model man is a capital speaker. He is so because h carefully prepares his speeches. He thinks, writes, mak ready, and *then* speaks. You never hear him abuse any one- not even publicans. He has no faith in bitterness. He dislik *cant.* He never resorts to challenges. He is courteous, genti

nest, playful, reverent, and sincere. When he speaks people gh, reflect, feel, resolve, weep. Let him preside, and a good sting is always the result. He is no "critic." None ever rd him condemn a speaker save once, and that was when platform was disgraced by a person who made an indecent ark. Our model man called him to order, and made him sit n.

he model man is a christian. He endeavours to exhibit divine life. He believes that the most pure men are the t useful, the most worthy of honour, the most qualified for anthropic work, and the most desirable advocates of the l cause. Hence, he speaks the truth in love, abstains from appearance of evil, aims at a blameless career, and desires rve his generation according to the will of the Great Master. Then the model man dies many will bewail him. Widows orphans, reformed drunkards and beautiful maidens, wise , and little children, the just and the unjust will mourn him. But when he is laid beneath the green turf, they l hear a voice saying:—"Blessed are the dead which die in Lord from henceforth: yea, saith the Spirit, that they may from their labours; and their works do follow them."

A DRINKING SONG.

(From "Drift," a Temperance Tale, by Mrs. C. S. Balfour.)

"I drink with a goodly company,—
With the sun that dips his beams,
And quaffs in loving revelry
The pure and sparkling streams:
The laughing streams
That catch his beams,
To flash them back in light:
The glitt'ring streams
Whose ripple gleams
Like liquid diamonds bright.

"I drink with a blooming company,—
With flowers of every hue,
Where fragrant lips take daily sips
Of sweet and od'rous dew;
Of morning dew
So fresh and new,
That tenderly distils,
The balmy *dew,*
So pure and true,
That every petal fills.

"I drink with a merry company,
With every bird that sings,
Carolling free a strain of glee,
As he waves his airy wings—
Wild soaring wings—
And upward springs,
Filling the air with song;
The woodland rings,
And echo flings
The warbling notes along.

"I drink with a noble company,
With all the stately trees
That spread their leafy shade abroad,
And flutter in the breeze;
The playful breeze
That loves to please
My comrades great and small;
I 'll drink at ease
Pure draughts of these—
They 're water drinkers all."

A STORY FOR HOME.

'Who's that, I wonder?' said Mrs. Seaburn, as she heard a ring at the basement door.

'Ah! it's Marshall,' returned her husband, who had looked out at the window, and recognised the grocer's cart.

'And what have you had sent home now, Henry?'

But before Mr. Seaburn could answer, the door of the sitting-room was opened, and one of the domestics looked in, and asked—

'What 'll I do with the demijohns, mum?'

'Demijohns?' repeated Mrs. Seaburn.

'Put them in the hall, and I'll attend to them,' interposed the husband.

'Henry, what have you sent home now?' his wife asked, after the domestic had gone.

'Some nice old brandy,' replied Henry.

Cora Seaburn glanced up at the clock, and then looked down upon the floor. There was a cloud upon her fair brow, and it was very evident that something lay heavily upon her heart. Presently she walked to the wall and pulled the bell-cord, and the summons was answered by the chambermaid.

'Are George and Charles in their room?'

'Yes, ma'am.'

'Tell them it is school-time.'

The girl went out, and in a little while two boys entered the sitting room, with their books under their arms, and their caps in their hands They were bright, happy, healthy fellows, with goodness and truth stamped upon their rosy faces, and the light of free consciences gleaming

in their sparkling eyes. George was thirteen years of age, and Charles eleven; and certainly those two parents had reason to be proud of them. The boys kissed their mother, gave a happy 'good morning' to their father, and then went away to school.

'Come,' said Mr. Seaburn, some time after the boys had gone, 'What makes you so sober?'

'Sober,' repeated the wife, looking up.

'Yes. You have been sober and mute ever since the grocer came.'

'Do you want me to tell you why?'

'Of course I do.'

'Well, Henry, I am sorry you have had that spirit brought into the house.'

'Pooh! what's the use in talking so, Cora? You wouldn't have me do without it, would you?'

'Yes.'

'Why, what do you mean?'

'I mean that I would cut clear of the stuff, now and for ever.'

'But—Cora—you are wild. What should we do at our parties without wine?'

'Do as others who have it not.'

'But—mercy!—what would people say? Are you afraid I—but no—I won't ask so foolish a question.'

'Ask it, Henry. Let us speak plainly, now that we have fairly commenced.'

'Well, I was about to ask if you were afraid that I should ever—drink too much.'

'That's not a fair question, Henry. I was not thinking of that at all. But I will answer it by and bye. You have no fixed appetite for it now?'

'Of course not.'

'Then it would not cost you any effort of will to abstain from its use?'

'Not a particle.'

'And you only have it in the house, and serve it to your friends and drink it yourself, because it is fashionable?—or, you do it because others do it?'

'I do it, because'—said Mr. Seaburn, hesitating in his choice of language—'because it would appear very odd, and very niggardly, and very unnatural not to do it.' This last was spoken emphatically.

'But,' pursued Mrs. Seaburn, with the calmness and assurance of one who feels the sustaining influence of right, 'you would not do what you were convinced was wrong, out of respect to any such considerations, would you?'

'You know I would not, Cora. This question of temperance, I know, is a good one in the abstract, and I am willing to live up to it, as I understand it; but I am no teetotaller.'

'Henry,' said his wife, with an earnest look into his face, 'will you answer me a few questions?—and answer them honestly and truly, without equivocation or evasion?'

'Bless me, how methodically you put it, Cora. But I will answer.'

'Then—first,—Do you believe you, or your friends, are in any way benefited by the drinking of intoxicating beverages at your board? That is—do you derive any real good from it?'

'No, I can't say that we do.'

'Do you think the time has ever been, since we were married, when we actually needed wine in the house, either for our health or comfort?'

'Why, I think it has ministered to our comfort, Cora.'

'How?'

'Oh, in many ways.'

'Name one of them.'

'Why—in the enjoyment of our guests.'

'Ah, but I am speaking of ourselves, Henry—of you, and me, and our own little family. Has it ever ministered to our comfort?'

'No, I can't say that it has."

'And if it was banished from our house to-day and for ever, as a beverage, should we suffer in consequence?'

'Certainly. What would our friends——'

'Ah, but stop. I am only speaking of our own affairs, as shut out from the world, by our own fireside. I want all extraneous considerations left out of the question. Should we, as a family, suffer in our moral, physical, social, or domestic affairs in the total abstinence from this beverage?'

'No, I don't know that we should.'

'Then to you, as a husband, and a father, and as a man, it is of no earthly use?'

'No.'

'And it would cost you no effort, so far as you alone are concerned to break from it?'

'Not a particle.'

'And now, Henry,' pursued the wife, with increased earnestness, 'I have a few more questions to ask: Do you believe that the drinking of intoxicating beverages is an evil in this country?'

'Why, as it is now going on, I certainly do.'

'And isn't it an evil in society?'

'Yes.'

'Look over this city, and tell me if it is not a terrible evil?'

'A terrible evil grows out of the abuse of it, Cora.'

'And will you tell me what good grows out of the use of it?'

'Really, love, when you come down to this abstract point, you have the field. But people should govern their appetites. All things may be abused.'

'Yes. But will you tell me the use—the real good—to be derived from drinking wine and brandy?'

'As I said before, it is a social custom, and has its charms.'

'Ah, there you have it, Henry. It does have its charms, as the deadly snake is said to have, and as other vices have. But I see you are in hurry.'

'It is time I was at the store.'

'I will detain you but a moment longer, Henry. Just answer me a few more questions. Now call to mind all the families of your acquaintance; think of all the domestic circles you have known from your school-boy days to the present; run your thoughts through the various homes where you have been intimate—do this, and tell me if, in any one instance, you ever knew a single joy to be planted by the hearth-stone from the wine-cup? Did you ever know one item of good to flow to a family from its use?'

'No; I cannot say that I ever did—not as you mean.'

'And now answer me again. Think of those homes once more—call to memory the playmates of your childhood—think of the homes they have made—think of other homes—think of the firesides where all you have known dwell, and tell me if you have seen any *sorrows* flow from the wine-cup? Have you seen any great *griefs* planted by the intoxicating bowl upon the hearth-stone?'

Henry Seaburn did not answer, for there passed before him such grim spectres of *Sorrow* and *Grief*, that he shuddered at the mental vision. He saw the youth cut down in the hour of promise; he saw the grey head fall in dishonour; he saw hearts broken; he saw homes made desolate; he saw affection wither up and die; and saw noble intellect stricken down! Good Heaven! what sights he saw as he unrolled the canvass of his memory.

'Henry,' whispered the wife, moving to his side, and winding one arm gently about his neck, 'we have two boys. They are growing to be men. They are noble, generous, and tender-hearted. They love their home and honour their parents. They are here to form those characters—to receive those impressions which shall be the basis upon which their future weal or woe must rest. Look at them—O, think of them!—Think of them doing battle in the great struggle of the life before them. Shall they carry out from their home one evil influence? Shall they, in the time to come, fall by the wayside, cut down by the Demon of the Cup, and in their dying hour, curse the example from whence they derived the appetite? O, for our children—for those two boys—for the men we hope to see them—for the sweet memories we would have them cherish of their home—for the good old age they may reap—let us cast this thing out now and for ever!'

Cora kissed her husband as she ceased speaking; and then he arose to his feet; but he made her no reply.

'Henry, you are not offended.'

'No,' he said. He returned her kiss, and, without another word, left the house and went to his store.

How strangely did circumstances work to keep the idea his wife had given him alive in his mind. That very morning he met a youth, the son of one of his wealthy friends—in a state of wild intoxication; and during the forenoon he heard that young Aaron G—— had died at sea. He knew that Aaron had been sent away from home that he might be reclaimed.

After *the bank had closed, and as Henry* Seaburn was thinking of going

to his dinner, he received a note through the Penny Post. It was from medical friend, and contained a request that he would call at the hospital on his way home. This hospital was not much out of his way, and he stopped there.

'There is a man in one of the lower wards who wishes to see you' said the doctor.

'Does he know me?' asked Seaburn.

'He says he does.'

'What is his name?'

'He won't tell us. He goes by the name of Smith; but I am satisfied that such is not his true name. He is in the last stage of consumption and delirium. He has lucid intervals, but they do not last long. He has been here a week. He was picked up in the street and brought here. He heard your name, and said he knew you once.'

Mr. Seaburn went into the room where the patient lay, and looked at him. Surely he never knew that man! 'There must be some mistake,' he said.

The invalid heard him, and opened his eyes—such bloodshot, unearthly eyes!

'Harry,' he whispered, trying to lift himself upon his elbow, 'is this Henry Seaburn?'

'That is my name.'

'And don't you know me?'

'I am sure I do not.' And he would have said that he did not wish to, only the man seemed so utterly miserable that he would not wound what little feeling he might have left.

'Have you forgotten your old playmate in boyhood, Harry,—your friend in other years—your chum in college?'

'What!' gasped Seaburn, starting back aghast, for a glimmer of the truth burst upon him. 'This is not Alec Lomberg?'

'All that is left of him, my Hal,' returned the poor fellow, putting forth his wasted, skeleton hand, and smiling a faint, quivering, dying smile.

'Alexander Lomberg!' said Henry, gazing into the bloated, disfigured face before him.

'You wouldn't have known me, Hal?'

'Indeed—no!'

'I know I am altered.'

'But, Alec,' cried Seaburn, 'how is this? Why are you here?'

'*Rum*, my Hal—RUM! I'm about done for.—But I wanted to see you. They told me you lived not far away, and I would look upon one friend before I died.'

'But I heard that you were practising in your profession, Alec, and doing well.'

'So I did do well when I practised, Hal. I have made some pleas, but I have given up all that.'

'And your father—where is he?'

'Don't mention him, Hal. We've broken. I don't know him; he

taught me to drink! Aye, he taught me! and then turned the cold shoulder upon me when I drank too much! But I'm going, Hal—going, going!'

Henry Seaburn gazed into that terrible face, and remembered what its owner had been:—the son of wealthy parents; the idol of a fond mother; the favourite at school, at play, and at college; a light of intellect and physical beauty, and a noble, generous friend. And now, alas! 'Alec, can I help you?'

'Yes.' And the poor fellow started higher up from his pillow, and something of the old light struggled for a moment in his eye.—'Pray for me, Hal. Pray for my soul! Pray that I may go where my mother is! She won't disown her boy. She could not have done it had she lived. O! She was a good mother, Hal. Thank God she didn't live to see this! Pray for me—pray—pray!—Let me go to HER!'

As the wasted man sunk back, he fell to weeping, and in a moment more one of his paroxysms came on, and he began to rave. He thought Harry was his father, and he cursed him; and cursed the habit that had been fastened upon him under that father's influence. But Henry could not stop to listen. With an aching heart he turned away and left the hospital. He could not go home to dinner then; he went down town, and got dinner there. At night he went to the hospital again. He would inquire after his friend, if he did not see him.

'Poor fellow!' said the physician, he never came out of that fit; he died in half an hour after you went out.'

It was dark when Henry Seaburn reached home.

'You didn't tell Bridget where to put those demijohns, Henry,' said his wife. She had not noticed his face, for the gas was burning but dimly.

'Ah, I forgot. Come down with me, Cora, and we'll find a place for them.'

His wife followed him down into the basement; and one by one he took the demijohns and carried them into the rear yard, and there he emptied their contents into the sewer. Then he broke the vessels in pieces with his foot, and bade Bridget have the dirtman take the fragments away in the morning. Not one word had he spoken to his wife all the while, nor did she speak to him. He returned to the sitting room, when his boys were at their books, and took a seat on one of the *tete-a-tetes*. He called his wife and children about him, and then he told them the story of Alexander Lomberg.

'And now, my loved ones,' he added, laying his hand upon the heads of his boys, 'I have made a solemn vow that, henceforth, my children shall find no such influence at their home. They shall never have the occasion to curse the example of their father. I will touch the wine-cup no more for ever! What say you, my boys—will you join me in the pledge?'

They joined him with a glad gushing willingness; for their hearts were full, and their sympathies *all tuned, by a mother's* careful love, to right.

'*And you, Cora?*'

'Yes, yes!' she cried. 'And may the holy lesson of this hour ne be forgotten. Oh, God, let it rest, as an angel of mercy, upon my boy Let it be a light to their feet in the time of temptation! And so sh they bless through life the influence they carry with them from th home!'

PRACTICAL PAPERS, No. 3.

By Mr. G. M. MURPHY.

APPEAL TO FACTS.

"Facts are stubborn things," says the well-known prover and it is indisputably true. Burns says—

"Facts are cheils that will na ding,
And canna be disputed."

No moral movement has such startling facts, on which to fou appeals, as the temperance cause. Science declares the practi of total abstinence to be in harmony with its laws. Histo when appealed to, speaks of whole nations flourishing wh rigidly abstemious; but drooping to decay, in proportion they yielded to a luxurious effeminacy. The Sacred Scri tures reveal the sad effects of intemperance; and make know the advantages accruing from following a contrary course conduct. It is not our intention to prove these positions: th may be verified by any who have the least desire to do so.

The occurrences taking place around us, the facts of ever day life, are those to which we would at present advert. T Band of Hope conductor should be at home here; narrati circumstances, drawing conclusions, enforcing lessons. Wh we are writing, two occurrences place themselves prominent before us to illustrate our meaning. Who has not heard of t awful calamity at New Hartley coal pit? How unexpecte how sudden! how sad their fate, who were buried alive! W could but weep for the widows and the orphans? But h consoling it is to know that so many were Christians, and to abstainers. This knowledge inspires us with hope that th last moments would be spent as became thoughtful and earn men, on the verge of the eternal world. What a contra Four inebriated men are staggering through one of our m London thoroughfares; they are larking, as it is called. they proceed, they overturn stalls, and push rudely agai people who pass them. A cart for the reception of bones standing at a butcher's shop door; the man who is loadin brings out a basketful and deposits them. As he returns is 'pelted' by the drunken men; he remonstrates, and they

abuse and rough treatment to the insult. The butcher comes forth from the shop to protect the man, when one of the ruffians stabs him in the stomach, inflicting a mortal wound. Thus a young wife becomes a widow, and four children are made fatherless by the drunkard's cruel blow. What multiplied lessons may be derived from such incidents! and how full of interest, to the children, is their narration. No anecdote or story can surpass them in attracting attention, and there is the additional advantage that while they are listening, they are learning to draw conclusions from passing events for themselves.

What we know of the companions of our school-boy days, of the incidents which are continually occurring around us, the things which happen in our daily walk in life, is full of interest, and we should exercise our memory in recalling the the past, and make good use of our judgment in discriminating as to what would wisely "point a moral and adorn a tale." We *know* important facts, let us use them.

What we see as we journey through the world, day by day, is far from being uninteresting. Solomon says, "The wise man's eyes are in his head," and if the head in which the eyes are, is worthy of its name, scarce a day passes over, but the eyes are impressed with pictures, eminently calculated to enforce our principles pleasantly and powerfully, if the pictures are put into words. We *see* important facts, let us use them.

What we hear should be made subservient to our enterprise. The merry laughter of the temperance tea-party; the cheerful prattling of an innocent child; the sad moanings of the drunkard's wife; the story poured from the reclaimed one's heart. The poor old alms-house man had always a cheery appearance on the Sabbath morn, because he heard, as he said, the bells chiming in his ear, "Keep a good heart, keep a good heart;" and the very ringing of the voices around us falling on our ear, like the country church bells to the happy old man, have a voice for us if we will but hear them. Stand in yonder police court, and listen to the plaintive tale of the poor woman whose face has been beaten out of shape by her brutal, because drunken, partner. Enter Westminster Hall, and listen to the disclosures of wickedness enacted through the drink among the high-born and the proud. Watch that group in the private office of the large banking concern; there are the partners, and the manager, and a much younger man than either of them. What a confession of guilt the young man pours into their ears! his defalcations have been detected, and now he details his

downward course—neglect of religion, the concert hall, tl wine room, and the drink. It is the old, old story. His pro pects in life are blasted, and respect for broken-hearted paren alone saves the partners from consigning him to a felon's fat We *hear* important facts, let us use them.

What we read, of time wasted through drink—of mone squandered through drink—of grain destroyed in making drin —of miseries occasioned through using drink—of crime con mitted to obtain drink, or when under its influence—of peril t life and property on sea and ashore through the drink— poor-houses filled by the drink—of churches, chapels, and schoo emptied by the drink—of seventeen out of twenty lunatics mad so by drink—of the many diseases occasioned, or their virulen increased by the drink—and when we add to this (and muc more might be said) the utter uselessness of the drinks fo which all this suffering and calamity is endured, what can b said in favour of the common sense of those who disregard tl facts they may read, hear, see, and know, on the other side the question?

We have the facts of both sides to read and use; and if tl mischievous character of the drink is pourtrayed in sad an revolting colours, the results flowing from the adoption of tem perance principles are unquestionably cheering and glorio seeming the brighter, if that were possible, because of the o posing gloom. Let us go on, then, appealing to the facts whi are relevant to our movement, and using them with all tl assiduity and power we can command, and we shall still fi them mighty in their influence for good, leading thousands the adoption of that pledge, which, by the blessing of God, still as powerful as it ever has been, and ever must be, in pr serving the young, and redeeming the old from the blighti influences of intoxicating drinks.

THE GREAT SCOTTISH PREACHER.

By the Rev. G. W. McCREE.

The Rev. Dr. Guthrie, of Edinburgh, is confessedly the m illustrious preacher of his age. Here he is: let us study hi Seated in a beautiful metropolitan church, we see around us t thousand well-dressed persons, and mingled with them may *counted* about a hundred ministers. In the carved pulpit star *Dr. Guthrie.* He is tall, venerable, and self-possessed. Lo *grey locks* fall from his fine broad temples. A capacious fo

head indicates benevolence, thought, and power. No novice—no trifler is before us. This man knows what work is. He has waded through the floods of sorrow. He is as familiar with life as with learning. The ragged child, the fallen woman, the bloated drunkard, the hunted criminal, have found in him a warm friend and loving teacher. Both humour and piety dwell in his soul, and war not with each other. He knows when to smile and when to pray. There is "a time to weep and a time to laugh," and Dr. Guthrie contrives to do both with perfect consistency. Homely and sublime words alike resemble music when spoken by him. He can play at golf, sail a boat, write a book, preach a sermon, play with a child, argue with a philosopher, address a temperance meeting, or seek for a ragged child in a dirty garret, and do it all with skill, and grace, and zeal. He is a man "thoroughly furnished unto every good work." Listen to him! How impressively he speaks! Florid periods, snatches of holy song, familiar illustrations, grand bursts of eloquence, sketches of character, brief appeals, daring denunciations of popular sins, humorous anecdotes, pathetic consolation, and forcible proclamations of inspired truths flow from his lips. He preaches for an hour and a half, and yet you weary not. His sermon is a prose poem, and when it is delivered you sigh with regret, and wish the "old man eloquent" would resume his "wondrous tale."

POETRY.

THE MAY-FLY.

Little May-fly,
The sun 's in the sky,
The dew 's upon the flower,
The thrifty bee
Hums in the tree,
And the bird sings in the bower.

Little May-fly,
Both you and I
Should bless the God of heaven,
By whom the flower,
The sun and the bower,
For our delight were given.

THE BLIND BOY AT PLAY.

The blind boy 's been at play, mother,
  The merry games we had;
We led him on his way, mother,
  And every step was glad;
But when we found a starry flower,
  And praised its varied hue,
A tear came trembling down his cheek,
  Just like a drop of dew.

We took him to the mill, mother,
  Where falling waters made
A rainbow o'er the hills, mother,
  As golden sun-rays play'd:
But when we shouted at the scene,
  And hail'd the clear, blue sky,
He stood quite still upon the bank,
  And breathed a long, long sigh.

We ask'd him why he wept, mother,
  Whene'er we found the spots
Where periwinkles crept, mother,
  O'er wild forget-me-nots.
"Ah me!" he said, while tears ran down
  As fast as summer showers—
"It is because I cannot see
  The sunshine and the flowers."

Oh! that poor sightless boy, mother,
  He taught me that I 'm blest;
For I can look with joy, mother,
  On all I love the best;
And when I see the dancing stream,
  And daisies red and white,
I kneel upon the meadow-sod,
  And thank my God for sight.

Eliza Co

VILLAGE SKETCHES, No. 1.

By the Rev. T. C. WHITEHEAD, M.A.

WINTER EVENINGS.

A country village as drawn from imagination by a poet, and a *village as it* exists in real life, are two very different places. So *discovered from* living in a real country village for a considerable

of my life, during the last ten years of which I have been the clergyman of the one in which I now reside.

The village which is the centre of my present parish consists of a pretty cluster of cottages, with the usual thatched roof, and surrounded by tall elm trees. In the day time, when the men and boys are absent at work, and the children at school, when nothing is stirring but the smoke from the chimneys, and nothing heard but the sounds one reads of in a pastoral, a passing traveller might people it in his fancy according to the poet's dream. But of a winter's night, especially when the moon is bright, and the Corydons take to rough sports in the open street (as it is called) he would hear most unpoetical sounds, and see most unpoetical behaviour. In fact the exceeding roughness and rudeness of the male population of a village, between the ages of about fourteen and two or three and twenty, is a well-known subject of complaint amongst all who are interested in our rural districts. They are in general thorough disturbers of the peace. They are too old for home restraint and discipline, which ceases (what little of it is practised at all) with the labouring classes at a very early age. They leave school at about eight, and their mental faculties are therefore very uncultivated; and having a certain amount of strength and animal spirits left to expend when they come home at night from work, they either go to the public house and become more or less sots, or at the best are noisy and mischievous from sheer want of something to do.

In summer time this amount of extra steam requiring to be let off is less mischevious, because it finds proper safety-valves in the cricket-field and in the allotment grounds: but I need not dwell upon the difference between some twenty-five or thirty boys of various ages, from about twelve or fourteen upwards, cheerily and healthily employed in lawful games by daylight, with their elders and friends from time to time looking on, and the same number wandering about by dark in gangs, like the Mohawks of the "Spectator's" times in the unlit streets of London.

The clergyman therefore of a country village has the question repeatedly forced home upon his mind, "What can I do for and with these fellows to make them less a nuisance to their neighbours, and to do them a little good?"

In the ten years that I have been here, this question has again and again occurred to me, not without setting me upon making attempts in all the usual directions. Of course during all that time I have had a night school, but with no other result than that of getting a few steady lads to attend, who for the most part fell off as they learned to write—the one thing which country boys and girls are always anxious to learn. I have also for several seasons had a course of lectures delivered by different friends on pleasant subjects; but although the audiences were large, and the lectures listened to with interest, still this did not seem to have any perceptible bearing upon the special "rough lot." It did not sufficiently *occupy their time.*

I determined last September, at the begining of a new winter campaign, to try a different plan, and *to establish "A Free and Easy Night* Club." *A written notice was pasted against the barn* wall in the centre of the

village, which performs the useful part of a public advertiser, to the following effect:—"A meeting will be held at the School-room, on Thursday evening, September 22nd, at 7.30, to talk about opening the School-room for the convenience of the people in the village during the winter months. The attendance of men and boys is requested."

Having explained my views to two or three of the leaders among the young men, we succeeded in getting a good meeting, of the very sort that I most wanted. There were from twenty-five to thirty present, when I took the opportunity of saying, that as the School-room was built solely for the benefit of the village, and not for my convenience, I considered myself as the trustee of the building for their advantage, and that during the winter I would hand over to them the room for as many nights (four) in the week as it would not be required for public purposes; the sole restrictions I should place upon them being, that they should not injure the property nor use it for such purposes as I should disapprove. I looked to them to be the preservers of order and of the public property. I offered to find firing and lights. The wages of our labourers are small, and therefore I felt it would be unwise to charge any price—at any rate in the first instance—before a *taste* for the article had been created.

Whether it was on account of the free and easy appearance of the whole thing, and the absence of any kind of constraint over them or not, I cannot say, but the proposal was evidently relished from the first moment. I rather think that it *was* this absence of the "driving system" which made it take.

"I hear, sir," said an old man of the old school a day or two afterwards; "I hear, sir, that the boys are to do what they like in the school these winter evenings."

"Well," said I, "haven't they been doing what they like for these many years outside the school-room? and isn't it worth while for once in a way to try what they will do inside it? Who knows but they may be quieter and better behaved?"

"I don't understand it, sir. I don't understand it at all."

But the boys did understand it. We have just closed the room for the present season, having had, through twenty-four weeks, an average of twenty-four present a night for the two hours during which the room has been open. Numerically, the success has been greater than I expected. In talking over the plan, when the room was first opened for this purpose, with a friend and fellow-worker in schemes of this nature, we agreed in thinking that an average of ten or twelve through the season might be considered a fair success.

To those unacquainted with country villages and the extreme difficulty of "getting the people in them out of their old ways" (especially that more unmanageable part of the community for whose benefit almost exclusively this Night Club was instituted), our success may seem no great thing after all; but I have learned not to despise the day of small things, and to believe that some of the most lasting influences are those that begin slowly and quietly, and proceed without fuss or noise, working no faster or farther than the leavening spirit can reach, but working therefore wit

inevitable power of increase from the reproductive nature of the life that that is in them. Therefore it was not for the numerical success of our little village Night Club that I was chiefly anxious. To find even eight or ten boys or young men who, night after night, during the long winter evenings, would lift themselves so far above the habits of their class as to read in the village school-room, to play a quiet game, or even to sit round the fire and talk, would be to sow a seed that *must* bear fruit in due time.

But the success (such as it has been) of our Night Club, I attribute to one cause chiefly, and that is *the absence of the authoratative element.* "The boys were to do what they liked;" and so, being troublesome at once lost full half its zest. They came themselves to my house for the keys of the school-room, opened the room, lit the candles, and the fire (when it happened to be out), got out from the cupboards all the means of entertainment provided for them, and at the regular time closed the school, carefully putting by all the things.

I attended the greater part of the nights during the winter; but I attended as *one of them.* I looked upon the room as theirs for the time being. If a little roughness went on I took no notice of it. I do not suppose I spoke three times during the six months by way of exercising the slightest authority. My province was to watch carefully the bent and inclination of their mind, and merely to provide what would naturally and easily keep them quiet and interest them. And this was a point upon which I must confess that I was at first somewhat in doubt.

About four or five years ago I started a nearly similar institution: but it fell almost still-born. I then found candles, firing, books, and newspapers, and charged one penny a week to pay for the expenses of lighting, &c. (or rather to go towards them); but there was a very small attendance of steady men, and in about a fortnight, after a rough night or two, even they ceased to come. Moreover, it is not the quiet steady married men that one wants to get, drawing them out of their homes, but the rough fellows who will not stop at home. So I had to find out what would take with them, that my position as their minister would allow me to function. I was quite prepared to let down the longest ladder of junction between us that my conscience would permit. I therefore introduced into the club-room, beside two daily penny papers, and other papers and publications, various games, viz., dominoes, draughts, shepherd's chess, and regular chess. I say I was in doubt when I first began as to what would interest them; and very much suprised have I been to find that though each of the other games has had its friends from time to time, the favourite pre-eminently has been chess. At first they were somewhat awkward at it, knocking down the pieces continually with their hands; but now, at the end of the season, they not only play neatly and sit quietly for an hour over a game, but are quite expert players. We have three sets of chessmen, and I am not aware that I have ever seen one of them not in use; and if I could have afforded to double the number of sets, I think they *would seldom* have been unoccupied. At first, *being anxious to study economy, I bought* a set of very neat wooden

chessmen. The two other sets were bone, and coloured red and white, but it is well worthy of notice that the wooden chessmen were *never used*. I suspected why, and had them exchanged for a bone set, coloured red and white. These, from the first night they were brought in, were *never out of use*.

Of the twenty, thirty, or even forty, who would sometimes be in the room together, they generally all found some employment; some played games, some looked on very much interested when a sharply-contested game of chess was being played, while some few came for the purpose of seeing the news, as regularly as a half-pay officer in a country town would would look into the subscription news-room. The only times when there seemed any danger of the natural roughness coming out were when they were seated, a number of them together, round the fire doing nothing. The great object, therefore, was to give them all something to occupy them; and this was accomplished by the providing of various games, some of a very simple description. Even grown-up men were much interested by puzzles such as children put together; and I have seen six or eight (two or three of them being men) employed for upwards of an hour in arranging the various pieces. At different times they have had four such puzzles. At the close of the season the only thing missing is one piece belonging to one of the sets of chessmen. In arranging the room from the first for their accommodation, I carried out the principle of an ordinary club-room, and put three or four small tables in different parts of the room, round which separate groups might form.

For a certain time a singing class, conducted by themselves, flourished, and was popular. Also in one part of the school-room, which during class time was portioned off by a curtain, the ordinary night-school was conducted for three nights out of the four; and on the fourth, myself, or the same friend to whom I have before alluded, occasionally gave a lecture on some easy and familiar subject. The most popular lectures perhaps of the season were on "Rats." The subject was of such importance that it could only be done justice to in two lectures. The character of a "Free and Easy" was maintained throughout, and the audience was invited to ask questions during the lectures, or to tender information. As I was a theorist in the matter of rats, and my audience consisted of farmers' men and boys, who had considerable practical acquaintance with them, I was obliged to be careful how I got up my subject. The only thing I was really afraid of was that (the subject being known beforehand) a professional rat-catcher might have been introduced as a friend of some member of our "Free and Easy," when I should have been an impudent man if I had not felt abashed in the presence of such superior knowledge. Perhaps I should have been buoyed up by the feeling that knowledge ever makes more allowance than ignorance, knowing that it can afford to do so. But the dreaded *savant* never came—to my relief.

Nor did we in the course of the winter entirely neglect a little attention to other subjects. A kind scientific friend lent us an excellent telescope and on a clear night we occasionally had a look at the moon, and at Jupiter with his satellites, and also at Saturn and Venus. A lecture on

the heavenly bodies belonging to our own system, simply stating the main features, distances, and sizes, and some few well-known facts, was thus pleasantly illustrated.

In this way then our boys "did what they liked" all through the winter nights: not the slightest constraint was put upon them; they came or stopped away, read, played, or sat still and did nothing, just as they pleased. But what they did like was to leave the village quiet and peaceable; so much so, that the policeman who has been for years on our beat, unsolicited walked up to me, and said, "My work is gone, sir. I don't know why it is, but there is wonderful quietness and peace." What they did like to do was, to attend the night school in twice the numbers they had ever attended it before, to sit as orderly as any gentlemen for two hours a night (without one oath or bad word that I or others have heard all the time), to attend the lectures, to play at chess and other games, to star-gaze a little, and to make every inhabitant of the village say, "There never was a better thing for our village than the Night Club." That is what, when left to their liking, and gently and unobtrusively helped, our village boys did like to do.

Let me, however, do my old friend the objector justice. He is a staunch supporter of all that he thinks right and good. A great deal of quiet shrewd sense he has behind those arched eyebrows of his, and like a fair and impartial man, as he really is, he has looked in upon us occasionally to see how were "getting on." His own entertainment at the "Free and Easy" has been to read the day's paper, and "Stanley's Sinai and Palestine," which I brought to the school-room for his especial benefit. Also he was a steady attendant at the lectures.

One question caused me a little perplexity; and that was the advisability of allowing "Smoking" in our Night Club. I came to the conclusion, after much reflection, to trust boldly to the principle to which I had committed myself, and leave it to the lads themselves. The result justified my confidence. Now and then at distant intervals a pipe would be lit and smoked; but these exceptions were very rare. A double benefit was thereby gained. The exceptions showed the thorough freedom allowed. The abstinence from what with most of them is a regular indulgence, both showed and exercised self-restraint of the most wholesome kind, that caused by a voluntary and respectful deference to the feelings of others.

In the course of the winter, now and then a pleasant and general chat arose on points touching closely on the labourer's character and habits—such as smoking—beer-drinking—penny banks, &c.; and I felt, when sitting on a bench by their side, and hearing their free and unfettered expressions, that they were got nearer to in that way, as touching these points, than could have been effected by any other means. Man was speaking to man, and friend taking counsel with friend.

The writer of this little account of a village Night Club makes no pretension to any discovery. He has only done one winter what he has failed to do for nine winters *before it, and he might* fail the next, should he live *to see it, even in the same scheme.* But he seems to have got a

further insight into one truth—which he has been slowly, too slo earning for years past—viz., that influence over the human heart pends far more upon sympathy than upon the exercise of authority, that the teacher has himself much to learn patiently and humbly from the rudest of those whom he would teach.

AIDS TO LECTURERS.

WAGES OF FACTORY OPERATIVES.—I hold in my hand a v remarkable book, called "Workmen's Earnings, Strikes, Savings," by Samuel Smiles; and in page 32 of that work tl are the following observations:—"When these circumstar are taken into account, it will be found what otherwise wo have been thought incredible, that the families of factory ope tives in Lancashire are at present earning higher incomes tl many of the professional classes of England, higher than average of country surgeons, higher than the average of clergy of all denominations, much higher than the teachers the rising generation." On page 26 he says—"From statement it appears that plate rollers" (they are people v work on iron, of which I know something,) "are liable to e a rate of daily pay equal to that of a lieut.-col. in Her Majes Foot Guards; singlers equal to that of majors of foot; and f nace men equal to that of lieutenants and adjutants." W but then think of—I won't say a lieut.-col. in the Guards, cause he may have other means of subsistence, but the hous one of the clerks of the merchants in the city of London, compare that house with the house of the man who earns tl wages. How is the life of a man in the North passed earns wages of that high character? He gets up in the morr and goes to work. He comes home, and the first thing usually does is to swear at his wife. Perhaps he beats his c dren, and then he caresses his dog. His whole life is passe mere sensual enjoyments—getting drunk is his chief busi in life, and when he has got drunk his next business is to sober. Now, that is that man's life, and I ask you to com that life with the life of an educated man. He has done duty. He has worked out that which will maintain himself family, and then he turns to a book. What I want is, to m the working-man capable of enjoying the great blessings wl nature affords, instead of seeking oblivion, as he now does the pot-house. Supposing that man to be endowed with capacity for learning, let him take one of the inspired b *which should* be found on every man's table, and let him *out of his* window, and he would see things which an uned *ted man* could not see.—*J. A. Roebuck*, Esq. M.P.

ANNALS OF THE BAND OF HOPE UNION.

ANNUAL MEMBERS' MEETING.

The Annual Members' Meeting was held on Thursday Evening, Feb. 20th, in the large room of Shirley's Temperance Hotel, 37, Queen Square, Bloomsbury. The friends having taken tea at Six o'clock, the proceedings of the evening were commenced by singing and prayer, after which, in the absence of Mr. J. G. Saunders, Mr. W. J. Haynes was called upon to preside, who requested the Rev. G. W. M'Cree, the honorary secretary, to read the report, which gave a very encouraging retrospect of the year 1861. From the report, it appeared that the various undertakings of the Union had been marked with very considerable prosperity. The Exeter Hall Meeting was a great success, as was also the lecture given by the kindness of the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, on the "Gorilla, and the Land he Inhabits." During the year, Model Meetings had been held, with the intention of improving the *modus operandi* of societies. These efforts had been of much service. The Dissolving Views had been of essential value to the movement. During the year there had been 149 exhibitions given.

Much success had continued to attend the publishing department. 24,000 Pledge Cards had been sold, and 25,000 of the Melody and Recitation Books. The agents had been pursuing their useful and acceptable labours; they had made 600 visits during the year, and nearly every part of England had been visited. It appeared that Mr. S. Shirley, being wishful to retire from his position as Secretary, the Rev. G. W. M'Cree had kindly consented to become the Hon. Sec. for the present. The Committee had felt it both a duty and a pleasure to cordially acknowledge the great services rendered by Mr. Shirley. It was stated, that in order to enable the Committee to extend their operations, Samuel Morley, Esq., had promised £50. per annum for two years, in addition to his subscription of £21., and the zealous Treasurer £10. 10s. for the same period. Altogether the report was most satisfactory. The balance sheet showed an expenditure of £729. 6s. 6½d, and receipts, £679. 2s. 1½d., leaving a balance due to the Treasurer, of £50. 4s. 5d. It was stated, however, that the Dissolving Views had been very successful since Christmas, and would place the Union in a pretty satisfactory position with the Treasurer.

Mr. W. West moved the adoption of the report, and in a pleasant speech, referred to the necessity for increased support, to enable the Committee to engage the services of an additional agent.

Mr. Francis Wills, in seconding the resolution, gave a most cheering account of the work which was going on in Clerkenwell, under the auspices of the Rev. Robert Maguire.

The resolution was carried unanimously.

J. E. Saunders, Esq., having arrived, took the presidency of the meeting, and stated that he much regretted having been prevented being present earlier, and that he should have to ask their indulgence for his leaving early. He considered *the Band of Hope movement* to be of immense importance, *inasmuch as it aimed at forming* the minds of the children

aright, before deep-seated prejudices possessed them. Science and philosophy had made great advances during the last fifty years, and he saw no reason why, with the many good influences which were at work with our children, the moral and religious should not advance to as great degree in the next fifty years.

Mr. W. Ludbrook moved the resolution electing the officers for the ensuing year, and in so doing, contrasted the first annual meeting of the Union, with its report, with the meeting which they were then present at and the report they had heard, showing the advance the Union had made, and the large amount of work performed by its agency. He felt sure that a large share of the progress which the temperance movement had made during the past few years, was in no small degree due to the diligence and discretion of the gentlemen forming the Committee. He had, therefore, much pleasure in moving the resolution.

Mr. F. F. Williams, in seconding the resolution, hoped that the Committee, during the ensuing year, would give even increased attention to the formation of Bands of Hope in connection with Sunday Schools.

Mr. Farrell, in supporting the resolution, said he thought that much good might be done by the Committee of the Union inviting the teachers of two or three neighbouring schools to a social meeting, and in a judicious manner bringing the importance of the Band of Hope movement before them.

At this stage of the proceedings, Mr. W. J. Haynes resumed the chair.

Mr. Evans moved a vote of thanks to the gentlemen who had been kind enough to act as honorary deputations. This was seconded by Mr. John Roberts.

Messrs. C. G. Robson and Starling returned thanks.

A vote of thanks was passed to the officers and committee who had served during 1861, to which Messrs. Shirley and Dunn responded.

A vote of thanks having been passed to the gentlemen who had respectively occupied the chair, and Mr. M'Cree having made a few remarks, the meeting closed about ten o'clock, the doxology having been sung.

Rev. John Guthrie, A.M.—A tea meeting was held on Tuesday evening last, in honour of the Rev. John Guthrie, A.M., on the occasion of his departure for London, where he is about to enter on his duties as minister of Albany Street Church, in connection with the Congregational Union of England and Wales. The meeting was singularly pleasant and harmonious. It must have been peculiarly gratifying to Mr. Guthrie to find that clergymen of almost every religious denomination in Glasgow were there, and that others, who found it impossible to be present, had written, to testify their admiration and personal affection for a man whose eminent piety, and overflowing Christian love, had triumphed over all denominational differences, and whose unwearied efforts in the cause of Temperance, ever since it became a movement in this country, had won him the respect of all true Temperance men. It is impossible but that we should deeply regret the removal of such a man from amongst us. *But what is* a loss to the movement in Scotland will be a gain to the movement in England; and Mr. Guthrie's presence and labours there

will go far to preserve and increase the harmony that should subsist between the different divisions of the temperance host. We therefore kindly hope that the removal of Mr. Guthrie to London will be, upon the whole, a decided advantage to the temperance cause. We are sure that our readers, who knew him so well through the columns of the *Weekly Journal*, will join with us in our heart-felt desire for Mr. Guthrie's success in England; and perhaps the best wish we can express is, that he may make to himself as many and as true friends there as he leaves behind him here.—*League Journal.*

FINSBURY CHAPEL.—From the following extract from the *South Wales Times*, we are happy to learn that the pulpit of Finsbury Chapel, London, will very soon be filled by an eminent preacher of the Congregational body from Newport, Monmouthshire, and wish him much success in his new and extensive sphere, upon which he is entering.—The district of South Wales and Monmouthshire is about to sustain a severe loss. The Rev. A. M'Auslane, of Newport, has accepted an invitation to become the pastor of the late Dr. Fletcher's congregation, worshipping at Finsbury Chapel, London. Mr. M'Auslane is no ordinary man. Although he has only been a resident in this district for a short time, his influence has nevertheless been felt far and wide throughout South Wales. As a preacher, his services have been sought by every section of dissenters. His fervency of manner, his natural eloquence, and his unbounded zeal in the prosecution of his Master's work, have established for him an enduring name throughout the country. His labours have not been confined to the preaching of the gospel. He is an ardent advocate of the temperance cause. He was amongst some of the first of the promoters of the South Wales Total Abstinence and Prohibitive Association, and he is at present the honorary secretary of that important institution. The members of the Dock-street church and congregation, Newport, deeply regret his departure from their midst. He is greatly beloved by all of them, and they deplore his loss as a great calamity. In leaving Newport for the metropolis, Mr. M'Auslane's great aim is to be located in a more extended sphere of usefulness. The blessings of thousands will accompany him to his new field of labonr. He has been a burning and a shining light while sojourning in our midst, and we trust that he may be made yet more abundantly useful in the great city.

BARRHEAD.—"JUVENILE ABSTAINERS' UNION."—The usual fortnightly meeting of this Union took place in the Public Hall on the evening of Saturday, the 8th curt. Mr. A. M'Lintock, the active and energetic President, in the chair. Mr. J. Cunningham, Glasgow, was present, and gave a stirring address upon the duty, importance, and necessity of choosing an object in life at which to aim, counting the cost, and then directing all our energies to the accomplishment of the object in view. Mr. Cunningham was listened to with the greatest attention on the part of young and old, and a vote of thanks to him at the close was warmly responded to. Mr. J. M'Gregor, *Glasgow, sung* a number of temperance *melodies. Mr. Burns, Glasgow, gave a few* comic songs, which were

received with roars of laughter; and Mr. M'Kay told some Scotch stories very well, although we consider there was something in "The Farmer of Fife" not very suitable for the occasion. Mr. Rigg and other friends also entertained the meeting with song, &c.; and the instrumental band of the Thornliebank Rifle Volunteers, under its able instructor, Mr. Alex. M'Lintock, played a number of pieces in first-rate style, which were highly appreciated. The Quadrille Band in connection with the Union, led by Mr. William M'Lintock, gave a few pieces in usual excellent style. After votes of thanks to the various performers, the large audience dispersed, all seemingly htghly delighted with the instruction and entertainment of the evening.

WORTHING.—The Band of Hope festival was held here on the 28th ult., when about 400 children and adults partook of tea in the Montague Hall. After tea, addresses were given by several warm friends of the cause. Messrs. Hilton, Smart, and Fitch, from Brighton, attended as deputation. The evening was also enlivened with dissolving views, and the meeting passed away very pleasantly. Mr. Smith presided.

THIRSK CHRISTIAN TEMPERANCE ASSOCIATION.—This association, conducted on the same plan as the Shrewsbury Association, is formed in the hope of arresting in some degree the evils of intemperance, which have for many years done so much injury to the prospects, the happiness, the health, and, it is to be feared, the souls of many of our neighbours. Its efforts will be directed more particularly to seek those to whom strong drink is a snare, and by kind persuasion, and meeting together weekly in social and other meetings, to converse on the subject and seek Divine assistance to take and keep the following pledge:—"I hereby promise, through Divine help, to abstain from the use of all intoxicating drinks as beverages, and to try to persuade others to do the same."

PECKHAM TOTAL ABSTINENCE SOCIETY.—On Wednesday, Jan. 29, a meeting took place at the Boys' British Schoolroom, High Street. The chair was taken by E. Broad, Esq., and on the platform were Mr. John De Fraine, Thomas Cash, Esq., and other gentlemen. Our esteemed friend, J. F. Hamand, delivered the first of two orations upon "Britain's Bane and how to Cure it." The evils of intemperance were depicted by him in all their magnitude and horror, in a way seldom surpassed, and we have every reason to believe he will become one of the brightest stars of the temperance world. Twenty-one pledges were taken.

LITERATURE.

Village Sketches. By T. C. WHITEHEAD, M.A. London: Bosworth and Harrison.—These sketches were written by the author at the request of a friend, who wished for an account of his parochial experience. They were subsequently published in their present form. They are remarkable for their plain common-sense, and insight into the ways and thoughts of the poor. To any one engaged in seeking to benefit the working classes, we strongly recommend this neat volume. The present number of the *Record* contains the first Sketch, and in future numbers we will give further extracts from Mr. Whitehead's book.

Jarrold's cheap Series of Tracts. Norwich and London.—Cheap and good tracts are of the greatest use to all persons engaged in temperance work, and the tracts before us are well adapted to circulation amongst all classes. They are, however, best adapted to working men. The "Story for Home," contained in our pages, will enable our readers to judge of their character. In preparing a *cheap* series of tracts, the publishers have conferred a great boon on the temperance public.

J. BALE, Printer, 78, Great Titchfield-street, Marylebone.

BAND OF HOPE RECORD.

THE CHILDREN OF THE AGE.

By the EDITOR.

There are around us thousands of innocent, bright-eyed, appy children. What is to become of them? There are troops f boys and girls whose passions are beginning to flush their heeks and thrill their hearts. What is to become of them? here are crowds of young men and maidens full of love and life. What is to become of them?

How important is moral discipline in early life! Mr. Francis, n his "Chronicles and Characters of the Stock Exchange," lls us of a footman who invested a portion of his savings in a ttery ticket, hoping thereby to be made rich; but, on receiving a blank, committed suicide. In his box was found a sheet f paper, on which he had written as follows:—"As soon as I ave received the money, I will marry Grace Towers; but as he has been cross and coy, I will use her as a servant. Every orning she shall get me a mug of strong beer, with toast, nutmeg, and sugar in it: then I will sleep till ten, after which I vill have a large sack posset. My dinner shall be on the table y one, never without a good pudding. I will have a stock of wine and brandy laid in. About five in the afternoon I will ave tarts and jellies, and a gallon bowl of punch; at ten a hot upper of two dishes. If I am in a good humour, and Grace behaves herself, she shall sit down with me. To bed about welve." This man's god was his belly, and doubtless his early ducation had been such as to make him regard personal gratification as the chief good. And children who are not taught to ove the simple, the beautiful, and the pure, are sure to become he victims of sensualism. Young people trained to delight in lollypops more than goodness, and to glory in beer more than books, cannot be expected to become moral heroes and noble women. Train them well, and they will live well.

I often regret to see how soon children are taught to love strong drink. Passing opposite a gin-shop, I saw the huge folding-doors opened by an aged man, who beckoned to a girl. She went to him. He gave her a glass of gin, and she drank it. When such things are done, it is not wonderful to find two little milk-girls *conversing thus:—*

"What had thou?"

"I had a pennyworth of rum. What had thou?"

"I bought a pen'worth o' gin."

Such are the results of a drinking education. The father drinks—the mother drinks—the child drinks. And so there cometh another generation of drinkers.

Through this drinking the children of the age are left without education. Having met with a mother who had evidently just enjoyed her glass, I said:—

"Have you any children?"

"Indeed I have."

"How many have you?"

"Well, then, I have four."

"Would you like me to take them to the Ragged School where they will get a good education for nothing?"

"How much a-week will you give me for sending them?"

"Nay, nothing. You may feel glad that you have not to pay us."

"And won't you give me anything?"

"No."

"Then you shall not have them," was the answer of the ginn cursed mother.

It is sometimes stated that the poor cannot afford to educate their children. Is it so? I know a spot in London from which any one may count a score of places where strong drink is sold, and yet from the same spot there cannot be counted four schools which are maintained by the customers of those infamous places. People who spend twenty-four millions on spirits, twenty-five millions on beer, and seven millions on tobacco, can surely manage to feed, clothe, and educate their children. Free education may therefore become an evil. It may encourage idleness. It may release parents from the pressure of responsibility. It may multiply gin-shops. It is good to make those who obtain education pay for it. We must teach men their duties as parents, and when we have brought in the good time with shouts of joy, they will thank us for the benevolent firmness with which we refused to do everything for them, and wisely sought to make them help themselves.

Not a few of our juvenile population are the offspring of inveterate drunkards. From their earliest hours they are familiar with oaths, lewd songs, heavy blows, and cruel want. Such was the father of the ragged boy whom *Punch* described as having been sent to a Jolly Barman.

Ragged Boy: "Please give dad a short pipe."

y Barman: "Can't do it. Don't know him."

ged Boy: "Why he gets drunk here every Saturday

y Barman: "Oh, does he, my little dear, then 'ere's a ng 'un, with a bit o' wax at the end."

nkards are the fathers of a ragged generation, and it is remarkable that Lord Shaftesbury, the truly illustrious of ragged schools, should still withhold his personal ad- from a movement which is pre-eminently adapted to the occupation of the Jolly Barman, and exalt that of se Teacher. I may also express my surprise that *Punch* so clearly depict the evil habits of the drunkard, and yet the teetotaler to the contempt of the world.

nts often ask—What shall we give our children? The simple. Do not give them strong drink. Give them ater. Give them ripe fruits. Give them wholesome Give them warm and beautiful clothing. Give them s, musical instruments, plenty of choice books, trips into woods, and many a loving, blessed, holy word. Let us em these, and

> "The humblest homes of England
> Shall in proper time give birth
> To better men than we have been,
> To dwell upon a better earth."

POETRY.

THE COLD-WATER BOY.

Hurrah, for a splash!
Come, give me a dash,
With the water all clear and cold;
It makes me so bright,
So active and light,
'Tis better than silver and gold.

Oh, what should I do,
Dear mother, if you
Never wash'd me so sweet and so clean?
Come, give me a splashing;
It is so refreshing,
All the day I would like to stay in.

I never would cry,
Nor halloo—not I—
Unless 'twere for joy and for glee;
I love the good splashing,
And plunging, and dashing:
Hurrah the cold water for me!

THE HOME OF EARLY YEARS.

I remember, I remember,
The house where I was born;
The little window where the sun
Came peeping in at morn.
He never came a wink too soon,
Nor brought too long a day;
But now I sometimes wish the night
Had borne my breath away.

I remember, I remember,
The fir-trees dark and high;
I used to think their sunny tops
Were close against the sky.
It was a childish memory;
But now 'tis little joy,
To know I'm further off from heaven
Than when I was a boy.

Thomas

AIDS TO LECTURERS.

SAVING AND TEMPERANCE.—The result of the *educa* the "very poor," based on the Holy Scriptures, is stri seen in connection with *one* school in London. In ter there have been distributed 3249 copies of the Word o 711 copies of Uncle Tom's Cabin, 54 Prayer Books, a number of Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress and Holy War, mond's Annals of the Poor, &c. A working class of gir were allowed to purchase the requisite materials at hal have in ten years made up 1596 garments, and in th period above £4000 has been deposited in the Penny Bar 4000 depositors. Will not the wealthier readers of the *l ger encourage* and *exhort* the labouring poor around tl *avail themselves* of Penny Banks and Post Office Savings

Will not the way be thus prepared for the Gospel, and for temperate, happy, and holy homes! Are not the improvident habits of the poor mighty barriers to the minister, the missionary, the male and female district visitor, to all earnest lovers of souls? Yes; the "destruction of the poor" (for time and eternity) "is," their self-inflicted "poverty." Now let the contrast be marked in *one* authentic instance out of many in a London district. A man, who was once a terror to his family and neighbours when intoxicated, was induced by his child to promise to make a small deposit. His wife said—"His promise is nothing—would that I could rely on it!" Saturday night came, a small amount was deposited; the public house was not visited as usual, *nor has it been since.* He still deposits, and is a sober, steady man. He is anxious for books from the school; and the last application made by his daughter, who is a scholar, was, "Father wishes you to recommend him a book, *but it must be religious.* Father is always reading, and he never goes out of an evening. He has read the Pilgrim's Progress, Bunyan's Holy War, the Dairyman's Daughter, and Anxious Inquirer, all of which I have had from the school."—*Correspondent of British Messenger.*

Pure Imported Liquors.—It is a well-known fact that the city of New York has eleven large establishments devoted to the manufacture of champagne wine. The bottles are labelled as if from France, and it seems a profitable investment, as these eleven establishments turn out more of the sham article than all France produces of the real. What fools are to be found always—when may we hope to have a failure of the liquor trade? Never, until the fool crop fails first. Nevertheless, it is the duty of the wise to do what they can for the many foolish.

Selling Drink to Young Boys.—At the Eastern Police Court, Glasgow, John Dalziel, spirit dealer, 93, Kirk Street, was charged with having sold spirituous liquors to four boys under the age of 14 years. The circumstances of the case, we understand, are as follows. The policeman on the beat was told by a woman that her son was in the habit of going to Dalziel's shop and getting drink there, and she wished to put a stop to this. On inquiry, however, the policeman found that this boy, when he did go there, was taken in by his father, so that nothing could be said on that score; but during the time he was looking *after the matter, the* policeman found eight *young boys, none more than 14, and* several not 11 years of

age, seated in a room by themselves with ale, &c., set before them, and all busily engaged in playing dominoes. On investigation, it appeared that the liquor had been bought by four of the boys, and for supplying them with the drink Dalziel was, as before stated, brought before the Police Court. The Bailie considered the offence to be a grave one, and fined Dalziel in the sum of £5.

Adulterating Wine of Ancient Origin.—In England we have early notices of the practices. Edward III., in a letter to the mayor of London, complains of the adulterations of the wine-merchants:—'They do mingle corrupt wines with other wines, and are not afraid to sell the wines so mixed and corrupted at the same price as they sell the good and pnre, to the corruption of the bodily health of those who buy wine by retail.'

Odd Fellows' Beer Money.—An Odd-Fellow, at Leicester, having been charged with a sum of money for beer, refused to pay, and, by the advice of the editor of the *Alliance News*, wrote to Mr. Tidd Pratt on the subject. The opinion of this eminent authority was, that the beer money could not be added to the member's arrears. Other members of the same lodge, who are not Teetotalers, have refused to pay anything for beer in consequence of the opinion referred to; and it is not improbable that, in the end, the public-house will be deserted, and the business of the lodge transacted at some place where the members will not be expected to pay for any intoxicating drinks. It is certainly rather ludicrous to compel the members of a friendly society, which was established and is maintained for the purpose of encouraging prudent habits, to meet at places devoted to the sale of the great predisposing cause of extravagance and crime. The great body of prudent men who constitute the secret orders, and other similar associations, would do well to get rid of this incongruity, and encourage thrift without tempting to its opposite.—*The Threepenny Magazine.*

Too Far!—"Why," said a physician to his intemperate neighbour, "don't you take a regular quantity every day? Set a regular stake, that you will go so far and no farther." "I do," replied the other, "but I set it down so far off, that I get drunk before I get to it."

A Wary Musquito.—A musquito was observed by a negro to alight upon a gentleman's nose which was fiery red and blotchy, from the effects of drink. The insect almost immed

distely flew off again, and the negro was unable to restrain the exclamation, "Aye, good, bless your heart, you no stand there long 'cause you burn your foot."

Connubial Chastisement.—On my way to worship one Sabbath morning, I came upon a woman most unmercifully beating a man with a *potato beetle*. There leaned the poor wretch against the wall, apparently quite unconsious of the injury he was receiving. On my saying 'Stop, stop; this is not work for a Sabbath morning,' 'Stand aside, sir,' said the incensed woman, while she uplifted the instrument of chastisement for another blow—'Stand aside; is he no my lafu' married man?' Aware of the risk of interfering with opposing powers, I judged it best to take her advice.—*Rev. Wm. Reid.*

To Make Beer Smart.—To give beer a cauliflower head beer heading is used composed of green vitriol, alum, and salt. Alum gives likewise a smack of age to beer, and is penetrating to the palate.—*S. Child.*

A PICTURE.

By JAMES HILLOCKS.

There sits a father with a sweet smile of joy,
With gladness he looks on his young noble boy,
And there is the lov'd mate, his hope and his pride,
With a babe in her lap and one by her side—
A picture of beauty, of grace, and of love—
'Tis the nearest approach to the joys above;
How lovely is woman when faith and hope meet—
No form more charming, no flower more sweet!

THE FLEEING DEER.

By the Rev. A. WALLACE.

Bob and his little brother Bill were walking one day through a village on their way home from fishing in a famous stream for perch and trout. They were young in years, but they were old abstainers, for they had never tasted whisky in their lives.

'I say, Bill,' said Bobbie to his brother, 'what can be the meaning of that sign-board there, swinging at the public-house, with a deer in full speed painted upon it?'

Bill looked thoughtfully at the sign for a few moments, and then said, 'I don't know, Bob, unless it be to teach you and me a good lesson, and that is *to flee as fast as we can from the public-house.*'

'Good!' said Bob, 'I never thought of that. I am sure, however, that Luckie Simpson never put up the fleeing deer to teach people that lesson. Ha! ha! That thought of yours, Bill, is the best fish we have caught to-day. We'll serve it up to mother when we get home, and we'll puzzle father by asking him to guess what can be the meaning of the deer fleeing in full speed above Luckie Simpson's door. Ha! ha!' and he rubbed his hands, and laughed outright.

What merry little boys they were when they got home! They kept their secret till tea-time; and then how knowingly Bobbie looked to Bill, and Bill to Bobbie. Their heads were full of a great idea. They knew it, and chuckled over it with great delight.

Tea came at last. It was well it did; for they would have burst.

And now, when father was praising the fine trout they had caught, and mother, all smiles, was busily making out the tea, Bobbie, able to contain himself no longer, exclaimed, with a face that was quite a picture, 'Father, do tell us what is the meaning of that deer fleeing in full speed, on the sign-board above Luckie Simpson's door.'

Bobbie looked at Bill, and winked hard. 'I really can't tell;' said the father, 'these sign-boards are very foolish things; I do not think that they have any meaning at all, unless to entice people to go into the public-house and drink.'

'Ha! ha! we have found it out! we have beat you, father!' said Bob. 'We have beat you.' And the two brothers laughed heartily. Mother's face was bright with smiles; for she saw that some great idea had laid hold of the boys.

'Come now, let's hear,' said the father, 'what you have found out.'

'It was Bill,' said Bob, 'who found it out, and he says, and I am sure he's right, that the deer fleeing in full speed on the sign-board should teach us all *to flee as fast as we can from the public-house*. Luckie Simpson did not mean this; but that's our meaning, and this is what we always intend to do.

'Good! my dear boys,' said the father. 'Very good, very good,' said the mother, through her tears; for she had known in former days, to her cost, the sorrows that come from the public-house.

Bill looked up, and said, in his own quiet way, 'Father, isn't the fleeing deer wiser than many that go to the public-house?'

'Yes!' said the father with a sigh; 'I wish I had fled many years sooner than I did; but thank God I am now escaped—safety is in flight—instant flight, my dear boys!'

'I'll give you another lesson from that sign-board,' said the Father, 'since you have given me one, and a very good one too, and one which I hope you will always remember. If you keep from the public-house, you will never be amongst those who have woes, and strifes, and contentions, and wounds, without cause.'

Here the father paused, and gave a deep sigh, for he knew what all these were a few years ago.

'But your other lesson, father; your other lesson,' shouted the boys.

'*Learn,*' said the father, deeply moved, 'from the sign-board which

you have see this morning, with a deer running in full speed upon it, *how very swiftly those who frequent the public-house run to ruin.* The wretched man whom you saw begging here the other day in rags, was once a wealthy merchant's son. He brought himself to beggary in a few years by hard drinking. An old friend of mine, who had once a salary in Edinburgh of five hundred a-year, died the other day in the poor-house of that city; and although he had wealthy friends at a distance, there was only one solitary man, a city missionary, attended the pauper's hearse, and saw him laid in a pauper's grave!'

'Yes' said the mother, 'they drive hard whom the devil drives. But thanks be to God, we have escaped as a bird from the snare of the fowler.'

'These are two capital lessons,' said the boys, 'and we promise you never to forget them.'

The words passed from one to another round the table: '*Yes! how swiftly do they who frequent the public-house run to ruin!*'

'Well, this is not a bad day's fishing,' said the boys; 'we'll have another look at the sign-boards some other day.'

REFLECTIONS AND MAXIMS.

By WILLIAM PENN.

DISCIPLINE.

If thou wouldst be happy and easy in thy family, above all things observe discipline.

Every one in it should know his duty; and there should be a time and place for everything; and whatever else is done or omitted, be sure to begin and end with God.

INDUSTRY.

Love labour; for if thou dost not want it for food, thou mayest for physic. It is wholesome for thy body, and good for thy mind. It prevents the fruits of idleness, which many times come of nothing to do, and leads too many to do what is worse than nothing.

A garden, a laboratory, a workhouse, improvements and breeding, are pleasant and profitable diversions to the idle and ingenious; for here they miss ill company, and converse with nature and art, whose varieties are equally grateful and instructive, and preserve a good constitution of body and mind.

TEMPERANCE.

To this a spare diet contributes much. Eat therefore to live, and do not live to eat. That is like a man, but this below a beast.

Have wholesome but not costly food; and be rather cleanly than dainty in ordering it.

The receipts of cookery are swelled to a volume, but a good stomach excels them all; to which nothing contributes more than industry and temperance.

It is a cruel folly to offer up to ostentation so many lives of creatures, as make up the state of our treats; as it is a prodigal one to spend more in sauce than in meat.

The proverb says, that "enough is as good as a feast;" but it is certainly better if superfluity be a fault, which it never fails to be at festivals.

If thou rise with an appetite, thou art sure never to sit down without one.

Rarely drink but when thou art dry; nor then, between meals, if it can be avoided.

The smaller the drink, the clearer the head, and the cooler the blood; which are great benefits in temper and business.

The most common things are the most useful; which shews both the wisdom and goodness of the great Lord of the family of the world.

What, therefore, He has made rare, do not thou use too commonly; lest thou shouldst invert the use and order of things, become wanton and voluptuous, and thy blessings prove a curse.

"Let nothing be lost," said our Saviour; but that is lost that is misused.

Neither urge another to do that thou wouldst be unwilling to do thyself; nor do thyself what looks unseemly and intemperate in another.

All excess is ill; but drunkenness is of the worst sort. It spoils health, dismounts the mind, and unmans men. It reveals secrets, is quarrelsome, lascivious, impudent, dangerous, and mad. In fine, he that is drunk is not a man; because he is, while drunk, void of that reason that distinguishes a man from a beast.

VILLAGE SKETCHES, No. 2.

By the Rev. T. C. WHITEHEAD, M.A.

THE CHILDREN'S LIBRARY.

When I first entered upon my present charge, there was a lad in the village, such as is to be found, I suppose, in most villages, more actively and impudently troublesome than any of the rest; but as is sometimes the case with a ringleader in boyish mischief, he was intelligent in no common degree, and by no means badly disposed or

ı. It was not difficult, by handling him with patience and temper, areful not to drive him into confirmed opposition, and biding one's unity, to get on friendly terms with such a lad; and an opportu- curing one day, I lent him a very amusing book out of my study. he brought the book back, we easily slid into a pleasant chat upon had been reading; and one thing led to another in conversation, contrived to send him away this time, not with a story book, but listory of England. It was the starting-point of a new existence the opening of a new world. The Histories of Greece and nd other Standard books, were borrowed and diligently read. companions were left, and his habits entirely changed. About rs ago he married, and went to Australia, and his letters home with clear manly sense, and full of shrewd remarks on the roduce, and peculiarities of his adopted country—show a well- nd not uncultivated mind. I do not wish to make too much regular education which he thus received, but it assuredly to do with bringing about this happy result. Being very ; some other influence might perhaps have given a turn to his n, if he had not had access to the shelves of my library; but at least I may say, that from the time he read the books thus he was an altered lad.

xcess of this plan with this boy suggested to me the advisability nally doing the same in the case of other boys; and so, from I have never been without similar visitors. One boy, in par- treated in this way—a sharp little fellow who happened to be greater temptations than our boys are usually placed under at age. He seemed, in consequence, very much in danger of ng. For him, I baited with a very telling book, both inside pictures and very pleasant reading, in rather a pretentious bind- y children's shelves. I gave him very particular orders, as the much valued, to keep it clean. The book, when it was returned, covered with part of an old newspaper. Another was asked was lent with similar orders, and returned with equal care. with another and another, until, on many a winter's night, would sit and read pleasant tales of home and foreign is little brothers and sisters as they sat together round the fire. is little brothers and sisters, but I suspect Georgy's father was ast attentive listener of the party. He follows the plough; were to see the rough ploughman (rough as far as his dress ing home in his dirty smock and heavy boots after his weary would little guess what his employment often is before he goes I am sorry I cannot now lay my hand on the first letter of his in print. It was an appeal to the irregular sportsman of the hood to spare the blackbird and the thrush that cheer the la- th their song as he goes to his work, written in a pure style, a simple pathos which showed that under the smock was a of tenderness of feeling and delicacy of thought.

ived *to ask Georgy some questions* from time to time about his

book, and his coming to my house to change it, before the other boys at the afternoon Sunday-school. As I expected, this caused another boy to ask for the same privilege. I made a little difficulty about granting it, but allowed it to him at last. Then a third applied, finding that it was a privilege to be gained, and not an authority to be resisted, until, a kind of reading epidemic breaking out, there were soon about half a dozen candidates at once for admission to my private circulating library. "Upon this hint I spake," and recommended the formation of a society amongst themselves of those *who really wished to read*. I advised these half dozen to form themselves into a small club, and to admit into it only such fresh members as really *meant reading*, on the ground that others would be more likely to bring weakness than strength into their little society.

This new society was grafted on to the old privilege in this way. I selected about forty books belonging to my children, most of them with pictures, and some of them very amusing, and lent them on condition of their being taken care of and returned as soon as the society should have purchased books enough of its own for circulation amongst its members. Members rapidly joined. Organisation soon became necessary. Two books now lie by my side as I write; one is headed, "Minutes, Rules, &c., of School Library," on the first page of which I see a string of officers, beginning with president and ending with librarian; the other is the Treasurer's Account Book, showing a balance at present in our favor of 1*l.* 12*s.* 9½*d.*

The number of members now belonging to the library is between 60 and 70, and they possess nearly 200 books. The forty lent in the first instance have been long since returned to the original lenders, with a very superior note of thanks, which cost the committee of management no small pains to compose, and a graceful offer in return of the use of any of the books which are now the property of the society. The 200 have been purchased by the subscriptions of the members. But we were not above receiving a trifling donation of a shilling or half-a-crown, or of a pleasant book from any neighbour interested in our proceedings. We are not too proud to accept assistance; but we depend *only upon ourselves*.

The management is vested in a committee of twelve boys. All rules, even if not framed by them, are sanctioned by them. The money is collected and expended, books exchanged, and accounts kept by themselves. We meet, the twelve committee-*men* (the eldest of whom is about fifteen years old), myself, and a valued fellow-worker, who would be angry with me if I told at length how large a share he has in the success of our plan, in a little room hardly large enough to hold us. Copies of the *Illustrated Times* and other illustrated publications lie upon the table to beguile the intervals of business, and to afford subject of conversation and entertainment before we begin. And very business-like we are, I can assure you. I only wish you could peep through a hole in the warm-looking curtain when we are assembled on important matters on some winter's evening. Talk of a committee in a metropolitan vestry, or any of those great places, where weighty discussions are held round solid oak tables!

know they look very imposing. Such committees are serious things enough; but if you really wish to see in perfection the conscious air of dignity and responsibility which office can bestow, you should look in some night at about eight o'clock, when our committee have come in from their labours at the plough or in the farm-yard. They like meeting for business; and a marked influence is produced upon them by the habit of doing so. The voluntary engagement strictly kept, the necessary order enforced in deliberation, the appeal to their opinion, the constant exercise of their own judgment, together with now and then the just and firm infliction of a penalty, have decidedly tended to foster self-respect in these boys!

But while the main feature of our children's library is its independent action and freedom from that extraneous assistance which is sometimes found or imagined to be necessary for the support of such institutions, one thing I ought in fairness to state, and that is, that two or three little entertainments have been given to the committee by way of friendly hospitality in that small room of which I have spoken. One night we gave them some bread and cheese and beer. [Beer! a bad example that] On another occasion they were invited to tea. And on a third we had a supper. This last was a feast! Goose, roast pork, and plum pudding! What shall I say in excuse for all this? It seem a sad interference with the self-supporting and independent nature of the institution. I had many misgivings in my mind as to the wisdom of these proceedings. They did not materially affect the regular working of the library; for out of nearly seventy members, only the twelve on the committee shared in the treats. But if they had any effect at all it was a prejudicial one; for two members not on the committee withdrew from the library, because they were not invited to the supper. True, as we all agreed, by the defection of such members as Dick R—— and Tom H—— no loss was sustained on either side; for *we* lost no real strength, and *they* lost little reading, I imagine. But the incident served to show that a disturbing element was introduced by the treats. Still I am afraid if I have erred, that I may err again. Judgment, that stern monitor, may say, no! but when I think of that evening, and those twelve faces shining with delight, and how we did enjoy ourselves round that goose, and what jokes we cracked upon it; and when I think how little the lot of those toiling hard-fed boys is diversified by such pleasant scenes, Judgment, Judgment, I am afraid!

In the month of June the members fall off; and it is intended they should do so. Shaping ourselves to circumstances, we divide during the summer months into a Library and Cricket Club; and a member may (upon paying threepence entrance money) have his library subscription enduring the summer months to the cricket, or continue on with the library, or pay to and have the benefit of both. Very few do the last. There are twenty members of the cricket club, and about thirty continue their reading. Then we begin again with new life at Michaelmas, or a little after. We call a committee meeting, consider the plan of our winter campaign, see what funds we have in hand, and lay out what we can spare in a new lot of books.

It is well, I am sure, from time to time to infuse fresh blood into the society by the purchase of new books, even if, to make room for them, we turn out some of the old ones; no matter how good they may be, if for some reason they *do not take*, it is better to turn them out. What is the use of keeping them? It is in favour of the library if a boy knows that he can hardly drop upon a book that is not readable and interesting. The better to contrive this, without having all the books of too light a character, we have adopted the expedient of arranging our catalogue under three heads or classes. Class A. contains entertaining books, such, for instance, as "Robinson Crusoe" (always popular), "The Swiss Family Robinson," "Charlie Burton," &c. &c. Under Class B. are ranged books of a more solid character, biographies, travels, &c. Class C. contains only religious books. But we find that the books soon get a character; and the favourite works with us have their expectants waiting two, three, or four deep for them, just as in large libraries the subscribers have their names down for Macaulay or Livingstone. We bought a book in two volumes, lent us at first by a little village boy. It became very popular, and is always out. We soon had to send it to have a cheap strong binding. I suspect that the name of the work has something to do with the secret of its popularity; and yet it must have real merit in the eyes of our little critics, or it would have been condemned by this time. Impostors may run a short course, but they get found out at last.

I aim, in these papers, at little more than a statement of facts. The principal fact with regard to our children's library is this, that nearly seventy children have so far acquired a habit of reading, and like it for the pleasure which it affords them, that they willingly pay their subscriptions, buy their own books, and take the trouble to change them when necessary. For weeks together one little boy, fourteen years of age, one of themselves, transacts all the business; he puts the books out, takes the money, enters on the register the books returned and taken out, and gives advice to inquiring juveniles who want assistance in making their choice. The children would not do all this unless the reading were a positive pleasure to them. *They take the books because they want them; and they read them when they have taken them.* Why? I believe chiefly for two reasons. One, because they have such works as interest them; and the other, because they have the supreme pleasure of managing their own affairs. Our committee-meetings have much to do with keeping alive the spirit of the concern. We are going to hold one to-night at eight o'clock. Doubtless we shall transact important business.

PRACTICAL PAPERS, No. 4.

By Mr. G. M. MURPHY.

POETICAL SELECTIONS.

"A verse may reach him whom a sermon flies."

This is undoubtedly true. Reduce Watts's Moral Songs to *prose; or,* steal the rhyme from the most admired hymns, and

ould remember them? Pleasant verse falls sweetly on . When some cunning orator enforces a precept, or tes an argument by the introduction of an appropriate f poetry, what a magical effect is produced! What d, almost painful silence! What a study the counte- of the listeners become! What wrapt attention!—even n, before unruly, are now, all eye! all ear! Every tful man in the habit of attending public gatherings, has this; and the useful Band of Hope conductor or speaker t have noticed it in vain.

pily our movement is not destitute of metrical composi- aring upon its various phases, and a judicious use of vill well repay repetition. Some of the well known and e melodies, repeated with spirit and judgment, will strike lly on the sense, and ensure attention. But beware rerel! The race of 'would be' poets is not exclusively d to the Temperance movement. Alas! like weeds, they everywhere, and seem indestructible. Here is a charm- oduction by a publican, for the especial delectation of his

"When customers comes, and I does trust 'em,
I loses their money, and their custom;
Chalk is cheap, say what you will,
But chalk won't pay the brewer's bill.
And so I'll try and keep a good tap,
For ready money and no strap."

is customers could stand that, beer had done very much it their susceptibilities.

have also heard of a Scotch Poem, painted on the sign of shop, near Aberdeen, as follows:—

"James Rettie, licensed to sell,
The year that's begun,
P. P. porter and ale,
F. F. fusky and rum."

our inquiry as to the repetition of the initial letter, it was ned by 'a canny Scot,' that the painter was a stutterer, at perhaps he had used *a stuttering brush!*

o has not heard of the Poetical Parish Clerk? who, on a ation' morning, startled the congregation by announcing, ging, a complimentary psalm of his own composing:—

"The mountains skipped about like rams,
The little hills did hop,
The fields and trees did clap their hands,
Before my lord bishop."

ese instances are adduced, as types of the thing likely to

be obtruded upon us; and against which we must set our
if we would keep our cause free from deserved contempt.
most pardonable bit of doggerel, appeared some time sin
Punch:—

"I went to the sign of the Cat and Fiddle,
Whereat they did me grossly diddle:
I went to the new Commercial Inn,
And they well nigh stripped me to the skin:
I went to the Manchester Business House,
And equally there I found them chouse:
I went to the Coffee-house and Tavern,
It turned out a regular robbers' cavern:
I went to the Family Hotel,
And they pillaged and plundered me there as well:
I went to the Recreative ditto,
My stars and garters, wasn't I bit, oh!"

Poetry should be used in depicting the mischief-ma
character of the drink. We give two examples, one ori
and the other from an American author:—

"Loss of money, follows drinking;
Loss of time, brings bitter thinking;
Loss of business, follows these;
Loss of strength, and loss of ease;
Loss of health, respect and love;
Loss of hopes, of heaven above;
Loss of conscience, good and true;
Loss of reputation, too;
Loss of friends, who once admired;
Loss of mind, by phrenzy fired;
Loss of usefulness, alas!
Lost life's purpose for the glass,—
Loss of life, and loss of soul,—
Crowns his loss, who loves the bowl."

The next is a reflection on the well-known words o
public house boards, 'licensed to sell, &c.'

"Licensed to make the strong man weak;
Licensed to lay the wise man low;
Licensed the fond wife's heart to break,
And cause her children's tears to flow.
Licensed to do his neighbour harm;
To kindle discord, hate and strife;
Licensed to nerve the robber's arm;
Licensed to whet the muderer's knife.
Licensed where peace and comfort dwell,
To bring disease, and want, and woe;
Licensed to make this world a hell,
And fit men for the hell below."

An acquaintance with Temperance literature will fi

very much of a similar kind, bearing on the pernicious qualities of the drink, against which we are waging war.

Use poetry in praise of unintoxicating drinks. Drinkers have their standard panegyrics on intoxicating potions, which they are ever vaunting, to the scandal of sobriety. Let us emulate their industry in this particular, and not only sing in praise of water at our meetings, but *talk* of it likewise. It would take up more space than we have at command, to cite examples at length; we must be content with alluding to such pieces as Paul Denton's beautiful prose poem on water, used with such startling effect by Mr. Gough; Dr. E. Johnson's "Water for me, bright water for me;" "Give me a draught from the crystal spring;" "Drops of crystal water;" and many similar pieces by other authors, which will at once rise to the memory of those who are acquainted with the ordinary recitation and melody books, and our contemporary periodicals.

The blessings flowing from the practice of total abstinence, should be frequently set forth in poetical guise. This is a theme, indeed, worthy of the poet's pen, the artist's pencil, or the orator's eloquence. Descriptive poetry is always charming, whether describing the country or the town, the forest or the meadows, the mountain or the plain, the ocean, whether cradled in calmness, or tossed in fury, the rose bud, or the avalanche, the bustle of the mill, or the startling solitude of the prairie, or "the heavens above, the earth beneath, or the waters under the earth;" but it should rise to its loftiest height, when describing the work of God's grace on the heart, or the glorious results springing from the efforts which are made to reclaim the degraded, lift the fallen, and win the wandering and outcast from society and God. And the Temperance movement, if measured by the good realized, stands second to none of the moral movements of the age. But these results do not stand out startlingly in the poetry of the time, so that selection is somewhat difficult. In most of the Temperance poems and melodies, with which we are acquainted, (and more than a dozen different books are now lying before us,) the happiness accruing to the teetotaler from his practice, is rather inferred than stated. Still the selection of a verse here and there, will furnish enough to give point and force to appeals and arguments on this head.

Poetry may also be used with good effect in inculcating right views and feelings, with regard to the intemperate, and our approaches to them; in *infusing zeal*, and invoking patriotism, in *enforcing the love of home and friends*, and in urging devo-

tion to the cause of humanity and God. Let us then make good use of poetry, and 'the thoughts that breathe, and words that burn,' shall not return void.

"Nothing is lost; the drop of dew,
That trembles on the leaf, or flower,
Is but exhaled to fall anew,
In summer's thunder shower.
Nothing is lost; the tiniest seed,
By wild birds borne on breezes blown,
Finds something suited to its need,
Wherein 'tis sown and grown.
So with our words, or harsh, or kind,
Uttered, they are not all forgot,
They leave their influence on the mind,
Pass on—but perish not.

SCRAPS.

Burnish.—We see it stated that a wealthy brewer of Dublin has offered a sum of £10, 000. to aid in the erection of a new church in the city.

Fool's Pence.—Hugh Tennant, Esq., brewer, Welpark, has, we notice, recently purchased an estate for upwards of £100,000.

The Exhibition.—600 men are at work 14 hours a day painting the building. The English refreshment contractors have ordered 20,000 dinner plates, 20,000 desert plates, 2000 large dishes, 2000 decanters, 20,000 tumblers, 10,000 sherry glasses, 25,000 champagne glasses, 10,000 coffee cups, and 5000 tea cups, 7500 knives and forks, 11,000 plated forks and spoons, 6000 yards of damask, 20,000 glass cloths, and 3000 chairs. The first edition of the shilling catalogue for the International Exhibition will be made up of 250,000 copies, with £50. advertising pages, a £600. advertising page next to the type, and a £1000. advertising back page of cover.

Richard Weaver.—This revivalist, in St. Martin's Hall, informed his audience that in one of the towns where he had been preaching, a publican said, "Weaver has taken away my custom to the amount of three hundred pounds a week."

Grave Stones.—In Greyfriars' churchyard in Edinburgh may be found the following:

Here snug in grave my wife doth lie;
Now she's at rest and so am I.

On the wall of a chapel in Edinburgh, which is built over an old wine and spirit vault, are carved these lines, which almost rise to the dignity of an epitaph;

There is spirit above, and spirit below;
The one is of joy, the other of woe:
The spirit above is the spirit divine;
The spirit below is the spirit of wine.

In a country churchyard in the south of England, there is this miserable attempt at epigram:

Here lies a certain Ann Mann;
She lived an old maid, and died an old Mann.

There is a peculiar class of epitaphs which, while commemorating the dead, serve also as an advertisement for the living. One of these two-sided inscriptions may still be seen in the churchyard of Upton-on-Severn:

Beneath this stone, in hopes of Zion,
Doth lie the landlord of the Lion;
His son keeps on the business still,
Resigned unto the heavenly will.

This is certainly 'killing two birds with one stone.' But this style of epitaph is not confined to England. In the French cemetery of Père la Chaise, near Paris, a very similar one exists, only it is even more explicit. After stating the name and age of the deceased, it ends with the following sentence: 'His inconsolable widow continues his business at 224, Rue St. Honoré.'

A Ghost Story.—A foolish fellow went to the parish priest, and told him, with a long face, that he had seen a ghost. "When and where?" said the pastor. "Last night, (replied the man), I was passing by the church, and up against the wall of it did I behold the spectacle." "In what shape did it appear?" replied the pastor. "It appeared in the shape of a great ass."—"Go home, and hold your tongue about it, (rejoined the pastor), you have been frightened by your own shadow."

"If You Please."—When the Duke of Wellington was sick, the last thing he took was a little tea. On his servant's handing it to him in a saucer, and asking him if he would have it, the Duke replied, "Yes, if you please." These were his last words. How much kindness and courtesy is expressed by them! He who had commanded the greatest armies in Europe, and was long accustomed to the tone of authority, did not despise or overlook the small courtesies of life. Ah, how many boys do! What a rude tone of command they often use to their little brothers and sisters, and sometimes to their mothers! They order so. This is ill-bred and unchristian, and shows a coarse nature and hard heart. In all your home talk remember, "If you please." Among your playmates don't forget, "If you please." To all who wait upon or serve you, believe that "If you please" will make you better served than all the cross or ordering words in the whole dictionary. Don't forget three little words, "If you please."

Will You Make One of the Few?—The son of Quintus Fabius Maximus, advising that general to seize on a post, said, "It will only cost a few men," Fabius answered, drily, "*Will you make one of the few?*"

Crinoline.—During the last three months we *(Critic)* have counted up eighteen deaths of females clearly attributable to the fasion of wearing crinoline.

A Beautiful Idea.—In the mountains of Tyrol it is the custom of

the women and children to come out when it is bedtime and sing their national songs, until they hear their husbands, fathers, and brothers answer them from the hills on their return home. On the shores of the Adriatic such a custom prevails. There the wives of the fishermen come down about sunset and sing a melody. After singing the first stanzas they listen awhile for an answering melody from off the water; and continue to sing and listen till the well-known voice comes borne on the waters, telling that the loved one is almost home. How sweet to the weary fisherman, as the shadows gather around him, must be the songs of the loved ones at home that sing to cheer him; and how they must strengthen and tighten the links that bind together these humble dwellers by the sea. Truly it is among the lowly in this life that we find some of the most beautiful customs in practice.—*Tourist's Jaurnal.*

THE EDITOR'S LETTER BOX.

Dear Sir,—Through the medium of the *Record*, I take this opportunity of addressing to you a few lines in regard to the system of Juvenile Collecting for the Band of Hope Union, in which matter, it has occured to me, our friends in connection with the local societies are not aiding us quite to the extent which they might. I can find many reasons for this. I feel sure there are very few cases in which there is not a cordial good feeling existing between the Union and Local Societies. This is proved by the large proportion of the London Societies affiliated with us, and I also know it from the kindness with which I have invariably been received by our friends. I have reason to know that many of the societies feel, that without the aid of the Union, their efficiency would not be nearly so great. The fact is, those who are connected with Bands of Hope are so fully occupied with Sunday Schools, &c., that they have almost more to do than they can accomplish; thence, when we appeal to them to assist us, and we receive no aid from them, I apprehend it is not because they are unwilling, but having their hands full, the matter is laid aside and forgotten. Now if our friends will only make up their minds to assist us in the way we ask, by procuring for us three or four collectors from each London society, it is astonishing what good might be the result, and at what a small expenditure of trouble. All we ask our friends to do is, to interest the Juveniles, and we will undertake to sustain the interest when it is once awakened.

I am Sir, yours very faithfully,

FREDERIC SMITH.

Mr. F. SMITH, writes:—My meetings, this week, have been very satisfactory. The friends at Malvern were so pleased with the dissolving views, that I am sure of four nights' engagements at any time next season. At Ross too they were, I think, very pleased with the views.

Dear Sir,—Permit me to take the opportunity of very kindly suggesting the propriety of speakers occasionally comparing notes of addresses, and especially in regard to anecdotes in current use. Our experience almost leads to the inference that they possess a *common stock*, and *that* a very limited one; in the four or five visits we have been favoured with, we have had THREE versions of the "Drunken Farmers and the Broken Windows," and TWO versions of "Little Johnny and his Grandmother." I need not, I am sure, point out how much this is to be deprecated. You must please understand I make this communication with the most kindly feelings towards all parties concerned.—G. B.

GOOD FRUIT.—One of the Committee of the Peckham and Camberwell Ladies' Temperance Association furnishes the following details:—A few months ago a man who was in the habit of drinking to excess, whose little boy had signed the Band of Hope pledge at our house, sent us a note, begging we would call on him, as he was very anxious to reform. He expressed his sorrow at his past life, and the way in which he had wasted money which ought to have gone to the support of his family. He signed the pledge, and soon his clean house and the cheerful countenance of his wife, bore witness to the happy change in their circumstances. Once, when in the company of his former companions, he yielded to their solicitations to join them in drinking. He afterwards expressed much sorrow, and again signed the pledge, and we hope his renewed good and earnest resolutions will not fail; in these he is strengthened by his Band of Hope son, "who," says his father, "hates the public house, and will hardly go near one, and has often begged me not to drink." A poor woman, who has long subscribed for the "British Workman," and often talked on the subject of teetotalism, but declined taking the pledge, came forward at the conclusion of our last meeting, and in an audible manner said, "Please put down my name, I am resolved to sign at last; and I have eight sons, the youngest is a teetotaler, and I shall not

stop trying till I persuade the others to sign too." The son referred to had joined our Band of Hope some years ago. Another boy, who joined us when the Band of Hope was first formed, appears to have become a respectable and useful young man, a great comfort to his parents, who though very poor, contrived to apprentice him to a good trade; he still resides in this neighbourhood, and occasionally brings his fellow workmen to our meetings, and his influence among them will we hope be very effective. A young woman, servant, joined the Band of Hope when a little girl; she has been in service some years, maintaining her priciples bravely amongst her associates. Our Society has been the means of rescuing several from the fearful vortex of intemperance, and during the year we have received seventy-four signatures to the pledge. One of the City Missionaries has joined us, and is working with great interest in the cause.

ANNALS OF THE BAND OF HOPE UNION.

PUBLIC MEETINGS.

Some interesting Meetings have been lately held. The first took place in the Independent Chapel, Caledonian Road, on Tuesday evening, the 18th of February. In the unavoidable absence of Mr. E. Fry, the Rev. E. Davies was called upon to preside. A choir of children, under the leadership of Mr. F. Smith, sang a selection of melodies in a very pleasing manner. Mr. G. M. Murphy showed the necessity for Bands of Hope, and for such a central organisation as the Band of Hope Union. The Rev. E. W. Thomas detailed his experience in connection with various benevolent institutions, and argued that the habits of the young could not be too carefully watched over. Rev. W. A. Essery addressed the children more especially, and in such a manner as both interested and amused. In the absence of the Rev. G. W. McCree, Mr. J. P. Parker proposed a vote of thanks to Mr. Davis for presiding, and to the deacons of the church for the use of the chapel. This having been seconded, the Rev. gentleman said he ought to thank the promoters of the Band of Hope Union for bringing their meeting within reach of his congregation, and hoped it would not be long before they held another in the same place.

On Monday evening, February 24th, a second Meeting was held in Surrey Chapel, when more than 2,000 persons were present. The chair was taken by the Rev. N. Hall, L.L.B. and

addresses were delivered by the Revs. W. B. Bucke, J. ristien, J. Dotsey, J. Harcourt, and J. M. Greatley. The ldren, conducted by Mr. F. Smith, greatly delighted the lience.

MEETING OF JUVENILE COLLECTORS.

Our young friends took tea at 37, Queen square, on Thursday, rch 6th, when Mr. S. Shirley presided. The amount paid was £4. 4s. 7d. Several of our collectors were not present consequence of the wet weather, but we hope the money they re collected will be paid in to the Office as soon as possible. e Conductors will oblige the Committee by attending to s important matter. After tea an illustrated lecture on India, s delivered by the Rev. G. W. McCree.

OUR HONORARY DEPUTATIONS AND SPEAKERS.

All the gentlemen who have kindly assisted in addressing eetings, on behalf of the Band of Hope Union, are invited to eet the Committee, at a Social Meeting, on Thursday evening, pril 3rd, when Tea and Coffee will be provided at half-past x. The meeting will take place at 37, Queen square. The esence of ladies interested in the Band of Hope movement ill be most welcome.

OUR NEW AGENT.

Mr. W. B. Affleck, of Bishop Auckland, Durham, has been ngaged by the Committee of the Band of Hope Union. His bilities as a speaker will commend him to the approbation of is audiences. Applications for his services must be made to he Hon. Secretaries *without delay*. All information as to terms e. will be replied to *at once*.

AGENTS' LABOURS.

Mr. Blaby has visited the following places during the last month:—Denmark street, twice; Bloomsbury Refuge; Horseleydown; Pond place, Chelsea; Willow walk; Star of Temperance; Charles street, Drury lane; Harrow street, Mint; Leather lane; Little Denmark street; Meliora, Lansdowne place, Kent street; Newport market; Salem Chapel, Bow road; Hampden Chapel, South Hackney; Horsely street; Milton street; Grays; Hayes, Middlesex.

Mr. Smith has visited as under:—Farringdon; Ross; Worcester; Newtown; Welshpool; Wrexham; Surrey Chapel; Deverell street, twice; Westminster, &c. &c.

Meliora, Southwark.—The first meeting of this Band of Hope was held on Friday, March 7th, in the school-room, Lansdowne place, Kent street, when the spacious room was crowded in every part. The chair was taken by J. A. Pash, Esq., of Old Kent road, and interesting addresses were delivered by Messrs. Murphy and Benn, of Surrey Chapel Band of Hope, and Mr. Blaby, of the Band of Hope United. During the evening a choir of the children sung at intervals several popular temperance melodies, and amusing recitations were given with much effect, especially one by Master Charles Raby, entitled, "Why am I a Teetotaler?" which was delivered in a highly creditable manner. This is the second Band of Hope which has been formed during the last few months in this neighbourhood.

Reading.—On Tuesday, March 11th, the Primitive Methodist Band of Hope celebrated its ninth Anniversary by holding a meeting in the New Hall, London street, when upwards of 250 adults and nearly 200 children sat down to tea. A public meeting was then held, when the chair was taken by W. L. Palmer, Esq; not less than 500 persons were present, besides the children, who gave some first class recitations and dialogues. The chief feature of the meeting was a debate by ten youths, which occupied about an hour; the piece was prepared expressly for the occasion by the President of this Band of Hope. The singing was done in fine style, under the management of Master J. Woodley. Addresses were given by the Rev. M. Wilson and J. C. Burnett, of Reading, the Rev. W. Marwood, of Silchester, and the Rev. J. Toulson of High Wycombe. Several persons signed the pledge.

Just Published, price Twopence.

THE PITMAN'S PRAYER: A Voice from New Hartley Colliery. By the Rev. GEORGE W. McCREE. London: John F. Shaw & Co., Paternoster Row, and Southampton Row.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

All communications should be written on one side of the paper only.

Names and Addresses should be written very plainly.

Intelligence should be sent early.

Books for Review, Articles for the Record, &c., may be sent to the Editor, at No. 37, Queen Square, London.

J. Bale, Printer, 78, Great Titchfield-street, Marylebone.

BAND OF HOPE RECORD.

PRACTICAL PAPERS, No. 5.

By Mr. G. M. MURPHY.

NARRATION AND ANECDOTE.

Narratives of facts, anecdotes, and incidents, are always received with interest by an audience, if told in an interesting manner. As Cowper says,—

> "A story, in which native humour reigns
> Is often useful, always entertains;"

But,—

> "The path of narrative with care pursue,
> Still making probability your clew;
> On all the vestiges of truth attend,
> And let them guide you to a decent end;"

Again,—

> "A tale should be judicious, clear, precinct,
> The language plain, and incidents well linked;
> Tell not as new what everybody knows,
> And, new or old, still hasten to a close,
> There cent'ring in a focus round and neat,
> Let all your rays of information meet."

And more than this, let the story you tell have some obvious application to the matter in hand. A story told to an assembly merely for the purpose of telling it, must ever fall "flat, stale, and unprofitable." Everybody can tell the brand of a tree from the fungus that disfigures its roots, and so with appropriate, and inappropriate stories. They deceive no one, and diminish that respect, which should be one of the speaker's elements of strength. How often, when all beside, in a speech, has departed from our memory, some happy hit of an illustration, a well selected anecdote, or telling incident, bearing on some particular point, will stick fast in the mind never to be got rid of. Looking into a friend's *aquarium* a little while ago, he drew my attention to a small fish, on whose head was firmly fixed a tiny parasite, which my friend assured me would bury itself in the fish's head, never leaving it until it died. And so I have since thought it is with a striking narrative; where, when, and from whom, we heard it, and even the circumstances which called it forth, may fade from knowledge, but like the parasite on the fish's head, an illustration may never leave us, but bury itself deep in our minds, departing *not thence till we die.* How essential it is, *then, that our narratives and illustrations* should be well

chosen. Some of us are in the middle, others in the decline of life; the Bands of Hope we address consist for the most part of the young, sometimes of the very young; they will be the men and women of the future age, when perchance our work is over; how greedily they listen to stories, anecdotes, and incidents; if, then, those we spread before them are untrue, or unwise, we shall perpetuate mischief through them, but if healthy in tone, and powerful to convince, the good which by them we are permitted and priveleged to do, will exist, through the instrumentality of our hearers, when we are laid among the clods of the valley.

Not only for its permanent interest, but for the power of presently gratifying your audience, cultivate the ability to gain sympathy for your theme, by pleasant narration. A story well told is a picture in words;—a panorama unwound by the tongue. The cool and calculating Earl of Chesterfield was once listening to the celebrated preacher, Whitfield, who while illustrating some point, imagined a blind man ascending a rocky and precipitous path. The sightless traveller first loses his faithful dog over the crags, but is able to feel his way with his stick until that also slips from his grasp; the sceptical Nobleman grew more and more interested as the orator proceeded, and as he described the path growing less and less wide, until at the narrowest point the helpless traveller slips and stumbles, the Earl could endure no more, but cried out, in tones of extreme anguish, "Good God! he's gone."

It is also recorded of the same preacher, that he once gave so vivid a description of an approaching storm, and the bursting of its fury on a ship at sea, that a sailor in the congregration jumped upon his seat with the cry—"Bear a hand, there, and out with the longboat!" A man who could so faithfully pourtray scenes, must perforce exercise a mighty influence upon the imagination, and through it upon the memory, and the soul.

What has made the names of men such as Guthrie, Gough, Spurgeon, Punshon, and Vincent, familiar to us as household words, but this word-painting? Other men may excel them in critical discernment, in argumentative ability, or even in the field of debate; but for winning the ear of the multitude there are none like such men as these, who can wield the whole of an argument into a pithy aphorism; or fasten conviction on a hearer's mind by "fleeting it home" with a clever joke, or an apposite story

Cultivate this power, then, if you would be successful in advocacy. Ransack history, science, art, nature and philosophy

for illustrations. It is sometimes said, as an excuse for not attending temperance meetings, "O there is nothing new to hear." "It's the old story." There is too much of truth in this. Granted, that the bitter effects of the drink, the drinking customs, and the drink traffic, have an almost universal sameness; that the blessings flowing from teetotalism are much alike everywhere. It does not follow that we need to continually reiterate the same words, and tell the same stories, in saying so. My eyes, my ears, my brain, must ever be active in searching for new words, in which to clothe the old facts; the old idea will look none the worse for a new face. The goldsmith runs the magnet through the sweepings of his shop, that no particle of gold might be wasted, or lost; and so with us. If we are to be workers in God's vineyard, needing not to be ashamed, we must recruit the resources of our mind, not only from the palpable and the plain, but run the loadstone of common sense through even the dust of the world, that the glittering fragments of golden thought may be skillfully used to advance the cause of sobriety and of truth.

Toil on, toil on, if wisdom thou wouldst win.
Heap thought on thought, and hoard them up with care,
Then kindred gems will crowd and cluster in,
Grow bright by use, and stronger as they wear.

VILLAGE SKETCHES, No. 3.

By the Rev. T. C. WHITEHEAD, M.A.

THE PENNY BANK.

A useful institution in a country village is the Penny Bank.

Its quiet working does more to foster economy and management, with their attendant benefits, amongst the working classes, than all the good advice upon the subject that could be given.

Our experience in the matter is but small—very limited as to numbers and extended as yet over only a short space of time. Our Bank has been established little more than two years; but some idea may be formed from its statistics of the good which it must do.

The population is under 600, and yet out of that number we have more than a hundred names on our books, and the sum which has been deposited during the two years is upwards of 80*l.*, of which 35*l.* still remains, and is funded in the neighbouring Savings Bank.

What would have become of the larger portion of this money, had not the convenient Penny Bank been at hand to receive it? How much of that sum of 35*l.* now standing to the credit of various names in our ledger, would, I wonder, have burnt the proverbial hole in the pocket, or been abstracted in a moment of temptation or pressure from the well-known stocking in the cupboard?

Nor is this all. The least part of the benefit arising from such institutions is the material assistance which they render. This may be the only benefit anticipated by those who use them; but of far more importance are the qualities they cultivate and the habits they assist in forming.

It is our custom to publish a report at the end of each half year, a copy of which is sent to every house in the village, and we may judge how very many little acts of self-denial must have been practised, from the fact that the sum of 14*l.* 4*s.* was entered during the first six months in not less than 886 separate deposits. How many a penny must have found its way into the Bank which would otherwise have been spent unprofitably! How many little lessons of economy must have been learnt in the most effective way!

But if these many separate deposits form, as it were, landmarks, which enable us to track the usefulness of the institution in the past, who shall track its influence for the future over the homes of men who have learnt from childhood by its means to know the self-respect and taste the enjoyment of being saving and prudent? It is not possible to estimate the happy results that must spring from that quiet hour on Saturday evenings, when upon a chair and a three-legged stool, two willing workers are seated at a little table in a corner of the school-room conducting our Bank business, and the children come dropping in one by one, with their books in their hands, and a prudent senior now and then amongst them.

The cause of Penny Banks has been advocated by others with more ability and a much wider experience than I can bring. The best information upon the subject may be found in No. 2 of the Rev. J. Erskine Clarke's excellent "Papers on the Social Economy of the People."* Each one, however, may add his little testimony to the common stock, and in doing so, I need not write only in faith, and *imagine* the good that may arise in the future. Many a little story, small in itself, might be told, which shows how the Penny Bank seems almost to act the part of a kind friend, who has been watching for the critical moment in which he could come forward and give unexpectedly the most welcome help.

"It seems like a gift, sir," one or two have said to me, who have found a little sum come in most seasonably, which, but for the Bank, they never would have had at hand to help them.

So it must have seemed to John M———, upon whom club-night came, as a time of inevitable payment comes upon too many, to find him unprepared. John is a member of "our Club," one rule of which is that one quarter's payment may be left unpaid, but that if a second quarter-night should pass without the accounts being squared by the time the books are closed, the name of the defaulter shall be struck off, rendering him subject, before he can re-enter, to a payment of the neglected sums, a fresh examination for a medical certificate as to health, another entrance fee, and some months' probation before he can claim the benefits of the club in case of his falling sick. Poor John! What was he to do? In vain did he run in all directions to find a friend, combining in his person these two requisites, viz., the possession of a spare six

* Published by Bell and Daldy.

shillings and sixpence, and good nature enough in his composition to lend it to John. But in a fit of unwonted providence he had, some considerable time before, put a few pence occasionally into the bank, how much he knew not. Off flies John, as a last resource, to the secretary. The accounts are examined, and there, happy fellow, stands the sum of six shillings. The six shillings are advanced, the extra sixpence is easily borrowed, and the money paid just in time. John, then, has reason to speak a good word for the Penny Bank; it made him his own best friend in the sharp hour of need, by helping him to help himself.

So it was also with my little friend Harry B——, only that his need was not so sharp. Walking up the village one dark night between eight and nine o'clock on a winter's evening, I heard a peculiar slouching step, which I thought I recognised, and caught sight of the figure of a little boy of about fourteen years of age.

"That you, Harry?"

"Yes, sir."

"Where have you been?"

"To B——, sir."

"To B——, at this time of night? Nobody ill, I hope?"

And then Harry went on to invest 3*s.* in a bran new pair of leathern gaiters, and 4½*d.* in a pair of braces. I remembered, as he detailed to me the nature and cost of his purchases, that on the previous Saturday evening he had drawn the sum of 3*s.* 6*d.* out of the Bank. I understood, therefore, the tone in which he gave the information; but any one could have told in the dark by the sound of his voice that there was something peculiarly satisfactory connected with that pair of gaiters; the fact is, they were a kind of present, a present from the Penny Bank, or rather through his good friend, the Bank, from Harry to himself.

It was by a sort of accident that I was able to connect so closely in this case the purchase and the withdrawal of the purchase-money; for I not only do not take money or keep the books myself, but I am not in the room while business is being transacted. The time is not convenient for me (between seven and eight on Saturday evenings), and I am fortunate enough to have two parishioners who cheerfully undertake the work.

But whilst these two friends work the internal machinery of the Bank, there are quiet outsiders who further the good cause in their own way. There is, for instance, my old friend whose misgivings about the "Free and Easy" are recorded in the first of these papers. He is very fond of the Penny Bank. He is a sort of Penny Bank missionary. He sticks up in his window the half-yearly printed reports, pasting them against the panes at a convenient height, so that passers-by may be able to read them. Now and then, when he sees a stranger so engaged, he enters into conversation with him, and sends him away with a desire to have "something of the sort where he lives." Instead, therefore, in our last circulation of reports, of merely *leaving one* at his house, as we have heretofore *done, we left a dozen or twenty with* him, and I doubt not they

will be well used. It is better, in the long run, to trust to the steady undercurrent of such influences than to try and get up any general excitement by way of recommending the Bank. While, therefore, we draw attention from time to time to its existence and advantages by our reports, we have gradually abstained from all measures and practices tending in any way to produce an artificial development.

One result of this is curious, and did not make itself apparent to me until I had occasion to consult the books in connection with this paper. I have referred above to the large number of deposits of which the first half-year's gross receipts were composed. The report for that period happened to be lying at my side, and I copied out the numbers from it. A similar calculation had not been made in the succeeding reports. I was much surprised, therefore, in counting up the deposits for the last six months, to find that they were much fewer in number; while on the other hand, in gross amount, they were more than double those of the first six months. The inference to be drawn appears to me a satisfactory one, viz., that with many of the depositors prudent saving is now becoming not only a fixed, but an increasing principle. They put in more. The Bank becomes more a necessity to them. It is forming in them a habit which will in most of them never be broken. On the other hand, the work not being forced, there is the usual percentage of falling off. By dispensing with the forcing apparatus, the true vitality of the work is seen.

It appears to me that not only in this matter, but in its general management, the more nearly a Penny Bank can be conducted on the principles of a bank for the higher classes, the greater its real benefit. It cannot, of course, be open for as many hours, although *we pay out money at any time*; but the more easily the working classes can use it, and the more quietly they can make their entries and drawings, the more sterling will be the character of the work which it effects.

There are certain pleasant columns in our book, where a sum has been entered with a regularity either unfailing, or scarcely interrupted from the time when the first entry was made. Once form a habit of this kind, and like all habits, as a general rule, it will grow.

For many a fourth Saturday evening did one steady lad make his appearance, after his monthly wages had been received, with the sum of four shillings. We used to say, "It is George's night;" and George always came. At last we missed him, and he continued to be an absentee for some time. He has reappeared lately with a larger sum for his first deposit, and an expression of regret that he ever discontinued his payments. The old habits seem to have power upon him, much as an anchor and cable bring up a ship. George's employment keeps him late, and he makes his appearance nearly at the end of the hour; but our proper rear-guardman is Philip.

Just upon the stroke of eight, or sometimes a minute or two after, the door opens, and Philip enters, always cheerful, and always with those three little books in his hand, and the same words, as he lays them upon the table. "Fourpence each, *if* you please." Philip is a journeyman

baker, working daily with little intermission from four o'clock in the morning to eight at night. "Hard work, Philip," said we one night to him. "Very hard work, sir. I am certain sure a man is best at work, but sometimes I think mine's most too hard." But one result of Philip's hard work is that he never misses at the Bank, *and Philip's children never miss at the Sunday-school.* A close connection, I imagine, there is between the columns of the Bank-book on Saturday night, and the columns of the Sunday-school register on the next day morning.

There is good auxiliary work, depend upon it, going on in the Penny Bank, for good habits are the best soil in which to sow good seed. For help in its management we are largely indebted to one parishioner, the honorary secretary of "our Club." When I first thought of establishing a Penny Bank, I cast about for a helper, who would steadily keep to the work when he had once undertaken it. It is the willing horse that bears the extra burden, and so I knew where to look.

"John," said I, one cold evening, about two years ago last Michaelmas, meeting him just outside the village; "I have a project in my head."

"What is it, sir?"

"Something in which you can help me as the clergyman, your neighbours, and, not least, yourself. I know you feel glad to be employed; and for the good of others, I want you to bind yourself to manage a Penny Bank."

John walks twenty-five miles a day (Sundays excepted) over a very rough road, and works at the trade of a shoemaker besides; and therefore, when seven o'clock on Saturday night comes, John has as fair a right as any man to claim the liberty of sitting down at his ease, and during the week by his own fireside.

But without hesitation, John accepted the work, and for two years, in conjunction with another good friend and fellow-labourer, has kept our books and given his constant attendance at the school. The fact is, his heart is in it. A good night at the Penny Bank is to John something like what a successful speculation, bringing in some few tens of thousands of pounds at a haul, is to some great London or Liverpool merchant.

"I must inform you," he writes on one occasion to an absent friend, "that we get on well with the Bank. The first night of your absence we took 17*s.* 2*d.*; the second, we took 12*s.*; and the third, 21*s.*; and six new depositors in the three nights. I am very pleased to be able to send you such good news, but I think most of the depositors, with others, begin to see the benefit of it, and I hope we shall have six more by the time you return. I am so pleased that I am able to assist. I never feel happier than when I am doing something for the Bank or Club. I often wish I had the means some have. I think my time would be always occupied."

It is occupied, and well. Seventy copies of the "British Workman" and "Band of Hope" does John by his own efforts circulate every month—a little scheme of usefulness which he originated and carries on himself. He never loses an opportunity of trying to reclaim a fellow-creature from drink and its consequences, and he is the unwearied and earnest

honorary secretary of "our Club," having five years ago declinec
ceive any salary, and having done the work since then truly, as th
is, "for love."

John is a useful man. We could ill spare him ourselves; but w
there is a Penny Bank we shall be glad to hear that it has a s
the John.

CROSS-BEARING.

By the Rev. NEWMAN HALL, LL.B.

There are some professors of Christianity who rega
necessity of self-denial as a valid objection against
schemes of philanthropy. They ask why they shoulc
themselves an innocent gratification, merely because othe
so foolish as to abuse it. In reply we ask whether, if the
up of a trifling sensual enjoyment would tend to promc
moral and spiritual welfare of multitudes, such sacrifice
not be in harmony with the cross-bearing spirit of Christi

In our own country, at the present day, drunkenness
knowledged to be the chief promoter of pauperism, d
insanity, crime, and irreligion. There are several hi
thousand drunkards in the midst of us. The assertion n
safely hazarded, that every reader of this tract knows
one, in his own immediate circle, more or less a victim t
vice. It is acknowledged that the drunkard must abstai
gether as a means of avoiding intemperance. He mus
himself the smaller, to guard himself against the greater
gence. But the drinking customs of our country expo
to constant temptation. Would not his danger be less if
customs were changed? Would he not find abstinence
if there were a prevailing fashion of abstinence to shield
Would not your advice be more powerful if you yours
stained? If you had a son or a brother thus in peril, w
be so easy for him to abstain if you placed the wine befo
and drank it yourself? Should not love prompt you t
up the trifling gratification for the much higher joy of rea
self-denial easier to him?

This is the simple principle of our Temperance Soci
voluntary abstinence from intoxicating beverages, if not
own sakes, for the sake of others. The principal ob
urged is this—"We are not called upon to give up an in
indulgence, because others are so foolish as not to keep
proper limits." The ground of this objection is an evid
our cause being in harmony with the fundamental law of

ty. Money, words, are more easily given than non-compli-
with custom, and the surrender of a personal gratification.
indulgence on our banner would silence many an opponent.
the offence of this cross is our glory and strength.
otal Abstinence is admitted in other things. Christians
nce altogether some recreations which to them would be
ant and harmless, lest they should allure others to evil.
give up the use to guard from the abuse. Does not a far
ger case demand the taking up of the same cross as regards
verages without which the sin of intemperance would not
?

r argument is not intended to apply to those who use al-
medicinally, nor do we presume to dictate to the conscie
of any one. But we respectfully urge this question—
her, under present circumstances, the giving up of a mere
nal gratification would not be in harmony with the doctrine
istian cross-bearing? Consider the fearful prevalence of
kenness, the necessity of abstinence to the drunkard, and
portance of affording him every encouragement by sym-
and example in his terrible struggle. Consider, too, how
, not yet intemperate, are on the way to become so, and
the moderate drinking of people of religious character may
them on a slope too steep and slippery for them to hold
ground! Then ask whether, for the sake of the weak
be fallen, it would not be better to bear the very light
of total abstinence, rather than drink the very dangerous
f self-indulgence?

OUR YOUNG MINISTER.

ou'll take a glass of wine, sir! I'm sure, after all your fatigues
lay—just one glass—it won't hurt you—it's very choice sherry—
ahwaring?" said Miss Penelope Masham. "Papa's as good a
of wine as of a sermon," added her niece, Fanny Marsham, laugh-
assing the waiter from her aunt's hand, and approaching the chair
the young minister was timidly hesitating out a refusal of the
of hospitality.

nsense! now *do!*" was blandly reiterated by both ladies: and
gentleman looking from one to the other, and shuffling uneasily
chair, and colouring violently, took the wine, still muttering
es. "It was so early." "He never did take any." "It was
the rarest chance." "Really, as you are so pressing," and then
king mischief was in his hand, and to his lips. Just as he had
his glass, a visitor was announced—Miss Freeman, and a look

of great annoyance was visible on the faces of aunt, niece, and v
the lady entered the room; indeed, there was for a moment a
nervous motion of Fanny's hand, as if she would throw an anti-
snatched from the end of the couch, over the decanter and gla
the action was momentarily checked, and a little defiant look
with the colour to her brow; while Miss Penelope infused a co
into her icy smile and rigid form, and Mr. Mainwaring looked v
like a thief caught in the fact.

"I fear my visit is ill-timed," said the lady in a frank, cheer
evidently at a glance comprehending both the awkwardness of
pany and its cause.

With the most polite insincerity, the niece and aunt said,
no; delighted to see you!" Mr. Mainwaring, with the flavo
wine in his throat, coughed, bowed, and said nothing. The lad
introduced the object of her visit—to ask subscriptions to m
temperance missionary.

"A temperance missionary!" said both ladies, the one with
her head that set all her curls shaking as if to prove the lightne
ball they adorned, the elder with a little sneer curving her thin

"Mr. Mainwaring, I had calculated on your recommending o
to aid in this work," said Miss Freeman in a tone of disappoin
her eyes glanced from him to the decanter on the table. "Y
how, in this suburb of London, it is needed."

The young minister coughed again, cleared his throat, and u
awkward assent.

"Oh, Mr. Mainwaring is not fond of crotchets; he takes en
views," said Miss Penelope; her niece assenting with the word
tainly he does."

"Pardon me, Miss Masham, it is surely no crotchet to say t
ance prevails greatly, and no folly to try to remedy it."

"Oh, such a sermon as we had last night!" said Fanny,
vibrating as she spoke—"that's the remedy, dear Miss Freeman

"Take up your cross and follow me," said the aunt, turnin
eyes devoutly as she repeated the text of the admired discourse.

"Yes," replied Miss Freeman, "take up your cross," and
her eyes, in turning from the decanter and glasses, met tho
minister. He blushed to his very temples, and the lady, pi
evident confusion, added quickly,—"And how many of the
ignorant, and the intemperate were there to hear the sermon
plenty of satin and broadcloth—where were the stuff gowns an
coats? Ah me, they were in garrets, cellars, or worse—in gi
and tea-gardens, getting, poor things! the worse of both worlds,
to care for them."

Just at this moment, a stout gentleman, with a ponderous wi
ponderous voice, slow and unctuous, entered the room and t
hear the last words before he came to the table and offered his sa
adding, "Ah, my dear sir! our esteemed friend Miss Freeman
zeal, but she goes too fast and too far. She'll pardon my frank

knows my mind." "Now," he continued, as to there being 'none to care for them,' that's not fair, Miss Freeman. I and my family—we are but three, you know—subscribe to the Bible Society, the Tract Society, to all the local charities—and only just this morning, I have subscribed to the Distressed Needlewoman's Society. We help the poor, and what more can be done?"

"Much, Mr. Masham! teach the poor to help themselves—prevent poverty."

"Prevent poverty! ah, that's the preposterous nonsense of the socialists. It's Divinely said, 'The poor ye have always with you.'"

"Certainly, sir! infancy, age, sickness, and misfortune—these are sacred demands on our sympathies. Such cases there will always be—and we add to them in numbers, and take from God's inevitable poor, to give to the wicked and the profligate—nay, make laws to tempt to crime and poverty, and destitution? But I need not take up your time, sir, my question is soon asked; a few friends want to engage a Temperance Missionary to go among the working-classes, and by his example and precept try to prevent their spending their hard earnings, in buying poverty, disease, and death."

"Oh, I couldn't—I am sorry to refuse a lady and a valued friend, but I dare not put anything of man's advice before the people. For man's advice is often the devil's advice."

Again Miss Freeman looked at the decanter, and her eyes said pretty plainly, "That is a device of sinful man and his master." But her efforts, she saw, were fruitless, and with a pained look round the circle, that increased in pensiveness as she glanced at the young minister, she took leave of them.

Of course there was a due declaiming of "crotchety people," "wholesale morality," "new fangled fashions," old maid's projects," &c., when the lady had departed; but there was one of the company who could not join in the conversation, and was heartily glad when it was over. Mr. Mainwaring felt himself condemned. By his weakness, he had strengthened the family he visited in dangerous habits, and lost the privilege of helping in a cause he knew to be good. The sacred right of denouncing error and speaking truth he had sold Esau-like for a momentary gratification. Nay, worse, the fear of ridicule, the difficulty of withstanding the smiling urgency of his fair temptress had overcome him. He left their house execrating himself—feeling gloomy and despondent. No company was so disagreeable at that moment as his own as he continued his calls; and at every house he entered, praises of his sermons of the previous Sabbath were mingled with invitations to take wine, all the more pressingly urged because it was Monday and he must be languid. He refused, honestly owning that he had already taken a morning glass of wine; and as he returned to his own lodgings, he reflected, that, if he had taken the half of the wine offered him that day, he would have been in no condition to walk home. And then there came to his recollection the painful fact that his predecessor, for years a minister of good repute, for holy life and valuable services, *had made shipwreck of name* and fame—overcome by

the foe that biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder. It was short, sad story:—Ephraim Pliant had been very popular in the pulpit and out. He was excitable, and had been advised to smoke as a sedative. He was often languid and low-spirited, and he was recommended to moderate—only, of course, the moderate use of stimulants. One of his "dear people" was a brewer, and the minister's increased size and glowing cheek was quite an advertisement of the merits of his deacon's beer. Another of his "leading friends" was a wine merchant, and as he also dutifully wished to have a share in amending his minister's health, he sent him many presents of choice wine, which the minister in return could recommend to retired tradesmen grown dyspeptic, and to ladies who wanted something to do, and who never read, or never heeded the sterling bard's admonition:—

"Observe what ills to nervous females flow,
When the heart flutters and the pulse is low,
If once induced these cordial cups to try,
All feel the ills, and few the dangers fly;
For while obtained, of drams they've all the force,
And when denied, then drams are the resource."—*Crabbe.*

There were some among the congregation who now and then thought that as the minister habituated himself to the spirituous, he lost something of the spiritual, but they hardly liked to whisper this even to themselves. At last, death entered the house of Mr. Ephraim Pliant, and removed the wife, who, for seventeen years, had spread the mantle of her love over her husband's failings. She left him one daughter nearly sixteen years of age, and the dying woman's last earthly thought was pleasant; for Miriam would, she believed, supply her place in the house, and take the charge of providing for her father's comforts. But the young girl could not cope with the difficulties that soon surrounded her. Long hours after Miriam had retired to rest, her father was smoking and sipping in his study, and Martha, the maidservant who had lived years with them, was now indispensable, for she understood, as she said, "Master's health, and his nerves, and mixed his night cap to a T;" and so matters rested until there were whispers that Martha was flushed and saucy, that Miss Miriam was snubbed by her—that the minister was not alone in his study at night, and all these whispers gathered together till they made a cry that resounded far and wide, and the degraded man and disgraced minister became, too late for honor, the husband of a low, ignorant woman, and of course had to leave, none being more disgusted and indignant than the brewer and the wine merchant. For months, Deptford-street Chapel was without a regular minister. Many supplies had come and gone, when Mr. Mainwaring, a student with more Greek and Latin than common sense, seemed likely to settle among them.

Now it would be very hard to blame this young man for so general a defect as that hinted at. Why, of all the rare things in this world, common sense is the rarest! Learning, and talent, and virtue, are as gold and silver, standard—solid and valuable; common sense is a diamond that cuts its bright way through all obstacles, and reflects in its beams ray the unclouded light of truth.

It was some amends for the young minister's folly of the morning that he despised himself for it. But how to meet Miss Freeman, whose character he so much respected, how to face a few of his poorer members, who had struggled against both custom and appetite, and were trying to hold out a helping hand to miserable beings whose feet had slipped in the path of the inebriate. How could he write to one fair correspondent, whose words of gentle counsel had been, "Avoid all tampering with the drinking customs of society as you would avoid ruin and death."—*Glimpses of Real Life.*

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL AND BAND OF HOPE.

By the AUTHOR of "LIFE STORY."*

This is my position. I feel convinced there is a close connection between the Sunday School and the Band of Hope, and I shall endeavour to make *all* my readers see eye to eye with me on that point. Glance at their origin, their object, their mode of operation, and their results, then at the inferences.

1. GLANCE AT THEIR ORIGIN.

Nearly a century ago Robert Raikes, the wise and holy servant of God, and the children's friend, felt for the neglected little ones in the streets of Gloucester. Sympathy moved his heart and set him a thinking, and, at last, he astonished the easy-going people by the invention of the Sabbath School.

This good man knew that thousands of immortal souls were being daily launched upon the troublous sea of existence, and swept again into eternity without being cared for as they ought. This awful thought engrossed his mind, and gave birth to impelling motives. He must needs do something, so he opened a Sabbath School. This he did that the children might be cared for; that their wild liberty might be restrained; that they might be instructed; that their hearts might be touched; that their feet might be directed in the path of righteousness.

And in regard to the Band of Hope it can be said that it, too, as well as the Sunday School, owes its origin to necessity and benevolence. The mighty rock, INTEMPERANCE, upon which so many had been, and still are, wrecked, stood out as a huge monster. Those who saw it in its native deformity, and some of those who had nearly lost body and soul by being dashed against it, thought of uprooting this rock. Their efforts were blest to many, but there it stood, I had almost said in

*Life Story: A first Prize Autobiography. By JAMES J. HILLOCKS. Price One Shilling W. Tweedie, 337, Strand, W.C. The narrative is genuine. There were nearly eighty competitors. The late Professor Nichol of Glasgow was one of those who signed the adjudication.

proud defiance, while the wrecked ones were sinking in th
awful condition, and as they sank, others were daily approac
to share the same fate. This was evident perhaps to many
had built that glorious life-boat, TOTAL ABSTINENCE, b
christian woman spoke as well as thought. "Cannot somet
be done *to prevent* the young ever becoming intemperate?"
Mrs. Carlile, a benevolent Irish lady. But she did not onl
she answered the question. "Let us," she said, "train u
children to abstain. Let us form the boys and girls
Juvenile Temperance Societies!" Here was the hint,
henceforth the young are banded together for the *Prevention*
Intemperance not only a hopeful band, but a "Band of Hop

Mrs. Carlile's suggestion having attracted the attention
Sunday School teacher, was thought too good to lose. In
small room he sat with seven young Sunday Scholars, reason
on righteousness and temperance, teaching his valuable cha
the principles of total abstinence, and urging them to unite
the purpose of bringing these principles into practice. Th
they are soliciting God's blessing, because they know they w
about God's work. Again he speaks of human responsibili
and upon the danger of the first glass,—and the necessity
bonding together to help themselves and others,—and a Ba
of Hope is formed. Only seven to begin with, but soon th
numbered more than seventeen hundred.—This little pebble
glorious thought, cast by Mrs. Carlile into the great ocean
mind, has made circle after circle, wider and yet wider, spread
refreshing blessings as it extends. I will,—

2. GLANCE AT THEIR OBJECT.

The object of the Sunday School may be given in a fe
words. It is to bring the scholars to Christ; to lead them
his fold; to obey his injunction, "Feed my lambs." That
to unfold the mind of the child, to draw out its gifts; to be th
means in God's providence of setting its feet on the rock
salvation; to refresh its heart; to fill its mouth with melodio
songs of hearty thanksgiving. These are glorious aims. To
engaged in this labour of love is to be blest, and to be a blessin

And who can say that those engaged in the Band of Ho
are not at ennobling work, and that because of the objects sough
The primary object is to teach the children the Bible trut
that "strong drink shall be bitter to those who take it;" th
"*it is* good neither to eat flesh, nor to drink wine, nor anythi
whereby thy brother stumbleth, or is offended, or is ma

weak;" that "strong drink is raging," as a devouring enemy, and that it is the duty of all, the young, as well as the old, to raise up a standard against this enemy. In this teaching and training they follow the example of the Holy One,—"When the enemy shall come in like a flood, the Spirit of the Lord shall lift up a standard against him."

But the leaders of the Band Hope do not only teach what they believe to be divine principles, as unmistakenbly revealed in the Bible; they also aim at guarding the young mind against error in relation to human duty, as to the acting upon these principles, so as not to be ensnared into habits that are likely, if not certain, to lead to deeds opposed to nature, reason and revelation. For instance, children are not only taught by precept but also by example. They will imitate those they love best. Those who are well-disposed will look to those who are regarded as pious. Now unfortunately, there are to be found many that are classed among the faithful, who take that strong drink to a greater or less extent. Not only so, but these good friends do not only take the drink as they say "moderately,"—the very thing taken by every one, who became what *they* would call a "drunkard,"—but they enter into a defence, by declaring that strong drink is useful and conducive to health. This example and statement take the young off their guard, and the general good character, sometimes for piety, and sometimes for talent, has a powerful influence, which has frequently opened the drunkard's grave, and sent the drunkard to meet the awful doom. Now the leader of the Band of Hope is aware of this, and wishes to direct the young mind to God's warnings, and human experience, and point out the proper line of action in regard to the drinking customs of the day; and that is, not to taste, nor to handle strong drink as a beverage, nor as a token of friendship, and this that the child may be saved from the drunkard's doom. Is not this a noble motive?

The Sabbath School teacher's object is to bring the children to Christ; that of the Band of Hope leader is to remove one of the greatest stumbling-blocks to Christianity. What then?

(To be continued.)

GENERAL NEWS.

TEMPERANCE CONVENTION.—We have received the following Preliminary Prospectus of the International Temperance Convention to be held in *London, September, 1862:*—"*The* Executive Council of the United

Kingdom Alliance, in accordance with the earnest suggestions of many leading friends of the Temperance movement, have resolved to initiate proceedings for holding, the first week in September next, a series of Special Meetings in the metropolis, at which the principles and various phases of the Temperance movement shall be fully and distinctly enunciated and developed, by the ablest advocates and exponents of the cause.

"It is anticipated that many friends of Temperance from the United States of America, the British Colonies, the Continent of Europe, &c., will visit the Great International Exhibition, and it is deemed an excellent opportunity of presenting to the world the merits and claims of the Temperance Reformation.

"In order that all phases of the movement may be duly recognised and represented, the Council of the United Kingdom Alliance cordially invite the co-operation of every Society, League, Association, and Union, that is willing to work harmoniously with them, whether founded on the personal Abstinence Pledge, the principal of Abstinence and Restriction of the Liquor Traffic, or the Prohibition of the Traffic, by either an absolute or Permissive Law.

"In order that a catholic and intelligent basis may be secured—and the most judicious and efficient programme arranged—the Council of the United Kingdom Alliance respectfully invite the United Temperance Council, and each of the following Temperance organisations to appoint two of their members to meet them at an early date, in Manchester, to consult and agree upon the general outline of the plan and proceedings of the proposed International Temperance Convention:—The British Temperance League—The National Temperance League—The Scottish Temperance League—The West of England Temperance League—The North of England Temperance League—The South Wales Temperance Restriction and Prohibition League—The Scottish Permissive Bill and Temperance Association—The Irish Temperance League—The East Anglian Temperance League—The Band of Hope Union.

"Any other Temperance or Prohibition Society will be fully at liberty to send written suggestions; or, if they prefer it, one representative to take part in the preliminary consultations, to be held at the offices of the United Kingdom Alliance, on Monday, April 28th, at Four o'clock.

"It is respectfully requested that an intimation be sent to the Secretary of the Alliance, of the names of the gentlemen officially appointed to represent their respective organisation at the preliminary consultation.

EXECUTIVE COUNCIL OF THE UNITED KINGDOM ALLIANCE

OFFICES—41, John Dalton street, Manchester, and 335, Strand, London.

April 14th, 1862.

MARGATE.—The last public tea meeting of the season in connection with the Temperance society was held in St. John's hall, on Tuesday evening week, when two hundred persons partook of tea. A public meeting was held in the same hall, which was occupied by an overflowing audience, including a class room used by the Young Men's Christian Association. On the platform were several members of the Band

Hope, whose performances in the shape of melodies, recitations, and dialogues, added greatly to the interest of the proceedings. The pieces given by the children reflected great credit on themselves and their manager, Mr. G. W. Chapman. Mr. R. B. Clare presided over the meeting, which was also addressed by Messrs. Alfred Knight and W. Leetham. At the close, Mr. Coleman proposed a vote of thanks to the chairman, for his conduct in the chair, and one also to Mr. Chapman for his able services in the Band of Hope movement. The Band of Hope has been most successful since it was organised, about eighteen months ago, and it is gratifying to the committee of the Temperance society to know that so many youths are growing up in paths of integrity and sobriety in connection with their cause.—*Thanet Advertiser.*

Gloucester.—Mr. T. Bowley has given to a crowded audience, a lecture, entitled "Twenty-Six Years' Experience of the Benefits of Total Abstinence."

An Old Friend.—Mr. James Teare will be in London from the 12th of May to the 12th of June. Letters will reach him at 25, Silver street, E.C. They must be addressed to the care of Mr. T. Jones.

Temperance Men and Cricket.—From a letter in the *Temperance News* we are glad to learn that the "Victoria Temperance Cricket Club," founded last summer by some earnest lovers of this manly game, meets for practice on the Victoria Park Ground. The uniform of the Club is white trimmed with light blue. The flag is white, with light blue letters, is always displayed while the members "Try the Willow" on Saturday afternoons, and such other times as it is convenient to meet for practice.

Mr. J. De Fraine.—This popular orator will speak in Eccleston Chapel, Pimlico, on May 28th; and in the Bloomsbury Mission Hall, Moor Street, Soho, on May 7th.

Sad News for All.—At a meeting of magistrates it was reported, that in Coldbath-fields House of Correction there were 1,668 prisoners, all males; in Westminster Bridwell, 615, females; and in the House of Detention, 183, on remand or committed. The Report from the Industrial School at Feltham stated that, on the 31st of December, there were 60 juvenile offenders there, and gave a very satisfactory account of the progress that, under the auspices of the committee, had been made in reforming the children. It was reported from Coldbath-fields that the old accommodation was insufficient, and that a sum of 26,930*l.* would be asked for to provide that which was requisite. How many of those new cells are required for Total Abstainers?

A Kind Word.—A friend has sent us the following notice which appeared in the *Bishop Auckland Herald*:—"*The Band of Hope Record.* This excellent little work is going through a "new series," and will be found an invaluable aid to the friends of the Band of Hope movement. Its pages are filled with short, well written, sensible chapters, calculated not only to attract and please the young, but also to be of much value to older heads. The names of the writers are given, and this adds much to the value of the articles." We *will thank* our readers if they will forward *any similar notices, which may appear* in local journals.

THE EDITOR'S LETTER BOX.

Remuera Auckland.—A communication has been sent which says :—"The Band of Hope has been better attended and upwards of 50 meetings have been held in connection with it. These meetings have not always been held weekly, as we could wish, owing to the Missionary's (Mr. W. B. Affleck) absence from home, but special meetings were held in a room kindly placed at our disposal by the Treasurer of the Society. The average attendance has been better than any previous year. Many of the senior Members have now become useful in assisting to manage and conduct the meetings, so that we feel justified in saying that the Band of Hope is beginning to make itself felt as a useful auxiliary organisation. In several instances the children have acted in the capacity of Missionaries, and carried temperance principles into hearts and homes where ordinary access could not be obtained. Believing, therefore, that the right training of children is an effectual way to open the heart to the affections of the parents, we have devoted much time and labour to this hopeful and important feature of our great principle. By the kindness of one of our friends the "Band of Hope" Review has been presented monthly to each member. Mr. Affleck has paid frequent visits to the Workhouse and distributed copies of the "British Workman" to the adults, and the "Band of Hope Review" to the children, which are thankfully received, and has also devoted a little time in conjunction with the Schoolmistress in teaching the children to sing. Twice during the year the children have been regaled with tea, the cost of which was defrayed by private subscriptions. Mr. Denyer, late master, says—'During my office as master of Auckland Workhouse, Mr. Affleck frequently visited the house, always shewing great kindness to the inmates, especially to the children. I have no hesitation in saying his visits are duly appreciated and productive of great good.' Since our last report we have secured the valuable services of popular and talented advocates, whose able exposition of our principles has diffused a large amount of information on these and kindred subjects; nor must we omit the name of our well known and tried friend, G. A. Robinson, Esq. of Reeth, of whose kindness we cannot speak too highly, he having on several occasions come from his home to preside at our festivals and Band of Hope gatherings, besides distributing prizes, &c. to the young

ber of the senior members of the Band of Hope. Mr. Affleck has visited and lectured at the following places,—South Church, Escombe, Redworth, Witton Park, Witton-le-Wear, Bowdon Close, Durham, Coxhoe, Spennymoor, Darlington, Middlesbrough, Hutton Rudby, Swainby, Stainton, Hurworth, Reeth, Low Row, Gunnside, Catterick, Whashton, Eppleby, East Gwyn, Bedale, Masham, Haydon Bridge, Sunderland, &c. From each place the most satisfactory reports have reached us of the success attending the meetings.

WHAT BECOMES OF THEM?

Dear Sir,—The question is repeated asked—"What becomes of members of our Band of Hope, when they are apprenticed, in service, &c.?" This question has more especially pressed upon my attention, since it was asked by a shrewd, discerning Quakeress, who has taken a very deep interest in the Temperance and Band of Hope movement. The same question was also asked, me, in a kindly spirit, by the Lord Bishop of Durham. What then can we, as the Conductors of Bands of Hope, answer? I have been the manager of a provincial Band of Hope for four years, and I will give a few facts, bearing on this important enquiry.

I can bring vividly before my mind and memory the first meeting held for re-organising the Band of Hope in Bishop Auckland. We had a large school-room lent to us, up a flight of stairs, through a dark passage. The children in the evening, had to grope their way into it. Ten only found their way the first time, and to these I shall more especially confine myself now, as they, amidst much ridicule remained steadfast to their pledge and work. In one case, an affectionate, intelligent youth, about fourteen years of age, was the means of carrying abstinence to his home, and the whole family are now pledged abstainers. They have since that time gradually improved in their circumstances, grown in knowledge and virtue, until now, the whole of the household are the saved of the Lord. Truly, "out of the mouths of babes and sucklings hast thou ordained strength because of thine enemies, that thou mightest still the enemy and the avenger."

In another instance, a warm-hearted youth, has become the recipient of grace, and labours zealously as a teacher in a Sabbath School. In this case also, the parents have undoubtedly received good from the devotional example of an obliging and willing

son. His father has since become a local preacher and class leader amongst the Primitive Methodists. The mother too has become a member of the same humble but useful body of christians. In another instance, an ardent youth has espoused the principles, and commenced to live the life, of a christian. He is now a Sabbath School teacher in, and a consistent member of, the Wesleyan body. But this youth was the son of religious parents, and the object of prayer, that he might be rightly guided into the path of righteousness. In several instances, the senior members have become pupil teachers in the various day schools, where they in turn, may become the instructors of youth in the great principles of true temperance. These instances might be multiplied a hundredfold were it needed and your space permit. But this fact must be mentioned, that on careful observation, and strictly watching the future of the children who have been trained in this important and essential branch of education, I have not found *ten per cent.* violating the pledge. Let the Conductors of Bands of Hope be men of God, who have prayerfully considered the value of the immortal souls they have undertaken to impress with principles for good or for evil,—men who feel the religious responsibility of their undertaking, and who will savour all their instruction with the higher requirements of the Gospel. Then, and not till then, may we hope for the rising generation to escape the evils of intemperance, and all other vices, and become polished stones in the temple of our God.

W. B. AFFLECK.

Bishop Auckland, *April 8th*, 1862.

MR. W. B. AFFLECK.

The Committee of the Band of Hope Union would direct the attention of their friends to the following circular :—

BAND OF HOPE UNION OFFICE,
37, *Queen Square, London, W.C., April 6th*, 1862.

Dear Sir,—The Committee have engaged Mr. W. B. Affleck of Bishop Auckland, Durham, as an additional agent, and he will commence his labours in London on the 1st of May. As Mr. Affleck is not yet known in the metropolis, it is deemed expedient to append some brief extracts from his testimonials, which, the Committee are glad to say, are of the most satisfactory character. They will be found below. The charge for

fleck's services will be half-a-guinea per Lecture, and all-
velling expences. Should you wish for a visit from him,
ll please address a letter to me as soon as may be con-

ll give me much pleasure to receive any information
ing your Temperance Society and Band of Hope, and,
le for the pages of the *Band of Hope Record*, it will be
Waiting for your reply,

I remain, yours very truly,

GEORGE W. MCCREE, *Hon. Sec.*

EXTRACTS FROM TESTIMONIALS.

ve had many a glorious meeting together."—*G. A. Robinson,*
h, Yorkshire.

sesses a good voice, an abundant flow of words, a sound,
and, what is not the least important, acceptableness with the
F. Holme, Vicar of East Cowton.

of singular merit."—*A. P. Irvine, M.A., one of the Secretaries*
ish Pastoral Aid Society, Richmond.

delivered five lectures, and the audiences increased every
—*J. G. Goldsborough, President of the Temperance Society,*

lody singing will always make him a favourite."—*Mr. W. Bell,*
f anecdote and humourous style of delivery."—*Charles Bell,*
esbro'.

ceeded in establishing a very successful and prosperous Band.
—*A. F. Robinson, Darlington.*

y wants to be known so as to stand high in the list of the
nperance men."—*J. Hodges, a Vice-President of the Darling-*
ance Society.

ecretary will be glad to receive applications for
ck's valuable services.

SQUARE STATION.—On Good Friday, about 1000 of
yes and their friends partook of tea, after which Mr. F.
livered his interesting lecture on the Arctic Regions.
consequence received the following interesting letter
ntleman connected with the Railway Company; we
to show that popular lectures, like Mr. Smith's, can
o subserve the spread of Temperance principles:—
r,—As one of the committee of the Euston Christian
on, for which you kindly exhibited your views of the
egions' on Friday last, allow me to personally thank

you for your very appropriate introduction of *teetotalism* on the occasion. As an old servant of the Railway Company, and at one period (only four years ago) almost, if not quite a single-handed teetotaler here, (though I am happy to say we can now boast of many who have adopted the principles of total abstinence,) I felt great pleasure in hearing the subject so favourably introduced, and I feel sure good will result therefrom. You will be pleased to know that the views and lecture gave very great satisfaction to every one I have had an opportunity of speaking with who was present.

G. F."

ANNALS OF THE BAND OF HOPE UNION.

SOCIAL MEETING.

A very interesting social gathering took place at Mr. Shirley's hotel, on Thursday, April 4th, when the gentlemen who had acted as honorary deputations and other friends met the Committee at tea. After very pleasant intercourse, W. Sims, Esq. was voted to the chair, and a number of excellent addresses on various matters relating to Bands of Hope were made. Among the gentlemen who took part in the proceedings were the Revs. G. Lamb, T. Penrose, E. W. Thomas, and G. W. McCree, and Messrs. Shirley, Roberts, Nichols, W. Robson, J. Dixon, B. Helm, &c. &c.

During the greater part of April, Mr. F. Smith has been so unwell as to be unable to fulfil his engagements. He is now improving, and hopes soon to be quite recovered.

Mr. George Blaby has visited and addressed meetings as under:—Denmark Street, St. Giles's, twice; Bloomsbury Refuge, twice; Oxo Tun Ragged School, Westminster; St. Clement's Danes; Landsdowne Place, Kent Street, Borough, twice; Chapel Place, Suffolk Street, Borough; George Street, Bloomsbury; Charles Street, Drury Lane; Caledonian Road; Barnsbury; Shadwell; Weir's Passage, Somer's Town; Hampstead; West Green; Tottenham; Hayes; Kenilworth; and Coventry.

Kenilworth.—The sixth anniversary of the Kenilworth Band of Hope was celebrated on Monday evening, March 31st, in St. John's School-room, and on the two following evenings in the New National School-rooms, by the delivery of three lectures. These were illustrated by the exhibition of the first class dissolving views belonging to the Band of Hope Union. Mr. F. Smith, agent to the Union (by whom the lectures were announced to be delivered), being unavoidably prevented from being

present, sent a substitute, who gave general satisfaction. The lectures on Monday evening on "The Arctic Regions and the fate of Franklin," and Tuesday evening on "The Gorilla and the Land it Inhabits," were well attended, and the audiences evinced great pleasure in witnessing the brilliant and beautiful views. On Wednesday evening, Mr. Blaby, a party labourer in the Band of Hope department, gave a lecture on "Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress," illustrated by very fine views, which was highly enjoyed by all present. The chairmen were the Rev. F. R. Kite, M.A.; W Congreve, Esq., M.A.; and the Rev. the Vicar, who was kind enough to attend in the place of T. Cotton, Esq., unfortunately detained by illness.

Caledonian Road Chapel.—On Wednesday evening, the Rev. W. McCree delivered a lecture in the above chapel, on "Day and Night in St. Giles's." The lecture was of an extremely interesting and popular character, and delivered in a manner that could not fail to enlist the interest and attention of all who heard it. The day and night "life" of this heterogeneous colony were painted with a graphic power worthy of Dickens or a Mayhew. Mr. McCree is evidently a keen observer of human nature, and must have studiously observed the scenes which he describes in so interesting a manner. That he awakened the sympathetic heart and roused the mirth of his auditors, was proved by the frequent manifestations of approval that greeted the lecturer throughout. For myself, we have rarely listened to a lecture that has afforded us more unmixed satisfaction.—*The North London News*, April 19th, 1862.

Hunwick.—A public temperance meeting was held in the National School, on Thursday last. The Rev. J. Richards, Incumbent, kindly presided over the meeting. The Rev. Chairman said—He attended on the present occasion for several reasons. About two years ago we were favoured with Mr. Affleck's services in this said room, and on that occasion I took the chair, and to-night I consent gladly to do the same for that gentleman. I attend this meeting to give Mr. Affleck a hearty welcome, for there is no man engaged in the advocacy of teetotalism for whom I cherish a deeper regard. He advocates teetotalism in the love of God, and in the spirit of kindness, and to that may be attributed much of the success that have invariably attended his labours. I heard to-day, with feelings of both regret and pleasure, that Mr. Affleck was about to leave the district. With regret—because we are losing a man whose labours are productive of good. With pleasure—because he is going to a wider sphere of usefulness and labour. And this I say to Mr. Affleck—that when he walks the busy streets of the world's metropolis, he may be assured of the sympathy, kind wishes, and prayers of the people of Hunwick.—The Rev. Chairman then proceeded with the programme. A selection of melodies were sung and recitations delivered by members of the Bishop Auckland Band of Hope; they were rendered with good effect. Mr. T. Snaith briefly addressed the meeting, after which Mr. Affleck *delivered a lecture on "The* power and influence of *labour in spreading and sustaining the principles* of true temperance."

A vote of thanks to the lecturer and chairman concluded a most su ful meeting. The room was well filled, and several signatures taken.—*Local Paper.*

Barnsbury Chapel Band of Hope.—A tea and public meet the above Band of Hope, was held on the 24th of March, at whi Rev. S. B. Sloman presided. The report stated that the Band of had been in a very weak state, but was now, under the managem Messrs. Lucraft and James, gradually improving. Addresses we livered by the Rev. J. S. Pearsall, of Pimlico, Rev. J. Rodgers, o loway, and Messrs. Shirley and Campbell, on the importance temperance movement, especially in regard to the young. The me of the Band of Hope sung several temperance melodies duri evening.

Fitzroy Band of Hope, London.—This Band of Hope receiv their parents' consent, children between the ages of five and sixteen as members; and while we lay great stress on "Abstinence fron dangerous and injurious drink," and also from "Tobacco," we forget to speak to them of other duties, and point to the narrov which leads to life eternal. Since last March, 180 have been ad the roll, making the number of names on the book since its forn 1926. In the course of 12 years great changes take place; you grown to manhood, and a variety of circumstances dispersed them wide; still it is gratifying to hear and know that numbers of the themselves engaged in this and other works of usefulness amon young and old. And also that some of the children, in God's go vidence, have been the little heralds of a message which has brig up homes that were once dismal and sad. Their Out-Door Festiv held last July, in the Gardens at Erith; and the New Year's Tea on January the 6th; and on the 9th, 80 Books, varying in size large illustrated vol. of Pilgrim's Progress, were given as rewa Bible Answers, Learning, Writing, &c. During the year upwa 2850 Band of Hope Publications have been put in circulation.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

All communications should be written on one side of the paper only.

Names and Addresses should be written very plainly.

Intelligence should be sent early.

Books for Review, Articles for the Record, &c., may be sent to the at No. 37, Queen Square, London.

J. Bale, Printer, 78, Great Titchfield-street, Marylebone.

BAND OF HOPE RECORD.

OUR MAY MEETING.

We heartily congratulate the friends of the Band of Hope movement, on the great success which has attended our Anniversary Meeting in Exeter Hall. It was probably the best ever held. It was prefaced, on Sunday morning, by a large and encouraging prayer meeting, in Whitfield Chapel, Long Acre, when the Rev. John Christien presided, and appropriate prayers were presented to Almighty God, by the Revs. W. J. Robinson and G. W. McCree, and Messrs. S. Shirley, Wood, G. Blaby, Edwards, W. B. Affleck, &c. Of the meeting in Exeter Hall, the *Morning Star* said:—

"Among our May meetings the anniversary of the Band of Hope Union is far from being the least interesting or important. Whatever opinion may be formed of the great temperance question, there can be no argument touching the desirableness of bringing up children in the practice of the strictest sobriety. The task of 'teaching the young ideas how to shoot' is not, if the schoolmasters are to be credited, invariably of the most delightful character, whatever the poet may say to the contrary; but there is the best reason for asserting that when little Billy and Jemima are properly instructed as to what they ought to drink and avoid, the results are likely to be as undeniable and useful as any of those which Mr. Lowe is willing to pay for with the money of the nation. It was a fine thought of Ebenezer Elliot's 'to out-bid the house of gin,' but it is at least as noble a work to prevent the rising generation from becoming the slaves of the liquids which are sold in gin palaces. To this end the Band of Hope Union is, by the agency of total abstinence, proving itself with steady energy and with very encouraging success. The seventh annual meeting of the Union was held in Exeter Hall on Monday evening, and the gathering was all which the warmest friends of temperance could desire. A choir of some 700 or 800 children, selected from various Bands of Hope, occupied the orchestra, and sang several temperance melodies during the evening with admirable effect. The children were neatly dressed; they seemed to be in excellent spirits, and as they had the appearance of being in robust health, the inference that the temperance regimen entirely agreed with them might fairly be deduced. Their behaviour before the meeting commenced was such as would have satisfied Lord Chesterfield, and showed that they had been properly instructed in the usages of good society."

Thanking the Editor for this kind notice of our meeting, we now proceed to furnish our readers with a special report of the

SEVENTH ANNUAL MEETING.

One of the most gratifying, if not the most demonstrative or pretentious

not he would extricate his master from the scrape. To this end th changed clothes, and the gardener, dressed in the Abbot's robes and parisoned in full, awaited his majesty, who arrived punctually, full of t idea of triumphing over the Abbot. "Well, my lord," said the Kin "have you considered my first question—If I get on my horse, how lo will it take me to ride him round the world?" "Sire," made answer t pretended Abbot, "if you start with the sun, and keep up with him day, it will take your majesty exactly twenty-four hours to accompli the journey." The King was surprised, but he went on to the second— "When I put my crown upon my head, what am I worth?" T seeming Abbot made reply, "They sold the King of kings for thirty piec of silver; suppose we put your Majesty down at twenty-nine." Th king began to give the abbot credit for more astuteness, than he had b lieved him to possess, but the third yet remained. "Is what I am no thinking right or wrong?" "Sire," said the other, rising as he spok "it is all wrong, for you think you are speaking to my lord abbot, wh all the while it is only his gardener."

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Mr. Gurney then gave some very interesting facts connected with th Drinking Fountain Association. Eighty-six fountains, he said, were no open in the metropolis, at which, it had been calculated, not less tha three hundred thousand persons quenched their thirst daily. It had bee proposed to erect a fountain as a memorial to the deceased Prince Consort, somewhere in the vicinity of Pall Mall, and the National Temperance League has promised £100. towards the expenses.

Mr. Samuel Pape, of Manchester, next rose to address the audience. He bore testimony to the progress made by the Band of Hope Union in th last few years. When he had met them on a similar occasion, four years ago, it was in the small hall of St. Martin's hall they held their meeting. For some time past it had been found necessary to enlarge the scene of their anniversaries; here was proof of increasing growth. The Band of Hope, Mr. Pape considered, "the most important department of Temperance labour; it deals with the most susceptible and impressionable portion of the community; it deals, too, with a subject apart from the arena of politics; we meet upon common ground here; we make common cause for the children. Here one great principle is sufficient for them. They are undisturbed by causes which are apt to create dissension and divisions. Party spirit and sectional jealousies enter not into the calculations of the young; the one visible good is before them; they keep it in view, they hold fast to it, and they are safe. Well might we say, "Would that in this we could be all as little children; surely here is the true gain; all beyond but vexation of spirit and fraying out of life's best purposes into

the committee. The children here sung, in capital time, and with touching effect, the inspiriting and eminently applicable piece, "Now pray we for our Country." Who so fitted to pray for her peace as those whose early adopted principle, adhered to in future life, will go far to bring peace to her "cottages and halls?"

The Rev. Thomas Greenbury, of Scarborough, rose to address the meeting. In an enthusiastic and fervid strain this gentlemen depicted the horrors of intemperance, the evil it had wrought, the ruin into which had precipitated the best, the brightest, the loveliest, and most gifted. Senators, ministers of religion, talented young men, beautiful women, alike had become the slaves and the victims of the vice; even mothers by it had became embrutalized, and forgot alike their responsibilities and the dearest instincts of their nature. "And," concludes the rev. gentleman, shall we remain content with saying, 'these things ought not to be'—shall we not rather cry, 'they shall not?" A burst of cheering told him how his hearers participated in the impassioned denunciations of the speaker, who went on to argue upon the importance of early impressions for for good or ill. Voltaire's infidelity had been imputed to the bias his mind received from an infidel poem he learned at the early age of five years, and there could not be a doubt but the first impressions received on the tender mind of a child were the most indelible in after life.

The third selection on the programme, entitled "To the Youth of Britain," was sung by the children, after which

Lieutenant-Colonel Wakefield addressed the meeting. It is a fact of which the verification is so often afforded as to admit of no dispute, that speakers who on other occasions never fail to distinguish themselves by their apt arguments and brilliancy of style, have utterly fallen short when called upon to address an audience of children. The reason may perhaps be found in that idea (we believe a mistaken one) which is very universal, that children need any very especial adaptation on so immense a descent from the ordinary standard adaptable to children of a larger growth. However the gallant Lieutenant-Colonel extricated himself from the difficulty to admiration. Addressing himself chiefly to the youngsters behind him, he talked to them of Havelock, "the apostle of temperance in India;" of the gallant soldier's personal self-denial; of the benefit of his example, whereby numbers had been won not only to the practice of total abstinence, but to the loftier aims and purer lives resulting from resulting. Even in those young hearts he awoke an echo of enthusiasm which the name of Havelock never fails to awake. Loud cheers received the Colonel's faithful reminiscence of his departed leader's words, which were redoubled when the speaker went on to tell that the family, still cherishing the example of their noble head, adhered strictly to temperance; Lady Havelock, Sir Henry, and his sister, all following in practice the precepts which on every occasion they fail not to propagate and sustain. Colonel Wakefield concluded by stating that he had lately, by the desire of Lady Havelock, addressed the regiment of the Middlesex, who were to a man pledged abstainers.

"We shall gain the Victory" was next sung by the choir, to the tune of "See the Conquering Hero comes."

The Rev. B. W. Bucke, M.A., was greeted with loud cheers as he a vanced to the front. Little outward sign did that rev. gentleman display the tremor which he assured his audience never failed to assail him whe assuming the responsibility of a speaker upon that platform. "Wh would not quake," asked the speaker, "surrounded on either hand b such redoubtable champions?" Here was Judge Payne; who could fa to quake in his austere presence? Had he not cause for tremor, yet wa he not well supported? With the impersonation of youthful eloquenc John De Fraine, upon his right; the representative of feminine philanthrop and social order, Mrs. Fison, on his left—might he not, even while h quaked, take courage from the reflected glory which shone upon him With something to this effect the rev. gentleman, in a jocular strain, opene his discourse, which, however, merged itself ere long into the strain o earnest, intense, and passionate eloquence, which has reality for its basis and whose utterances are simple truths. Speaking from the personal ex perience of the past two years—a time, if comparatively short, sufficient to test the worthiness of the practice—Mr. Bucke, assured his audienc that he was "better than when he first adopted it." Better in health, i strength, in limb, voice, vigor, mental capacity, bodily endurance, phy sical animation—"in all things better." Passing on to generalities, th speaker went on to say he was especially glad of one thing in conne tion with the Temperance movement, and it was this—that whereas ma people had argued it would be productive of division in the various re gious denominations, it had, in fact, been a prolific source of unio Men met upon the Temperance platform to canvass the one great soci question, and, irrespective of sectarian differences, shook hands upon i merits, and became as brothers while urging and encouraging each othe to the good work. Mr. Bucke alluded to the purpose of the Band-of Hope Union, urged its claims upon the sympathies of all, and expatiate upon the miseries and crime to which its teachings were the sure and dote; nay, better, of which they were the certain preventive. It had bee said, he knew, that we made too much of teetotalism. But he denie the possibility. We can't make too much of teetotalism. Let us ask th poor little children whom it has rescued from starvation, from the ken nels, from ill-usage, from degradation, from blows and stripes—ask them Ask the wife to whom teetotalism has brought a sober husband, a decen home, who by it has been released from the thraldom of bitter biting pen ury, whose wounds have been healed, whose tears have been dried by i in whose heart it has caused to blossom the sweet flowers of hope, an faith, and love, once blighted and overcast—ask her! Ask the God-for saken, desolate inebriate, ready to shuffle off this mortal coil, who, wit bleared eyes and blood-stained lips, gasps out his awful denunciation the things by which he was wrecked, and too late acknowledging the in terposition which might have saved him. Ask these, "Can we make to much of teetotalism?" Mr. Bucke went on to say he was proud to be long to that section of the clergy which had lately embodied itself as living, acting, and telling protest against the drinking prejudices of society He would not have it supposed that by so doing these gentlemen woul

be understood as holding themselves aloof from any other organization—not in the least. They wished to belong to and support the League and Alliance; at least, I do, added the rev. speaker, and to each and every association which has for its object the overthrow and extermination of this fearful evil. He (Mr. Bucke) was thankful to mark one important feature which had become prominent in the Temperance cause of late; it had been made a Christian question. As a christian man and minister he had seen it his duty to adopt it as a means, and a fruitful one, of rescuing souls from sin. A voice called to him from his bible to go forth and rescue the perishing. This way was opened to him, and he accepted it as the way. Upon the necessity of a Temperance literature the rev. gentleman spoke very energetically. We need a lofty Temperance literature; we want well-written, thoughtful articles, which shall address themselves to the intellect of the country. We are progressing rapidly; we must look up and forward; we begin to walk in silver slippers, to be critical and nice in our doings. The speaker then made allusion to that humorous publication, the "*Times* for 1962," quoting many of its quaint prophetical exaggerations; among others the foreboded crusade against drinking fountains, (by the way, it *is* difficult to understand why the contributors to that ingenious publication should have made this particular instrument alone subject to reaction, where all besides is influenced by imagination). Not so does Mr. Bucke prognosticate for the future. He, in vision, sees the announcement of Temperance sermons "to be preached at St. Paul's by the Lord Bishop of London in the presence of their Majesties, the Archbishops, the Bishops, and Archdeacons; during the week bazaars and soirées to be held for the benefit of the cause in the spacious premises lately occupied by Messrs. Truman, Hanbury, &c." The rev. gentleman concluded with an anecdote, which he confessed to be a plagiarism from the Rev. Newman Hall. "But," he said "as that gentleman is not here, I shall tell it myself. In the old times long ago, there was a certain wealthy Abbot, whose love of good living was only equalled by his astuteness and sagacity. The converse generally obtains in these days, but never mind that. The king hearing of the Abbot's reputed wisdom and 'cuteness, went to see him, and after they had chatted together upon various matters, the King, desiring some proof of the Abbot's wit or learning, propounded to him three questions. First, 'If I get on my horse when I go from here, how long will it take me to ride round the world?' Second, 'When I put my crown on my head, how much am I worth?' Third, 'Is what I am now thinking right or wrong?' The Lord Abbot was puzzled, in truth, yet he would not own it. He asked three days to consider his answer, and the King rode away. Those three days and nights, too, the Abbot puzzled and puzzled his brain, but could make nothing of the answers. He grew quite thin, and lost his appetite—a rare thing with an Abbot; yet he was no nearer the answer he had to give the king, or lose his character for sharpness and learning. It chanced that the gardener, seeing his master's evident trouble, begged to be informed of the reason; and on hearing it he asked the Abbot to permit him to appear in his stead when the king appeared, and he doubted

not he would extricate his master from the scrape. To this end th changed clothes, and the gardener, dressed in the Abbot's robes and c parisoned in full, awaited his majesty, who arrived punctually, full of t idea of triumphing over the Abbot. "Well, my lord," said the Kin "have you considered my first question—If I get on my horse, how lo will it take me to ride him round the world?" "Sire," made answer t pretended Abbot, "if you start with the sun, and keep up with him day, it will take your majesty exactly twenty-four hours to accompli the journey." The King was surprised, but he went on to the second "When I put my crown upon my head, what am I worth?" T seeming Abbot made reply, "They sold the King of kings for thirty pie of silver; suppose we put your Majesty down at twenty-nine." T king began to give the abbot credit for more astuteness, than he had lieved him to possess, but the third yet remained. "Is what I am thinking right or wrong?" "Sire," said the other, rising as he spo "it is all wrong, for you think you are speaking to my lord abbot, wh all the while it is only his gardener."

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the jagged edges of misunderstanding and discontent." The teaching of your schools, said Mr. Pape, is perpetually counteracted by that 150,000 other schools open at every corner for the hardening, the debasing, and corrupting of your pupils; and the cause why I and the gentlemen with me have directed our efforts against this particular phase of the evil is, that we believe that moral suasion never can have full play, never can exert its proper influence, till these stumbling blocks are swept away. The foundation, said the speaker, of every Band of Hope, or other association for the promotion of Temperance, should be a thorough knowledge of the nature of alcoholic drinks. This is indispensable. And the examples, the teaching, were abundant. Take the two fountains as they have appeared at the opposite corners of the street—the one, to which allusion has been made, quenches thirst, the other excites it. The first yielding comfort, strength, and help, the other fruitful in pain, misery, degradation, and ruin. Alluding to the arguments of moderate drinkers, often employed against the cause of Temperance, Mr. Pape said, men ask us to act in this matter as they would in no other. They pay to insure themselves against the risk of fire; a man, when he insures his house, does not expect it will be burned. There is a risk which he is not willing to run without some chance ef indemnification. The speaker then went on to enlarge upon the precautions taken in reference to the keeping of gunpowder within dwelling-houses, to the interference of the legislature in regard to this article, as well as the petroleum or rock-oil, of a highly inflammable and dangerous nature. With the drink, he argues, there is ten times the greater risk; yet people continue to tamper with and invite the danger, while 40 per cent die annually of delirium tremens. Is, then, legislation be permissible in regard of these dangerous combustibles, if without being deemed strange or tyrannical the law may say to them, 'you shall not keep more than 50lb. of gunpowder in your house at a time—why should people exclaim against the exercise of such legislation in connection with a thing in the use of which there is not only risk but even probability of danger? Mr. Pape expressed his entire cordiality with the subject matter of the meeting, and none had more sincere sympathy than himself with the Bands of Hope, on whose steadfast and continued growth and extension so much depends.

Though the Rev. Robert Maguire, of Clerkenwell, was himself unable to attend the meeting, he was represented, or at least recalled to the minds of the audience by the singing of that sweet and characteristic little hymn of his own composition, which, with the beautiful melody to which it is linked, never fails to thrill the hearts of all hearers with the pleasantest emotion. It was on this occasion encored. When the applause following the repetition of the last verse had subsided,

Mr. Marshall, a coloured gentleman from the West Coast of Africa, addressed the meeting. It was the third time he had spoken, he informed his hearers, in Exeter-hall, and expressed his pride and delight on being called upon on such an occasion as the present. "Hope!" the very name was synonymous with our most rapturous and precious moments. What would the world be without hope? the hope of which those bright

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eyes had wept, and the poor sinner been moved to remorse, even not unfrequently to repentance. Mr. De Fraine quoted, with his usual aptitude and effectiveness, the beautiful lines apropos of children, and concluded by a powerful exhortation to mothers to look to their responsibilities in the important subject of Temperance.

The vote of thanks was enthusiastically passed, and the meeting concluded by the choir singing the National Anthem. We must not omit to add, that the hononr of training and conducting the choir is due to Mr. Frederick Smith, one of the Agents of the Band of Hope Union.

THE GLORIOUS MONTH.

By UNCLE TRUE.

May! May! glorious May! how many people look and long for May, the month when days having grown long, and nature lively, the skies bright and weather warm, when flowers are blooming and birds singing, and all nature cheerful,—well may be the month we look long for,—well may it cheer us when it comes!

But we are joyous on other grounds. Our own Band of Hope then shews itself off to best advantage, taking its proper place among the large national benevolent societies of the land, in Exeter Hall, displays itself, and makes known throughout the length and breadth of the land, its mission,—a mission of protection to the young. On Sunday the 18th our Anniversary commenced; the morning was beautiful, and the devout Temperance reformers might be seen by twos and threes, wending their steps to the house of God,—thanksgivings in their hearts, on their lips praise,—and when at half-past six, or soon after, the body of Whitfield Chapel was nearly full, those who had arranged the Anniversary Meetings felt there could be no doubt about success. Praying breath cannot be spent in vain, and that thought cheered the hearts of those who met to pray for a blessing on the Band of Hope Union Annual Meetings.

On Monday every thing augured success; there was free inquiry for tickets, the stewards were all ready and in their places in good time, friends were offering their services if required, and long before the time appointed, children from all quarters of London were threading their way to the Hall in the Strand. Many wondered what it meant; their mirth and medals were mysteries to some, but to others explained that somewhere Temperance was to be the uppermost topic. Those who know anything of the packing away of hundreds of children, will understand the nature of the task which fell to the lot of the Stewards, who did their portion of the duty; but

while this was going on in one part of the Hall, outside were gathering the mass of hearers. The frequent disappointments in previous years, when after coming many miles, many with sad disappointment had to retire, because they could not be admitted, led them to make sure this time, and although payment for seats was required, and the doors were to be opened half an hour before the time, such was the pressure that it was found necessary to open the doors to relieve the crowded stairs so that by the time the doors should have been open according to announcement, the Hall was almost full, while a stream of people constantly flowed in, filling the spacious Hall in every part. Promptitude not only characterised stewards, children and audience, but chairman and speakers were all in good time so that precisely at half-past six the procession passed on to the platform, welcomed by the children, and cheered by the vast assembly. Of the meeting, only good can be spoken; the chairman's cheerful countenance, commanding figure, and noble sentiments,—the solemn tones of the veteran, Messer, as he implored the divine blessing,—the neat and trim condensation of the report, as uttered in clear tones, by the indefatigable and able secretary, Mr. McCree,—the eloquence of the speakers, led off by the glowing fire of the stalwart Greenbury, of Scarborough, followed by the playful and happy address of Mr. Bucke,—the earnest burning persuasion of Colonel Wakefield, —the argument of Mr. Pape,—the pathos of Mr. Marshall,— the flowing eloquence of Messrs. Robson and De Fraine. Such speeches could not fail of producing their proper result, warming the heart, and firing with renewed zeal the hearts of the faithful.

But the Band of Hope Union meetings would be flat without its accustomed charm of song. Mr. Smith, whose services have been so highly successful in previous years, was quite himself on the present occasion. Under his able management the children were efficiently trained, and many were the appreciatory remarks made during the singing of the various pieces. The friends of the Union have indeed abundant reason to be thankful for success of their Anniversary Meeting, and may well take courage for another year. It would be ungracious to conclude these remarks without paying a tribute of respect to our valued Treasurer, W. S. Haynes, Esq., who worthily and ably filled the chair, which Samuel Gurney, Esq., was obliged to vacate before the meeting closed. May every year witness the growing prosperity and increased usefulness of the Band of Hope Union!

LUCY's LITTLE LIBRARY, or the INFLUENCE of a CHILD.

"Father!" said a fair, blue-eyed little girl, one pleasant Sabbath morning. "Father, we have such a nice Sabbath school! See what a beautiful book I have to day from the library; wouldn't you like to read it!"

"Father" was a fine-looking specimen of an American labouring man. Tall, straight, and broad-shouldered, with a noble head, its high forehead and fine eyes showing their possessor to be a man of good mind and clear penetration.

There was a compression about the lips that bespoke determination, but his face usually wore an expression of gentle manliness.

Just now his manner betrayed some excitement, and there was an unnatural flush upon his cheek. Taking the book from the child's hand, he examined it a few moments attentively; then his manner changed, he grew grave, almost stern. "Humph! a temperance tale," said he at length.

"Wife! how do we know anything about the books these children read? I've no great opinion of the Sunday-schools, anyhow; don't know why I let my children go, only the ladies were so polite. I'll just go myself this afternoon, and see what this school is like. If it don't answer, I'll take the children away."

"Do go, John," said a very pleasant-looking woman, in whose face might have read the sweet story of a loving wife and tender mother. "Do go! I think you will like it, if you understand; and our children are learned only good there."

"Do go, father," echoed Tom, Lucy's brother; "we are going to have a Temperance Meeting this afternoon."

"Yes, father," added little Lucy, "and you will get to know my teacher; and that book must be good, for she said so, and chose it for me."

"I don't know!" said Lucy's father; "I hate meddling, but I'll read anything for you, pussy," stroking his child's fair curls, and stooping down to kiss her cheek.

Lucy did not know what her father meant by "meddling," nor what that had to do with her book; but she wished in the depth of her childish heart, that father was a Temperance man; and as she looked at his flushed cheeks, and noted the strange fire in his eyes, something very like a sigh came from her little heart.

"He is a good father," said she softly to herself; "but then he often acts strangely of late, and mother does not smile as she used to; sometimes I think she cries, when we don't see her. Tom says he means to go to sea, for then father will not send him to Jones any more. Jones is a bad man. What if he should make a drunkard, like Jim Crane?"

The tears stood in Lucy's eyes, and she tried to pray, as her teacher had told her, for that dear father, that God would change his heart and make him a Christian. They knew all would be safe then.

Looking up, she saw her father busily reading her book, and he seemed much interested; suddenly he threw it down, and exclaimed, "Come

children, isn't it time to go?" and Lucy thought she saw him dash awa a tear.

Brightly shone the Sabbath sun upon the children's fair young head and very brightly in their hearts shone the clear sunlight of joy—for the were going to Sabbath-school, and father was with them.

"Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging," said the superintenden addressing the children of the School. "You must never taste one dro of liquor, children! never take the first step to ruin! never handle th first glass! there is the greatest danger in moderate drinking. Only o safeguard is there, children, and that is total abstinence. Wine may l beautiful now to look upon, but at last!—'It biteth like a serpent, an stingeth like an adder;' so the Holy Bible tells us, and we all know th is true."

Then followed some touching stories of the sad effects of drink and in temperance; while many little heads were bowed with sorrow, and man eyes were bright with tears. And when their beloved superintender called on all to enroll themselves members of the Youths' Temperanc Society, there was not one dissenting voice. Joy, joy to thee, little Lucy Father's voice swelled the glad temperance hymn, and father's own han signed the pledge. A little hand was softly laid upon his arm, and th sweet voice of Lucy's teacher murmured, "God help thee!" while the joyful tears in Lucy's eyes spoke eloquently of a child's earnest love.

Father is safe now! How could she love him enough, or be thankfu enough to that dear teacher for the judicious choice of that blessed littl book! "How glad mother will be!" thought Lucy. And Tom; yes Tom, was looking proudly on his father, inwardly making a resolve no to go to sea.

Oh, that was a happy group gathered round the tea table that swe Sabbath evening! There was the old smile, too, in mother's eyes, brighter, happier smile than they had known for many months, for great joy was cradled in her heart.

"Father, ain't you glad you went?" asked Tom. "Are you glad yo read my book?" whispers Lucy. Listen; the toast was drank in th cold water, while father's eyes were bright with tears, and his fine voic tremulous from emotion. "The Sabbath-school Temperance Society—may God for ever bless it."

Children, Lucy was a little girl, but she had a large heart that yearne to do good. Can you not imitate her example?

MELODIES SUNG AT TEMPERANCE MEETINGS.

By Mr W. B. AFFLECK.

KIND WORDS, SWEET THOUGHTS, AND NEVE DYING SOULS.

Kind words can never die,
Cherished and blessed;
God knows how deep they lie,
Stored in the breast;

Like childhood's simple rhymes,
Said o'er a thousand times,
Age in all years and climes,
Distant and near.
Sweet thoughts can never die,
Though, like the flowers,
Their brightest hues may fly
In wintry hours;
But when the gentle dew
Gives them their charms anew,
With many an added hue,
They bloom again.
Our souls can never die,
Though in the tomb,
We may all have to lie,
Wrapt in its gloom;
What though the flesh decay,
Souls pass in peace away,
Live through eternal day,
With Christ above.

BE KIND TO THE FOLKS AT HOME.

Be kind to thy father, for when thou wert young,
Who loved you so fondly as he?
He caught the first accents that fell from thy tongue,
And joined in thy innocent glee.
Be kind to thy father, for now he is old,
His locks intermingled with grey,
His footsteps are feeble, once fearless and bold—
Thy father is passing away.
Be kind to thy mother, for now on her brow
May traces of sorrow be seen,
Oh, well mayest thou cherish and comfort her now,
For loving and kind hath she been.
Remember thy mother, for thee she will pray,
As long has God giveth her breath;
With accents of kindness, then, cheer thou her way,
E'en to the dark valley of death.
Be kind to thy sister, not many may know;
The depth of true sisterly love;
The wealth of the ocean lies *fathoms* below
The surface that sparkles above.

Be kind to thy brother, wherever you are;
The love of a brother shall be,
An ornament fairer and richer by far
Than pearls from the depths of the sea.

THE VISITATION OF PUBLIC HOUSES.

During the past year the London City Mission has increased its number of public-house missionaries from two to six. One of them in making his annual report, says:—"As many people seem perplexed to think how a missionary can go into such places, and wonder what he does when he gets in, it seems needful to say a little on the nature of the work. On entering the tap-room we see, perhaps, ten, twenty, or thirty men, smoking, drinking, and playing at cards or dominoes. We apologise for intruding into their company and begin at once to distribute our papers, telling them our object, and weaving into our remarks as much Scripture as prudence may suggest. We then go into the parlour. The men here are more respectable in appearance. On that side sit a group playing at cribbage, while a group on this are warmly discussing the pugilistic merits of Mace and King, who are to fight for the championship. On the right stands a bagatelle-board, where others are playing. The boy at the board is only twelve years of age. He keeps the chalks for the players, and will, no doubt, become a skilful player and ruin himself, if God prevent not. We here again make an apology for intrusion, and give them tracts. Some are silent, some are thankful; one man will ask, 'who is your favourite of the two pugilists?' We then speak of the good fight of faith, and urge them to engage in it. On coming out of the parlour, we perceive a door at the back. We open it and find it leads to the skittle-ground. Here are several men playing. We speak to them and give them tracts. At the same time they invite us to play the game; but we tell them of the game in which the reward is an incorruptible crown. Possibly they answer us with some abuse. If so, we warn them and leave. We proceed to the front of the bar, where many people are congregated. We have to speak to each one separately. We get on quietly till we arrive near the door, where some four or six men try to quarrel with us, swearing and threatening to kick us out of the house. The landlord looks as if he would like them to do so. * * * In our visits we meet all forms of infidelity—men who advocate Voltaire, Volney, Paine, Hume

and others; men who deny the very God that made them, and thus outstrip the devils in sin, for they 'believe and tremble.' Then, again, we now and then find a poor backslider, who, like the Galatians, once seemed to run well, but has fallen into sin and is trying to stifle the voice of conscience with the cup of intoxication. Here also we meet with fallen females, from the thoughtless unsuspecting girl of sixteen, to the well-worn, weather-beaten, confirmed slaves of sin, on whose guilty brows fifty summers' suns have shone." Speaking of the results of these public-house visitations, several pleasing instances of spiritual blessing are recorded. One of the missionaries says:—"One morning an old enemy stopped me in the street. He used to keep a coffee-shop, and to let a room in it to a club of infidels, to which he was treasurer. For years I contended with him and his friends, and testified to them of Jesus. At last, I gave him up in despair. Think, then, how great was my joy when he accosted me with, 'I am no longer an enemy of the cross of Christ.' He attributed much under God to my, often faithless, efforts. Another, a young man, spoke to me as I passed his shop door. He also had received the truth, and thanked me for efforts long past. Only the other day the wife of one of the brethren told me that, being taken ill, she sent for a doctor who lived just by. When he heard that her husband was a missionary, he told her that one night he had been in attendance for some hours upon a poor patient at a distance. As he returned home late, he felt cold, and went into a public-house in the Marylebone-road for refreshment. He then heard me speaking, and he added, 'I never till then felt anxious about the salvation of my soul; but through that circumstance, I was led to seek for mercy. Praise the Lord, for He is good." These events are very encouraging, because it is exceedingly difficult to get at the result of any given year. To be over-anxious about results partake of sin. To the Lord belongeth the increase." Another of the missionaries advocates the great desirability of introducing religious journals into coffee and eating-houses, with a view of counteracting the bad influences of some of the licentious and corrupt periodicals which are generally found in these places.—*The Revival.*

DIALOGUE BETWEEN ROSA AND ADA.

By ISABELLA WORMS, of the Band of Hope, Denmark Street.

Rosa. Well Ada, dear, where are you going in such a hurry this fine evening?

Ada. I'm just going to the Band of Hope meeting, Rosa; perhaps you would like to come with me.

Rosa. No thank you, Ada, I want to have none of your teetotal nonsense; I hear enough of that every day from Mary King, who is in the same class with me at school, and who I believe belongs to the same Band of Hope as you do.

Ada. Yes, Rosa, she does belong to the same Band of Hope as I, and I am very glad to hear that Mary speaks on Temperance whenever she has a fitting opportunity. I wish all girls and boys belonging to Bands of Hope would do the same, we should then make greater progress with our work than we have hitherto done.

Rosa. Well, Ada, I don't think it right for girls and boys to be signing the pledge, just as if they took more than would do them good; my mother says it 's all very well for men and women that get drunk and neglect their families, but for children, mother says, 'tis quite absurd.

Ada. O, Rosa, I wonder your mother calls such a good thing absurd; don't you know there is a good old adage that says, prevention is better than cure? And then you say children do not take more than will do them good; you must know that if you take ever so little it cannot do you any good, but most probably would do you harm.

Rosa. O, Ada, I have no patience to listen to you; I declare you are just as bad as Mary King.

Ada. Rosa, I am very sorry to hear you speak thus of good Mary King; I only wish I were as good as she.

Rosa. Do you really mean what you say, Ada? I thought you were very good.

Ada. O no, Rosa, sometimes I have very wicked thoughts, and I say with all sincerity that I wish I were as good as Mary, for not only does she teach the drunken man or woman to become sober, but then tries to make them look up to God, and thank him for their safe deliverance from the tempter's power. O Rosa, I do wish you 'd become a teetotaller.

Rosa. Ada, it is of no use your trying to persuade me to belong to your Band of Hope; I dont like teetotallers, and I hope I shall never become one.

Ada. O Rosa, how can you say such a thing? You would not, I am sure, like to become a drunkard.

Rosa. No Ada, I should not indeed like to be a drunkard, but I know I shall never be that; I do not like the drink well enough.

da. If, as you say, you do not care much for the drink, it much easier for you to give up the little you now take.

osa. No, Ada, I cannot see this matter in the same light as do. It is because I take so little that I do not give it up; ould not have it thought that I am weak-minded enough to ome a teetotaller, when I can keep sober just as well without ing any pledge.

da. You have taken a wrong view of the case altogether; we who are the strongest in making up our minds to totally in from that which does so much harm in all countries. I think it is much better to sign while we are children, we all know it is much easier to throw off any habit before grown upon us, than it is after it has grown with our th, and strengthened with our strength.

sa. Ada, I tell you it is no use your arguing this matter me; I cannot see it in the same way in which you do, and re I shall wish you good bye.

da. I cannot, Rosa, will not leave you thus, until I point the wrong opinion you have formed. You have had adly misrepresented to you, and I must try and set

sa. Well, Ada, I assure you, you will have a fruitless task, refore you had better not attempt it.

da. No, Rosa, I cannot think of giving up so easily, it would worthy the love I bear you were I to do so.

osa. Well, Ada, please proceed with your lecture; I am ning now, and am quite ready to hear anything you may to say, though I do not hold out any hope to you that I l be convinced.

da. Well, Rosa, I shall do my best to try and convince you our folly, and I am sure if you only think of that happy when you and I went to school together, yon will remem- that I urge you thus from motives of pure love.

Rosa. Yes, Ada, I know you always loved me, and tried to me right, but I really think in this case 'tis you who want ting right, and it is my task to do it. In the first place, if go to a school-fellow's house to tea, and in the evening are d to take a little wine, see how foolish it makes you look to you are a teetotaller!

Ada. O, that argument is easily got over, for I never feel so ppy as when I have the opportunity of telling people I belong the Band of Hope, *for then sometimes* I get asked many *stions about what we do there, and* that is one of the oppor-

tunities we have of inducing others to become abstainers; and when we recite and sing our pieces at our Band of Hope concerts, there are a great many people there, and if there should chance to come a drunken man or woman into that meeting, and something that they might hear should induce them to give up their drinking customs, and become sober men and women, would you not think it a glorious thing if it had been through your instrumentality that they had been saved?—and though we are not always permitted to know the good we do, remember we shall know and have our reward at the last day, when God shall say unto us, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant."

Rosa. Well, Ada, I should indeed like to be the means of doing good to some one.

Ada. Then why not, dear Rosa, sign the pledge, and then try to induce your father and mother and sisters and brothers to abstain?

Rosa. But, Ada, I am not yet fully convinced that it is necessary for any of our family to become members of your Temperance Band. Don't you think there is any other way in which I might try to do good to some one?

Ada. Yes, Rosa, there are a great many ways in which you may do good, but you will find that temperance will be a help to you in whatever you undertake. You know it is said, Rosa, "No drunkard shall enter the kingdom of heaven;" and you know, dear, we can never be sure that we shall not be drunkards without we do sign the pledge; and once more I ask you, will you not join us and make one of our band?

Rosa. Well, dear Ada, I'll take your advice, for I now feel heartily ashamed of myself for arguing with you for so long.

Ada. O say no more about that, Rosa; I feel only too happy in having gained your consent to become a member of our glorious Band. May God enable you to keep firm to your pledge!

Rosa. I hope so, dear Ada; I will pray to Him to give me strength to do so, and I dare say I shall succeed. And now good bye, I have been keeping you from the Band of Hope long enough.

Ada. Good-bye, Rosa. Ask your mother to let you come next Tuesday, and if she consent, be ready by half-past six o'clock and I will call for you. Good-bye.

Rosa. Good-bye, dear Ada.

WORDS OF A VETERAN.

Mr. Joseph Livesey has been to Scotland, to attend the

Annual Meetings of the Scottish Temperance League. In his addresses, Mr. Livesey favoured the good people over the border with some most interesting recollections. He said (we copy from the *League Journal*):—"I may tell you how I became a teetotaller, which is many years since, when there were no temperance societies. I had occasion to do a little business with a Scotchman. A peculiar drink to Scotchmen, it appears, is whisky. I do not know how it is, but these men can stand more whisky than anybody else; I would however suppose that it is because they are well seasoned. I went to this Scotch gentleman's, however, which was in 1830, and took with him only a glass of whisky and water. It was the best glass that I ever drank in my life, because it was the last. That glass had upon me such an effect that when I got home I felt ashamed of myself. Though nobody perceived how I felt, yet I felt deeply. I considered it was wrong for me, as a father of a family and a man, to do what I had done, so that I concluded it was desirable that I should put an end to the practice altogether; and next morning I made a resolution that I would never drink strong drink again, and that resolution I have solemnly and religiously observed till the present moment. I have been asked several times if I could give any explanation of the origin of the word teetotal. Now, I can assure you, if any authority be required as to the origin of that word, none higher can be given than myself, for I was present when the word originated. It was first pronounced by a man named Dickie Turner. Dickie was a singular man. He was a plasterer, and like many Preston men, he cared for nobody; for he would stand in the presence of the Queen as collected as he would in the presence of any one of her subjects. When Dickie gave his speeches, he never was at a loss for a word; for he would coin one at once rather than stop in his speech. I remember once, when he was exalting the blessings of teetotalism—for he was a most enthusiastic teetotaller—he said, 'Now, look at our wives, they wear umbrellaades' (parasols). On another occasion, when endeavouring to describe the progress of our cause, he said, 'We will take our oars, and plough the great deep, and then the vessel of temperance shall sail gallantly over the land.' It was Dickie that electrified us many a time. On one occasion, when describing his conversion to temperance, and his signing the pledge near one of our churches, he said—'I was the worst lad that ever was born of a man.' At that time there were temperance societies based upon the principles of abstinence from all spirits,

and great moderation in all fermented liquors. Dickie attempted at a meeting to show the difference, and deprecated the practice of drinking in moderation, and enjoined that of abstinence, when he came out with the expression which gave rise to that notable term, *tee-total*, which, since then, has gone through the world. He said that we should all be 'te-te-tee-total.' We all took up the word at that moment, and we were glad to get it; for the designation abstinence from all intoxicating drinks was cumbersome. We said that was the thing, and from that moment till now, the word *tee-total* denotes abstinence from all kinds of drinks, in opposition to moderation in all fermented drinks.

"I remember my first journey to London, when I had the privilege of delivering the first lecture upon teetotalism that was ever given in the metropolis. But I should mention that it had come to our knowledge that nearly all our temperance members were drinking ale, and that my attention having been called to the subject, I consulted brewers and maltsters, and other authorities, and made myself pretty well master of the malt question, so that I embodied my knowledge in a lecture, about which old abstainers particularly will have heard. Well, to return, I was full of the flattering idea that I was going at once to change the great head of the nation, and through that the whole country. I spent a fortnight in London before I could get a place of meeting. At last I got one in a sort of cellar. I then got large bills, and small bills, and went into the business thoroughfares and posted them. I thought I would stir up the bankers and noblemen. I also got two men to parade with announcements in front of the meeting-place. I had prepared my lecture; but, lo and behold, only twenty-five persons appeared! I delivered it however. As I returned home, a man named Moir said to me, that if he could deliver that lecture, and make it as plain to Londoners, as I did to him, he would give £1000. Humble as that beginning was, it was the first step that led to the first teetotal society in the metropolis of this great country. My second meeting, then, was a year after, and the nucleus of a society had been formed. We got the use of the room occupied by Robert Owen for the purpose of delivering his social lectures. Bills were printed, and everything was done to prepare for the meeting. Billy, my friend and I, took our usual way of letting the Londoners know about the meeting. We got a bell, which I rung, and he called the meeting; but before we had gone through many streets a gentlemen in blue tapped us upon the shoulder, and asked us

if we knew what we were about? He told us that nobody was allowed to go through London and create such a noise. We accordingly desisted. The meeting was but meagre; but it was successful, and from that time to this, the society in London has been progressing till it now counts its members by tens and hundreds of thousands.

"I remember a striking instance of the benefit of kindness, and the circulation of tracts. One day I was going to a village miles from the town of Preston. A Primitive Methodist camp meeting was held in the neighbourhood. In walking up lane, I happened to join the best-looking man of a number of that religious denomination. His name, I learned afterwards, was Cook. I spoke to him of the temperance cause, as I generally do. And I may remark by the way, that when people say to me, 'Why, Livesey do you make so much of this cause?' I answer, 'Because you make so little of it.' Well, this Mr. Cook was dressed in black, and with a white neckerchief, and he was going to be the speaker at the camp meeting. He said, 'You don't know me; do you remember speaking to a poor man who was ragged, ragged, wretched, and ruined, on the step of the public house?' I looked at him and I said, 'Is it true? Are you that man?' He replied, 'I am the same man; you spoke to me kindly, it had an impression on my heart, you gave me a tract, and I read it, and it so affected me that I became a teetotaller, and have been one ever since.' This is a fact. He gave up his wretched companions, he joined the Primitive Methodists, he became a Sunday school teacher, and last of all, he offered himself on trial as a preacher, and was appointed, and when I saw him he was going to the camp meeting, to address the Association. I could give you hundreds of cases where a private visit and a kindly, friendly, and Christian conversation have led to effects such as scarcely could be effected, if it were not connected with so good a cause. The poor drunkard fancies nobody cares for him, and so feels honoured if a man, in a superior position, comes forward and gives him a helping hand. Strive in every possible way to get yourselves respected by the toiling millions, and persuade them to join the temperance society."

WHAT MADE THE DIFFERENCE?

Richard Wentworth and John Rees were boys of similar age. They were born of respectable parentage, and sat by side in the same school. They played together in their youthful sports,

and as was natural became much attached to each other. In their start in the race of life, their advantages may be said to have been equal. But let us see how they severally ran that race.

Richard Wentworth was apprenticed to an eminent merchant. He was blythe, amiable, possessed of good address, and clever. As he grew up into the tall and handsome young man he became a very general favourite. His company was courted. He was invited to social parties in the best family circles. He was seldom an evening in his own home. By and bye people shook their heads when they mentioned his name, and whispers of something wrong were freely circulated. His countenance, once so fair, gradually became bloated in its appearance. His clothes grew shabby, and he was sometimes seen staggering along the street. At length he lost his situation and was cast upon the world. For a time he became a wanderer, homeless and pennyless, and ere he had reached the mid time of his days, disease struck him down, and he was laid in a dishonoured tomb. Alas, poor Richard Wentworth *had become a drunkard.*

John Rees was apprenticed also to an eminent merchant. He was a promising boy. He was tall, good looking and spirited. He was moreover diligent and faithful, and secured the approbation of his employers. Generally he spent his evenings in his own lodgings, and occupied himself in improving his mind. As he grew up to manhood he began to take a lively interest in public movements—especially those which were of a benevolent and humane character. The temperance enterprise very soon enlisted his sympathies and energies. He became a hearty and devoted worker in the noble band of Temperance Reformers. Ere long he rose to a position of importance and influence in society. His consistency of character, his gentleness and amiability of disposition, his large-heartedness, his untiring zeal, his eloquence on the public platform, drew towards him the attention and admiration of many. He became the instrument in God's hand of accomplishing much good. Many an outcast found in him a warm and faithful friend, and he has been blessed to turn the feet of many a wanderer into the paths of virtue. He still lives with all his honors fresh upon his brow. He now occupies a high official position in the city in which he has constructed his fortune. Much of his success and eminence in life is traceable to the fact that in early days *he became an abstainer.*

What a contrast between the lives of these two men! Yet their advantages were equal. What made the difference then?

Mainly this, Richard Wentworth *drank of the fatal cup;* John Rees *refused to drink it and lived an abstainer.—From the Victorian Band of Hope Record.*

ANNALS OF THE BAND OF HOPE UNION.

We have great pleasure in giving the following brief journal Mr. W. B. Affleck's labours in London:—

April 30th. I came to London and met the Committee, at a welcome at Mr. Shirley's, Queen Square.

May 2nd. Delivered an address to 200 children at the Temperance Hall, Weir's Passage, Somers Town, at half past six, and took part in a religious service at the Girls' Home, Parker Street, Drury Lane, at nine o'clock.

May 4th. Preached to a large congregation in the Wesleyan Chapel, King Street, Long Acre.

May 5th. Delivered an address to 50 Mothers, at three o'clock, in the Mission Hall, Bloomsbury. This was a very encouraging and profitable meeting. I also delivered a lecture in the Wesleyan Chapel, King Street, Long Acre, to a numerous and attentive audience. The Rev. G. W. McCree in the chair. Messrs. Nicol and Shirley ably assisted.

May 6th. Delivered an address to the Ragged School, in Little Denmark Street, at eleven o'clock a.m. and in the evening at a quarter past eight, a Temperance Lecture in the Eclectic Hall, Denmark Street. There was a large audience. J. Thwaites, Esq. in the chair. The Rev. G. W. McCree also made a short speech.

May 7th. Gave an address to the Girls' Ragged School, George Street, Bloomsbury.

May 8th. Lectured to a numerous and respectable audience in the Mission Hall, Bloomsbury. The Rev. G. W. McCree presided.

May 9th. Addressed the boys (150 in number,) in the Bloomsbury Refuge.

May 11th. Preached on Seven Dials, in conjunction with the Rev. G. W. McCree. The audience was an open-air one, and the strangest I ever saw. We had Jews, Irish labourers, fallen women, thieves, &c. The utmost order prevailed. The service commenced at quarter to ten, and ended at a quarter to 11. Delivered an address to the Sunday Scholars, in the afternoon, in the Baptist Chapel, Cromer Street, and preached in the evening in the same place.

May 12th. Held a meeting, assisted by the Rev. G. W. McCree, in the Baptist Chapel, Cromer Street. The Rev. E. W. Thomas presided.

May 14th. Delivered an address to 300 children, in the Mission Hall, Bloomsbury.

May 15th. Delivered a lecture in the Baptist Chapel, Cromer Street. The audience was larger than on the previous evening.

May 16th. Visited the Reformatory Institute, Euston Road, and held a short meeting in the afternoon, and in the evening spoke at a meeting in the School-room, Deverell Street, Southwark, in connection with the

Revs. G. W. McCree, and T. Greenbury, of Scarboro'. Thomas Pillow Esq. in the chair.

May 17th. Gave a short address to 400 children, in the Mission Hall, Bloomsbury. The Rev. G. W. McCree presided.

May 18th. Attended Band of Hope Union prayer meeting, Whitfield Chapel, in the morning at half past six, and preached an open-air sermon on the "Hartley Catastrophe," in the forenoon, to about 1000 persons, in Hackney Fields. In the afternoon, at three o'clock, delivered an address to 1000 children and adults, in the open-air, Hackney Fields, and at four o'clock addressed 700 scholars and teachers in the Abbey Street School, Bethnal Green.

During the month Mr. G. Blaby has attended meetings as under:—Bloomsbury Refuge; Denmark street; St. Giles, twice; Spa fields; St. Clement's Danes; Good Samaritan; One Tun, Westminster; Amicable row, Kent street, Borough; Mission Hall, Five Dials; Somers Town; Ogle Mews; Edgeware; Hampstead; Hendon; Tottenham, and West Green, Tottenham.

Mr. S. Insull has been lecturing with great success at Red Hill, Nutfield, Ramsgate, Deal, Petworth, Kingston, Christchurch, Hanley, Luton, Beds, and several places in London.

Shadwell.—A large and spirited meeting was held in the Sailors' Institute, Mercer Street, when the Rev. G. W. McCree presided, and Mr. W. B. Affleck, Mr. R. Nicol, and Captain Gunn delivered addresses. Mr. A.'s speech was one of great interest, and the melodies sung by him were much enjoyed by the audience.

Hurworth.—Mr. W. B. Affleck (late Temperance missionary at Bishop-Auckland, now agent for the Band of Hope Union) has delivered a series of twelve lectures and sermons, under the auspices of the Hurworth society, at Hurworth, Neasham, and Eryholme. The last of the series was held on Monday night, the 28th ult., at Hurworth, when, after an able address from Mr. Affleck, the chairman (Mr. John Harrison, jun., of Darlington), on behalf of the society, presented Mr. Affleck with a very beautiful copy of "The Teetotaller's Companion," by Peter Burne, neatly bound in morocco, with the following appropriate legend in gilt—"Presented to Mr. W. B. Affleck, by the Hurworth Temperance Society, as a token of their high esteem and gratitude for his services. April, 1862." During the last year, the number of members enrolled with the society has increased upwards of 150 per cent; and the committee, seeing that this rapid increase was to be attributed in a great measure to the earnest appeals of Mr. Affleck, felt that they could best show their sense of the value of his services by presenting him with the testimonial.

Our Work.—This has been a busy month for our agents, Messrs. F. Smith, G. Blaby, and W. B. Affleck, but we have not room for any lengthy details.

Our Funds.—We trust our friends will not forget that extra efforts involve extra expenses. It is our intention to enter fully into this matter in our next number. In the interval, we trust our well-wishers will kindly support our movement by generous pecuniary aid..

J. Bale, Printer, 78, Great Titchfield-street, Marylebone.

AND OF HOPE RECORD.

INTEMPERANCE AND RAGGED SCHOOLS.

By the Rev. G. W. McCREE.

[d before the National Association for the Promotion of Social Science, at the Guildhall, June 12th, 1862.]

o the efforts of Robert Raikes, Joseph Lancaster, John ds, Thomas Cranfield, Thomas Guthrie, and Lord Shaftes-y, may be ascribed the honour of creating and guiding that est in the children of the poor which has resulted in the al establishment of ragged schools. From the year 1783, Robert Raikes commenced his labours in Gloucester, to mation of the Ragged School Union, in April, 1844, at period there were 16 ragged schools in London, and from the present time there has been a general increase in er and efficiency of those admirable institutions. In the s there are now 176 school buildings, in which there 201 sunday schools, with 25,000 scholars; 172 day schools, 18,000 scholars; and 211 evening schools, with 9,000 rs. Nearly all large towns are provided with similar in-ions.

at there is a deplorable necessity for ragged schools must mitted. Our cities swarm with children who are untaught, y-fed, ill-housed, and morally debased. They are familiar hunger, cold, nakedness, and obscene language. Without al culture, left to play, or steal, or lie, or fight as they list, n by their parents to the beer-shop and cheap theatre, into the streets to beg, and accustomed to witness the ken brawls of low neighbourhoods, they become wild, cruel, y, and vile. To neglect them would be both perilous and inal. For them the ragged school is wisely provided, and church and state are benefited by the expedient.

But—it is earnestly asked by many thoughtful men—what es perpetuate the wide-spread necessity for ragged schools? land is a rich and prosperous couutry. The working classes higher wages than formerly, free trade has made food cheap plentiful, emigration has drafted off many competitors from labour market, the means of self improvement abound, and together the condition of the people is favourable to dignity,

virtue, and independence. Whence, then, the poverty, m
debasement, and parental neglect which has induced phi
thropic and religious men to establish ragged schools?

This is a grave question, and demands an honest ans
Without ignoring the fact that the poor widow, the sick labou
and the ill-paid needlewoman supply a part of the children
attend ragged schools, the writer avows his conviction
most of the ignorance, wretchedness, and vice which have
to the establishment of ragged schools, may be traced to int
perance.

The money spent by the working classes in the purchas
intoxicating drinks is absolutely appalling. It is expendi
which none can extenuate. The probability is, that sta
drink costs them £50,000,000 every year. The amount sp
in public houses by the working people of Dundee is prob
£250,000; Newcastle-upon-Tyne, £400,000; Birmingh
£600,000; Glasgow, 1,000,000, and, Manchester, 1,000,0
When Mr. S. Neale, the chief constable of Salford, estim
that in the 2037 public houses and beer-shops of Manche
and Salford, £4074 is spent every Saturday night, it was
this was seven times more than would educate all the chil
in Manchester. Be that as it may, the fact is patent to all
that if the working man spent his money on the educatio
his child, instead of in the public house, he would not nee
send his offspring to the ragged school.

The writer has pursued his vocation in the parish of
Giles's for a period of 14 years, and is familiar with the ho
pursuits, amusements, and moral habits of its population.
is also a daily visitor to one of the largest and best institut
in London, namely, that known as "St. Giles's and St. Geor
Ragged Schools, Bloomsbury," and all the experience gath
in this way confirms him in the conclusion to which he
come. Most of the children attending this school come f
the Seven Dials, and the contiguous streets. They are sh
on this plan.* The professional surveyor employed to pre
it found 26 places where intoxicating drinks are sold, 10 bak
shops, 3 newspaper shops, 3 places of worship, and 4 da
sunday schools. The same gentleman, who is well acquai
with the value of property, estimates the money expende
the public houses and gin-palaces to amount to £1,040 per w
or more than £52,000, a year! In Dudley Street—marke
the map—50 houses were carefully examined, and foun

* A Map was exhibited.

contain 250 families, and 345 children, of whom only 136 attended any school. Large numbers of ragged children reside in this street, which is furnished with three public houses, and back entrances to two more, but it has no baker's shop, no butcher's shop, no bookseller's shop. Now, could not the people of Dudley Street, if total abstainers, afford for the most part to educate their children? "Had it not been for habits of intemperance," says Dr. Guthrie, of Edinburgh, "no fewer than 85 per cent. of the children under my care might never have required either to beg their bread, or attend ragged schools." In this opinion the writer of this paper fully concurs.

When debased by intemperance, the poor seldom make any effort to secure a good education for their children. Hence, thousands of them do not attend even ragged schools, where, of course, no charge is made. In one of the streets marked on the plan, and which contains many parents whose habits are intemperate, the writer, at eleven o'clock in the forenoon, found the children at play. A court which contained 16 houses, and families, was most carefully visited by the writer, (in search of children for the ragged school.) In the course of his visits he met with a half-drunken mother with four children, and asked her to allow him to conduct them to the ragged school. The reply given was—"And how much a week will you give me for sending them?" Finding no pecuniary reward could be given, she refused to let them go to the school.

The drunkard's home is most unfavourable to the cultivation of amiable affections, orderly habits, a pure taste, noble conceptions of life, morning and evening prayer, and the practice of religion. But the ragged school scholar often returns to such a home, and, in time, displays manifest signs of moral contamination. A teacher, who has 180 boys in his charge, says—"three-fourths of the fathers are intemperate." Hence, such unfortunate children are beaten, starved, taught by their fathers to swear, smoke, and drink, and soon become wild, rough, obscene, and intemperate lads. The boy Reeves, who when only 18 years of age strangled his little sister in the coal-cellar, was once a promising boy in a ragged school, in Drury Lane, but having been corrupted by the example of his drunken parents, he forsook the school for the tap-room, and became a callous murderer. The writer heard him sentenced to death, and he never shed a tear! No doubt, decent parents have bad children, but such persons aid as best they can the efforts of the ragged school teacher. *Drunken* parents counteract his efforts,

and thus blight the precious fruit his institution would hav brought to perfection.

Many of the ragged schools have Sunday schools connecte with them. The religious instruction is imparted by devote persons, who seek for no temporal emolument or honour. The have to lament that their labours are not unfrequently steril The plenteous harvest does not gladden their eyes. They com plain that the foolish, costly, and superfluous drinking custom of the home, the factory and the holyday, do immense mischie to their scholars. Both boys and girls, whose early life seeme to predict a beautiful prime, are ruined in body and morals by those pernicious customs. The writer has seen a tap-room at Hampton Court, filled with boys and girls drinking, smokin and singing, until their passions were so inflamed that the m deplorable results were inevitable. In the more crowded pa of London—in what a popular writer designates "Ragge London"—there are houses where the young of both sexes meet to drink and dance, and the provinces contain similar resorts. Birmingham is furnished with many such pest-houses, which, if the magistrates did their duty, would be made to feel the force of a prohibitory law. "The class I was in," said an old Sunda scholar in that town, "consisted of about 16 or 17 scholars, a I am sure that 12 of them became sots." The Rev G. B Bagshawe, M.A., of the Salford New Bailey, examined the an tecedents of 1,050 boys, and he proved that 977 had attended Sunday schools. Such facts are deplorable. The gin-palace, with its crystal splendours shining at every corner of our streets, is a disgrace and curse, and were it not in existence—were it closed by the voluntary abstinence of the people, or a prohibitory law, the usefulness of ragged schools would be increased fourfold.

Wise men, true friends of the working classes, and the statesmen of the age, would do well to investigate the relation of intemperance to the present physical, moral, and intellectual condition of ragged school scholars. Pauperism, crowded dwellings, unwholesome food, tattered garments, and vicious parents, are a sad heritage for children who might be endowed with a brighter lot. Penny banks, model-houses, boards of health, public lectures, city missions, and special religious services, secure the writer's cordial adhesion, but it is his honest and therefore, avowed conviction, that temperance societies bands of hope, and restrictive legislation are essential to the *future* welfare of the poor man's child.

THE HISTORY OF TWO VILLAGE APPRENTICES.

By Mr W. B. AFFLECK.

"And when thou art toss'd and driven
On the troublous sea of sin,
Starry wings shall waft to heaven,
Sweetest odours from within."

On a winter evening in the year 1851, a temperance meeting was held in the Primitive Methodist Chapel, at Annfield Plain, a colliery village about ten miles south of Newcastle-on-Tyne. A stranger was advertised to lecture, and the excitement was very great. As the time drew near for the meeting, a disappointment was felt on account of the non-appearance of the speaker. However, after a little anxiety and suspense a person in the audience volunteered to give an address. A chairman was elected, who opened the proceedings by giving out a hymn, and offering prayer, for the blessing of the Almighty on the temperance cause. The chairman said he could not account for the stranger's non arrival, but he had no doubt that the persons would all be both pleased and edified with the voluntary address of their own villager. The speaker rose to speak; the door was partially opened by three young men, who on seeing the speaker turned back without entering, and said as they departed, "Oh! it's only a working man that's speaking." The door had scarcely closed nntil it was reopened by two ragged lads, who took their seats in the darkest corner of the chapel. They were apprentices, whose duties compelled them to work till the hour for commencing the meeting, and not wishing to lose any time, they had proceeded direct from the bench to the meeting, in their working attire, and also unwashed. A leather apron, which each wore, tended to conceal many holes in their tattered garments. As they sat with their eyes steadfastly fixed on the speaker, a beam of hope illumined up their saddened countenances. The truths spoken welled up warm and fresh from the fountain of a newly regenerate heart; and "a word spoken in season how good is it!"

"Kind words can never die, cherished and blessed,
God knows how deep they lie stored in the breast."

A heart touched with a "live coal from off the altar," is sure to generate heat, and 'twas so while the working man related the harrowing story of his experience. He told how he had been for many years the bond slave of drinking customs; how he had enfeebled his strength, wasted his energies, ruined his

character, beclouded his prospects, and brought upon himsel an almost insupportable load of physical and mental suffering Indeed the mental agony occasioned, while journeying on th perplexing and intricate path of drunkenness, and enduring it concomitant miseries, had nearly led him to conclude that h had passed beyond the bounds of redemption. He strolled, h said, one day to a public house, purposing to extinguish the las ray of flickering hope, and die an outcast. But as he passed o the solitary road, soliloquising on his past reminiscences, "th small still voice" of the Holy Spirit whispered—"Turn y turn ye from your evil ways, for why will ye die?" He listene and like Saul of Tarsus, inquiringly asked, "Lord, what wil thou have me to do?"—"Let the wicked forsake his way, an the unrighteous man his thoughts, and let him return unto th Lord, for he will have mercy upon him, and to our God, for h will abundantly pardon." These words arrested him in hi downward course, he renounced from that time the poisonou cup, and fled to the hope set before him in the gospel. He determined to "depart from iniquity," he therefore signed th pledge, and then looking to the cross, he found peace and new ness of life. The speaker concluded his address by asking a who had not previously done so to sign the pledge. Man applicants presented themselves for enrolment, and amongs them the two poor lads. But just as the secretary was abou to write their names, an officious person stepped forward an desired him not to fill his pledge book with such names as theirs This brought a crimson blush on the cheeks of the poor lad which being observed by the secretary, elicited from him hearty welcome. "Sign lads," said he, "if ye are dirty, it wi help ye to practices of cleanliness; if ragged, 'twill help t clothe ye; if poor, 'twill help ye on to true riches; if ignoran 'twill open to you the portals to knowledge. You have bodie to preserve, and souls to save, and the pledge will help you t do both.—Sign it," The secretary was actuated by christia motives, and did not suffer himself to be influenced by externa appearances.

"Who shall judge a man from manner?
  Who shall know him by his dress?
Paupers may be fit for princes,
  Princes fit for something less.
Crumpled shirt and dirty jacket,
  May be, clothe the golden ore
Of the purest thoughts and feelings:
  Satin vests could do no more.

There are springs of crystal nectar
  Ever welling out of stone,
There are purple buds and golden
  Hidden, crushed, and overgrown.
God, who counts by souls, not dresses,
  Loves and prospers you and me,
While he values thrones, the highest,
  But as pebbles in the sea."

The lads signed the pledge, and it proved the dawn of a new and bright era to them both. But the reader must be made acquainted, briefly, with their previous history.

Just about the close of the last quarter of a century, the town of Newcastle was visited by a dire epidemic, which baffled all medical skill. Tidings had been wafted on the wings of the wind of the doleful march of this pestilence. Whole regiments of English soldiers, stationed in India, had fallen before it. The hearts of the people quailed at the mere mention of "Asiatic cholera." But oh! the fearful reality!—whole streets were stricken and perished; the churchyards were filled with the dead. Some persons favoured with means, sought a covert from this dark storm in the more healthy villages and hamlets, but the contagion spread, and many were even overtaken by it, and sunk down in their flight. In some districts, had it not been for gold, the dead would have been left to bury their dead.

Amongst the first victims of the cholera at Newcastle-on-Tyne were the father and mother of William Green, one of the lads; he was then in infancy. He was in every sense of the term an orphan. But christian England, amongst other excellencies, has provided good, though often despised institutions, for the orphan and helpless. To such an institution—the workhouse—was the orphan taken. He was there fed, clothed, and educated until at years to go to learn a trade. At the age of thirteen, he was apprenticed to learn the nail making business with Mr. John Wright, at Annfield Plain, and, thus entered on the battle of life.

(To be continued.)

POETRY.

DEAR MOTHER, DRINK NO MORE.

AIR—"*Lucy Neal.*"

From the "New Temperance Harmonist," by G. BLAKY.

Dear Mother, pray from drinking cease,
  Reject that poisonous cup
Which mars your health, destroys your peace,
  And burns your spirit up.

It robb'd us of our once blest home,
  Its loss I sadly mourn,
And left me through the world to roam
  Deserted and forlorn.

CHORUS.

  Dear Mother, drink no more!
  Dear Mother, drink no more!
  O! for the child you fondly love,
  Dear Mother, drink no more!

Thy countenance once lit with smiles
  Is now with sorrow dimmed;
For drink thy graceful form defiles,
  And makes thee like a fiend.
The love within thy breast, that glowed
  Like an undying flame,
Has withered, and its best abode
  Is filled with deepest shame.
                Dear Mother, &c.

And must we through thy drinking part?
  Oh! wilt thou not forbear?
'Twere better far to break this heart
  Than drive me to despair.
And must I bear thee to thy tomb
  Still reckless—unforgiven,
To share the drunkard's awful doom—
  Dread banishment from heaven?
                Dear Mother, &c.

Then shun! O shun the madd'ning draught,
  Its foul temptation flee,
Which has to degradation brought
  Your once blest family,
That we in love and harmony
  May dwell on earth once more,
And after death ascend on high
  To heaven's resplendent shore.
                Dear Mother, &c.

LIFE'S HARVEST.

Ho! reaper of life's harvest,
  Why stand with rusted blade,
Until the night draws round thee,
  And day begins to fade?

Why stand ye idle, waiting
  For reapers more to come?
The golden morn is passing—
  Why sit ye idle, dumb?
Thrust in your sharpened sickle,
  And gather in the grain;
The night is fast approaching,
  And soon will come again.
Thy Master calls for reapers,
  And shall he call in vain?
Shall sheaves lie there ungathered,
  And waste upon the plain?
Come down from hill and mountain,
  In morning's ruddy glow,
Nor wait until the dial
  Points to the noon below.
And come with the strong sinew,
  Nor faint in heat and cold;
And pause not till the evening
  Draws round its wreath of gold.
And mount the crumbling watch-towers,
  And herald on the truth,
Preach out the golden precepts,
  To wild and wayward youth.
Mount up the heights of Wisdom,
  And crush each error low;
Keep back no words of knowledge
  That human hearts should know.
Be faithful to thy mission,
  In service of thy Lord;
And then a golden chaplet
  Shall be thy just reward.

THE TEMPERANCE STAR.

By the Rev. J. HOLMES, A.M., East Cowton.

Dedicated, and Sung by Mr. W. B. AFFLECK.

Bright Star of Temperance, shining forth
With beams of pity on the earth,
Oh! shed thy radiant blessings far,
Bright Star of Temperance, beautiful star.

CHORUS.

Beautiful star, beautiful star,
Bright Star of Temperance, beautiful star.

Thus led, the eye of mercy sees
Its path to haunts of dark disease,
Ere yet the curse of sin destroy
The souls designed for heavenly joy.
Beautiful star, &c.

The Mother lifts her sorrowing eye
To see thee glitering in the sky;
Hope wings to heaven her prayer again,
And bids her feel 'tis not in vain.
Beautiful star, &c.

The Pastor, Patriot, Statesman, glance
With joy on thy benign advance;
They know that thou art ris'n to bless,
And crown their efforts with success.
Beautiful star, &c.

May grace be blended from above,
In all thy gifts of social love;
Then, truth and virtue largely given,
Earth will reflect the joys of heaven.
Beautiful star, &c.

Display to all thy glorious light,
Turning to day man's moral night;
Oh! shed thy radiant blessings far,
Bright Star of Temperance, beautiful star.
Beautiful star, &c.

WORDS FOR THE YOUNG.

"I GOT A-GOING AND COULDN'T STOP."

A little boy, named Frank, was standing in the yard, when his father called him:

"Frank!"

"Sir!" said Frank, and started full speed and ran into the street.

His father called him back, and asked him if he did not hear his first call.

"Yes, sir," said Frank.

"Well, then," said his father, "what made you run into street?"

"O," said Frank, "I got a-going, and couldn't stop!"

This is the way a great many boys get into difficulty: they get a-going and can't stop. The boy that tells lies began first to stretch the truth a little,—to tell a large story or relate an anecdote with a very little variation, till he got a-going and couldn't stop, till he came out a full-grown liar!

Those two boys you see fighting, began by bantering each other in fun.

ıgth they began to get angry and call each other names, till they got ıg and couldn't stop. They will separate with black eyes and y noses!

: that young man stealing from his master's drawer. He came from ıuntry a promising boy. But the rest of the clerks went to the e, and he thought he must go too. He began, thinking he would go once. But he had got a-going and couldn't stop. He had used s wages, and wants more money. He cannot resist the temptation, he knows there is money in the drawer. He has got a-going—he top in the prison!

fty young men were, some years ago, in the habit of meeting together, room at a public-house, to "enjoy themselves," One of them, as as going there one evening, began to think there might be danger in ray. He stopped and considered a moment, and then said to him- "Right about face!" He turned on his heel and went back to his , and was never seen at the public house again. He has become . Six of the young men followed his example. The remaining forty- got a-going, and couldn't stop, till they landed most of them in the ard's grave.—Beware, then, boys, how you get a-going. Be sure e you start that you are in the right way, for when you are sliding hill it is hard to stop!

PRACTICAL PAPERS, No. 6.

By Mr. G. M. MURPHY.

THE FORCE OF FABLE.

'e need a serpent's wisdom, a dove's gentleness, an apostle's ɔur, and a martyr's faith successfully to advocate the temnce cause. Especially is this the case among the young. ll pitchers have big ears, and little folks are great critics; soon discover if an address is worthy their attention, if not, no amount of "hush! hush!" no shouts of silence, ling of bells, or ominous shakes of the head, will tempt ı to pay it.

ɔ point a moral, adorn a tale, or give pungency to an ad- ı, few methods, if any, are superior to the use of parable fable, and yet, we are almost ashamed to confess it, we ly remember an instance of hearing an advocate making use em on the platform. As far as temperance talk is at present erned, Æsop need never have lived, or La Fontaine, Cowand Gay have uttered their wisdom in verse. This ought not be. Sacred, as well as profane history and experience, com- to assure us of the power of such teaching. How Jotham's of the fig tree, the olive, the vine, and the bramble (Judges —15.) convicted the Schechemites of ingratitude. David

stood self condemned before the Prophet of God, who had detailed in his hearing the parable of the poor man's ewe l (2 Sam. xii. 1—7). Our Saviour's instructions were continu interwoven with similar apologues, nearly fifty being recor by the Evangelists as spoken by Him, who spake as never spake, and who, as if to prove the power of this illustra teaching, adapted it so largely to his own.

Ancient history records many examples of princes and peop made wiser by the utterance of these embodiments of wisd and experience acquaints us with the fact, that no portio "Guy's" or "Mavor's" spelling books receives so much wil attention from boys and girls as the "Fox and the Grap the "Dog in the Manger," and their fabulous friends.

Why should not the Band of Hope speakers, then, make of Æsop? The wisdom of 2,400 years ago, is wisdom also day. The Dog and the Shadow, aptly illustrates the who seek pleasure in drink, and pay solid coin for unsubst satisfaction. While the blandishments of the publica strikingly represented, by the Fox who wheedled the Crow of its supper of cheese, by the desire to hear its *beautiful* vo The Mouse releasing the Lion, by gnawing through the me of the net which had snared him, is a powerful lesson on mighty influence of little folk. Could the insatiable chara of the drunkard's appetite be more forcibly expressed tha the following translation from the French fabulist?—

"Each has his faults to which he clings,
In spite of shame or fear,
This apothegm a story brings,
To make its truth more clear.
A sot had lost health, mind, and purse,
And truly for that matter,
Sots mostly lose the latter,
Ere running half their course.
When wine one day, of wit had filled the room,
His wife enclosed him in a spacious tomb.
There did the fumes evaporate
At leisure from his drowsy pate.
When he awoke, he found
His body wrapped around
With grave clothes chill and damp,
Beneath a dim sepulchral lamp.—
"How 's this? my wife a widow sad,"
He cried, "and I a ghost, dead! dead!"
Thereat his spouse, with snaky hair,
And robes like those the furies wear,
With voice to fit the realms below,

Brought boiling caudle to his bier,
For Lucifer the proper cheer,
By which her husband came to know
(For he had heard of those three ladies,)
Himself a citizen of Hades.
"What may your office be?"
The phantom questioned he.
"I'm server up of Pluto's meat,
And bring his guests the same to eat."
"Well," says the sot, not taking time think,
"*And don't you bring us anything to drink?*"

Among the lost, the drunkard thirsts and craves for that which has ruined body and soul.

How the story of the Cat and the old Rat warns us to keep clear of danger, though it may assume the garb of safety. Puss had been so successful in her rat hunts, that the enemies to the pantry were either all dead, or so terrified that they kept within their holes; this not only whetted pussy's appetite, but her wits, that one day when the lovers of cheese peeped forth from their holes, they rejoiced to behold their enemy hung head downwards by the wall, and after blessing the doer of so worthy deed, they trooped forth to supply their necessities, when lo! while they were paying their attention to the cheeses, cakes, cream, and whatever beside took their fancies, their foe quietly dropped from the beam by which she had suspended herself by her hinder legs, and pouncing upon her victims, two or three of the fattest and hindermost rewarded her stratagem. This made the rats very shy, and puss again suffered from hunger, which she hoped to abate by another ruse. She covered herself with meal in an open barrel, and ceasing to purr, and almost to breathe, waited for a signal of success; but while she lay in the tub, an old tailless rat, who had been in the wars, after a careful survey of the suspicious bait, thus soliloquised in Miss Mild-and-sly's hearing:—

"Ah! ah! friend cat,
I much suspect *a heap like that*,
Your meal is not the thing, perhaps,
For one, who something knows of traps.
Should you a sack of meal become,
I'd let you be, and stay at home."

There was wisdom in avoiding even the appearance of evil.

Never depend upon others for doing what you should do yourself. How strikingly is this sentiment brought out in the fable of "The Farmer, the Lark, and her young ones." As long as the farmer depended on relations, friends, and neigh-

bours to get his field reaped, the lark's nest was secure from disturbance, but no sooner does the farmer set in his own sickle, than the old bird and her young must find another home.

That it is better to be useful than beautiful, is taught us by "The Stag and its Antlers," for while the despised legs *saved*, the admired horns, entangled it to its ruin. Would we learn the value of perseverance, and the folly of presumptuous haste, turn to the fable of "The Hare and Tortoise." Is it true that prayer without effort is folly, and that effort without prayer is presumption? See an apt illustration, in the story of the Waggoner who besought Jupiter's help in his trouble. But we might fill the "*Record*" with examples of the various illustrations contained in fabulous lore, and yet far from exhaust the subject. Our object will be gained if Band of Hope advocates will turn their attention to this wide field of wisdom, for the elucidation and enforcement of their subject; it will well repay their efforts, and frequently enable them to fasten their lessons of sobriety, truth, and virtue like a nail in a sure place, fastened by the Master of assemblies.

HOW FRANK CROKER WAS REFORMED.

Frank Croker had a tidy wife, and a set of bright, intelligent children, but he had no great liking for their society; and as to spending every evening with them, he would as soon have shut himself in the village church, and listened to the hooting of its owls. Yet Frank was not what is called a bad fellow at heart. It is true he liked drinking and smoking at "The Bengal Tiger," but, as his neighbours said, that fault was common. It was the general opinion that he would not willingly have harmed a fly; and probably the people who held this view were in the right. It is so easy to strain at a gnat and swallow a camel!

Frank Croker had married well. His partner was a thrifty soul, and although she received but half her husband's wages, made both ends meet to perfection. But there were those who held, that constant striving to feed and clothe her children, and pay her way, without letting the world into the secret of her straitened means, had paled the cheek and undermined the health of the once blooming Hester. Certain it is that she had so strangely altered since her marriage, that her own cousin, Margaret Gower, when she came with her husband and children to settle at Hopedale, could scarcely recognise her. Yet Croker loved—or fancied he loved—his wife, and often told his fellow-workmen that he was "lucky" in having won her. The land-

lord of "The Bengal Tiger" was often compelled to listen to a list of Hester's virtues, as, in the long summer evenings, he sat with his best customer on the bench before his door. Perhaps Frank had a notion that to praise his wife would make some amends for starving her.

Yes, starving; for it was simply impossible for Hester to provide for her children and feed herself at one and the same time. Even the eggs which were laid by the children's poultry were sent to the market, in order that he—the selfish father—might have a decent joint for his Sunday's dinner!

"Your boys are fine fellows," remarked Margaret Gower, one evening, as in returning with her husband from a cottage Bible-reading, she paused at the door of the inn to exchange civilities with Croker; "but to my mind, they look very thin and careworn. Is that your fault?"

"Not likely," said Frank; "but they both take after their mother. She's thin enough, ain't she?"

"Yes; she don't get enough to eat," said Margaret bluntly. "You just spend your evenings at home, instead of letting yourself be eat up by Bengal tigers, and you 'll soon see a change in your family."

"I can't spend my evenings at home," said Frank. "I'm too sociable."

"Better say, at once, *too selfish*," cried Mrs. Gower, who, when she once began, "spoke her mind" without fear of consequences. "If you felt any interest in helping your wife and children, you would soon be able to spend your evenings with them without hankering after public-houses and pot-companions."

Frank laughed, and said it was well they were not within hearing of the landlord. Then turning to Gower, he inquired how he spent his evenings.

"At home," replied Margaret's husband, who had hitherto been acting the part of an amused yet anxious listener; and if you will come to our cottage, you shall have a specimen of my way of enjoying myself."

Frank rose and followed him, not altogether from curiosity. His conscience had been awakened by Margaret's home-thrust, and he was seriously beginning to suspect that he was a fool. The Gowers had been living in the village for several months, yet this was his first visit to their home. They were not of his stamp, for they were religious people, and hitherto he had carefully avoided them.

"Which house is yours?" he inquired, as, after passing the churchyard, they drew near two small brown houses, with trim gardens in front and rear. "Is it that one with the vine?"

His new friends smiled as they replied in the affirmative, for it pleased them to exhibit their home in its summer beauty. And truly it was a cottage which spoke well for its owners. The little garden was in itself a study, with its two bee-hives and its arbour, its fruit-trees and its flowers, its trim walks and its long potato plot; and as for the house, there was scarcely such another in the parish.

"Do you like these two front windows?" inquired William. "I made them myself."

They were only small-paned casements, but they were so exactly suited to their position, and so luxuriantly curtained by delicate rose-trees, that Gower thought much of them.

"I manage to get through a lot of this sort of work, mornings," said the host, as they crossed the threshold.

"What time, then, do you get up?" asked Croker: "I never wake."

"Well, half-past four is about my time in summer, and the boys come down when I do; but the girls and their mother sleep an hour longer," said William.

"Why my wife gets up first," said Croker, smiling.

"And goes to bed last, I'll answer for it," interrupted Margaret, who was now preparing supper. "I'll tell you what it is, Mr. Croker: if you go on as you've begun, my poor cousin'll be in her grave by this time twelve months. It's of no use to mince the matter; she's working herself to death."

"Well, she *will* do it," said Croker, angrily. "I often tell her not to work so hard."

"And what does she say to that?" inquired Margaret.

"She says the children and the house must be cared for."

"And so they must; and you ought to help her to do it."

"I earn all the money," said Croker: "what more can I do?"

"Why, you can cheer her with your company; and you can help her to train your children well; and you can trim up your house instead of boosing at the 'Tiger' every evening."

"You speak very plainly," said Croker.

"I must," said Margaret. "I have tried you with smooth words at your own house several times. Won't you have any supper?"

"No, thank you," said Frank; "I never eat when I'm angered. Good even to you."

He turned away as he spoke, and left the cottage.

"Shall I go after him?" said Margaret to her husband.

"No, he will do much better alone," said William. "You have convinced him that he is wrong, but he won't acknowledge it. Poor fellow, you hit him hard!"

"Never mind, if it does him good," said Margaret. "It takes rather a loud peal of thunder to waken some folks."

It was late that night when Frank Croker reached his home; and Hester was half asleep when he laid his hand upon the latch and softly entered.

What change had come over him, that he passed an arm round her waist and kissed her forehead? Had he, at last, begun to understand?

It was even so. Frank Croker was an altered man. Two years have passed since that eventful night, and he still persevers in spending his evenings at home. And though he gives, as yet, no evidence of that change of heart without which there can be no hope for eternity, there is much reason to believe that constant attendance on the means of grace, and the daily Bible-reading which Hester has persuaded him to begin, will be the means of his conversion to God.

LEAVES FROM AN ABSTAINER'S NOTE BOOK.

A Bad Example.—The Rev. Mr. Tate held a vicarage in the diocese, and was prebendary in the Cathedral of Exeter, their united incomes yielding him about £1250 a-year. After enjoying the income for about six years, he has been made a bankrupt, with debts to the extent of £6,000. Among the items, £300 is set down for wine, and £10 for pints, quarts, and half-gallons of "half-and-half" at a public house.

A Word to Parents.—A young lady was lately reckless enough to reach over the table-rock which overhangs the roaring falls of Niagara, that she might pluck some flowers which grew upon its edge, but as she stooped she lost her balance, and, dreadful thought! was dashed from that awful height to the abyss below. We almost think we hear her wild death shriek and feel her giddy whirl. By and by, a father comes to the spot, to gaze on that scene of unrivalled sublimity. The flowers attract the notice of his little child, and she too steps forward. But, quick as thought, the paternal hand drags her back, while with all the eloquence of a father's voice, he tells the fatal story. Fathers and mothers! thousands of little ones have gone down a more awful gulf. Will you sport on its brink as if danger there were not? Or will the hand that drags back from temporal death furnish the means of more dreadful ruin?—*Rev. W. Reid.*

Work for Christians.—If anybody wishes to be an apostle to the

Gentiles, or, as we now call it, a missionary to the heathen, he need not wait to learn half-a-dozen languages, or spend a fortune at a college, or purchase an outfit, or cross one or two oceans, or run the risk of being eaten by savages. He has only to walk a couple of miles in any direction in this great metropolis, or, if that be too much, go to the nearest mews or back lane, and he will find plenty of stray sheep whom no pastor ever sought out, with whose hearts no man of God ever communed, who have indeed heard of the Church, and have been baptised, nay, married (?) and churched in its fabrics, but who know about as much of its faith as if they were the intended objects of the projected mission to Central Africa.—*Times, July* 10, 1860.

Golden Words.—Youth should indulge no vices, for vice is the disease of the soul; youth should love instruction, because an uneducated man is no better than a monkey. He who acquires most knowledge rises nearest to his Maker, from whom his soul springs. Instruction should be grounded on solid moral education, and on this the social edifice should rest. Do you care for honour? Honour can only be acquired by virtue and instruction; nations, like individuals, when weak are insulted and enslaved. Bear with other people's weaknesses; submit to no insults; love instruction; instruction is bread and independence; it availed me in foreign lands to place me above want.—*General Garibaldi.*

Before Rising to Speak.—Mr. Pitt was nervous before rising to speak; hence, perhaps, his recourse to stimulants. A surgeon, eminent in Brighton, some years ago told me that when he was a shopboy in London, he used to bring to Mr. Pitt the dose of laudanum and sal-volatile which the great statesman habitually took before speaking. The laudanum perhaps hurt his constitution more than the port wine, which he drank by the bottle; the wine might be necessary to sustain the physical spirits lowered by the laudanum. Mr. Fox was nervous before speaking; so I have heard was Lord Plunket. A distinguished member of the Whig party, now no more, and who was himself one of the most sensitive of men, and one of the most attractive of orators, told me that once in the House of Commons he had crossed over to speak to Mr. Canning, on some question of public business, a little time before the latter delivered one of his most remarkable speeches; and, on taking the hand Mr. Canning extended to him, he exclaimed, "I fear you are ill, your hand is so cold and damp." "Is it?" answered Canning, smiling; "so much the better; that shows how nervous I am; I shall speak well to-night."—Sir E. B. Lytton, in *Blackwood's Magazine* for April.

The Church.—At a public meeting in Port Glasgow, the Rev. Wm. M'Lachlan, of the Reformed Presbyterian Church, stated that application for church-membership had lately been made to him by a publican, and while they did not refuse communion because of his being a spirit-dealer, yet they desired his business should be conducted in such a way as he confessed his inability to do, and the consequence was they parted. The reverend gentleman remarked, that if all churches would do their duty in this matter, it would be a blessing to society.—*League Journal.*

VENILE TEETOTALLER.—A company of children in one of the towns concluded to found a city, and as a beginning, each boy occupation assigned to him, such as was supposed necessary to the interests of their embryo capital. In assigning the various ions, one little fellow was told he must keep an hotel; to this he l, but on being pressed finally consented, provided he might be to make it a Temperance house. This did not suit his comrades, isted that it was out of the question to keep a public-house with- ng liquor; but our young Teetotaller, after consulting his mother ubject, still insisted on the objection to selling rum, and being a ourite among his companions, was finally allowed (in imagina- carry on business as he saw fit. This may seem very trifling, k its effect. A man given to strong drink in the vicinity, hearing scussion, was so much struck by the seemingly trifling affair, that loned the use of intoxicating liquors, and became a staunch ad- f Temperance, to the great joy of his family and friends. The e of this trifling occurrence may yet be felt in heaven.—*American Temperance Journal.*

FACTS FOR WORKERS.

SAD FIGURES.—The census returns (1851) clearly show how l overwhelming a proportion of the whole deficiency of England able to our great modern towns, since it seems that out of the nber of 1,644,734 additional sittings reckoned to be necessary, 32, or 80 per cent., are required for 72 boroughs or parishes, or r 60 of the most recent, while the especial claim of London is y 669,455, or more than one-half, being required for its wants This gives a vivid picture of the destitute condition of our great pulation, and speaks loudly of the need there is for new and : plans of operation, having special reference to towns. The of that local interest which leads to individual benevolence, and ent inadequacy of all that can reasonably be expected from the ployers of industry, appear to call for the combined exertions, om the whole inhabitants of a neighbourhood, or of the Christian at large, as the only other method for relieving such deplorable y. In the moiety of London occupied by the Mission, the shops the Lord's-day would give a frontage to all the leading thorough- London. They would constitute 30 continuous miles, of open nd if the other half of London is of like character, which it may assumed to be, it extends the line to 60 miles.—*Annual Report Mission.*

THE POLICE KNOW.—It is a fact known to the police, and not lice only, but to every man who has had an opportunity of ob- he state into which the masses are falling, that there never was a n the temper of the lower orders in this country was less satis- han it is now. There are whole streets within an easy walk of cross—there are miles and miles of lanes and alleys on either

side of London bridge, where the people live utterly without God in the world—where there seems to be no knowledge of the difference between right and wrong—no belief whatever in a future state, or of their responsibility to any other authority than that of the law, if it can catch them. We could name entire quarters in which it seems to be a custom that men and women should live in promiscuous concubinage, where the most frightful debauchery goes on night and day in the lowest public-houses—where the very shopkeepers make a profession of Atheism, and encourage their poor customers to do the same.—*Quarterly Review.*

A Good Worker.—During the last ten years Mr. Smithard has been fully employed, both winter and summer, in lecturing in all the counties of England and portions of North Wales, not in connection with any particular organisation, but going wherever the openings of Providence manifested themselves. Mr. Smithard's sympathies for, and intimate knowledge of, the working-classes, as a visitor to their homes, together with his voice and style of speaking, give him great advantages as an open-air speaker. He spoke to large masses of people every fine Sunday afternoon on the Quay side at Hull for upwards of four years, and during three summers he delivered one hundred and forty-nine addresses in Liverpool, the expense of which was generously borne by Mr. Smith Harrison and Mr. Joseph Crossfield. Mr. Smithard has added much to the attractiveness of his in-door meetings by his abilities as a vocalist. He is not a cultivated singer—to this he makes no pretension—but wisely avoids everything in music but the plain and simple forms of vocalisation, preferring those Temperance songs which have a good chorus, in which the assembly can most heartily join; and this opens the hearts of the people by putting them in a good mood for listening to the unpalatable truths of teetotalism. Mr. Smithard usually sings five melodies with pianoforte accompaniment, and speaks an hour each night.—*Weekly Record.*

ANNALS OF THE BAND OF HOPE UNION.

NORTH OF ENGLAND AUXILIARY.

The following Circular explains itself:—

"Band of Hope Union,
"*June 6th*, 1862.

"Dear Sir,—An extensive correspondence has induced the Committee of the Band of Hope Union, and the friends of the Band of Hope Movement in the North of England, to resolve upon holding a series of Meetings at Bishop Auckland, Hurworth, Richmond, East Cowton, Catterick, Hackforth, Reeth, Middlesbro', &c., and a Conference and Public Meeting in the Central Hall, Darlington, on Tuesday, June 24th, 1862.

"The Conference will be held in the morning at 10.30, and in the afternoon at two o'clock. The Conference will enter freely into the present position, modes of operation, and future prospects of the Band of Hope Movement in the North of England, and the desirableness of forming an auxiliary in connection with the Band of Hope Union.

Brief addresses on these and kindred topics will be delivered by the v. G. W. McCree, W. J. Haynes, Esq, Mr. S. Shirley, Mr. W. bson, Mr. R. B. Starr, Mr. J. Eaton, Mr. W. B. Affleck, and several ds resident in the North.

The following gentlemen of local influence have promised to attend sitings of the Conference:—Edward Pease, Esq., George A. Robin- Esq., Joseph Lingford, Esq., John Dodshon, Esq., the Rev. T. e, M.A., Mr. C. Gascoigne, Mr. J. L. Reed, Mr. A. F. Robinson, Mr. J. Harrison, Jun.

The following gentlemen from London will attend:—The Rev. V. McCree, W. J. Haynes, Esq., Mr. S. Shirley, Mr. R. B. Starr, J. Eaton, Mr. W. Robson, and Mr. W. B. Affleck.

We beg to cordially invite your attendance at the Conference and lic Meeting. Tea will be provided.

As a number of ladies are expected to be present, we trust that any interested in the Band of Hope movement will regard herself as d to attend. To all such persons a cordial welcome will be given.

"We remain, dear Sir, yours faithfully,

"GEORGE W. McCREE,
"M. W. DUNN."

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have great pleasure in giving the following brief journal W. B. Affleck's labours during the month:—

Sunday, *May 25th.* I assisted the Rev. G. W. McCree in an Air Service at Seven Dials in the morning, and in the afternoon red a religious temperance address to an attentive congregation in Lane, Westminster, and also preached in the evening to the same regation in the One Tun School-room. Never was I more satisfied the efforts made for self-elevation and spiritual improvement, than in case of the poor people in this district. May the Lord prosper the k of their hands.

26th. Delivered a Band of Hope address at six, and a lecture at eight clock, in the large School-room, Caledonian Road. The meetings were ell attended. The Rev. E. Davies presided.

27th. Attended the Band of Hope Tea Festival, and delivered an dress at the public meeting in Salem Chapel, Bow Road. The Rev. L. Adams, and the Rev. J. Richardson also addressed the meeting. e children sung and recited very efficiently, and appear to be under od discipline.

28th. Attended the Fête at Bromley-by-Bow, and took part in the blic meeting. I also delivered an address the same evening to the nd of Hope, in the School-room, Commercial Street, Whitechapel.

30th. Delivered an address to the children in the Ragged School, at t. Clement Danes.

June 1st. Delivered an address to the scholars and teachers in the bbath School at Regent's Park.

2nd. Delivered an address in the open air, Bow Road, Whitechapel, and afterwards delivered a lecture in the large room, George Yard, White-

chapel. The audience was large and enthusiastic, and several pledge were taken.

3rd. Delivered an address to the Band of Hope, in the Eclectic Hall, Denmark Street.

4th. Delivered an address to the day scholars in the British School, Lambeth, in the afternoon, and in the evening delivered a temperance lecture in the Mechanics' Hall, Mercer street, Shadwell. This was the largest meeting that has been held for a long time in the same Hall, and 11 pledges were taken. As I left the room, a woman followed me to the doorway and said, "Sir, my husband and I heard you when you were here before, and we have not tasted drink since, and to-night we have signed the pledge." She wept tears of joy over their joint-resolution, and prayed God to help them.

5th. Delivered an address to the boys, and another to the girls, in the One Tun Ragged Schools, and sung to them some melodies. In the evening I delivered a lecture in the Temperance Hall, Somers Town.

6th. Delivered an address to the scholars in the British School, Camberwell. This school is under the management of our energetic friend Mr. J. Eaton, and is an example of what may be done by a staunch teetotal school master.

10th. Attended and delivered an address at the Hurworth Gala. Our valued friend Mr. S. Shirley, and several other eminent advocates, delivered practical and impressive addresses. G. A. Robinson, Esq. presided. This was considered the best meeting ever held at Hurworth.

11th. Again attended a meeting at Hurworth, which was held in their large and beautiful marquee. The weather being very wet militated against the attendance, yet a goodly number attended, and listened with interest to Mr. Shirley's address. I sung several melodies at this meeting, and left the speaking, as I was desired, to Mr. Shirley. I may say my heart was cheered at these two meetings by the presence of old and kind friends, who on both evenings presented me, through G. A. Robinson, Esq., with a handsome testimonial of esteem for my services amongst them. On the Tuesday night, a well-bound volume of *Webster's English Dictionary* was presented, in behalf of the young men connected with the Temperance Society. And on the Wednesday evening, a magnificent copy of *Mrs. Hemans' Poetical Works* was given me, in behalf of the ladies connected with the Temperance Society, in consideration of arduous ministerial labours and success in that district. Mr. Shirley's visit, and impressive speeches, will be remembered here for years to come. G. A. Robinson, Esq., again presided.

12th, 13th, 14th, and *15th.* Were spent in the beautiful Dale of Swale.

16th. Visited Bishop Auckland, where I laboured more than four years as missionary. Took part in the public meeting, which was addressed by the chairman, (E. Pearse, Esq.,) Rev. G. W. McCree, S. Shirley, G. A. Robinson, Esq., E. Hopper, and G. Charlton.

17th. Delivered an address to my own old and respected Band of Hope children, in the British School-room, Bishop Auckland.

18th. Attended the festival at Catterick, which was addressed at the

public meeting, by G. A. Robinson, Esq. (chairman), Revs. T. Holme, M.A., G. W. McCree, W. Bell, and myself.

19th. Delivered an address to a united Band of Hope gathering, in the Town Hall, Richmond.

20th. Delivered an address to upwards of 2000 children, belonging to the various day and sabbath schools, in the Cricket field, Middlesbro'. The procession was the most imposing and pleasing that I ever saw. The rich silk flags and banners waved and fluttered in the breeze. The children were clean, well dressed, cheerful, and well behaved. Unspeakable credit is due to Messrs. Skilbeck, Bell, Taylor, and others, for the very efficient management of this great gathering. About 1000 teachers, parents, and friends, (and other children not belonging to any schools,) also attended, and listened with pleasure to the joint addresses of myself and Mr. McCree. May the Lord preserve those dear children!

During the month Mr. G. Blaby has attended and addressed the following Bands of Hope:—Bloomsbury Refuge, twice; Denmark street, three times; St. Clement Danes, Portugal street; Little Denmark street; Kensal New Town; Surrey Chapel; Kentish Town; United Methodist Free Church, King street, Long Acre; Little Wild street; Band of Temperance; Juvenile Collectors' Meeting; Stepney Meeting; Liverpool road Wesleyan School; Croydon; and Plough yard, Carey street.

LIVERPOOL ROAD, ISLINGTON.—The Second Annual Meeting of the Wesleyan Band of Hope was held on May 26th. The Rev. William Arthur took the chair. The Secretary read a report, which stated that during the past year the membership had nearly doubled, the present number being 148; that the society was supported by the superintendent of the Sunday School, with twenty of his teachers; and that the nucleus of a temperance library had been formed. The Rev. W. Hirst expressed a firm and growing conviction that the Band of Hope movement was the most important and useful one. The Rev. J. H. Wilson, Secretary of the Congregational Home Mission, followed, and said, illustrating his arguments with striking incidents, one only we have space for:—"An inveterate and apparently hopeless drunkard, who had been given over by most of his friends, was once brought to him. 'My friend,' said Mr. Wilson to him, "you want two things—first, a new heart; then, a new stomach." The idea struck the drunkard, and he attentively listened to the exhortation which followed. From that hour he abstained, and ultimately became an active member of a Christian Church." Mr. G. C. Campbell then addressed the meeting, after which a temperance melody was sung. Mr. Smithies, who was received with cheers, said that he had hoped to have been able to have brought with him *Kabidonnocker*—we hope the spelling is right—of the tribe of Chocktaws of North America, who had embraced both religion and teetotalism. He had failed, however, but had much happiness in being able to secure the presence of Mr. Thomas Whittaker, of Scarborough. Mr. Whittaker, in addressing the meeting, felt himself greatly complimented by being thought a good substitute for a wild North American Indian. Indeed, he proved him-

self to be so, by delivering one of the most genial, humorous, and impressive speeches, we have ever heard addressed to children. ' choir of the Band of Hope was present, and enlivened the meeting w several temperance melodies, which were well sung, and deserve applauded. During the evening a presentation was made to Mr. Parl the conductor of the movement, by the children, of a handsome a valuable dressing-case. A letter, which accompanied the present, w read, and stated the cause of the presentation to be the children's app ciation of his endeavours to benefit and advance them.

Haverstock Hill.—The second anniversary meeting of the Have stock Band of Hope was held at Haverstock School-room, on Wednesd evening, May 28th. The members in this Band of Hope number 14 boys, and 145 girls,—total 291, shewing an increase of 121 since the la anniversary. The proceedings were opened by a hymn sung by th children, and prayer offered by the Rev. John Nunn, who occupied th chair. Mr. Smithies, Editor of *The Band of Hope Review*, &c., th gave a spirited address, followed by Private Wells, 3rd Regiment of th Buffs, recently returned from China, who related how he had been con fronted by a little Band of Hope boy in Dover, who said to him, "Soldier, will you come to our meeting to-night?"—how out of curiosity he accompanied the child, signed the pledge, and subsequently attended a place of worship, and had since become 'a soldier of the Lord Jesus.' After relating some of his experience in China, &c., he was loudly applauded, the scarlet uniform adding to the enthusiasm of the young people. The Rev. G. W. McCree, Hon. Sec. to the Band of Hope Union, next addressed the meeting, and in a deeply interesting speech related some heart-stirring facts that had come under his notice in the district of St. Giles's, where he had long laboured as pastor. Mr. Llewelyn D. Bevan, of New College, then in an eloquent address, invited sabbath school teachers especially to give the cause their consideration. The last speaker, Geo. Mudie, Esq., besought parents and others to give their influence, and invited adults present to sign the pledge. Mr. Burnett, who has long laboured in the neighbourhood as City Missionary, then stepped forward and gave in his name. His example as an abstainer will no doubt still more increase his influence and usefulness. In the course of the evening pieces were recited by the boys, and the children sang at intervals. Rewards were distributed by the superintendent, who had previously presented each member of the Band of Hope with a small bouquet of flowers. The proceedings terminated at a late hour, and the room, which was tastefully decorated, was crowded to excess.

Kenilworth Band of Hope.—We are glad to find that the work is going on so well at Kenilworth. The number of members is 376, all of whom are regularly visited. Interesting lectures on various subjects have been given, and special efforts made to retain the elder members. Friends in other parts will learn what *can* be done, even in a comparatively small town, when we say that over £24. has been collected as subscriptions. We always find that where there is plenty of work going on, there is plenty of money to be had. This is the case at Kenilworth. As many as 7,648 periodicals have been sold or given away during the year. Our friends have also a good library,—a means of great usefulness. We heartily congratulate our friends on the progress made, and wish them in the future large success.

J. Bale, Printer, 78, Great Titchfield-street, Marylebone.

BAND OF HOPE RECORD.

TEMPERANCE BLOSSOMS AND BIBLE FRUITS.

By the Rev. G. W. McCREE.

Did you, reader, ever see the Bishop—the Good Bishop—of Norwich? I mean Bishop Stanley. Often have I seen him walking through mud and filth to visit some obscure school, or to pray with some poor person who felt death to be very nigh. Ah! he was a bishop of the right sort—of the Pauline kind. "For a bishop," wrote Paul, "must be blameless, as the steward of God, not self-willed, not soon angry, not given to wine, no striker, not given to filthy lucre; but a lover of hospitality, a lover of good men, sober, just, holy, temperate, holding fast the faithful word as he had been taught." Imagine you see the Good Bishop, a slight, active, resolute man, with white hair, a keen eye, an intellectual brow, a pale, thoughtful, devout face, with a clear voice, speaking on the relation between the temperance pledge and the Holy Bible. "I shall never forget," said he, "visiting the cottage of a man who had been all his life a drunkard, and which was the abode of misery and wretchedness. He became a teetotaller, and in six months afterwards I found his abode the scene of comfort and domestic happiness. This man, with tears in his eyes, placing his hand on a great family Bible, said, 'This is the first thing I purchased with the money saved by giving up drunkenness; it was an alien to my house before, but it has been my daily comfort and companion ever since.'" This fact, and the sincerity and earnestness of the Good Bishop as he told it, deeply impressed the large audience then assembled.

I am personally acquainted with many similar facts. During some visits made to some wretched homes I found my way into the room of a man whose first name was Jim. He was a notorious fellow. He had been a dozen times in prison. He had fought in a naval battle, lived with gipsies, sung ballads at fairs, exhibited as a boxer, travelled as a tinker, associated with smugglers, and done many other things of a disreputable character. As I went up the stairs, two of his companions said—

"Is he coming here?"

"Aye," said Jim, "he *is* coming here. Well, let him come, and when he has had his say, I'll pitch him down stairs, and break his neck."

I went in, sat down, told them the story of salvation, and having presented each of them with a copy of the New Testament and the Anxious Inquirer, left them in peace. Jim signed the pledge, and became an attentive hearer of the gospel. During some popular commotions I felt troubled about him. Knowing his very excitable temperament I went to his house, and found him reading the Bible to his wife. Jim did not get into a row that day.

When visiting a sick woman I met with a remarkable illustration of the tendency of total abstinence to promote respect for the Holy Bible. I said—

"Your husband has been a drunkard, I believe?"

"He was so, Sir, for many years."

"Did he go to a place of worship then?"

"No—oh! no. I will tell you what he has done. He is a farrier, you know. Well, I have known him tear a leaf out of the Bible, wrap a horse-ball in it, and then put it down the animal's throat."

"He is now a total abstainer?"

"Yes," replied she, "and he has bought me a new Bible." This husband and wife are often attendants at a chapel.

A still more interesting example of the religious tendencies of "the pledge" has just come to my knowledge. A shoemaker, his wife and his children, may be seen on the Sabbath wending their way to hear the everlasting gospel. Some years since that husband was a drunkard, that wife sold lucifer matches in the street, and that family were on the verge of starvation. They all signed the temperance pledge, and by a life of industry are now the inmates of a large and comfortable house. The wife, Mrs. S., came to me, and said—

"Mr. McCree, next Monday is my husband's teetotal birthday, and I want to make him a present of a Family Bible."

"I am glad to hear that," I replied.

"Yes, Sir, and I want you to buy it for me, and I will pay you the money."

"Very well—how much shall I spend?"

"I want a good one for him, you know; it must be large, have gilt edges, bound with brass, and have a nice clasp."

"It will be a dear one," I said. She smiled, and replied—

"I don't care—how much?"

"It will cost a guinea at least," was my answer.

"I'll give that," was the ready response.

I went to the Bible warehouse, and bought "a beauty" for

twenty-five shillings, which I took home to Mrs. S. She told me to present it in her name to her husband. He was called into the room, and in a few kind and solemn words I presented the unexpected gift. Good man! how he trembled with emotion, and having thanked his wife, whom he called "My dear," he fondled the precious book, and exclaimed, "*I often wished for a Family Bible.*"

An esteemed friend of mine tells me of an experiment which he has made with some success, and which certainly proves that temperance reformers are not opposed to the Bible. A number of rough men determined to forsake the public-house. They did so, and opened a temperance hall. At this period—I mean when they left the public house—they were irreligious, and I need not say had no esteem for the scriptures. My friend told them, that it would afford him pleasure to preach the gospel in their hall every Sabbath evening. They placed it at his disposal, and promised to find him gas, fuel, and cleaning, and—become themselves. They did so, and found the gospel a "joyful sound." They have now authorized him to purchase a supply of Bibles for their use, and by the time this is in the hands of the reader he will have done so.

In another temperance hall a congregation is assembled twice a week by one known as a public advocate of our principles. The service is attended by large numbers of the poor, and a considerable number of total abstainers. Nearly all who attend are Bibles, and exhibit great interest in the christian discourses addressed to them. I am told that this congregation contains many who pay large sums for beautiful copies of the Scriptures, and that Family Bibles especially are bought by them.

I need not write more. The facts related are worthy of consideration by christian men who are not members of the total abstinence society. They should remember that their adoption of our principles would greatly promote the spread of sobriety, and multiply the number of those who, like a working man at York, can exclaim: *I was a drunkard and an infidel; but now I am a teetotaller and a believer in Christ.*

THE GLASS DECANTER.

"There is one thing we have not got," said a newly-married wife, wiping down the shelf of her small, snug closet, which seemed pretty well stocked with necessaries and comforts.

"What is it, Fanny?" asked James, her husband.

"A decanter. We have nothing to put liquor in. We must have, I

think, a decanter."—A decanter was more of a "must have" then than now; and James drew some change from his pocket, which, on counting over, was not enough for the purchase.

"I would buy a good one," said Fanny, "while I was about it; not thin glass that will break easily. A handsome cut-glass one will be cheaper in the end."

James thought he should finish a piece of work by noon, the wages of which would not only buy the decanter, but fill it also; and he went out to his work. It was a neat new two-story house this young couple lived in, built by James himself in "odd moments," he said; for James's joinery was in good demand, and he was rarely out of employment. There was a patch of ground round it, with vegetables enough for summer eating, and a few for harvest. They were a well brought up, industrious, happy couple, with half a pew at church, and sometimes a seat at the prayer meeting, useful and promising, with good prospects before them.

A few nights after, when James came home, he drew out from his jacket the best-looking decanter to be found at Hobbs', he said, and held it up betwixt Fanny and the candle. It was filled. "Let's try it," said James. "Hobbs said it was the very best. Hand me a tumbler, Fanny."

"Oh, no, James," replied his wife, "it is not for us; it is for company or sickness. Let us save it."

"You have had a large washing; a little will do you good, and I should not object to tasting;" so he put two or three spoonfuls of the best sugar into a tumbler, poured out a suitable quantity of Holland gin, and added some hot water from the singing tea-kettle. "Excellent toddy," said James, stirring and offering it to his wife.

"No, James, you drink first," answered she, "I like the leavings best;" and Fanny folded her clothes, while James sipped the smoking beverage. "It seems to me you have not left much," said Fanny, smiling, and taking her turn at the tumbler, "but it is as much as I want;" and she leisurely finished the remainder.

This was the first glass of toddy from the new decanter; and as James and Fanny sat there by their warm hearth, in pleasing chit-chat, they did not see the coil of a serpent in the bottom of the tumbler. Perhaps a microscope was needed to discern it, but it was there.

By-and-by a baby was born in the house. Happy father and mother, with their plump little one, who filled their hearts with a new joy. Fanny was happy; only as the months went by, once in a while a fear took hold of her, a strange fear, that made her shudder. What was it? Had she caught a glimpse of the serpent? Ah, among all the increasing wants of the little household, there was nothing which oftener needed filling than the glass decanter!

One day, on hearing her husband's step outside, she arose with baby sleeping in her arms, tiptoed into the store-closet, and snatching the decanter from the shelf, thrust it into a small cupboard below, and turned the key. Back she went with a trembling heart. James soon after came in. First he played with baby, then went to the store-closet, and Fanny

heard the closet door creak. "What *will* James think?" thought Fanny anxiously and much afraid. She laid baby down, and tried to busy herself with dinner. Presently her husband passed through the kitchen without speaking. Dinner ready, she rang the bell. James came in and took a seat by the fire. Baby crept towards him, but he took no notice of it.

"Are you sick, James?" asked Fanny.

"Not very," answered he, sulkily.

"You have taken cold," she said with affectionate earnestness; "it is very raw. Let me make you a bowl of sage-tea."

"Sage-tea!" growled her husband angrily, "I don't want any old woman's nostrums." He rested his elbows on his knees, and put his head between his hands. Fanny pitied him.

"What will you have, James?" asked Fanny. "Shall I get ready something hot?"

"Is there anything in the house?" he asked, eagerly turning his face towards her with an asking look. "I think it would make me feel better."

"Well, poor James is sick," thought Fanny, trying hard to feel there was no harm in unlocking the little cupboard, and offering that cup to her husband's lips which a few moments before she was so anxious to keep him from. Poor Fanny wanted firmness. The contents of the decanter were soon emptied, and James took it away to be refilled. It did not come back the next day, or the next, or the next. The tumblers were clean and dry, and through the livelong week showed no marks of sugar, gin, or toddy. "James sees his danger, and he has put the decanter away," thought Fanny with a thankful heart. A heavy weight seemed lifted from her, and again she sang about the house.

James had a small poultry-yard, which not only kept a supply of eggs for his family, but made an occasional trade for the neighbours. One day about this time Fanny went to the barn to get a newly laid egg for James's favourite pudding. She and the little boy loved to hunt for eggs. Among the hay she found a new hole, which, quite likely, led to a new nest. Down she thrust her hand and grasped at something. Fanny started and turned pale, and shrank back trembling. It was not a hen, or chicken, or egg she touched, but something that took her strength away, and she felt like lying down to die. A serpent? It was the glass decanter which she pulled out, hid away there half-filled—with what? Rum! Fanny forgot her eggs, her pudding, her child, as she sat there and cried as if her heart would break.

We must now pass over several years of poor Fanny's life; sorrowful years they grew to be. Many children were born to the Farmers. The two oldest died, and the mother wept bitter tears. But greater sorrow was in store for her, as her husband went, step by step, down, down, down, until he lost his fine manly look, neglected his work, was no longer seen at church, and everything within and without his house showed the mournful tokens of a ruined home.

So things went on till Silas the second son was twelve years old. A fine lad was he. Two years before, Silas went to live in a gentleman's

family; when, the gentleman dying, he came home to seek other emplo ment. It was not long before Hobbs had his eye on him—Hobbs t dram-seller, whose little shop at the corner had manufactured more ha drinkers than any shop in the county, making its owner rich on oth men's sins. "A smart little fellow," said Hobbs, with his eye on Sila "and I can get him for nothing," chuckling over the long account r up against the Farmer estate. He concluded to go over and talk wi his mother about it.

"A fine lad that Silas of yours," said Hobbs, seating himself in a cha which his custom-work had made rickety.

"Silas is a good boy," replied his mother sadly—"a good boy."

"Well," proceeded Hobbs, with a little creditable embarrassmen "perhaps you know there is an account against your husband, whic maybe, you will like Silas to help to wipe off."

"I did not know there were any *honest* debts there," said Fanny, faint colour mounting into her pale face as she thought of the wicked e ticements he used to keep his victims.

"Your husband can remember, I suppose!" exclaimed Hobbs angrily, "and if I am not paid soon, you must take the consequences."

With a house still over her head, Fanny had contrived to get along. She feared at no distant day it might be drunk away, and she well might dread a creditor like Hobbs. The poor mother was cowed.

"I will talk with Silas about it," she said humbly. "What would you allow him?"

"Oh, I shan't be hard," said the hard old man; "send the boy to me;" and Hobbs was not sorry to leave. He could meet the frightful oaths and reeling idiocy of the wretched man who frequented his bar, but the presence of a stricken woman alarmed his conscience.

When Silas came home his mother told him.

"Never, mother, never!" exclaimed Silas; "never will I go and dea rum to my father, or anybody's father. No liquor shall pass through my hands. Why, mother, I am a soldier in the cold water army."

"If father gives you the decanter, you'd *have* to go and buy some," said his little brother.

"Never!" repeated Silas.

"Then father would beat you," said little Fanny, shrinking.

"I would be licked to death rather than break my pledge," said Sila

"Obey your parents," said his mother; for the mother's spirit was a together crushed, and she was ready to counsel any compromise rath than rouse the brutal rage of the husband and father. Silas did not b lieve in compromising with wickedness, but he said nothing.

That evening James Farmer came home and told Silas to run down Hobbs' and bring home the decanter. His mother trembled, but Sil took his cap and walked away. He entered the shop as the old man w filling it.

"You are Silas Farmer, I suppose. Well, I want you in my sho said Hobbs in a tone which was meant to be pleasant.

"I came for the decanter," said the boy.

"And I want you in my shop," cried the old man testily, putting it on the counter.

"I cannot come, sir," replied Silas, firmly. "I am a soldier in the cold water army, and I cannot serve in the shop where my father was made a drunkard."

Without stopping further, Silas seized the decanter and went off, not homeward, no, no, for he was a soldier in the cold water army. He ran to a neighbouring well. On the green grass which grew around it—for everything looks fresh and green where pure water is—he poured out the destroying liquor. Drawing up a bucket of water, he carefully rinsed the decanter; then filling it with water, fresh and sparkling, he bottled it up and went home.

"Father," said the brave boy, entering the bedroom where his enfeebled parent was about undressing, "I have brought you some good wholesome drink, such as *God* made; and it is all I *could* bring you, because I am a soldier in the cold water army."

"A soldier in what?" asked the father, looking round with his bleared eye.

"In the cold water army, father. We are fighting against wicked King Drunkenness; and, O father, do come and join our ranks; do, father."

There was something in the almost agonizing earnestness of his son that touched James Farmer's heart. "Do, father," rang in his ears the live-long night. True, he gruffly motioned the boy away; but there were other things that he could not motion away so easily. His mind was alert, and he had nothing to stupefy it—nothing to moisten his parched lips and burning tongue—nothing to quench his craving thirst but the pure water in his well-filled decanter. The first object he descried in the grey early dawn was his decanter. He grasped it with his trembling hand. No liquor fumes quickened his senses. How he longed for a "drink!" Again he looked at the decanter. No hope there; it was only water, water, water. He glared round the room. How changed was everything in that once happy room!—everything else but the glass decanter. And what a long train of misery had it uncorked in his family! As he looked at it, vipers and serpents, hissing and stinging, seemed crawling from it, mocking him with cruel mockings. That dreadful delirium, the curse of the drunkard, was creeping over the fine strong frame of James Farmer. He shouted aloud, "Drink, drink, drink!"

For days and nights did Fanny and her son watch by his bed, and bathe his hot brow and cool his burning tongue with cold water. "Do, father," came first to his mind when it began to clear up. "O my God, help me!" cried the sick man. "Almighty Saviour, help me to keep it!" prayed he, as Silas, true to his soldier duty, brought the cold water pledge to his father's bedside. In large, sprawling letters, James wrote his name, and the family knelt down, while the minister prayed for forgiving mercy, and grace to strengthen him in days to come.

"Here father," said Silas, going to the closet when the solemn service was over, "here is the decanter filled with fresh cold water; will you not seal your pledge to total abstinence by a glass of this wholesome drink?"

"Oh, let us smash that decanter," cried little Fanny.

"And bury the pieces," added Freddy.

"From our sight for ever," said Fanny the mother.

"That is all which is left of our first housekeeping, Fanny. I stand always filled with water, a witness of my reform, as it was the panion of my fall," said the penitent father.

So there it stands, an abiding memorial of sad days bettered and bi ened.

PRACTICAL PAPERS, No. 7.

By Mr. G. M. MURPHY.

THE POWER OF PROVERBS.

Proverbs have ever exercised a mighty influence. Thei is as ancient as language itself. Their conciseness and poi the secret of their power. An appropriate proverb appe to an argument, is like the band of a wheatsheaf, it giv compactness and beauty.

The orator is but ill fitted for his self-imposed task, who not at his command a ready flow of sound proverbial philoso Especially do temperance speakers need to be thus well nished. They have to encounter popular prejudices, well ganized delusions, ancient customs, and numerous other f of evil, which are not overturned in a day. "Old roots s deep," so do old habits, and if they are to succeed, it must often be by the utterance of some palpable truth, the forc which is both seen, felt, and acknowledged.

Proverbs should be true, as well as trite. Their use sh be judiciously timed. Perhaps no two proverbs are more quently uttered than, "Use is second nature," and "Pra makes perfect." These are truths, but they are not, unde circumstances true. Coleridge relates an anecdote of an chief, who bought a glass eye of a glass maker, and fin after using it some time, that he could not see with it, compla to the artist, who begged of him to give the glass eye *tim* he could not expect to see as well all at once with *it*, as the one he had used so long. No amount of use could made anything like a natural eye of the artificial substi nor ceaseless practice, have given perfect vision. "Lo blind," says the proverb, but what says experience? Let a love Christ, and does he not see in him the chief among thousand, and the altogether lovely? Let a man love the perance movement, will he be blind to its usefulness and bea

t, as we all know, there is a sense in which "the apho-
may be true.

should discriminate between what is absolutely, and
s only partially true, and at the same time be upon our
for some proverbs which pass current with the world are
y at variance with truth. This is exemplified in the
, "The drunkard is no one's enemy but his own." So
n this being the case, he is not only his own enemy, but
of all around him. Another specimen of oblique wisdom
d in the words, ("*In vino veritas,*") "There 's truth in
It would be most difficult to find any other article
fosters and propagates falsehood so extensively, and
t promises its devotees pleasure, "at the last it biteth
erpent, and stingeth like an adder." A little observation,
ordinary share of commen sense, will detect such glaring
rfeits, but many will still cling to them as though they
rue, for—

> "A man convinced against his will,
> Is of the same opinion still."

hough you should bray a fool in a mortar, among wheat
pestle, yet will not his folly depart from him."

us now turn to proverbs of a truer stamp.—"There is
rowned in the wine cup than in the sea." Yes, and the
owning is the least, for he who sinks at sea, sinks alone,
he drunkard, alas! drags many others hellward with him.
n the wine is in, the wit is out." Very true! But there
ave been a considerable leakage of wit before the wine
in, or it would never have got there. "When wine sinks,
swim," and sad to say, very often vile wicked words they
, tainted with cruelty and lust, proving that "wine is a
r, strong drink is raging, and whoever is deceived thereby,
wise," and such as are mocked and deceived by the
wrong, frequently find to their cost, the axiom true.
t boastings, bring small roastings," for it is also written,
drunkard and the glutton shall come to poverty, and
ness shall clothe a man with rags," but,—

> "Cleanliness, temperance, and repose,
> Slams the door on the doctor's nose."

more true than polite, but it is as true as terse. "Tem-
e puts meal in the barrrel, and coals on the fire." Quite
and also gives an appetite for eating the meal, and dispo-
o enjoy the fire's cheerful glow. Kindred truths to these
be many times multiplied, but if we had space to insert,

and time to record them, it is better that the reader should search out proofs for himself, that his mind may be enriched by personal investigation.

We now come to a vital question. If drinking and drunkenness are so bad, and temperance is so good, how are we to prevent the one, and help the other? The reply is at hand. By devoted effort, earnest appeals, and cogent arguments, we must instruct the young as to the danger incurred by dabbling with the drink, showing them that with drunkenness, as with disease, "prevention is better than cure;" being careful that our actions harmonise with our teachings, for "example is better than precept." We must also plead wisely and well, with those who indulge moderately in these mischievous compounds, urging them to aid us in breaking the bad habits of British drinking, reminding them that, "he that is not with us is against us," and that "bad habits, like good cakes, are better broken than kept."

Every consideration of humanity should prompt us, lovingly but faithfully, to counsel the inebriate to desist from his course of sin and shame. "Knowledge is power" in more ways than one, and the friendly assurance that very many of earth's sons and daughters, (once as near lost as he,) have by God's blessing on the adoption of abstinence principles, become honourable citizens here below, while possessing a bright hope, through faith in Jesus, of beholding "the city which hath foundations whose builder and maker is God." Such pleading may win them to sobriety, truth, and God.

"Let kindness blend with each effort made,
To break the drunkard's chain,
With looks of love, to his rescue move,
And you his heart may gain.
Speak gently, speak gently, make trial fair,
Gentle tones may win that heart from sin,
And stamp God's image there.

Let us labour to get the parents on our side, for, "as the old cock crows, the young ones learn." But if parents refuse to abstain, do not neglect the children, for, "as the twig is bent the tree 's inclined," and, "what 's bred in the bone, clings close to the flesh." Instil into the youthful mind the truth, that, "it is as easy to get flour from a soot bag, as good from strong drink." Let us pray that teachers, missionaries, ministers, and philanthrophists generally, may be led to join us, for "union is strength." Let us rejoice, if our prayers are at once answered but if not, remember, "Rome was not built in a day." On the

first sign of friendliness to our cause, on the part of those for whom we have prayed, let us be ready, as the Irish Proverb expresses it, to "strike the ball on the hop;" and for all classes,—

"Let us now be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate,
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labour, and to wait."

THE HISTORY OF TWO VILLAGE APPRENTICES.

By Mr W. B. AFFLECK.

"Alone—at the point of the spear,
True greatness does battle alone,
Unhelped and unhindered, by favor or fear,
He wins what he wins as his own.
In spite of his foes and his friends,
With stern self-reliance he plans,
By means all his own, to achieve all his ends,
Alone—by God's help, and not man's."

William Green entered upon life, with a firm determination lead a wise and noble life. He devoted himself to close study. During his apprenticeship, he acquired a knowledge of Latin and Greek, and also entered upon the study of the Hebrew. The ardour with which he pursued his studies, proved prejudicial to his health. Having to work in a closely confined shop, and bend over a hot fire, induced a physical prostration, from which he never entirely recovered. In his general deportment and manner, he was generous even to a fault. Many times have I known him give his dinner to another, and fast himself; and if he saw persons in distress, and could not relieve them, he would weep, and pray, and sympathise with them.

"We may not have one piece of gold,
To bless the poor man's palm,
Yet angels will, with joy behold,
If we have words, which can be told,
His troubled heart to calm.
For kind words are as honey'd streams,
And he, the walker of the sod,
Who gives them to his brother seems
A messenger from God."

In order to purchase books, he was obliged to work overtime, and to secure an opportunity to read them, he had to burn the midnight lamp. Instead of resting, cooling, and refreshing the fevered brain on a downy pillow, and enjoying

"Tired nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep,"

He often resumed his work on the following morning without having undressed or experienced the luxury of one short hour

in bed. One grand characteristic in the history of William Green was, that he never allowed anything to interfere with his sabbath duties. Soon after signing the pledge, he became teacher in a Wesleyan sabbath-school, and also a consistent member of that denomination. Hard work, close study, and want of proper rest at length confined him entirely to his bed. On recovering from his illness he was sent on an errand to the Rev. Blyth Hurst, Incumbent of Slaby, who on seeing and conversing with him, ever afterwards took a deep interest in his welfare. After partaking of the kind clergyman's hospitality he was shewn into his library, from which he selected a Greek Testament. Mr. Hurst, on seeing him reach out the book, cast a significant glance at his daughter, who was sitting in the same room, as much as to say, the contents of that book would be a dead letter to him. But it was not so. He read to Mr. Hurst the first chapter of St. John's Gospel, which very much astonished him. Mr. Hurst a short time afterwards got him into the Training College at Durham, where he remained three years. During his stay at the college he competed for, and gained several first class prizes, amongst which was a Government prize of £16. 10s. per annum, so long as he remained in a Government school. His humility and kindness won him the esteem of Mr. Cromwell, the head master, who acted towards him in the most affectionate and paternal manner. On leaving college he became master of a National School at Alcomb, in Northumberland. He remained in that capacity twelve months, and established a good school, and in addition to his day duties he also established a night-school and bible class, which he taught gratuitously. He was removed at the end of the year to a better school at Winchester, where he laboured assiduously and successfully. On leaving Winchester he became a missionary in London. He had now nearly reached the zenith of his ambition. He had desired to labour as a minister of the gospel, and teach by precept and example, the vital principles of christianity. That desire was gratified. He was ordained by the Bishop of London, and sent out to Africa as a missionary, to preach Christ to the heathen, who were sitting in darkness and the shadow of death. He was instant in season and out of season. The precious seed was sown broadcast, and by all waters. But he did not live to see the fruit appear. The angels were sent for him.

"From the far off fields of earthly toil, a goodly host they come,
And sounds of music are on the air,—'tis the song of the Harvest Home.
The weariness and the weeping, the darkness has all pass'd by,

And a glorious sun has risen, the sun of eternity.
We've seen that face in days of yore, when the dust was on his brow,
And the scalding tear upon the cheek,—let us look at the labourer now.
We think of the life-long sorrow, and the wilderness days of care,
We try to trace the tear drops, but no trace of grief is there.
There's a conscious confidence of bliss, that shall never again remove,
All the faith and hope of journeying years, gathered up in that look of love.
The long waiting days are over; he's received his wages now;
For he gazed upon his Master, and His name is on his brow."

Such were the achievements in live, and such the peace and hope in death of a workhouse boy.

(To be continued.)

TO THE NORTH! TO THE NORTH!

By UNCLE TRUE.

"To the West!" "To the West!" says the song, and well enough so; a fine land that West, with room for its people to grow in; but it's not the West, nor of songs, that I am now about to talk, but of the North. I am not going to the Polar Regions. I am not even going from our-land, but only on a short trip to the North of England—to the city where the men are so keen, and know a thing or two. June verdant month. Nature is in her gayest trim; birds, insects, flowers, appear to vie with each other to give a chorus to the landscape; and the sun—whose bright face gilds everything—and whose warm beams shine everywhere—in June seldom fails in his accustomed brightness, though June of 1862 will not tell of many sunny days in England. Wet—wet—wet was the tourist's cry—and wet, wet, wet, again; oh, how that wet weather tried the stamina of some of the tried friends of progress in the North,—but as gold comes out of the fire all the purer for its trial, so do the good men and true emerge from difficulties. This was verified in the case of the Temperance men whom Uncle True was favoured by visiting in the North. Galas had been arranged, and all the signs of mirth and gladness; beautiful music, gay bowers, holiday dresses, smiling faces, happy hearts, were there, but some were rather cast down when that rain would not keep away, and were almost ready to sing the nnrsery rhyme, "Rain, rain, go away; come again another day." But there, never mind the wet. The people did not seem to mind. The true business in hand was the spread of Temperance truths, and how better spread them than in the gentle showers. My Friend! Did you ever go to Hurworth-on-Tees? Then you should go, for there you have a pretty village and glorious scenery, with some of the best teetotallers in England. It was here Uncle True first spoke at a temperance meeting in the North. From miles round the genial spirits had come to render homage to the truth. It would be invidious to mention some of those present on the occasion, but as U. T. was the personal guest of some of them, he may more freely speak in terms of praise. A noble fellow is Mr. Gascoigne. He does not speak on the platform,—but he is the embodiment of

generous, cheerful energy and zeal, working early and late, and always to be found at his post. Ah, how the stone would roll, with a few more such men as he in our villages to give it a push. It is well that the Prohibition friends have selected him, and the worthy Mr. Carr, of Croft, to run up to London in September for the Temperance Convention. Two better men could not be found for the work.

But not only Hurworth must be mentioned. Uncle True visited Bishop Auckland and East Cowton. At both these places the rain did its work, but the Temperance friends would not be beaten. Two meetings were held at Bishop Auckland on two consecutive evenings, at which friends from Darlington, Newcastle, Reeth, and London, assisted. Excellent meetings they were. The London friends met with a warm reception. The speech of the Rev. G. W. McCree produced a profound sensation. The local papers reported it *verbatim*, while his lecture on St. Giles's will long be remembered by the inhabitants. Mr. G. Charlton of Newcastle, gave a most humorous, touching, and impressive address—while Uncle True did what he could in sounding his Penny Whistle, to warn the people against being taken in and done for by brewers and all their hangers on. Of course, it would not do to report meetings, and not speak of the chairmen. I know they generally get lauded first, because they are the great men. Well, Uncle True does things different to other people occasionally, and so he has his own way of reporting progress. So of the chairman he speaks last, though not least. Well there was E. Pease, Esq. who said the best things in the neatest way, and the shortest time you could imagine. He went all over the ground. He seemed to do it like a dairy maid goes over the surface of a milk dish, just to skim off the cream, and it was so nicely done that one could almost have said, you have done it so well you should do it again. But he could not, for he had to go before the meeting was over, and then came—who? ah, who? —why G. A. Robinson, Esq.! He is known all over the North as a hearty, earnest, thorough worker in the *Temperance* cause. I beg his pardon for he likes the word *Teetotal* better than Temperance. He says it cannot be mistaken, and he is right, so we won't dispute with him. Mr. Robinson is always greeted with hearty applause. His purse, his heart, his time, and his influence are freely given to the work. He is specially devoted to the interests of the young, and they warmly reciprocate his kindly feelings. Wherever he goes, if they can they group around him, as around a protector; he is far happier in rendering them that graceful and shielding protection, than other wealthy people are in the admiration of silly unmeaning flatterers. To G. A. Robinson, Esq., Uncle True wishes a long life and a merry one. A word about East Cowton. Here the wet was (if I might so speak) wetter than ever. It came down unceasingly, but the people were there. So was the music, so were the speakers, so was the chairman, so was I. Oh! what a nice meeting, and *such* a chairman! He is the Father of the parish—the good Vicar. What an influence does such a man exert! Would that we had more of such men as the Rev. T. Holme, the Vicar of East Cowton. How would the standard of our holy religion rise aloft, and how would

our teetotal cause increase. But some will say, what of Mr. Affleck? Ah, friends, I should like you to have seen and heard the welcome accorded him; surely he dwells in the hearts of the people there; his speeches were received with the warmest applause, and his visit was most richly enjoyed. Mr. Affleck is a man much beloved and greatly blessed, and cannot fail of being useful wherever he works, as he seeks the glory of God and the good of man. May God send more such men into his vine-yard! I could say something about the ladies, whose fairy forms, and ministering hands did so much to render these meetings successful; but I must not forget that my wife will read the paper, so I merely say the meetings would have been failures without them. Uncle True's paper being exhausted, he says farewell!

CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of the "Band of Hope Record."

11th July, 1862.

Dear Sir,—As a list of persons, who are to attend and address Bands of Hope at their meetings, appears monthly in the *Record*, will you allow me to offer a few suggestions to Band of Hope secretaries.

At the request of the secretary of the Band of Hope Union, I lately attended a meeting, to give an address. I arrived a few minutes before the stated time, but found the time had been changed from 7 to half past 8. I would only say, that to me it did not much matter, but still it would be better for secretaries to notify to the Union any alteration in time.

I attended at some inconvenience another meeting, and found that a singing entertainment was to be given that night, and consequently my services were not required. Now, surely, all Band of Hope conductors see the *Record*, and it would not be much trouble to inform the person appointed to attend, that there will be no necessity for his doing so.

And I must make another observation, which I would fain believe cannot apply to any other Band of Hope than the one I have just referred to. It is this. When a person attends a meeting, and his services are not needed, the least he can expect is that *civility, if not courtesy*, should be shown him; and this, I am sorry to say, I was almost denied at the meeting I have referred to above.

I am, dear sir, yours sincerely, A. J. A.

Annals of the Band of Hope Union.

BAND of HOPE UNION CONFERENCE in DARLINGTON.

An extensive correspondence with influential persons in the North of England, having induced the Committee of the Band of Hope Union to believe that it was desirable to extend their operations in that direction, Mr. S. Shirley, Mr. J. Eaton,

Mr. W. B. Affleck, and the Rev. G. W. McCree, left Lo to attend a series of meetings at Low Row, Reeth, Bi Auckland, Hurworth, Richmond, Langthorne, East Cov Catterick, Middlesbro', Swainby, Croft, Hackforth, Castle ton, Marrick, and Darlington. The meetings, festivals, relig services, lectures, and conference, were all remarkably suc ful, and gave a great impetus to the Band of Hope moven The labours of the deputation, assisted as they were by generous and able co-operation of G. A. Robinson, Esq., Revs. T. Holme, H. Oakley, and J. Taylor, Mr. J. Ling Mr. W. Bell, Mr. J. Carr, Mr. T. Robson, Mr. C. Gascoi Mr. J. Bramley, and Mr. G. Lomax, were everywhere welc with enthusiasm, and left a highly favourable impression o minds of all who heard them.

The Conference was held in the Central Hall, Darlingto Tuesday, June 24th, when the following ladies and gentle from various localities, as under, were present:—

Bishop Auckland.—Mr. J. Lingford, Mr. S. Lingford, Mr. J. N and Miss Smith.

Croft—Mr. J. Carr, Mr. T. Lapworth, Mrs. T. Lapworth, Mr. Jo Robinson, Mr. S. Robinson.

Darlington.—Messrs. Bramley, R. Fyfe, John Harrison, jun., Hodge, Harris, J. P. Hutchinson, J. Johnson, Thomas Robson, T. pett, and John Wilson.

East Cowton.—Rev. T. Holme, and the Misses Holme.

Eryholme.—Mr. T. Nicholson.

Gainford.—W. Bowman, Esq.

Gilling.—Mr. S. Wise.

Gurney Villa.—Mr. J. L. Reed, and Mr. T. Reed.

Hackforth.—Miss Eddy, the Misses Jackson, Messrs. W. S T. Wilkinson, and R. Wilkinson.

Hurworth.—Mr. H. Appleby, Mr. L. Appleby, Miss App Mr. C. Gascoigne, Miss Gascoigne, and Miss Goldsborough.

London.—Mr. W. B. Affleck, Mr. James Eaton, and the Rev. G McCree.

Low Row.—Mr. John Pratt.

Manchester.—Mr. George E. Lomax.

Masham.—Mr. G. Metcalf and Mr. W. Wilson.

Middlesborough.—Mr. Skillbeck.

Neasham.—Mrs. Atkinson, the Misses Hart, Mrs. Spence.

Reeth.—G. A. Robinson, Esq.

Richmond.—Mr. W. Bell, Mr. S. Close, the Rev. H. O Mr. T. Shaw, the Rev. J. Taylor, and Mrs. Wise.

Shildon—Mr. James Young.

South Stockton.—Mr. Benjamin Taylor.

Stockton.—Mr. H. F. Craggs, Mr. Lewis Dodshon, Professor M and Mrs. Martin.

After a most appropriate prayer by the Rev. H. Oakley, of Richmond, the Rev. Thomas Holme, M.A., of East Cowton, was called to preside; and, in a most admirable address, opened the business of the morning sitting. After a long and animated conversation on the expediency of forming an auxiliary to the Band of Hope Union, in which Mr. Lomax, Mr. Hodge, Mr. Bell, Mr. J. Eaton, Mr. Lingford, Mr. Skillbeck, the Rev. G. W. McCree, and others took part, it was unanimously resolved, that such should be formed, and commence its operations immediately. The officers of the Auxiliary were then chosen as follows:—President, G. A. Robinson, Esq.; Treasurer, Mr. J. Lingford; Secretaries, the Rev. T. Holme, M.A., and Mr. J. Carr. Committee: G. A. Robinson, Esq., Reeth; Mr. T. Shaw, Richmond; Mr. J. Carr, Croft; Mr. W. Bowman, Winford; Mr. J. Dunning, Middlesbro'; and Mr. J. Hodge, Darlington.

Dinner having been taken, the Conference re-assembled under the presidency of G. A. Robinson, Esq., and discussed with great freedom and geniality the following topics:—The labours of Mr. W. B. Affleck, in the North of England; the Publications of the Band of Hope Union; the present condition of the Bands of Hope in the North of England; the best mode of conducting a Band of Hope; the expediency of Bible Sermons; Penny Banks for the Children; and, How to secure the co-operation of the Clergy, Dissenting Ministers, and the Christian public generally. The Conference closed with votes of thanks to the Presidents and Secretary, and the benediction by the Rev. T. Holme.

After Tea, a Public Meeting was held in the Central Hall—a truly handsome edifice,—of which we give a condensed report from the columns of the *Darlington and Stockton Times*:—

The CHAIRMAN (G. A. Robinson, Esq., of Reeth) spoke of temperance reformation and Bands of Hope, with respect to both of which movements he drew a glowing picture of the future.

Mr. THOMAS ROBSON (of Darlington) was the first gentleman called upon to address the meeting. He remarked that it was some considerable time since he first stood upon the temperance platform, but he regretted that he had not more frequently advocated it than he had done, for he was now convinced that the temperance movement was an important auxiliary to the progress of the Gospel. The Band of Hope movement, too, he considered highly important. The youth of our land were the future fathers and mothers of our land. He in common with the promoters of those Bands of Hope had confidence in early impressions. Impressions were more easily made in youth than old age, and were more

deep and lasting. Philosophers believed this—men of all ra
conditions acknowledged the importance of early training.
envied the exalted position of Rome, and determined upon subv
foundations. Where did he begin? Not with the senators of
not with the men who wielded the mighty destinies of that empir
corrupted the rising generation, and he succeeded in his de
work. The cause in which they had embarked by launching fo
Band of Hope movement, they believed, were destined to wield
influence. There was no great movement, social, political, or r
either in ancient or modern times, but what had this characteristic
in its commencement, remarkably small in its beginnings, gradu
veloping itself, bringing forth latent power, wielding a greater and
influence on society, until all its grand and glorious results were
The temperance cause was remarkably feeble twenty-five years ago
and feeble were the bands engaged in this grand movement. But,
it had spread and developed itself! What a mighty press, for i
had been created in its favour! He gloried in many institu
this country, but there was one in which he gloried particula
was the power of the press, the free and unshackled press of ou
country, and he was glad to say they had a powerful press ad
this great and noble cause. (Applause.) When the cause w
menced its advocates were poor, unlettered men, men not of an
standing, but at this day, they could boast of men of remarkab
high position in society, wielding a mighty influence in this great
and they believed that the cause which commenced so feebly, and h
loped itself so remarkably during the last twenty-five years, was de
go on and on until the whole of this land should be permeated
sentiment, and the demon drink, be amongst the things past an
(Applause.) Error was evanescent, continually changing, but t
permanent, and would abide for ever and ever. The principles
perance were founded in truth. They were gathered from the B
grand repository of truth—and the truth would win its way.
beautiful to contemplate anything that was lasting, but where wa
found? Nowhere in nature, for whichever way one looked ther
appearance of decay. Ruin and devastation was evident on
but the principle of temperance would outlive the stars, influ
destiny of men down to the lastest period of time, and last
(Applause.) There was a certain class of individuals whose wel
were interested in, but with respect to whom there was very littl
recovery—that was the poor, drivelling drunkard, whose moral n
a complete wreck, whose appetite for strong drink was so strong
could not pass a public house without calling in, nor see a glass
without snatching it, although conscious that drink was ca
everlasting ruin. It was for the sake of these men that teetotall
seeking to abtain a Permissive Bill. (Applause.) They wo
secure this object by creating public sentiment. All measure
magnitude had been won by this method. When Wilberforce
colleagues thought that slavery ought to be put down, they creat

sentiment, and the object was accomplished. When it was felt that the corn laws ought to be repealed, the same thing had to be done before the work was effected. The Permissive Bill, the teetotallers thought, was a necessity, not fanciful but real, and in spite of politicians or licensed victuallers' associations, he doubted not public sympathy would be excited in its favour, and ere the lapse of a very long period, houses for the sale of drink would be swept from the land. (Cheers.) Moral suasion was brought also to bear. They were trying to convince moderate drinkers that intoxicating liquors were poisonous and highly injurious to health; and they were also trying to impress the young mind with the same fact—that drink led to ruin in this world and that which was to come. He wondered at the want of sympathy on the part of the clergy, dissenting ministers, and sabbath-school teachers. Surely in this nineteenth century, Christians and men of intelligence must feel that interest in humanity which would induce them to come out and advocate the temperance cause. He envied not the laurels of a renowned warrior or statesman, he had any desire to wear the chaplet that adorned the brow of the great and illustrious of the land—his ambition was to save men that were going down to everlastiug destruction. (Applause.)

The Rev. T. Holme considered that if ministers and those who had a prominent influence in society discountenanced the drinking system, by which it would be put down; and he doubted not many of those present would see the next generation rising up and practising temperance as an habit and a natural habit. This was what they aimed at in forming Bands of Hope.

Mr. Affleck desired the people of Darlington prayerfully to consider the object of the Union, and then he was sure they would gladly put forward a helping hand.

The Rev. G. W. McCree explained the rise and progress of the Union, illustrated its objects, and detailed the operations in which it had engaged. It had three agents, he stated. Two of them had made 600 visits in one year, and from 20 to 25 able and useful speakers in the metropolis gave their services gratuitously, and these had paid 550 visits to Band of Hope and Temperance Societies' Festivals. In order to blend amusement with instruction, they had a number of Dissolving Views and so on, the most beautiful to be found in England. Lectures were illustrated by these views, and included 'London in the Olden Time, striking events in its history,' 'Incidents of Peril and Heroism,' 'Wonders of the Microscope,' 'The Book and its Story,' 'Lights of the World, or Passages in the History of Eminent Men,' 'Pilgrim's Progress,' 'Arctic Regions,—Fate of Franklin,' 'The Bottle,' 'The Gorilla and its Country,' &c. No less than 149 exhibitions of these views had taken place last year. The funds realised had in many cases been the means of relieving struggling Bands of Hope from their difficulties, and furnishing them with a surplus to commence another year's operations. Then, there were the publications—'Hymns and Melodies,' of which 20,000 had been sold last year; and of the Pledge Card, 51,000 had been disposed of in that time, and an order had been given for 50,000 more; whilst the *Band of*

Hope Record was periodically issued. Mr. McCree proceeded afterw to give his experience of the demoralising effects produced by d which he had gathered from the lowest haunts in London. His pic of the wretchedness and misery endured, the profligacy practised, the crime perpetrated by persons addicted to drink in the neighbour of St. Giles's, were painful to contemplate. His purpose in exhit them was to show that neither education, genius, nor any other qu but total abstinence, constituted a safeguard against degradation. eloquence and pathos elicited general admiration.

Mr. Bell, of Richmond, said a few words in favour of the object, the meeting shortly afterwards terminated.

We have great pleasure in giving the following brief s maries of the labours of our agents, Messrs. G. Blaby, F. Sn and W. B. Affleck, during the past month:—

Mr. Blaby has attended meetings as follows:—Bloomsbury Re three times; Denmark street, twice; St. Clement's Danes; Brit fields; Haverstock hill; Duck lane, Westminster; Offord road; K New town; Calthorpe street; Little Wild street; Plough yard; street, Long Acre; Chelsea.

Mr. F. Smith has attended and addressed several meetings, anc also been engaged in training the children to sing at the Crystal P on August 8th.

Mr. Affleck has kindly favoured us with a copy of his d as under:—

Saturday, June 21st. Delivered an open-air lecture at Langth Yorkshire. Mr. T. Wilkinson in the chair.

22nd Preached in the afternoon in the large marquee belonging t Hurworth Temperance Society. The Rev. G. W. McCree preache powerful sermons in the same place, morning and evening. Colle were made in behalf the *Union*.

23rd. Attended Swainby gala. G A. Robinson, Esq., presided addresses were delivered by Messrs. G. H. Fea, T. Turner, J. Eat London, and myself. The gala was a grand success, and about persons listened attentively to the speakers.

24th. Attended the conference at Darlington, and took part i public meeting.

25th. Attended Castle Bolton gala. G. A. Robinson, Esq., pre Mr. W. Bell, and the Rev. G. W. McCree, also addressed the mee

26th. Attended the gala at Marrick. The same gentlemen wl tended Castle Bolton delivered addresses at this festival.

27th. Travelled back to London.

28th. Went to Cirencester.

29th. Delivered an address to about 600 children in the Temp Hall, Cirencester in the afternoon, and preached in the evening. hall was crowded, and many could not get in.

30th. Lectured at one of the villages, under the auspices of the (cester Temperance society. H. Alexander, Esq., in the chair.

July 1st. Cirencester. Attended the United Band of Hope gathering and gala, in the beautiful and extensive park belonging to Earl Bathurst. The day was fine, the procession well arranged, the children clean and cheerful, and the teachers affectionate and pleasant. I delivered an address in the open-air in the Park, and in the evening I delivered a lecture in the Temperance Hall, which was crowded. The Rev. J. Ford presided. He hesitated about taking the duties voted to him, and said he was not a pledged teetotaller. He had given the subject a serious consideration, and did not know why he had not decided and signed the pledge before. I rose and passed to him the pledge book, which he signed at once, thereby giving a proof of his sincerity. At the conclusion of my address on "Individual influence and responsibility," by three more adults signed the pledge, amongst whom were several persons of influence. May they live, work, and prosper!

2nd. Again lectured in the Temperance Hall at Cirencester. J. Alexander, Esq., in the chair. The Hall was crowded. I lectured on the "House that Jack built," with a Teetotal parody. Eleven additional signatures were taken.

3rd. Addressed a united gathering of children in the large Temperance Hall at Reading. The energetic missionary, Mr. H. Jennings, took the chair. The meeting was successful and cheering.

4th. Returned to London, and addressed a large meeting in the evening in the Duck Lane reading room. This meeting was to celebrate the birthday of Miss Adeline M. Cooper, who by her liberality, learning, and piety has shed an imperishable lustre in hundreds of homes and hearts in that long neglected locality. The poorest of the poor people were invited, and a pleasant, profitable evening spent. Mr. G. Blaby occupied the chair.

6th. Preached in the open-air in church lane, St. Giles's.

7th. Addressed a Band of Hope meeting in the School room, Britannia Fields, Hoxton.

9th. Delivered an address to the Band of Hope children, in the Bloomsbury Chapel Mission Hall, at 6 o'clock, and delivered a lecture in the same place at 8 o'clock. The latter meeting, which was large and enthusiastic, was presided over by G. Kinnear, Esq.

10th. Attended the Band of Hope festival at Slough, and gave an address to children and parents in the afternoon, and in the evening delivered a lecture in the large school room. J. Griffiths, Esq., in the chair. The procession, the tea, and the evening meeting were all equally successful.

11th. Delivered a Band of Hope address to about 300 children in the Temperance Hall, Somers Town.

13th. Preached in the morning in the open-air, on Seven Dials, and lectured in the afternoon in the open-air, at Duck Lane, Westminster, and then preached in the evening in the "One Tun" Ragged School, to a large congregation.

14th. Attended the Mothers' Meeting, in the Mission Hall, and gave a short address, with vocal illustrations, in the afternoon, and in the

evening delivered an address to upwards of 300 children, in the We Chapel, King Street, Long Acre.

15*th*. Attended the Soiree, in the grounds of Joseph Tucker, Pavenham, Bury. J. Payne, Esq. and myself delivered addres the children in the afternoon, and to 1000 adults in the evening. Rev. S. T. Ram, M.A., also assisted in the latter meeting. J. T Esq. occupied the chair.

16*th*. Delivered a lecture in the Large Hall, Sailor's Institute, well. The audience was large.

17*th*. Delivered two Band of Hope addresses; one of them i Temperance Hall, and the other in the Wesleyan School-room, at hall.

18*th*. Addressed the Band of Hope, in the School-room, H Street, Camberwell.

Weir's Passage, Somers Town.—On the occasion of 300 children meeting for practice, (of the 1000 who are to sing at the C Palace, on August 8,) on Friday evening, July the 11th, Mr. V Affleck gave an address, and Mr. F. Smith was presented with a pencil case, as a testimonial of esteem for his ability, tact and tale teaching this difficult, yet pleasing and necessary branch of Band of education—singing. Mr. G. S. Wybroo made the presentation on of the children, which was suitably acknowledged by Mr. Smith.

Cirencester Band of Hope.—During the past week several me have been held in connexion with this Society. The first meetin held on Sunday afternoon in the Temperance Hall, at which a touching address was given to a large audience, consisting chie Sunday School children and their teachers. At eight o'clock i evening of the same day Mr. Affleck preached to a crowded aud from the text, "They, and all that appertained to them, went dowı into the pit, and the earth closed upon them; and they perished among the congregation," which he made use of to refer to th Hartley accident. On Tuesday the Band of Hope children had treat and procession. The juveniles, numbering 360, met at the I twelve o'clock, where they were arranged in order, and then m through the principal streets of the town, headed by the band of the North Gloucester Militia. Many of of the children bore flag mottoes, which gave the procession a very lively appearance. Afte ceeding round the town, by kind permission of Earl Bathurst, entered the park, by the Tetbury Road gate, where they for some enjoyed themselves at the various games prepared for them, su football, cricket, &c. Afterwards buns and milk were distril Shortly afterwards an address was delivered from a waggon, by Mr. A on the temperance question, calling upon the young to remain fi their pledges, and on parents to assist them in doing so. In conseq of the threatening appearance of the weather the children were b homewards sooner than was at first intended, it being thought mo visable to cut short the enjoyment than to have it damped by a s of rain. Accordingly they were marshalled in order, and proc

through the town to the Market-place, where the happy voices of the children blended in singing one of their temperance melodies. They afterwards went onwards to the Hall, from whence they ultimately dispersed to their homes, thoroughly pleased with their afternoon's enjoyment. To Messrs Hinton and Burn is due, we believe, the praise for the origin and progress of this movement. Their efforts have been crowned with abundant success. To the ladies, too, great credit is due for the interest they manifested. On Tuesday Mr. Affleck spoke to adults in the Temperance Hall, and on Wednesday evening he gave a capital lecture to a large audience upon the subject "A Teetotal Parody on the 'House that Jack Built,'" which he handled very effectively. We are glad to learn that these meetings have been attended with practical results, upwards of 60 names having been added to the Society, and we doubt not they will be followed by much lasting good.—*Cirencester Times.*

East Cowton, near Darlington.—The Committee of the Temperance Society, at this place, according to previous announcement, held their annual tea festival on Tuesday last, in a spacious marquee erected on the grounds of William Oastler, Esq., who is himself an ardent supporter of the cause of temperance in the neighbourhood. The proceedings of the day commenced with a most eloquent discourse on the religious bearing of the movement, by the Rev. V. H. Moyle, delivered in the school-house. Sojournment was then made to the marquee, and despite the unfavourable weather, about 450 individuals met to partake of the cheering cup. After justice had been done to the eatables and drinkables, the Rev. T. Holme, the vicar of the place, was called to the chair, who dwelt on the progress of the cause in his parish, and the benefits resulting from the practical advocacy of its principles. S. Shirley, Esq , of London, the Revs. J. Holme, T. Hall, and M. Moyle, Mr. Johnson, and Mr. Bramwell also took a part in the proceedings of the meeting. The excellent Saxhorn Band, of the Northallerton Temperance Association, under the leadership of Mr. James Wheldon, jun., was present, and by the most creditable performance of musical pieces during the afternoon, contributed to the enjoyment of the company.—*Richmond Chronicle.*

Richmond, Yorkshire.—*Day and Night in St. Giles's.*—A lecture, bearing the above title, was delivered by the Rev. G. W. McCree, hon. secretary of the Band of Hope Union, in the Town Hall, on Thursday evening. There was a large attendance. The Rev. H. Oakley occupied the chair. Mr. McCree has been for several years a missionary in the heathenish parts of London, and the picture he draws of the moral darkness of the denizens of these districts must have appeared to country minds almost incredible. There was, however, a brighter side. The Gospel had found its way amongst some of the people, who were now sitting clothed and in their right mind. He related the conversion of a prize-fighting costermonger, brought about by hearing his first sermon. Though the man was 32 years of age he had never been in a place of worship. Before the great change had passed upon him he was a drunkard, and had on one occasion knocked his wife's jaw out, but he afterwards was as meek as a lamb, and his house was one of prayer and

praise, so mighty had been the transforming power of grace. It was transient change, but Thomas had exhibited the same excellent spirit many years till he had at last gone home to heaven. Ragged Scho the popular amusements—many of them bad enough in all conscience and many of the moral aspects of this till lately neglected district, ca under Mr. McCree's review, who has the power of depicting scenes wi great graphic power and pathos, and certainly deserves the appellation an eloquent lecturer. In the afternoon, Mr. McCree, in company w Mr. W. B. Affleck, addressed a number of Sunday School children, those belonging to the Band of Hope in the Town Hall, when sev melodies were sung by the children.—*Local Paper.*

Ledbury.—On Thursday, the 26th of June, the Annual Excursio this Society to the celebrated Malvern Hills, took place. The chi marched in procession through the principal streets, headed by their and fife band, and interspersed with flags and banners on which suitable mottoes. Irrespective of the children, a large number inhabitants accompanied the excursion, and about 50 of the poore habitants of the town, were provided with tickets, through the consid kindness of a lady. Altogether the number that went from Ledb was 450, including the 200 Band of Hope children. Having arrive Malvern, the company proceeded to ramble on the hills, admiring beautiful scenery, and joining in various rustic sports. The children highly delighted with their day's pleasure, and there is every reason believe it will be the means of adding numbers to the Band of Hope.

Tunbridge Wells.—The members of the Band of Hope have b holding some very interesting meetings every evening last w Mr. S. Insull's services were engaged for their instruction and impro ment, and his addresses and singing have given great satisfaction. Wednesday evening an open-air meeting was held on the Comm The children sang several pleasing melodies, after which Mr. Ins addressed a very respectable assembly, and was attentively listened Mr. Tisdall is as earnest and as active as ever. That gentleman distr buted a number of tracts and other temperance literature.—*Temperan Star.*

EDITORIAL NOTES.

All communications should be written on one side of the paper only.

Names and Addresses should be written very plainly.

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BAND OF HOPE RECORD.

THE QUALIFICATIONS OF A GOOD CONDUCTOR.*

By the Rev. G. W. McCREE, Hon. Sec. to the Band of Hope Union.

The architect, painter, vocalist, and poet, who aspires to achieve high and lasting fame, sets before his mind a lofty ideal, and this he earnestly seeks to realize in his productions and life. Excellence does not exist without culture. Fame is not an accident. Usefulness is the result of perception, discipline, thought, practice, and prayer. To be a good Conductor of a Band of Hope requires all these. Whoever resolves to excel in this department of benevolent labour, must prepare himself to cultivate his natural abilities, and, if he will only do his best—if he will only determine to improve daily—if he will only do or die—he will inevitably prove "a workman that needeth not to be ashamed."

It is quite evident that the good conductor will not be found in any man who does not keep himself *clean*. He should be familiar with the sponge, and the bath, and the towel. Coming, as many of our excellent fellow-workers do, from the forge and the bench, it is important that all our Temperance Halls should have a convenient lavatory, that the stains of toil might be removed before any proceedings are commenced. A dirty conductor is a nuisance: a clean, tidy, decently-dressed conductor is worth his weight in "Brown Windsor."

The good conductor has popular vocal powers. He *can* sing. He does not growl, and call his growling "a Band of Hope Melody"; he does not roar, and call his roaring a splendid effort; he does not shut his eyes, open wide his mouth, press his elbows into his ribs, and having screamed something to the tune of "Oh! Susannah," sit down expecting a loud *encore*, but he sings modestly, gladly, sweetly, and leads his little ones in their hymns of praise, with his own soul filled with music, joy, and love.

And he is careful what he sings. He never introduces anything vulgar, coarse, doubtful. His songs are like refined silver, as harmless as the lark's anthem to the bright and morning star. Knowing that "sensation songs," and "comic songs," and "character songs," are seldom pure and elevating compositions, he never introduces them to his Band of Hope,

* Read at the Band of Hope Conversazione, Freemasons' Hall.

but carefully shuns them, and teaches his children to abstain from them. The "Hymns and Melodies for Bands of Hope," and the "Recitations and Dialogues for Bands of Hope," issued by the Band of Hope Union, and the melodies published in *The Band of Hope Record*, will, I think, greatly help anyone who wishes to act wisely in this important matter. No harm, but much good, would result from every child being taught to sing such a beautiful melody as this:—

KIND WORDS, SWEET THOUGHTS, AND NEVER DYING SOULS.

Kind words can never die,
Cherished and blessed;
God knows how deep they lie,
Stored in the breast;
Like childhood's simple rhymes,
Told o'er a thousand times,
Age, in all years and climes,
Distant and near.

Sweet thoughts can never die,
Though, like the flowers,
Their brightest hues may fly
In wintry hours;
But when the gentle dew
Gives them their charms anew,
With many an added hue,
They bloom again.

Our souls can never die,
Though in the tomb,
We may all have to lie,
Wrapt in its gloom;
What though the flesh decay,
Souls pass in peace away,
Live through eternal day,
With Christ above.*

The good conductor endeavours to maintain perfect order in his Band of Hope. He comes in time to the place of meeting, and sees that every child occupies its proper place. His children are not left to kick at the door, to run all over the neighbourhood, to fight, to steal apples from stalls, and to annoy some wooden-legged pensioner with the slang question, "How 's your poor feet?" because he is not there in time, aye, *before time*. During the meeting of the children he keeps them busy, happy, and in order, by a succession of wise and pleasant engagements. Does a boy crack a nut? The conductor's eye is upon him. Does a naughty girl put out her tongue? He rebukes her with an uplifted finger. No disorder is allowed. Method,

* See *Band of Hope Record*, for June, 1862.

firmness, moral force, and tender love govern the little folk, and make them as gentle as pet doves, as amenable to discipline as a royal guard, and as pleasant to the eye as a garden of flowers.

You will always find the good conductor careful to attend to the convenience of deputations. If he knows a gentleman is coming to speak to his children, he will keep a place for him, and will see that he has time for his address. Should his Band of Hope not meet on an evening when a deputation is appointed, he will promptly inform the speaker, and thus save him the trouble of a useless journey. Great complaints have reached me of the remissness of some conductors in relation to this matter; and I beg of them to reform, and do better in future. Our model man is studious. He does not lack effort to fill his mind with various knowledge. He will not fail to study every case of temperance principles, and whatever he learns he will teach. Anecdote, poetry, facts culled from public journals, the great lessons of Scripture, fables, proverbs, and allegories, personal experiences, the biographies of the brave and pure, the events of the day, and, in short, all things new and old will be made by him to contribute to the instruction and delight of his children. Maps, pictures, natural objects, diagrams of the human system, dissolving views, flowers, music, song, recitation, milk and buns, and a sail on the river, or a frolic in a green field, will all be employed to link together, as in a chain of gold,—temperance, virtue, knowledge, and happiness.

The good conductor is a Christian. With a cordial and exalted and immoveable faith in the Creator of the universe, and in Him who made the awful curse of sin to pass away, he fails not in his highest duty to the children confided to his charge. You may trust him at all times. The most anxious mother may confide in his delicacy, honour, and tenderness. Her fair child—her daughter blooming into maidenhood, is safe—perfectly safe in his presence. If any of his children are sick, he visits them, prays with them, speaks of Jesus, and points them to heaven above. If they die, he hastens to see the parents while their tears are flowing, and endeavours to lead them to the Healer of broken hearts. In his life, he exemplifies "whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever are pure, whatsoever things are lovely," and "whatsoever things are of good report." So beautiful is his character, that all love him, the children value his smiles more than "apples of gold, in pictures of

silver," his death is a local calamity, his grave becomes the resort of many a mourner, and his name shall not fade like the flowers of spring.

Such conductors we have: such conductors we need. "The harvest truly is plenteous, but the labourers are few; pray ye, therefore, the Lord of the harvest, that He will send forth labourers into His harvest."

One word of appeal. Is there any one here who is not engaged in this good work of training the young in the paths of temperance? It is a pleasant and productive field of labour. Seek, then, some children, either rich or poor, and begin the blessed work. Be not afraid of the toil. Their kisses, pure affections, and earnest prayers, will form a rich reward. Shall any child become a DRUNKARD, because you failed in benevolence, courage, and self-denial? Shall many become drunkards because you cared not to "haste to the rescue?" Remember, "It is not the will of your Father who is in heaven, that one of these little ones should perish."

HOW WE GOT ON AT WASHTON.

By W. BELL.

Washton is a little village about two miles from Richmond, Yorkshire. About thirty years ago the Wesleyans used to preach there, but did not continue their labours. Religious services ceased to be held in the village, but the public house continued in full play, corrupting and demoralising the people. We might say they were "led captive by the devil, at his will." Drunkenness, profanity, and sabbath desecration abounded. If the soul of Paul was stirred, when he saw the people at Athens, "wholly given to idolatry," the souls of good men ought to have been stirred at the sight of this village. Many of the population never entered a place of worship, but spent their lives without God.

In September, 1859, however, the Ladies' Temperance Committee of Richmond engaged a Missionary, and amongst many other villages Washton was named as needing his services. It was therefore put on the temperance plan, and on the 8th of December, 1859, the friends of temperance made their first visit. The Grammar School-Room was kindly lent for the meeting, by Mr. Waller, and long before the time the people seemed all excited; at seven o'clock the place was crowded, and the chair taken by a staunch friend of the cause, Mr. Thomas Humble. On the platform were Messrs. T. Shaw, T. Harrison, J. Wise, myself, and others. No sooner had the meeting been opened, than the landlord of the public house entered the room, with a bottle and glass in his hand and a pipe in his mouth, and asked the speakers to drink with him. But the spirit of the meeting looked against him, and he did not stay long. His wife then came, in a state of intoxication, and commenced t

abuse us, and say many things as we should not like to repeat here, and what with her lecturing outside, and others lecturing inside, it was the most exciting meeting I ever attended A man had been made drunk, to annoy us, by putting an old hen down the chimney, the platform being near the fire-place, but in trying to climb to the top of the School-Room, he slipped his hold, and fell back into the mud, and thus he got paid off as he went on. Another man was to have had 5s. for opposing us, but he had gone to Richmond, got drunk there, and did not return in time, because he had lain down on the road, and was found next morning frozen to the ground. At the close of the meeting, thirty-eight persons signed the pledge, a society was formed, and Mr. John Harrison was appointed secretary. For many weeks the children of Washton might have been heard singing, "Throw down the bottle," "Bright water," &c. Another meeting was held on the 27th of December, when we were favoured with the help of the Revs. T. Holme, A. P. Irvine, H. Oakley, and Messrs. Affleck and Shaw. At the close of the meeting, thirty-two persons signed, and amongst them the poor man who was frozen to the ground. He was then only the shadow of a man. He was indeed a brand plucked from the fire, and although nearly three years have passed away, he looks very many years younger now, is enjoying good health, and doing well. He has several times taken the chair for us, at our temperance meetings. Not long ago he said, "Since I have signed the pledge, I have got plenty of chestnut horses, and several grey mares, and a good stable to put them in, as well as a good teetotal medal."* He still keeps faithful to his pledge, and is one of the most hearty teetotallers I know.

Temperance meetings were now held once a month, and the people began to desire to have the gospel preached to them. The Wesleyans replaced the village on their plan, and soon had a hearty welcome, and a large congregation to preach to. The people at this time began to wish for a better place to hold their meetings in, and the committee, led on by their active secretary, held a bazaar, and cleared £50., and then commenced calling on their friends, who responded very heartily to their appeals. The next step was to get a suitable site of land, and they applied to the lord of the manor, but were refused. They next wrote to a lady, who owned some property in the village, and got a very favourable answer, but some one used his influence adversely, and a second letter came, telling the society they could not have it. However, there was a site left, for which the owner asked £25. As soon as it was known the temperance people were about to buy it, some one again acted adversely, and offered three pounds more for it, but the proprietor said, "No, I will sell it to the teetotallers," and he did so. Good comes out of evil, and so in this case, for on the very site, a first-rate quarry was found, from which stone was obtained to build the hall. On the 18th of June, 1861, the foundation stone was laid, by G. A. Robinson, Esq., of Reeth, and on the 19th of December it was opened, and is now a place in which we try to teach the people true temperance, and point them to the cross of Christ.

* *Chestnut horses*, sovereigns; *grey mares*, half crowns; *good stables*, new clothes; *teetotal medal*, a fat pig.

The Wesleyans preach in it every Sunday night, and it is open to all parties who love the truth as it is in Jesus. A Sunday School and Band of Hope have likewise been formed, and are doing well. Great praise is due to Mr. John Harrison, of Pound-dale, who has had the chief management of it, and we hope he, and all the friends at Washton, may long have to say, "To the people who sat in darkness, light has sprung up."

WINE AND WATER.

By the EDITOR.

Water sparkled in the Garden of Eden, and refreshed the Father and Mother of all Living. The river of water which made the flowers of Eden to bloom, and its trees to bear fruit, "went out" to bless the earth. Divided into four rivers, it watered many lands. Pison compassed "the whole land of Havilah, where there is gold." Gihon spread itself in Ethiopia. Hiddekel flowed "towards the east of Assyria." "And the fourth river is Euphrates." Scholars and divines designated those ancient streams the Euphrates, the Tigris, the Phasis, and the Araxes. Better was the water of Adam than the wine of Noah. "He drank of the wine, and was drunken." The God of Israel gave His chosen people water to drink. When he was their Guide in the wilderness, and in the fullness of His love led them "in the daytime with a cloud, and all the night with a light of fire, He clave the rocks in the wilderness, and gave them drink as out of the great depths. He brought streams also out of the rock, and caused water to run down like rivers." When He resolved to deliver this people from "the hand of the Philistines," he raised up Samson, the son of Manoah. Neither the mother nor the son drank "wine nor strong drink." This colossal and mighty Samson, who rent a young lion "as he would have rent a kid," who caught "three hundred foxes," who smote the Philistines "hip and thigh with great slaughter," who brake seven new cords "as a thread of tow is broken when it toucheth the fire," who took the gates of Gaza "and carried them to the top of an hill that is before Hebron," and who threw down the pillars of his prison-house, was a water-drinker.

> "O madness! to think use of strongest wines,
> And strongest drinks, our chief support of health,
> When God, with these forbidden, made choice to rear
> His mighty champion, strong above compare,
> Whose drink was only from the liquid brook."

Among the purest and noblest of men Daniel takes a high rank. When a captive in the land of Shinar, and dwelling in the palace of Nebuchadnezzar, he "purposed in his heart that he would not defile himself with the portion of the King's meat,

nor with the wine which he drank," because it had been presented as an offering to Bel, the god of the Babylonians, and was unclean by Moses's law. He asked for fruit and vegetables, and "water to drink," and he became "fairer and fatter in flesh than all the children which did eat the portion of the King's meat."

Was not John the Baptist a mighty teacher—a man of power, of great wisdom, abundant in labours, and of blameless life? "Verily I say unto you, among them that are born of women there hath not risen a greater than John the Baptist." He was a drinker of water. Neither wine nor strong drink ever defiled his lips. "From his mother's womb" to his death in prison, the river Jordan, and the pool of Siloam, and "the well of Bethlehem, which is by the gate," and the fountains of Palestine, gave him the waters of God.

But Jesus, who was greater than John, and the Manifestation of Deity, was also a water-drinker. There is no evidence that He ever drank wine—especially is there no evidence that He ever accepted the intoxicating cup. The wine consumed at the Last Supper was clearly the fruit of the vine," and *that* was harmless. See Jesus at the Well of Jacob. When he saw the woman of Samaria come to draw water, He said, "Give me to drink." See Jesus on the Cross. "They gave him wine mingled with myrrh: but He received it not."

Did Paul ever drink wine? Did he ever "drink healths?" When he was sent forth to preach the Gospel, did Barnabas, Simeon, Lucius, Manaen, and he get up an "ordination dinner" at seven-and-sixpence per head, "wine included?" No! "they fasted and prayed" together, and then Barnabas and Paul went on their mission—not filled with wine, but filled with the Holy Spirit. Paul's religion, we fancy, did not savour much of wine. It did bear indications of the Cross. "I keep under my body," wrote he, "and bring it into subjection." Did meat make his brother offend? "I will eat," said he, "no flesh while the world standeth." What more? "It is good neither to eat flesh, nor to drink wine, nor anything whereby thy brother stumbleth, or is offended, or is made weak." Great-souled Paul! But the Divine Book speaks of Living Waters. They flow through the Celestial City, and made glad the Paradise of God. In that "pleasant land," we read, "there shall be no more curse," and when the Good Shepherd shall guide His people into the "green pastures," He will fulfil the saying that is written, "I will give unto him that is athirst of the fountain of the water *of life freely.*"

TEMPERANCE EDUCATIONAL EFFORTS IN THE FRIENDS' SCHOOL AT ACKWORTH.

By JOHN NEWBY.

It is an old and time-honoured maxim, bearing to the sanction of in spiration, that we must train up a child in the way he should go, in orde that when he is old he may not depart from it. And it is a fact, illus trated by tens of thousands of lamentable cases, that when children ar trained up in the way they should not go—as they grow in years, the mostly grow in evil, and never depart from it. There are exceptions but they are tens against tens of thousands. These considerations, whil they bear on many forms, perhaps on every form, of moral evil in society have especial force in reference to the Temperance question. If preven tion is better than cure, where cure is possible, but difficult—how essential is it where cure, alas! is often hopeless, if not impossible! W have reason, indeed, to rejoice with overflowing gratitude to the Fath of mercies, for the miracles of grace, which have crowned the otherwi insufficient labours of Christian philanthropists to reclaim the drunkard But from the hopeless efforts so often made to recover the adult victim of intemperance arose the happy and natural conception of educating th young in temperance principles. The sapling may be bent, shielded reared, when the oak will never yield, unless to the thunderbolt tha rends, or to the hurricane that lays it low. Hence arose our *Bands o Hope*, juvenile associations, in which moral force is brought to give direction to the future life. How *hopeful* we may be in reference to th success and happy results of these associations, facts already bear abundan witness; and it is by facts and results we must test our agencies. "Th tree is known by its fruits."

Ackworth School, in Yorkshire, is a national boarding school, belong ing to the Religious Society of Friends in Great Britain. It was founde about eighty years ago, under a serious conviction that a sound Christia education is one of the most imperative obligations due from a Christia church towards all its members. The principle was broadly avowe that any member of the church, if unable by his circumstances to give good education to his children, should be assisted so to do by his fello professors. It was not a mere advancement in life that was contemplate but that all the children in the society should be brought up, as t Apostle expresses it, "in the nurture and admonition of the Lord."

The institution has, ever since its formation, been conducted under t care and open supervision of the religious body to which it belongs. It freely subject to inspection, and twice every year its condition is submitt to a general meeting, composed of representatives from all parts of t kingdom. Experience has gradually opened up its deficiences; i provements have been introduced in accordance with the general advan of education at large; and perhaps no point has received more attenti than that of moral and religious training. To impart a comprehensi knowledge of Holy Scripture, even more than a direct exposition of t tenets of the Society as a sect, to inculcate a love of philanthropic a

Christian enterprise, and the practice of self-control and self-denial, have been primary objects with the conductors of the school.

Yet, notwithstanding this noble design and these good intentions—and notwithstanding, too, the strict oversight and discipline of the Society of Friends (a discipline reaching to every individual),—deplorable instancces have from time to time occured of individuals who had, with all these advantages, fallen into *vice* and *degradation* from the sin of intemperance. With the best of dispositions they had been led aside—their generous frankness, and amiable cordiality, and good fellowship, often being as the outside ripple that drew them into the vortex, and they were lost before they knew their peril. It is a sad and serious truth, that even among the Society of Friends, as among society at large, there are comparatively few families who have not felt in some of their connctions a part of that woe immeasurable which the drinking habits of our country entail upon all ranks of society, from the prince to the beggar. It was therefore thought desirable in the school at Ackworth to bring the moral power of association to the aid of instruction and discipline, in the struggle against this giant evil. A juvenile Total Abstinence Society was formed among the boys in 1854. The measure was rather a late than early one. By that time the Temperance cause had made considerable progress in the country. The subject was not new to numbers of the children. Their friends in many instances, and their teachers were teetotallers. By the domestic arrangements of the school they were all water-drinkers *within its precincts*. But such had not always been the case: and as somewhat illustrative of our subject, we will glance back at previous customs. The writer of this paper remembers in his youth the four grades of beer-tins; the largest holding, perhaps, half a gill for the biggest boys, the next somewhat less, the next still less, till the smallest contained the two tablespoonfuls, for the least of the flock. Moderate drinking, indeed, but by no means harmless. If the little dose was ridiculously small, a notion of growth was connected with its increase, and above the largest ration of all, the boy looked forward to the full cup of manhood. The child was trained in the way he should not go.

It may be worth while also to note the steps by which, about five-and-twenty years ago, the practice was given up. Individual remonstrances were uttered in private and in public. The children's small beer was home-brewed; but the officer, to whom was intrusted both the brewing and baking, himself became a teetotaller; and on the occasion of his marriage set the example of a teetotal wedding. On the other hand, the stale argument that moderation, not monastic abstinence, should be inculcated, was urged in favour of the small beer and the small beer tankards. The school is under the immediate direction of two large committees, and the decisions of each are submitted for confirmation to the other. But after the Yorkshire committee had concluded to brew no longer, the other, meeting in London, *vetoed* the proposition, and directed that wholesome malt liquor should continue to be used in the school. Exactly at this juncture one of the boys got access to the wholesome beverage alluded to, and drank himself into a state of stupidity. Thenceforward

the brewing was stopped, and in due time the vats were disposed of for water-tanks.

At the formation then of the Total Abstinence Association in 1854, the pupils were water-drinkers while they were within the walls of the school. More than this could not be said. They were often taken off the premises on little excursions by visitors, and during the annual vacations were exposed to other influences. The adoption of a pledge was thrown before the assembled boys. It was explained to them as a voluntary movement, in which each must decide for himself: the painful experience of the past, the danger and snares of the future, and the safeguard afforded by total abstinence, were represented to them: and they were cautioned not to make a hasty decision, but come to a deliberate choice in the matter, and in every case to have the approval of their parents. The result was, that many of the boys enrolled their names; and two of the first secretaries were sons of brewers, acting under the sanction of their parents. At the present time the family of one of them is now entirely clear of the traffic, and that of the other is preparing to wind up the concern. In all, four hundred and fifteen boys have entered their names in this promising Band of Hope. Some are since deceased; the names of fourteen have been erased or withdrawn by request; and of the bulk of the members we cannot speak with certainty, as they are scattered in all parts of the country. For this reason the pledge was drawn in the simplest form: "I hereby agree to abstain from all intoxicating liquors, except for medicinal purposes." An ornamental card of membership was engraved, with the motto, "Water is best," and "Lead us not into temptation." On the left is a miniature view of Ackworth School, and on the right that of a crowded street in a large city. Between them is the sentiment "While total abstainers, we altogether avoid the most prevalent temptation to crime in the world;" and underneath runs the legend, "May the resolution formed at school be maintained with perseverance in after life."

It is understood that on leaving school the boys remain members of the Ackworth Association, unless notice to the contrary be given to the secretaries. They cannot, however, remain under any close oversight after leaving school; and this may be considered a weak point. Nevertheless, their minds have been enlightened; they do not go out into the world ignorant of the snare: they have been taught, that "wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging, and whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise." And instances from time to time come to our knowledge, in which the resolution of youth has been earnestly maintained. One boy was known to adhere to his pledge, though the inmates of his father's family freely indulged in intoxicating liquors. Several, in different parts of England, have thrown their energies, both as workers and speakers, into local societies; and in some instances have been the means of founding them, either simply, or in connection with others. To maintain a direct communication with four hundred individuals scattered about the country, would be rather difficult, if not impracticable. The first who signed the Ackworth pledge, for instance, after labouring diligently in the

small town where he spent his apprenticeship, has now emigrated with his total abstinence principles to Canada. On the whole, therefore, the results of this educational effort are encouraging, though it may be capable of improvement in its details.

The means employed to keep up the children's interest in the cause are occasional lectures from approved Temperance agents, and meetings conducted by the teachers; and the addresses of the latter probably touch more directly the immediate position of the scholars. The *British Workman* and the *Band of Hope Review* are freely circulated, and much read among the boys; and tracts have been sold to them at merely nominal prices, to give away on the road, and in the villages, when they walk out into the country. Some time ago, a circular letter was addressed by the Ackworth Association to the pupils in other Friends' Schools, suggesting the importance of their forming similar societies.

There are in the school about one hundred girls as well as boys; and it was at an early period suggested that they should be invited to take the pledge also. It was considered that they were equally interested in the question, and exposed to the same snare,—nay, as keepers of the keys of their future homes, capable of filling a most important position in the Temperance camp. A girls' association was therefore formed, and the often unite in attending the same lectures. That girls can show real earnestness in this good cause, as in every other, no one need dispute. A great impression was made on their minds some two months ago by a travelling agent of the Temperance League; and they requested their teachers to call a meeting on their side of the school. The writer of this paper was invited to address them, and when the enrolment of names was made on the following day, about seventy new members were added to the list.

To conclude, we can from the experiment at Ackworth recommend the formation of juvenile associations. Let them be cautiously begun, and judiciously managed. Some little privileges and innocent emjoyments may be united with them by way of encouragement; but never let the serious bearing of the question on private and public happiness be lost sight of. Children have great influence over each other, and great influence with their parents; and the degraded victim of intemperance has more than once been drawn back to the paths of virtue, by the gentle solicitations and the speaking example of a tender and earnest child.

CLEAR THE WAY.

By J. LAWRENCE GANE.

Some time since, when in the country, I was rambling one bright and beautiful morning across some green and pleasant fields, when, just beyond a style, over which I had clambered, there lay right across the narrow pathway a large, rugged, prickly, dead branch. My first impulse was to step carefully over it, and pass on, but the thought occurred to me,—"It may not be a stumbling-block to me—I see it and can guard against

it; but it may trip up some one. Some weary wayfarer, treading this path at night, may fall over this branch and injure himself; some little child may come bounding along with heedless gladness, and catching his foot here, may tear his tender limbs; it may harm some one, and can do no good, so I'll move it out of the way;" and I was not content until I had kicked it down in the deep ditch, by the hedge-side, and I then felt all the happier, feeling that I had done something to *clear the way*.

As I pursued my path, amidst sunshine and song, I thought how well it would be, if we all, in our daily pathway through the world, would act on this simple principle, of clearing the way for those who may follow us. In our journey from the cradle to the grave, from time to eternity, we see many a stumbling-block, over which our brothers fall; many a useless branch of custom, which catches tripping feet, and causes them to stumble and bleed. And there is one of these in every path; in village and city, in highway and byeway, which is more dangerous than all the rest. That stumbling-block is STRONG DRINK. The young and beautiful, the manly and noble, pressing forward in the crowd of life, stumble over it, and fall, maimed and wounded; and yet we carelessly allow it to remain there, when with a little trouble we might easily *clear the way*.

Mother! you say that you have passed over this hindrance for many years, and that it has never caught you tripping. Perhaps so; but you have in your home, by your side, a little boy, your only son; you love him right well. Ever since he came into the household, you have felt a deeper joy, and a nobler purpose. His father, years since, left you sorrowing by a husband's grave, but you have this boy to solace you. When your husband died, it was with one hand in yours, and the other on the head of your little darling, and gave him to you to cherish, and to guide. The child has grown a noble boy. You love to gaze in his bright eyes and handsome face, for you see there a resemblance to him, who, long years since, won your love. At times, some word or look or gesture smites your heart with pain, for it reminds you so forcibly of him who has "gone before." Not long ago that boy was ill. The physician despaired of his life. Oh! how you knelt, and wept hot tears upon his fevered brow, and implored God to spare him. The prayer was answered, and the lad is by your side now, with the hue of health on his cheek, and the hope of boyhood in his heart. He will leave you soon; he must go out into the school, and by-and-bye into the world, to fight its battles, and strive

its laurels; to be exposed to its perils, and fascinated by its sures. Evil will seek his allegiance; vice will sing her n songs, and smile her sweetest smiles, to win his love. heart is warm; his nature is impulsive. Will you expose to the perils of the wine cup? Even now he loves to take m your hand. Beware! think of the genial and the great, once fair and promising as your boy, lived to be a bye- and a curse. What if such should be *his* fate? Beware, hat boy you love, when some day eagerly chasing some ed pleasure, should fall over this terrible stumbling-block, ise no more. Mother! as you love that fair child, and as herish the memory of him who has passed into rest, place hat peril in the pathway of the lad, but looking at the rs that beset his footsteps to the better land, do all that in ies, to *clear the way.*

izen—christian—before you is a stumbling-block, over thousands of your brothers and sisters daily fall, and are led down by the pressing crowd. It is a perilous obstruc- n the way to home, to religion, to peace. Do your best to e it altogether, and "*learn the luxury of doing good.*" ether poor or rich, young or old, illiterate or cultured, you lo something to lessen the world's sin and sorrow. Press- n in the path of righteousness and peace yourselves, for ke of those who may follow you, do all you can to *clear ay.*

AN AWFUL TRAGEDY.

[From the "*Scottish League Journal.*"]

"If even gold rusteth, what should iron do:
And if a priest be foul, in whom we trust,
What wonder if the unletter'd layman rust?
And shame it were in him the flock should keep,
To see a sullied shepherd and clean sheep.
For sure a priest the sample ought to give
By his own cleanness how his flock should live."

Chaucer's "Good Parson."

ly a few months have elapsed since we had to chronicle the terrible through dissipation and want, of the editor of a Falkirk newspaper, we are again called upon to announce the fate, in some respects more melancholy, of a man who was the parish minister of Denny years ago, and was on his way the week before last to the south of nd to fill a responsible situation in an academy. About seven k on Tuesday last, a man, about 32 years of age, handsome in per- well dressed, of gentlemanly appearance, and affable manners, called e River Police Station, Newcastle, and asked Forster, the officer in

charge, if any vessel was lying in the river bound for Dieppe. Forster replied that he was not aware that there was any such vessel, but promised to make inquiries on the subject. He noticed that the gentleman smelt of spirits; and, from his style of speech, he concluded that he was a minister. The gentleman, on leaving, said he would return next day; but instead of doing so, he sent a note to Forster, stating that he obtained the information he sought, and cordially thanking the officer for his courtesy. Nothing further was heard of the writer of this note until about half-past six on the morning of Thursday, when persons on board the steamer Newcastle, coming up the river, and when opposite the Mushroom, observed a man struggling in the water, and calling for help. A small boat near put towards him, and as it approached, the drowning man called out, 'Be sharp.' At the same time a life-buoy was thrown from the steamboat, but on its being seen that the sufferer was unable to reach it, a man on the Newcastle jumped overboard with another buoy, and swam towards the drowning man, whom he reached at the same time as the people in the small boat already referred to. The man was taken into the boat and put on board the steamer, where means were used to restore him, but without effect; and by the time he was conveyed to Mr. Carr's Ship Inn, on the Quay, he was quite dead. On further inquiries being instituted, it was ascertained that the deceased had been staying at the Charles XII. Inn, Tyne Bridge, where he had arrived on Friday week. He had given the name of Mr. Burns [his real name was Anderson] to the landlord, who was highly pleased with the engaging manners and gentlemanly conversation of his guest. Mr. Burns appeared to have a good stock of cash; but it would seem that he was rather partial to the bottle, and of somewhat irregular habits. On the Saturday night, while out in Newcastle, he fell among loose company; and was robbed of all his money, his watch, and his coat and vest; but on returning to his inn, he strongly declined to lodge any information with the police authorities respecting the robbery. In the course of the Monday moning he left the inn, saying he was going to see a minister of the Scotch Church in Newcastle, with whom he was acquainted. He never came to the inn again. It is conjectured that, after a night of dissipation, while in the neighbourhood where he was found in the Tyne, he had gone down an alley to the edge of the river to bathe his face, and had fallen in.

So ended the career of one who was educated for the work of the holy ministry; who was duly ordained a minister of the Church of Scotland, and a deacon of the Church of England; and who, but for the ensnaring influence of the accursed drink, might now have been an honoured and succesful labourer in Christ's vineyard. It is with such cases before us that our souls turn into bitterness when we see ministers and elders of the Christian church, professing to teach the gospel which tells them that 'it is good neither to drink wine nor anything whereby a brother stumbleth,' and who nevertheless, by using alcoholic drinks at their tables, and giving their tacit sanction and even their open countenance to drinking customs, encourage people in the use of poisonous and intoxicating drinks against the seductive influence of which even Christian ministers, with all

their advantages of knowledge, education, and social safeguards, may find it impossible to stand. We appeal to the common sense of ministers of the Gospel if it be not true that if they practised total abstinence, such cases would never occur. And we appeal to their Christian principles if it be not worth the self-denial of their glass of wine, to save their weaker brethren from so frightful a fate as the one which has just occured, with all its concomitant shame and wretchedness to relatives and friends, and the scandal it brings upon the cause of Christ.

OUR ADVOCACY—ITS WEAKNESS AND ITS POWER.

By Mr. G. M. MURPHY.

We take the following positions for granted:—

That the moral, mental, physical, and social evils, resulting from intemperance, are universally acknowledged by thoughtful and intelligent minds.

That the drunkenness of Great Britain, in all its stages, proceeds, mainly, from the use of alcoholic drinks.

That the drinking usages prevail, and work immense mischief among all classes of society.

That facilities for obtaining exciseable liquors are fearfully numerous, and sanctioned by various laws; these laws and facilities being an offshoot of the acquired appetite for intoxicating beverages.

That the entire disuse of alcoholic liquors is the only feasible remedy yet propounded for the evils we deplore.

That the principles of total abstainers are, scripturally, scientifically, and experimentally true.

That it is the duty of Temperance reformers, by every means in their power, privately as well as publicly, to disseminate these truths.

That prudence dictates the embodying of public sentiment in legal enactments against the trade in intoxicants, as far and as fast as that sentiment is created.

That the ultimate triumph of sobriety is certain, and however the faith and patience of teetotallers may be tried, working in hope, guided by wisdom, and strengthened by God, victory must at last be theirs.

Believing these points incontestable, we proceed to point out the method by which our work as Temperance advocates may be permanently advanced, and to state some means whereby the cause is sometimes seriously hindered.

Without honesty of purpose and purity of motive no advocate can really succeed, whether he preach, write, or lecture, whether

he labour indoors or out. The hollowness of insincerity will leak out at last, to his confusion and shame; the cause, alas (among the unthinking) bearing no small share of his reproach.

To deep-seated principle the advocate must add steadiness of purpose, intelligent conviction, general good sense, and an aptitude to communicate truth to his hearers. His facts *should be facts*. His illustrations should bear on his subject, his inferences should be logical, his bearing gentlemanly, and he should finish speaking when his speech is finished. His opponent should not only be tolerated, but listened to with respect. If his opposition is honest, respect is due to the man; but if not, respect is due to the speaker himself, and the cause he represents; an intolerant speech is an offence against freedom of thought, and weakens the cause he who makes it would defend.

The advocate who cultivates his natural talents and abilities, striving to add the charm of elocution to the grace of truth, must be powerful. He, like Dr. Watts' busy bee,

"Gathers honey all the day.
From every op'ning flower."

It is very pitiable when, with the world as a storehouse of facts and incidents, the Temperance speaker goes on year by year ignoring them all, uttering the same platitudes, cracking the old jokes, wearing still more threadbare, long since "used up" illustrations. The good steward brings out of the storehouse things *new* and old.

Naturalism must never be departed from by the advocate who would succeed. It is awkward, as a wooden legged elephant, to see a man naturally grave striving to be grotesque. True, he sometimes creates laughter, but *at* him instead of *with* him. It is no less a mistake for a man whose rough and ready *experience* would carry conviction to every hearer's heart, to get himself into the, to him, fog-bank of learned disquisition, using words ignorant of their meaning, perplexing his hearers, shaming his friends, and betraying the cause by darkening counsel by words without knowledge. The old proverb says, "Let the shoemaker stick to his last;" so here, let the scientific man speak authoritatively on science, the historian on history, the divine on divinity, the economist on social statistics, the experimentalist on experience, the statistician on statistics, and let us *use* their facts without aping their positions, and our work will prosper. The successful advocate must discriminate between things that differ. We lately heard a speaker affirm that the *traffic* was the cause *of which* drinking and drunkenness was the *effect*—a position

about as tenable as that butchers' shops are the cause of the consumption of beef, mutton, and pork. Another speaker, at the same meeting, spoke of the shutting up of the public-houses, &c., as "striking the axe at the *root* of the tree," both speakers seeming to forget that the trade in drink was a very natural sequence to the habit of drinking, and that instead of being the root it was but a scathing *branch* of a more destructive *stem*. Such statements would damage the speakers' cause, and weaken their influence with every intelligent hearer. The analytical faculty would enable us to give to each argument its proper weight and position; to select at will the weak points of an unfriendly attack, as well as help us to systematise our own, thus preventing what is sometimes done, travelling from Dan to Beersheba in a speech, and landing "nowhere" at last.

Personalities should never be indulged in by the advocate. Attacks on individuals, or illiberal invective, is suicidal to success. The Temperance platform is not the arena for the display of personal bitterness, but for the enunciation of great principles. Coarseness or indelicacy should be carefully eliminated from the speaker's address. He who by his advocacy brings a blush to the cheeks of modesty, or gives a taint to the youthful mind, has sown a seed which may germinate in distrust to the cause, and lead to the alienation of many from our ranks. Our only hope of success is in the adhesion of the good, the wise, the virtuous, and the holy, and he who offends one of these little ones throws a stone of stumbling in the path of progress.

Presumptuous predictions of a speedy final triumph are a source of weakness to the cause. Prophetic clap-trap may catch the ear, and draw the applause of an ignorant or partizan crowd; but sober sense laughs it to scorn; the world will not be made moral at a bound, and when the disapointment comes, those who before yoked themselves to the prophet's chariot wheels, receive such a shock to their faith that they lose heart and hope, not unfrequently turning back, to their own dishonour, and injury of the cause.

Exaggerated statements and over-drawn pictures are highly injurious and prejudicial. The evil is fierce enough; we need not make it more grim. A skeleton is ghastly enough without paint. Besides, if proof is publicly demanded, resort must be had to the plea of ignorance, or prevarication, and a damaging exposure is the result, the effects of which years will not wipe away from the minds of the audience.

Consistency of conduct must mark the measure of an advo-

cate's success. Who can calculate the power of a blameless life? Who estimate the mischief done by an inconsistent or immoral advocate? A Judas spite of Judas' example. The Temperance cause has bleeding wounds from stabs more deep than Brutus gave to Ceasar; she only does not die, because founded on truth and cannot. But, alas! too often, like the kindly woodman, she has warmed once frozen snakes, who have used their lives to sting her. We need vigilance to mark such as walk disorderly, and whatever their rank, station, or standing, to discountenance them as far as possible.

We must prepare to meet objections to our principles; to meet them, not browbeat the objectors. Our replies should be truthful, lucid, kind, courteous. We have no right to suppose (unless we know to the contrary) but that the querist is really seeking for information. It does not follow that because we are familiar with the question of teetotalism everybody else is; and even should an objection be made from mere captiousness, it is possible some in the meeting may be anxious upon the point mooted, though lacking the courage to make the inquiry.

No advocate should begin and close an address without a distinct enunciation of the principles of the pledge. No meeting should be held without an opportunity being afforded for signing the pledge; in this age of oratory this is sometimes forgotten.

Prodigies, whether young or old, need dealing with prudently, or the cause may suffer. As a general rule they need pulling back rather than pushing forward, the bearing rein before the spur; genius will find its level. We are frequently reminded that being great, and wishing to be great are quite two distinct things; and it is well for all to know that it is better to be useful without brilllance, than brilliant without use. He who combines both will not have to hide his light under a bushel long. The Temperance cause demands, and is worthy of, men of superior intelligence. Its representative men must be workmen needing not to be ashamed, and such will soon become a power in our ranks.

"Toadyism" of all kinds is an unmistakable sign of weakness; waiting at the lips of a "great man" for an opinion, or an utterance, which he may have been "crammed" to make, or goaded to utter, and then trumpeting it through the land as a matured reflection, is a piece of snobbishness, disgusting propriety, and offensive to honesty and common sense. We will rejoice in the accession of men of "rank and standing" to our cause, but will not abate on jot of principle to court their favour, nor will their

adhesion, if we are wise, startle us from our propriety, for it is still true that "Better is a poor and wise child than an old and foolish king."

The infusion of denominational differences into Temperance advocacy is destructive of harmony and inimical to success. In religion, politics, and other things we must "agree to differ," whilst uniting against the common foe. Much more might be said on the subject of the paper; but we forbear, simply saying that of the things of which we have spoken this is the sum:—If we would not weaken the cause of our advocacy, we must avoid rabbast, coarseness, dishonesty of quotation, and discourtesy, exaggeration, imitation, inconsistency, indelicacy, personalities, predictions, sectarianism, toadyism, and unkindliness of speech and manner; while to strengthen and deepen the tide of Temperance truth, we must cultivate and carry out—aptness to teach, purity, clearness of statement, consistency, conviction of right, determination to succeed, discrimination of character, foster our moral abilities, gather and systemise facts; gentlemanly bearing must ever prevail, good sense must guide, honesty of purpose unmistakeable, logic convincing, naturalness of manner; principle must ever rule, purity of speech and gesture never be departed from; store up incidents as they arise for future use, tolerate, and not browbeat opposition, be truthful at all hazards, and urbane under every provocation; in short, add to "Temperance patience, and to patience godliness, and to godliness brotherly kindness, and to brotherly kindness love; for if these things be in you and abound," ye shall never fail.

POETRY.

THE MANSION OF ALCOHOL.

By E. J. OLIVER.

I beheld a mansion in the visions of my slumber,
Gay, dazzling and radiant, with a hundred jets of light,
And bottles fair to look upon, and countless without number,
Arranged in many an even row, formed an imposing sight;
Fair gems of art from every clime were lavished in profusion,
And all that man could do, was done, to charm his brother's gaze,
But though the place was beautiful, wild tumult and confusion
Reigned all around, and filled my heart with sorrow and amaze.

And as I stood and listened came a widow poor and weary,
"Oh give me back my only son," in agony she cried,
"For years he's been my hope and stay, and he was always near me,
Till lured by your Satanic arts he left his mother's side."
But all within that palace laughed to scorn her sad bewailing;
They heeded not her broken sobs—her wild heart-rending cry,
Her tears—her cries—her earnest prayers—to them were unavailing,
And she sank upon the ground, with a broken heart to die.

And as I gazed and listened, came a child with tatter'd clothing,
Her little feet were shoeless, and her eyes were filled with tears;
She stood upon the threshold, and with instinctive loathing,
She gazed upon the maddened groups, who greeted her with jeers;
But the child had seen her father, and she hastened to intreat him
To leave his gay companions and that gilded hall of sin;
But the drunkard, in his fury, hurled the little suppliant from him,
And she lay there, bruised and bleeding, 'midst the ceaseless noise and din.

Young and old, and sick and healthy—rich and poor—came without ceasing:
Little children yet untainted—hardened wretches sunk in sin;
Drunken husbands, fathers, brothers, the huge crowd kept increasing,
Girls young and fair, and mothers too—came madly rushing in.
Then arose my voice to heaven, that the Lord would crush for ever,
That vile traffic which is hurling tens of thousands down to hell,
And that christian men and women might with heart and soul endeavour
To cast from off our fatherland, drink's soul-destroying spell.

THE NEED AND USEFULNESS OF TOTAL ABSTINENCE.

By the Rev. T. B. STEPHENSON.

Although I am a very young minister, I have had sufficient experience to show me that we cannot get on in our churches without this Temperance cause. There is a man now in connection with the people to whom I preach regularly; that man, when I first went to the chapel where I minister at Norwich, had been a member of the Church, but had turned through drinking. After a time he signed the pledge, and became a sober man, and having given due signs of repentance, we admitted him again into our communion, and permitted him to enjoy the privileges of a member of the church. Again, the man feeling that the old craving was waking up in him, has again broken his pledge and become a drunkard—not habitually, but still more than once he was overcome with strong drink, and therefore we were obliged again to refuse him the benefits of church membership. Now, what am I to do as a minister of the church? Can I say, "Trust in the grace of God?" Certainly, I must say that; but God helps men not when they rush madly into temptation, but when temptation comes upon them. When men will rush into temptation, then they must find strength to fight against it. I say to this man, "There is no chance for you unless you become a teetotaller;" and I believe that, without teetotalism, under God, that man could not be saved. While there is the craving in a man's heart, and passion unrebuked and unchecked, I do not see how it is possible for him to become a Christian man. I say to such, "Go and take the pledge to abstain from drink. There may be a doubt about its harmlessness to other people, but there is no question in your case—you cannot partake and be moderate." There is another man, now a useful member of the Church in Norwich. Some six years ago he was a great prize-fighter, and used to be very great at single-stick and boxing, and all the rest of it; in fact, he was quite noted in that part of the country for his capacity in teaching people blackguardism. This man had for a long time been accustomed to go on a Saturday night and spend part of his wages in the public-house. At last he began to look upon it in a commercial point of view—(I have never known another instance in which a man has been reclaimed from monetary motives)—and he resolved that at any rate he would try it for one Saturday night. He stayed away from the public-house, and, of

course, had got much more money to take home to his wife in consequence. He liked it so well that he tried it a second Saturday night, and before he became at all affected by religious truth he became a teetotaller. Very soon afterwards he lost a little child, and he told me that when the child died he went up into the room where it lay, and for the first time, probably, in his life, knelt down and prayed to God. Why, what would that man have done if he had still been a drinker? He would have run off to the public-house to drown his sorrow in drunkenness. But he was a teetotaller, and the little child there laid out dead upon the bed made more impression upon him than the most eloquent sermon. The next Sunday he went to church, and he has been now for three or four years a consistent member of the church, and is one of the most active Sunday-school teachers I have ever known.

CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of the "BAND OF HOPE RECORD."

DEAR SIR,—In visiting various Bands of Hope and Temperance Societies, I often regret to hear it said, "We cannot get the children to come;" or, "We cannot get the people out." Just to show some of our friends what may be done even in warm weather in this respect, I trouble you with the following little history:—A Band of Hope was started in connection with a Wesleyan Sunday School in South London. It seemed to be the impression that as the Society was started, by a minute to this effect being recorded, that the children of the neighbourhood would be sure of knowing this. Of course they did *not*. At the first meeting there were 8 present; at the second 13; at the third 7; at the fourth 157. What brought about the change? This. One of the teachers made up his mind to USE THE MEANS to get a meeting. The means were very simple. He got 500 little bills printed, five inches by four, with a neat border; on the four edges of the bills were four striking little facts about the drink, which *children could understand*, and within the border, a kind simple invitation, intimating that the child to whom it was given would be welcome to the meeting The children, and even 20 parents accepted the invitation, were thoroughly pleased with the meeting, and went away delighted. I believe the same means used anywhere, would be equally successful. I forgot to say the bills were given away at the doors of the sunday school, two day schools near at hand, 100 by the city missionary of the neighbourhood, and a few to the children leaving the chapel, on the Sunday evening previous. I shall be glad to send to any one wanting it, one of these little bills.

I am, Sir, yours faithfully,

F. SMITH.

37, Queen Square. W.C.

Annals of the Band of Hope Union.

THE TEMPERANCE CONGRESS.

our readers are now, no doubt, familiar with the proceedings of the ress, convened by the National Temperance League, it is not neces- or us to enter into detail with regard to it. We heartily congratulate llow-workers on the admirable papers they evoked, and the meetings eld. At the fête, held in the Crystal Palace, a thousand children nection with the Band of Hope Union, in compliance with the t of the National Temperance League, occupied the orchestra. hey and their leader, Mr. F. Smith, did their part, the *Weekly* shall inform our readers :—

feature of the day is announced : the 'little ones' have been ranging lves, the orchestra is once more filled ; but this time the mass of haired, soft featured children make it radiant as a summer cloud d in the roseate dyes of morning ; and as we gaze we can well fancy ome grand old master would have drawn inspiration from such a picturing that angel band which to the benighted shepherds sang ndwill and peace.'

w the people flock to the foot of that orchestra ! not a portion of the lg but is deserted. Far down the transept on either side the throng th; yet a silence deep as the grave falls upon all, as the note is und the young choir bursts into melody. If ever pride be pardon- l might be to those who now reap the results of their patient and nd care and attention bestowed upon the training of these children. rfect time and harmony they kept, the enthusiasm developed, the g of discrimination, so early displayed, but which render the exe- of these simple songs a truly artistic performance, which may well the most fastidious ears.

o often has it been our painful duty to take exception on similar ions to the faults of commission or omision—the hesitating drawl, equal pressing of time ; but the praise which is due is here unquali- the thousand little voices ring along the crystal roof in such perfect that to us—sitting apart, all senses merged in that of hearing— might be one. And not in melody alone—the children's hearts and are in it ; hark to the burst of enthusiasm with which they bid perance and her sons rejoice,' and judge if they do not feel what ing ; listen to the thrilling plaint as the voices die away—'Oh ! for youth and beauty, in the grave laid low.' What fêted prima of them all ever gave half such meaning to the words she warbled carried such conviction to the hearts of her listeners, or elicited use more genuine than that which rings to the echoes as the song is ed, only, however, to be recommenced. There is soul, there is ing, in the harmony ; the singers gave them life, and the listeners me them with energy. But the finale has arrived, the audience rise se as they join in 'God save the Queen,' and we are wondering if gracious Lady, *could* but know what influences are here at work to

raise up loyal hearts and lusty arms in defence of her and hers, wc not be fain at least to favour us? Would the truths bearing fr day in the People's Palace lack fostering in the home of our Sove

THE LABOURS OF OUR AGENTS.

The following is a summary of the agents' labours, the past month:—

Mr. Blaby has addressed the following meetings:—Bloo Refuge, twice; Denmark street, twice; Whitecross place, Fi Star of Temperance, twice; Moor street, Five dials; Prospect ro worth road; Mill Pond bridge, Rotherhithe; Shadwell; Hend meetings at Kenilworth; also meetings at Leamington, Cubl Stoneleigh, &c. Mr. Blaby has also preached eight sermons, dressed four sabbath schools.

We have received the following from Mr. Bowick, th fatigable Secretary of Kenilworth Band of Hope:—

Your agent, Mr. Blaby, has again laboured most acceptabl fortnight, in this place, and has also delivered lectures at sever wickshire villages, where branch societies are formed. His servi been highly appreciated on this his third annual visit of the like d

Mr. F. Smith was engaged during part of the month, in train children to sing at the Crystal Palace. He has also attended the fc meetings:—Bow; Vauxhall walk Wesleyan Chapel; Denmark Ogle mews; Lant street, Borough; Stepney; Islington; and A row, Kent street.

THE LABOURS OF A TEMPERANCE AGENT.—We are informed t W. B. Affleck, one of the agents of the Band of Hope Uni during three months, delivered addresses to five Mothers' Meet which there were present 400 persons; spoken nine times to the of Reformatories, when 840 were present; addressed nine I Sunday Schools, with 4,695 scholars in attendance; preached times, to audiences comprising 4,610 adults; lectured to twe Bands of Hope, when 8,800 children heard him discourse on t sings of a sober and christian life; and took part in thirty total ab meetings, the various audiences of which amounted to 21,910 Mr. Affleck is now labouring in the North, as the agent of the I Auxiliary to the Band of Hope Union.

SOUTHAMPTON.—On Wednesday evening, August 13th, 1862, tertainment, (the first of a series,) was given by the members and of the Richmond Band of Hope, in St. James' School-room, Ca terrace, when several friends, including the parents of some of t dren, assembled. The chair was occupied by Mr. J. Lumby, wh the meeting with prayer, then followed a variety of recitations and During the evening, addresses were delivered by Mr. G. Coll Mr. A. Jones. The proceedings were of a most interesting chara all present appeared to be highly gratified with the evening's e ment.

J. BALE, Printer, 78, Great Titchfield-street, Marylebone.

BAND OF HOPE RECORD.

THE TWO DEATH-BEDS.

By the Rev. G. W. McCREE.

It is my lot to see many men die. I am still a young man, but I have stood by the bed-sides of more dying men and women than I choose to count. Some of them died in fearful agony of mind. Some of them perished in cellars and attics. Some of them expired in hospitals, of cancer, fever, and cholera. Some of them died in peace.

So fades a summer cloud away ;
So sinks the gale when storms are o'er ;
So gently shuts the eye of day ;
So dies a wave along the shore.

The final moments of two men whom I knew, deserve special record, and will, I trust, be deemed worthy of this memorial. Let me begin with my well-beloved friend John. His father was a famous fighter, and like all men of his class, he was profane and drunken and wicked. John was born and trained in the midst of oaths, quarrels, card-playing, and lewdness. As soon as he could fight he did fight. He was always ready for a fray, and nothing pleased him better than "a regular set-to." He used to attend prize-fights, and I remember he told me that he twice saw Owen Swift contend in the ring. Like other violent and intemperate men he was addicted to wife-beating, and I saw his wife in an hospital undergoing an operation made necessary by his brutal treatment. Not long after this assault he was induced to sign the pledge, and he never broke it. Soon after his adhesion to total abstinence, he resolved upon doing what he had never done before, namely, attend the House of God. He went. The singing was beautiful. The prayers were short and simple. The lessons were read in a slow, distinct, varied voice. The sermon was on "The Common Salvation." John felt in a new and higher and more beautiful world. During the week the sins of his life troubled him. He sighed and wept. He longed for the Sabbath of the Lord, that he might hear the Gospel. Again the minister ascended the pulpit—looked round his congregation—announced his text, and thus it read :—"THERE IS JOY IN THE PRESENCE OF THE ANGELS OF GOD OVER ONE SINNER THAT REPENTETH." John felt transfixed. This was glorious news. This was a

message of peace. This was the blessed saying his soul longed for. John became a Christian, and for about four years he adorned the doctrines of the New Testament. A more humble, contented, peaceful-looking man I have rarely seen. The hour of his death came. He was asked whether he still trusted in the Lord Jesus. He replied—"It all right—it is all right," and died. Many wept at his grave, and to this day his memory is as pure incense and precious ointment.

And now for the history of my intimate friend Thomas. He was a member of a trade in which drunkards abound. He soon fell a victim to their example. At fourteen years of age he got drunk, and for a long series of years his life was marked by recklessness and debauchery. He swore. He associated with the vile of both sexes. He violated the laws of God. When he married, his life became even worse. Both he and his wife indulged in all the low, filthy, degrading habits common to the intemperate. They were often intoxicated for days together. When Saturday night came, and Thomas got his wages, the publican was sought, and his burning fluids purchased and swallowed with fearful eagerness. When the glory of the Sabbath morning shone on the window of his room, Thomas was generally in a drunken dream. When the Monday came he was pale, blear-eyed, nervous, and ready to die. So he went on for many a year. But God granted him repentance unto life. One Sabbath he was out drinking. As he went along the street he found himself near the door of a Temperance Hall where a religious service was being held. He pushed open the door, and looked in. The preacher was delivering the last sentence of his sermon. "*Repent!*" he cried. "*Repent!! Aged sinners are seldom saved. Therefore, repent now, that you may be saved.*"

Thomas heard the sentence, and saw the preacher sit down. Turning away he mused, and said "It is high time for me to repent." And from that hour he sought to live a holy life. He signed the pledge, and the preacher went to see him, and prayed with him. The drunkard became sober, and for a time he did well. Then he fell, and was seen reeling about the streets. The preacher went to seek him, and again the pledge was signed. Thomas now attended the Temple of God. Evidence was given that he had become "a new creature." Both his home and his workshop witnessed his prayers. His neighbours confessed his christian excellence. But he was to be tried in a fiery furnace. It was found necessary to advise him to consent to an awful surgical operation. The time was fixed

nty-one medical men were present to witness it, and Tho-
was on the table for three quarters of an hour. All went
Once more, however, had he to feel the torture of the
on's knife, and again he survived it. He was able to re-
to his work, and to his place in the House of the Lord.
is time Thomas's wife was often drunk, and behaved in a
ful manner. One day she commenced drinking. The
th dawned, and found her in a degraded state. Thomas
d her most kindly, and then went to public worship. On
turn home he prepared his wife some tea, and gave it to
He then engaged in prayer. On laying down beside his
e said:—
h! if you would only lead a better life, Mary, I would be
y man. Will you?"
will, Tom!" was her response.
Thomas gave no answer. The Angel of Death had laid
d hand upon his breast, and it ceased to beat. His wife
he alarm, and his friends and neighbours rushed in, and
earnestly upon his face. It was pale and calm.

They looked;
He was dead;
His spirit had fled;—
Painless and swift as his own desire.
The soul undrest
From her mortal vest,
Had stepped in her car of heavenly fire,
And proved how bright
Were the realms of light,
Bursting at once upon the sight.

en Thomas was borne to his grave, many—many followed
ourners, and I felt that I had lost a dear friend who "was
or God took him."

PRACTICAL PAPERS, No. 8.

By Mr. G. M. MURPHY.

TUNEFUL MELODIES.

f I but make a nation's songs," said Fletcher, of Saltoun,
re not who may make their laws." A people's songs
exert a mighty influence for good or ill, upon their own
s and homes, as also upon their country's destiny. The
ly crime of war, would never have been arrayed in such
ous attire, nor would its tide of blood and death have
so deep, and broad, had not the painters, historians, and

poets, combined to represent its sanguinary stream as beautifie by more than rainbow hues of glory.

So with Intemperance. The goblet, the tankard, the vine the barleycorn, the lordly revel, and the wayside inn, have eac their poetical panegyrists, many of whom, even while the praise of drink and drinkers are flowing from their pen, are bein murdered by the theme they sing. Bacchus, the personificatio of every lewdness, and whose infamous rites and ceremonie heathen Rome united to suppress, has his altars and worshi established in every enlightened and christian land. Hymn and odes are ever being chaunted in his praise; while his wor ship is so literally reduced to practice, that George Cruikshank' gigantic picture, so ghastly in its glaring truthfulness, appear more like a panorama of current events than an effort of the artistic genius and skill.

We owe very much of this infamy, suffering, sin, and shame to the metrical praises of "rosy wine," dedicated by misguide poets to the "Jolly God." What a mockery of a title! How terribly grim it appears, when viewed by the medium of th victims ruined at his shrine. "The Jolly God!" Think o the jolliness of the poverty and bankruptcy he is ever occasion ing; how "jolly" the misery that, like a shadow, ever dogs hi steps; the "jolly" crime to which he leads; the "jolly" mad ness which so frequently seizes his victims; how "jolly" th gout, and other maladies his devotions create; how "jolly the deaths of drunken suicides, and alas! how "jolly" the he beyond. Think of all these, and then we shall in some degre have estimated the results to which his godship's joviality lead

But if songs in favour of drink, war, and vice, are fraugl with mischief, may not ballads and melodies, on the side o sobriety and virtue, be rife with good? Our reply is unhesit tingly in the affirmative. He who has written a good song fo childhood, is a benefactor to the human race. Watts' Mor Songs for Children, have done more in England, to restrai passion and wrong, than all the human laws since devise Next to the writer of a good piece for singing, the praise o men, aye, and the smile of angels, is his, who writes a pleasar tune to which to sing it. The teacher who brings both poe and composer together into the children's voice, mind, an hearts will not lack his share of praise, and doing his work wel will impart a pleasure which death only can destroy. W never lose the memory of childhood's music. If young peopl are to be happy, we must teach them to sing, and to sing wha *is sensible* and true, as well as melodiously sweet in sound.

The Band of Hope movement has done something towards improving childhood's songs. The Sunday and Day Schools, by reason of priority of establishment, still more. But the Temperance contribution to the world of harmony has been by no means unimportant. Who that heard the thousand voices of the Band of Hope children, brought together by the "Union," to sing at the great Temperance Gathering of the National Temperance League at the Crystal Palace, in August last, but is fully convinced of this! What unison of voice! How distinctly the words were rendered! The papers containing the words were almost superfluous, so clear and unmistakable was the utterance of the children. This is as it should be, if our singing in Band of Hope meetings is to become an attraction and a power.

Tunes should be correctly taught, words be learnt without mistake, and such melodies only used as have a clear and well-defined meaning. The conductor should make suitable selections for stated times: in the open air, simple and lively tunes should be used; for festivals, friendly and inviting words, set to grand and cheerful music. The artistic (unless thoroughly learnt) and the instructive part of the singing should be left to the ordinary practice meetings.

Happily, there is now a large choice of melodies from which to select, so that almost every taste may be suited; but for general use and diversity, the hymns and melodies published by the Band of Hope Union are comprehensive in their range, and the tunes excellent; while its cheapness (one penny for twenty melodies) is a sure guarantee of acceptance with very many. Earnestly pleading with Band of Hope conductors that they will see that the melody department of their work is conducted with increased efficiency and zeal, we conclude by presenting our readers with some original specimens of the kind of melodies and tunes adapted for different occasions, and which may act as a key-note for the guidance of our friends. For an Open-Air Meeting:—

TUNE—"*Minnie.*"

There's an evil rife in our father land,
  Which causes sin and woe;
A giant curse, which our youthful band,
  Unite to overthrow.
    Be sober, be sober, and happy be!
To your pledge be true, and your Saviour too.
    From all temptation flee.

Although but young, we'll nobly strive
Intemp'rance to subdue ;
That hearts, now drooping, may revive,
And share our blessings too.
Be earnest, be earnest, and loving be !
For a kind word said is a mighty aid
In obtaining victory.

Oh ! list to the wail of the drunkard's child,
And hear its mother's moan ;
Alas ! it is long since that mother smiled
In her early, happy home.
Be active, be active, and prayerful be,
She yet may rejoice at her husband's voice,
And *he* may yet be free.

Let kindness blend with each effort made
To break the drunkard's chain ;
With looks of love to his rescue move,
And we his heart may gain.
Speak gently, speak gently, make trial fair,
Gentle tones may win that heart from sin,
And stamp God's image there.

To God we look our work to bless,
To him our voices raise ;
"Oh crown our movement with success,
"And Thou shalt have the praise.
"Our Father, our Father, oh haste the time !
"When Thy name shall be known in each heart and home,
"And the world shall all be Thine."

For a New Year's Festival, or an Annual Meeting:—

TUNE—"*Cheer, Boys, Cheer.*"

Welcome friends, we bid you kindly welcome,
Welcome friends, we gladly meet you here,
Our good cause your help and presence strengthens,
As thus with joy we usher in the year.
Mighty the sin with which we seek to grapple,
Blighting men's hopes, destroying their peace ;
But cheer'd from above we gird us for the battle,
Nor till we conquer shall earnest effort cease.
Welcome friends, &c.
[1*st four lines.*]

What though foes unite to stay our progress,
We'll work on, rememb'ring the reward ;
Truth stands firm against all combinations,
Its friend and helper, creation's mighty Lord.
Drunkards reclaimed, the nation it will prosper,
Crime be restrained, and vice yield its throne ;
Hearts nearly crush'd will rise to joy and gladness,
And the rude shelter become the happy home.
Welcome friends, &c.

Help, then, help! we need your kind assistance,
  Sign our pledge, and to abstain begin;
And then soon, in spite of Hell's resistance,
  The stronghold of sickness and sorrow we shall win.
Glorious the war in which we are engaging,
  Seeking to staunch the death-dealing tide!
Lend, lend your aid, while fierce the battle's raging,
  We've God for our captain, His word for our guide.
Welcome friends, &c.

For a general Gathering, when parents, teachers, and others ay be present:—

TUNE—"*Willie, we have missed you.*"

Dear children, we invite you come, come, and sign,
Before the foe can smite you, give up strong drink and wine;
Come join our Band of Hope, and let us happy be,
A noble band, compact and brave, from drink's allurements free.
Temptations let us shun, in virtues strive to shine,
Dear children, we invite you—come, come, and sign.

Dear parents, we invite you, come, come, and sign,
Our cause will more delight you, if you'll with us combine,
We know you love us well, and always seek our good,
Then join our ranks against the drink, *we really wish you would*,
Our homes will then be free from the subtle serpent's slime,
Dear parents, we invite you, come, come, and sign.

Dear teachers, we invite you, come, come, and sign,
Let not the pledge affright you, our principle's divine,
Strong drink's the foe of God—no less the foe of man,
And ever strives to overturn each Sabbath teacher's plan;
The Sunday school it streaks with Death's destructive sign—
Dear teachers, we invite you, come, come, and sign.

And friends all, we invite you, come, come, and sign,
Although we won't indict you with drinking as a crime,
Yet see the fearful woe it works on all around,
And much sad sin might soon be stayed if you with us were found.
Oh! then by precept, prayer, and by bright example shine,
Dear friends, we now invite you, come, come, and sign.

For a Children's Meeting on an ordinary occasion. The erses within brackets [ ] to be used if occasion served—*i. e.*, ' any teachers or parents, who were not abstainers, were resent:—

TUNE—"*We love the Sunday School.*"

The Band of Hope we love to meet,
  Upon the meeting night,
And hasten there with willing feet,
  In friendship to unite.
    For we love the Band of Hope,
    Yes we do,—we love the Band of Hope.

Our union is against the drink,
Which brings so many sad,
Which brings such crowds to ruin's brink,
And drives so many mad.
So we love, &c.

So many souls the drink destroys,
We think it can't be right,
And so, although but girls and boys,
Against it we will fight.
For we love, &c.

Our Saviour taught us good to do,
Though it might cause us pain,
But here we good examples shew,
And health and freedom gain.
So we love, &c.

Then little children join our band,
And lads and lasses come,
Be joined with us in heart and hand,
And drinking customs shun.
For we love, &c.

[And teachers, help us souls to win,
And turn them from the snare,
Which yearly draws its thousands in,
And lures them to despair.
For we love, &c.]

[And parents, we, your children pray,
That you our cause will aid,
And with our teachers lead the way,
From drink's destructive shade.
For we love, &c.]

O God, we lift our hearts to thee,
Lay bare thy shining sword,—
From drink's black curse our country free,
Thy kingdom come, O Lord.
Ever bless the Band of Hope,
Gracious God, succeed the Band of Hope.

Fellow labourers, keep yourselves and the children from vulgar parodies, doggerel, and nonsense, and it shall be well with you, well with them, and well with the cause of Temperance.

HOW WE DO IT.

To the Editor of the "BAND OF HOPE RECORD."

Dear Sir,—In accordance with your request, I have much pleasure in sending you a detailed account of the manner in which our Band of Hope is conducted, and trust that other Societies may be induced to furnish

similar particulars. We shall probably gain a few hints from one another's experience.

Any child desirous of becoming a member of our Band of Hope, is required to fill in one of the following forms of application, which can be obtained on meeting nights :—

HAVERSTOCK BAND OF HOPE,

OR

Juvenile Temperance Society,

HAVERSTOCK SCHOOL ROOM, HAVERSTOCK HILL.

Name of Child wishing to become a Member _____

Residence _____

Age _____ *Date* _____

Children of both sexes, between the ages of 5 and 16, are invited, *with the consent of their Parents*, to become Members. They will be required to give their names to the following Declaration :—

"By the grace of God, I promise to abstain from all Intoxicating Drinks, and I will try to induce others to do the same."

Children wishing to join should send in their names and residences above, and return the paper on a meeting night of the Band of Hope, held on the SECOND and FOURTH WEDNESDAY of each Month, commencing at Six o'Clock in the Evening, and terminating at Eight.

The Superintendent will call with "The Declaration," for signature by the Child whose name is filled in above, and also by the Parent and Guardian, signifying their consent.

H. T. STANES, *Superintendent.*

In due time the Superintendent calls with the following simple paper for signature :—

THE DECLARATION. No. _____

By the grace of God, I promise to abstain from all Intoxicating Drinks, and I will try to induce others to do the same.

Signature _____

Residence _____

Age _____ *Date* _____

Signature of Parent or Guardian, giving h consent _____

_____ *Superintendent.*

But it is necessary to state upon what conditions a child is permitted to sign the foregoing. They are these:—That the Superintendent has had an interview with one of the parents and the child together, and finds that the latter thoroughly understands the nature of the Society, and is really anxious to join, and that the former is willing to give consent in writing. The pledge is read to the child, and explained. More particularly are the words "By the grace of God" pointed out, and he is reminded not to trust his own strength, but to pray to God for help and guidance. The child who thus signs, at the following meeting receives a Member's Card, for which One Penny is expected, and signs the scroll in the presence of all assembled.

This method of admission we consider of *paramount importance*, and though no other visit should ever be made, we hold that *this one* is indispensable to the effectual working of the Band of Hope.

If it is desired, we should be most happy to state our convictions why we would not conduct such a Society upon any other terms.

Another point with us is, that the Superintendent makes it a rule never to urge or even to ask a child to sign, but leaves the request to come from the children, or for them to invite one another. This also we consider of much importance.

We have reason to believe that were these two rules strictly adhered to, the number of deserters would be reduced to a minimum.

MEETINGS.

As regards our meetings :—The children as they enter the room give their number, which is taken down, and afterwards marked accordingly in the record of attendance. We commence by singing a hymn, and a brief prayer is offered. The remainder of the proceedings vary according to circumstances. Sometimes an address is given or something useful and interesting is read. Boys (boys only) recite pieces of poetry or prose.—Singing of course is not overlooked. But neither in singing, recitations, or reading, do we confine ourselves to the subject of total abstinence. We fear the young people would ere long lose that degree of interest which the charms of variety usually afford, if the one subject of abstinence were constantly the theme. We therefore endeavour to combine it with other subjects.

Many of the children know by sad experience (if not in their own homes they see in those around them,) the evils resulting from intoxicating drinks; there is therefore no end gained by constantly enforcing upon them what is so evident to the youngest child.

We do not neglect to make them feel that though they relinquish one indulgence, it is for their *own* good, as well as for the good of others, and that they are engaged in a great work.

REWARDS.

During the summer months we hold a flower show occasionally, in which prizes are offered for the best nosegays or wreaths of wild flowers, the successful competitors carrying off a fancy geranium or fuchia, and so forth.

At the anniversary meeting, rewards are distributed for the best answers to scripture questions, and for recitations. Children who have attended over two-thirds of the meetings throughout the year are, taken for an excursion into the country some time during the summer.

MEDALS.

We do not allow members to purchase medals. The very word denotes a mark of honor; it seems therefore absurd that they should be at the command of any fortunate child possessing a penny or two. We therefore make them awards, and in order that members of all ages may be on equal ground, they are given to every one who obtains their first

new member for the Band of Hope. Girls have one with a pink ribbon attached; boys with blue. We find this plan works well, 80 having been awarded during the 10 months it has been in operation.

In concluding this brief and imperfect account of the Haverstock Band of Hope, (which was established on the 22nd March, 1860, and now numbers 320 in its ranks,) we would only add, that we consider it a very mistaken idea to permit the children to think they are doing you a favor by attending the meetings; we would not for an instant encourage this, but make them feel it is the other way.

HENRY T. STANES.

THE HISTORY OF TWO VILLAGE APPRENTICES.

(Continued.)

By Mr W. B. AFFLECK.

"From the leaves to form the blossom,
From the blossom flowers and fruit:
But, alas! by evil training,
It was blighted from the root."

The other apprentice first entered on this earthly existence on the 16th of April, 1830. He was born at Grassington, near Skipton-in-Craven. His parents were very poor, and, alas! his father was an avowed disbeliever in Divine Revelation; and of an ancestry who from time immemorial had rejected the Book of God. At the age of two years, the apprentice, who was the youngest of three children, was deprived of maternal care. In the dispensation of a wise and benign Providence, the mother was removed to her eternal state. Then commenced life's bitter trials. Motherless children have much to bear. Their's is often a hard fate. At the age of nine years the boy left the healthful dales of Yorkshire, and wandered alone into the county of Durham, where he solicited, and obtained employment at a coal pit. The dialect and habits of Yorkshire are very prejudicial to a pit life. The unsuspecting innocence of a Yorkshire youth was ill prepared for the cunning and cruelty of pit lads. The first day down the pit was one of great trial. He was sent to work at a difficult job, known in the pit phrase as "helping up." One of the "putters," being dissatisfied with the strength and energy exerted by the boy, told him he would "*scum his gob wie the loue,*" and suiting the action to the word, put a burning candle to his mouth, and blistered his lips in a most cruel manner. This is only one species of suffering, amongst many others, which are daily practiced by the stronger on the weaker portion of the mining population. But as the parched

earth speedily drinks in the rich rain and gentle dew, so did the heart of the boy, naturally depraved, greedily drink in the practised wickedness, and "roll it under his tongue as a sweet morsel."

"Evil wert thou : evil art thou—
Fill'd with jealousies and spites,
Fill'd with malices and hatreds,
And with low and mean delights.
Girdled round with superstitions,
Contradictory and vile ;
Manacled and gyved in error,
And impermeate with guile."

He worked in the pit from five o'clock in the morning until seven o'clock in the evening, both on the week-day and Sunday. During the first year he scarcely, if ever, enjoyed one day's respite. Having only one shilling and sixpence per day wages, and having to pay board and lodging, and also to buy clothes, out of his earnings, compelled him to work very constantly; and Mackay's words are strikingly appropriate to his case:—

"Ere yet my years were ten,
A weary lot was mine,
I worked in coal pits cold and damp,
And knew no summer shine.
I never saw the sun
But on a Sabbath day,
I knew not how to read and write,
And was not taught to pray.
I never roamed the fields,
Nor plucked the flowrets wild,
Nor had one innocent delight
When I was a little child."

Like all other boys employed in the pit, he was exposed to the contaminating influence of bad examples. The pitmen of the North were then notorious for their intemperance, violent conduct, brutal amusements, and coarse profligacy. Their chief recreations were bowling, quoit-playing, cock-fighting, dog matches, and revolting pugilistic encounters. Sunday mornings often found large mobs of pitmen assembled to witness two powerful dogs tear each other to pieces; or two men fight until one or both were so beaten and bruised as to be quite blind and helpless. Even the women were extremely foul in their speech and habits, and their houses were far from being clean, quiet, and pure. It was in the midst of such scenes that our apprentice was now placed. How he fared we will see.

(To be continued.)

FACTS FOR ADVOCATES.

An Evil Thing.—Manchester contains 482 public houses. How many churches? How many bakers' shops?

Pale Ale.—Messrs. Bass & Co. employ 900 men in their brewery.

What Children can do.—I am ashamed to see, where I live, the widow of a dissenting minister sending her servant, sabbath after sabbath, after her return from the house of God, to a public house to buy beer. No longer ago than last Sunday I saw a man carrying home a jug of beer from a public house, who is the most gifted man in prayer that I ever listened to, and one of the most active men among the Methodists in our neighbourhood. I think this is a very great evil, and until we can put this thing down I am afraid we shall have but very little power in dealing with the question. I will tell you how it was put down in one case. Three or four boys connected with a Band of Hope found that one of their Sunday School Teachers was in the habit of buying his beer on the Sunday. They went together, and stood on the kerb in front of the public house, and saw him go in after his beer, and then they stopped there and watched him out, but they did not say a word; they repeated this for three sabbaths, and then he was so ashamed of doing it that he left it off, and never went there again. He went to the next temperance meeting and signed the pledge, and is now one of the most devoted of teetotallers. That was the way in which three or four little Sunday School boys converted a Sunday School teacher from buying beer on Sunday.—*Rev. J. Doxey.*

Drinking Expenses.—It is a fact worthy the attention of every political economist, that the sum expended in intoxicating liquors in this country actually exceeds the value of our exports, the former being 70 millions, the latter being 65 millions; of the 70 millions thus expended, Mr. Porter estimates that 49½ millions come from the pockets of the working classes! For that class to persist in their use, does indeed appear the very height of infatuation; and yet how often do we find an individual squandering money needed to furnish his family with decent apparel, whilst a few yards from his dwelling the tailor and shoemaker are in want of employment. Few persons who habitually indulge in intoxicating drinks are aware of the amount they needlessly waste. The man who thus spends 3d. per day, literally throws away 7s. per month, which if put into the deposit department of the Life Assurance Society, would amount in five years to £24. 2s.; in ten years to £52. 2s. 6d.; in twenty years to £122. 5s.; in fifty years to £513. What then can be said of those individuals who squander four times the amount named; for unhappily it is too well known that many, even working men, expend 7s. per week in drink. That any toiling artizan should squander in his life-time the worth of £2000. in intoxicating drink, does indeed appear incredible; such, however, is the fact. There are thousands who heedlessly waste sufficient to enable them to spend their old age in plenty and in ease, who at that time will have no alternative but the union-house or starvation.

Parochial Mismanagement.—We quote the following from the public papers:—"*Intoxicating Liquors in Marylebone Workhouse.*—One of the guardians and directors of the poor obtained a committee to investigate into the use of gin, wine, brandy, and other alcoholic stimulants in the workhouse; and it appeared that last year there was ordered by the medical officer of this fearfully mismanaged establishment no less than 191 gallons of gin, 31 gallons of brandy, four gallons of sherry, 66 barrels of ale, 570 barrels of porter, at an expense to the ratepayers of the very trifling sum of £1,500; and the medical officer, while under examination before the committee, stated that he usually ordered these stimulants in cases of *consumption*, and *gin* in *bronchitis*. With these facts it is not to be wondered that the mortality in this workhouse should be so very high notwithstanding the care taken of the unfortunate inmates in regard to cleanliness, ventilation, and food. Since the committee was obtained the quantity of gin has diminished to one-half, and it is hoped that the further investigations of the committee will lead to the diminution, if not the total abolition, of the most delusive and baneful practice so injurious to the poor, and so expensive to the ratepayers. To such an extent, indeed, had this practice become, that Mr. Joseph, one of the parish surgeons said, that many of the paupers died in a state of intoxication through spirits being given them in their last moments."

INTERESTING READINGS.

An Unknown Benefactor.—A monument was erected in Hurworth churchyard last year by the Hurworth Temperance Society, "in memory," as the inscription sets forth, "of their departed members whose mortal remains repose," &c. The expense was borne by an unknown benefactor. Two years ago, on the occasion of their annual festival, the society were compelled, owing to some objection on the part of certain individuals to their using, as hitherto they had done, the village green, to engage a field, for which they were charged a couple of guineas. A few days after a letter was received through the post by the secretary, enclosing £5. to defray the expenses of holding the festival. The year following another £5. came in like manner, along with an intimation that if the society would erect a monument in the churchyard, recording the names of the members as they departed this life, £2. would be contributed towards the object. Since that time, several letters have been received, enclosing sums of money, the whole amounting to about £20. The entire cost of the monument was £22. 3s. Once a bulky letter was received, containing £10., as an annual subscription, which was wrapped in brown paper. The handwriting is shockingly bad. One of the letters bears the signature of "X. Y. Z;" others have none whatever; and some have contained, besides money, postage and receipt stamps. All the enclosures bear the Darlington post mark.

The Great Metropolis.—London is the largest and richest city in the world; it occupies a surface of 32 square miles, thickly planted with houses, mostly three, four, and five stories high. It consists of London

ity, Westminster city, Finsbury, Marylebone, Tower Hamlets, South-ark, and Lambeth districts. The two latter are on the south side of e Thames. It contains 300 churches and chapels of the Establishment, 4 Dissenters' chapels, 22 foreign chapels, 250 public schools, 1,500 ivate schools, 150 hospitals, 156 alms-houses, besides 205 other insti-ions, 550 public offices, 14 prisons, 22 theatres, 24 markets. Con-es annually 110,000 bullocks, 776,000 sheep, 250,000 lambs, 250,000 es, 270,000 pigs, 11,000 tons of butter, 13,000 tons of cheese, 000,000 gallons of milk, 1,000,000 quarters of wheat, or 64,000,000 quartern loaves, 65,000 pipes of wine, 2,000,000 gallons of spirits, 0,000 barrels of porter and ale. Employs 16,502 shoemakers, 552 tailors, 2,391 blacksmiths, 2,013 whitesmiths, 5,030 house ters, 1,076 fish dealers, 2,662 hatters and hosiers, 13,208 carpenters, 2 bricklayers, &c., 5,416 cabinetmakers, 1,005 wheelwrights, 2,180 yers, 2,807 jewellers, 1,172 old clothesmen, (chiefly Jews,) 3,628 positors, 700 pressmen, 1,393 stationers, 2,633 watch and clock ers, 4,227 grocers, 1,430 milkmen, 5,655 bakers, 2,091 barbers, 0 brokers, 4,322 butchers, 1,586 cheesemongers, 1,082 chemists, 9 clothiers and linen-drapers, 2,167 coach-makers, 1,367 coal mer-s, 2,133 coopers, 1,381 dyers, 2,319 plumbers, 907 pastrycooks, addlers, 1,246 tinmen, 803 tobacconists, 1,470 turners, 556 under-n. The above are all males above 20 years of age. 10,000 private ilies of fashion: about 77,000 establishments of trade and industry, 00 public houses, 330 hotels, 470 beer shops, 960 spirit and wine ps. There are eight bridges over the Thames. London Docks cover acres; 14 tobacco warehouses, 14 acres; and the wine cellars 3 acres, taining 22,000 pipes. The two West Indian Docks cover 51 acres; Katharine's Docks cover 24 acres; the Surrey Docks, on the opposite e, are also very large. There are generally about 5,000 vessels and 000 boats on the river, employing 8,000 watermen and 4,000 labourers. London pays about one-third of the window duty in England, the number f houses assessed being about 120,000, rated at upwards of £5,000,000. terling. The house rental is probably about £7,000,000 or £8,000,000.

The Kindness of Women.—I never addressed myself in the language of kindness and friendship to a woman, whether civilised or savage, without receiving a kind and friendly answer. With man it has often been otherwise. In wandering over the barren plains of inhospitable Denmark—through honest Sweden—frozen Lapland—rude and churlish Finland—unprincipled Russia—and the wide-spread regions of the wandering Tartar, if hungry, thirsty, cold, wet, or sick, woman has ever been friendly to me, and uniformly so; and add to this virtue, so worthy the appellation of benevolence, these actions have been performed in so free and kind a manner, that if I was thirsty, I drank the sweet draught, and if hungry, ate the coarse morsel with a double relish.—*Ledyard.*

Ever Ready.—"Mr. Wesley," said a lady, "supposing that you knew you were to die at twelve o'clock to morrow night, how would you spend the time between?" "How, madam?" he replied; "why, just as I intend to spend it now. I *should preach* this evening at Gloucester, and

again at five to morrow morning. After that, I should ride to Tew bnry, preach in the afternoon, and meet the societies in the evening should then repair to friend Martin's house, who expects to entertain converse and pray with the family as usual, retire to my room at o'clock, commend myself to my heavenly Father, lie down to rest, wake up in glory." This was a wise answer. The path of Chri duty is the surest path to heaven.

POETRY.

HOUSEHOLD TREASURES.

What are they? gold and silver,
  Or what such ore can buy?
The pride of silken luxury;
  Rich robes of Tyrian dye?
Guests that come thronging in
  With lordly pomp and state?
Or thankless, liveried serving-men,
  To stand about the gate?

No, no, they are not these; or else,
  Heaven help the poor man's need!
Then, sitting 'mid his little ones,
  He would be poor indeed.
They are not these; our household wealth
  Belongs not to degree;
It is the love within our souls—
  The children at our knee.

My heart is filled with gladness
  When I behold how fair,
How bright, are rich men's children,
  With their thick flowing hair;
For I know 'mid countless treasure,
  Gleaned from the east and west,
These living, loving human things
  Are still the rich man's best.

But my heart o'erfloweth to mine eyes
  When I see the poor man stand,
After his daily work is done,
  With children by the hand:
And this, he kisses tenderly;
  And that, sweet names doth call;
For I know he has no treasure
  Like those dear children small.

THE PLACE OF DUTY.

All little stars observe appointed hours:
All little birds sing in their own green bowers:
This little flower its habitation loves:
That stream its pathway keeps through leafy groves.
So, little children! ever keep in view
The place and duty God assigns to you.

THE CRYSTAL CUP.

"The new wine is found in the cluster, and one saith, Destroy it not, for blessing is in it."—*Isaiah* lxv. 8.

Bring to me some purple grapes,
And bring a crystal cup;
Press out the juice—the living juice,
Fill the crystal—fill it up.

Hand to all the crystal cup,
Bravely full of holy wine;
It maketh wearied ones rejoice,
And clouded faces brightly shine.

Take the welcome crystal cup,
And drink its precious flood;
It brings no curse to aged men,
Nor maids of youthful blood;

O in that shining crystal cup,
I find no evil strife;
God's wine I drink, and often drink,
And lose no joy of life.

GEORGE W. MCCREE.

A WORKING CHURCH.

"When I became pastor of my church, more than 53 years ago, the only ject of congregational benevolence was the Sunday School; there was erally nothing else that we set our hands to. We have now an organisa- n for the London Missionary Society, which raises, as its regular contri- ution, nearly £500. per annum, beside donations to meet special appeals, hich average another £100. For the Colonial Missionary Society, we ise annually £70. In our Sunday and Day Schools, which comprehend early 2,000 children, we raise £200. We support two Town Mission- aries, at a cost of £200. Our ladies conduct a working society for Orphan Mission Schools in the East Indies; they also sustain a Dorcas Society, for the poor of our town; a Maternal Society, in many branches, in various localities; and a Female Society, for visiting the sick poor.

We have a Religious Tract Society, which employs ninety distributors and spends nearly £50. a year in the purchase of tracts. Our Village Preachers' Society, which employs twelve or fourteen agents, costs scarcely anything. We raise £40. annually for the County Association. We have a Young Mens' Brotherly Society, for general and religious improvement, with a library of 2,000 volumes. We have also Night Schools for young men and women, at small cost, and Bible Classes for other young men and women. In addition to this, we raise £100. per annum for Spring Hill College. We have laid out £23,000. in improving the old chapel and building the new one, in the erection of school rooms, the college, and in building seven country and town small chapels. We have also formed two separate Independent Churches, and have jointly, with another congregation, formed a third, and all but set up a fourth, and are at this time in treaty for two pieces of freehold land, which will cost £700., to build two more chapels in the suburbs of the town. This might be the record, and more truly of every church, were the sums sinfully expended by professing Christians upon intoxicating liquors redeemed and applied to church extension, bible distribution, missionary efforts, and benevolent purposes. A nation of professing Christians generously contributing *half-a-million* of money for the world's salvation, and expending nearly £70,000,000. on strong drink! While we act thus—pence to Christ, and pounds to Bacchus—we pray in vain and hope in vain for the world's conversion."—*John Angel James.*

THE CHILDREN'S PORTION.

THE BOY WHO DIED IN A COAL-PIT.

Some years ago, a boy, named William Thew, worked in a coal-pit. It was a long way down under the ground, where he could not see the sun, nor the green fields, nor enjoy the sweet fresh air. Those boys who work in the cheerful open day are much more favoured than was poor William the collier-boy. Down in a pit, with only the light of small lamps, he had to work in digging coals. When he went to his labour very early in the morning, he was let down by a rope to the bottom; and at night, when his work was done, he was drawn up again.

Sunday was a happy day to William; for then, in a neat clean dress, he went to school, to learn to read the Bible. His teachers were glad to see him strive to improve. Indeed, they had reason to hope that William loved to pray, and that he was a true believer in the Lord Jesus Christ.

As William grew up he was very kind to his mother. To please her, when he came from the pit at night, he would wash himself clean, and then sit in a chair and read the Bible to her: after which he used to kneel down and pray by her side. One day he said to her, "Mother, when I am a man, I will work hard for you, and keep you like a lady." She, no doubt, was very glad that she had such a kind, steady, and pious son.

The men who work in coal-pits often meet with springs of water; and sometimes the water rushes upon them, and they are in great danger of being drowned. On May 3, 1815, William went as usual to his work.

He was engaged with some miners a long way up the pit, when a sudden burst of water came upon them. They could not get to the shaft, or the opening into the pit, and were forced to flee to a cave up the mine, where the water could not reach them.

The alarm was soon given to the people above, who did all they could to get the water out, but all their efforts were in vain. Nine months passed away, and at last the place was reached where the bodies of William and some more lads were found. They had all been starved or smothered to death.

What must William have felt when he found all hope of escape was cut off, and that he should see his dear mother no more, nor again enter the Sunday-school? He knew that he must die a slow and dreadful death.

When the bodies were brought up from the pit, the mother of William was there. She came to find the bodies of her husband and her son. How sad the sight! How full of grief must have been her heart! After search, they were found, and taken to her cottage. In one of William's pockets was his candle-box, such as is used by collier boys. Some time passed away, when one day some scratches were noticed on this candle-box; and what do you suppose they were? These marks were William's letter to his dear mother! In the darkness of the pit, or perhaps by light of a lamp, the poor boy had with a nail scratched these words:—"*Fret not, dear mother, for we were singing while we had time, and praising God. Mother, follow God more than ever I did.*"

And then on the other side were found some more words, which it is thought his dying father told him to write, as they are signed with his name:—"*If Johnny is saved, be a good lad to God, and thy mother.—John Thew.*"

Johnny was one of those that were saved, but the poor widow, while she wept at the loss of her husband and one of her sons, was comforted when she knew that in their last hours they were singing and praising God.

Learn from this account not to put off the care of the soul; for the young may die; they may die suddenly; and they should be ready to die. But if they believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, whether they live or die, all will be well.

Annals of the Band of Hope Union.

THE LABOURS OF OUR AGENTS.

The following is a summary for the past month:—

Mr. George Blaby has addressed the following meetings:—Bloomsbury Refuge, twice; Denmark street, three times; King street, Long acre; Asylum road, Old Kent road; Charles street, Drury lane; Little Denmark street; Carr street, Limehouse; City road; Moor street, Five dials; Spa Fields Chapel; Union street, Whitechapel; Mercer street,

Shadwell; Liverpool street, King's cross; Agar town; King street, Camden town; and Weir's passage, Euston road. Mr. B. has also taken part in four adult meetings, preached eight sermons, and addressed four Sunday Schools.

Mr. F. Smith has attended and addressed meetings, as under:—Vauxhall Walk Wesleyan Band of Hope, twice; Barnsbury; Esher street, Kennington; Surrey Chapel; Haverstock hill; Britannia fields, Hoxton; Croydon; Commercial Road Baptist Chapel; Little Denmark street; Hill street, Peckham; Lant street, Borough; Little Wild street, King street, Long acre; Landsdowne place, Kent street, Borough; Temperance Hall, Vauxhall walk; City road; Mercer street, Shadwell; Mill Pond bridge, Rotherhithe.

Mr. W. B. Affleck is still at work in connection with the Northern auxiliary of the Union.

Mr. C. Starling, who has for some time done such good service as an honorary speaker, has been engaged by the Committee of the Union as an additional agent. His engagement commences on September 29th.

MEETINGS, FETES, &c.

We are glad to see that as the fall of the year approaches, our friends are beginning their work in various places with renewed earnestness and vigour; whilst in many places, taking advantage of the fine weather during the past month, our friends in many parts have had large out-door gatherings.

Liverpool.—We are glad to see that Mr. Whyte is again able to work in a cause so dear to him, after a long illness. He has for many years laboured in Liverpool with great success, especially amongst the children. A very successful out-door festival was held, and managed entirely by Mr. Whyte.

Darley, near Harrogate, York.—This is a little village, where the cause is being well worked. At a tea festival 400 sat down to tea, the incumbent was in the chair, and some excellent pieces of music were sung by a Tonic Sol-Fa Singing Class. Much good has been done here during the past year.

Market Drayton Primitive Methodist Band of Hope.—This is a society managed well in many respects. One plan adopted is especially worthy of imitation. The members of the Band of Hope pay into the hands of the treasurer their farthings, halfpennies, and pennies, which have during one year amounted to £13. 15s. 6½d. A proper account of what each child pays through the year is kept by the secretary, and then at the year's end, and just before the anniversary, the children have their money returned to them, so that it proves useful to them in providing them wearing apparel, &c., for that day. It is always well to encourage provident habits in children, thus forming a habit very necessary in after years. A very successful anniversary has lately been held, at which the vicar of the parish presided.

IGH WYCOMBE, BUCKS.—Our friends here are still working earnestly, ey have been now for several years. The Band of Hope is in a very erous state. At the festival recently held, the Rev. J. B. Horberry, erring to the Band of Hope work, said—"What a blessing it is that are being made to gather in the young. It is said, 'Prevention is than cure;' thank God for what has been done in this respect; nds have been prevented becoming drunkards and from falling into rices by the simple process of being trained, when young, to avoid nclean thing.' The salvation of children from the whirlpool of vice desirable; in them we hope for future materials in the Temperance as well as in the Church of God. We must care for children as for men and women, and thus try to rear a posterity of 'babes cklings' to carry on every good work when we are mouldering in ıb. Dear friends, renew your efforts to gather in the young. on. Labour on with as much earnestness as you would if you he wailings of drunkards in hell."

CANTON.—At a meeting held a short time since, more than fifty of scribing members of the Band of Hope and Adult Society met for conference at the Baptist School-room. Several important reso- were passed, one of them being, "That believing the existence of arate societies instead of one to be prejudicial to the interest of nperance cause in Wincanton, it is therefore resolved to amalga- em, under the title of "The Wincanton Band of Hope and Ab- ' Union." The treasurer announced that there was a united of above £2. 10s. in hand.

ELSIOR BAND OF HOPE, DENMARK STREET, SOHO.—The fourth sary of the above Society took place on Tuesday evening, Sep- 16th; John Thwaites, Esq. presided. Appropriate addresses elivered by the Rev. G. W. McCree, and Messrs. W. Robson, Blaby, from the Band of Hope Union. During the evening, solos, choruses, and recitations were given by the members, in a r which elicited the applause of an attentive audience. The inter- proceedings were brought to a close, by a cordial vote of thanks to irman, speakers, and children, for the evening's entertainment.

STEAD BAND OF HOPE.—On Tuesday week the annual festival of venile Temperance society, which number upwards of five hundred d members, was held, by permission of Edward Horner, Esq., at we Park. At four o'clock two hundred and fifty children sat down supplied to them by the committee for the sum of fourpence each; a subsequent hour the tea-tables in the grove were surrounded by of three hundred and sixty friends and elder members of the Band e. During the day—fortunately a very fine one—several hundreds ons entered the grounds, although a charge of threepence was made er to meet the heavy expenses incurred. Everything passed off sfully, if we except the descent of a fire balloon into a wheat field, appily without damaging the dry crop. Between nine and ten k the gong gave intimation of the hour of departure, previous to the Rev. W. Clements proposed, in a brief address, three hearty

cheers to Mr. and Mrs. Horner, which were stoutly given, and followe by one cheer more for cold water. We learn that the receipts amounted to £23. The annual sermon was preached on the previous Sunday at the North-street Chapel by the Rev. W. Clements, when a collection was made on behalf of the society —*Halstead Times.*

Yeovil Band of Hope.—The Band of Hope in this town is progressing. There was a full room on Tuesday week, and the audience were exceedingly pleased with the dialogues, recitations, and songs. One pleasing feature is, the committee is composed of thirteen young men full of life, who, beside teaching the children songs, also assist by reciting and singing solos at the monthly meetings. There is a club belonging to the Band of Hope, in which is one hundred and ninety-five members, paying from one penny to sixpence a week. I also feel glad to mention that it may aid other committees, that we use the recitations of G. Roy, Esq., I. II., " Feather-stone's Original Reciter," and Glover's.

Mr. R. Nichol has attended meetings in South Shields, North Shields &c., as a deputation from the Band of Hope Union, and has communicated the following interesting fact :—As some boys were bathing in the gut now making near the River Commissioners' yard, at Howdon, one of them, named George Hudson, about 13 years of age, when attempting to swim across, was suddenly seized by cramp. Some labourers employed at the place, observing the struggling of the boy, rushed in to rescue him; but not succeeding, a workman belonging to the Commissioners' yard went to their assistance, and brought both the man and the boy safely ashore. The boy was much exhausted, and on being offered some brandy by Mrs. Turnbull, of the Jenny Lind Inn, he obstinately refused it, stating that he was a teetotaller.

The International and Prohibition Convention.—All our readers will, ere this, have become familiar with the great success of this gathering. We need not enter into details, but simply say that the accredited representatives of the Band of Hope Union were, Messrs. S. Shirley, S. Tucker, G. S. Wybroo, W. Robson, M. W. Dunn, Rev. G. W. McCree. The Band of Hope section was well attended; and among the papers was one by the Rev. G. W. McCree, on the " History, Design, and Operations of the Band of Hope Union." The papers read by Mrs. Balfour, the Rev. T. Holme, Mr. Peter Sinclair, and J. H. Raper, were very valuable.

The Sabbath School Teachers' Temperance League.—We have received from the Secretary the following

ADDRESS TO THE SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHERS OF ENGLAND.

Dear Fellow-Labourers,—The subject on which we most affectionately address you is of vital importance to ourselves, to our pupils and their friends, as well as to the Church and the nation.

That we Sabbath School Teachers, numbering about three hundred thousand (300,000), should be entrusted with the religious education of about three millions (3,000,000) of young immortals, is a serious responsibility.

Vhatever impedes success, whatever lessens the good of our labours, tever lends the enemy of souls an advantage over those whom Christ e to seek and to save, we, as workers together with him, are bound to ove.

'e have been privileged for years to sow good seed; but, alas! has he adversary all the while been sowing tares? What has become of : of our senior pupils?

ter enquiry made from the chaplains of the principal prisons in and, Scotland, and Wales, and from the matrons of various penitens, as to how many of the inmates had been pupils in Sabbath Schools, peared that—*out of ten thousand three hundred and sixty-one inmates se places, not fewer than six thousand five hundred and seventy-two previously received religious instruction in Sabbath Schools!!* On er inquiry, however, it was almost uniformly found, that the use of inating liquors was the cause, directly or indirectly, of so many Sabbath ol scholars becoming criminals.

ie Sabbath School Teachers' Temperance League includes all are, or have been, Sabbath School Teachers (of both sexes), and isters of religion, who have subscribed to the following declaration:—

"*Believing that the use of intoxicating drinks as beverages is a great injury to Sabbath Schools, by preventing many from joining them, and drawing others from their ranks, I promise, with the Divine blessing, to abstain therefrom, and to exert my influence to induce my fellow-teachers and the scholars in my class to do likewise.*"

/e most earnestly recommend this organization to the prayerful conation of Sabbath School Teachers throughout the land.

W. Ackworth, Vicar of Plumstead, Kent.
Hugh Allen, D.D., St. George's the Martyr, Southwark.
H. T. Breay, M.A., Incumbent of St. Matthias's, Birmingham.
Jabez Burns, D.D., Paddington.
W. F. Callaway, Minister of Highbury Chapel, Birmingham.
F. Close, Dean of Carlisle.
E. Derrington, Congregational Minister, Birmingham.
Thomas Guthrie, D.D., Edinburgh.
Thomas Hacking, Methodist Free Church, Bristol.
Newman Hall, L.L.B., Minister of Surrey Chapel, London.
Francis Harris, M.A., St. Mark's, Birmingham.
D. Ledsam, M.A., Perpetual Curate, St. Mark's, Birmingham.
Robert Maguire, M.A., Incumbent of Clerkenwell, London.
J. R. Mackenzie, D.D., Presbyterian Church, Birmingham.
L. Panting, Vicar of Chebsey.
J. Parker, Minister of Cavendish Street Chapel, Manchester.
W. Sharman, Minister of Moseley Street Chapel, Birmingham.
Hugh Stowell, Hon. Canon of Chester Cathedral.
Richard Twigg, Incumbent of St. James's, Wednesbury.

Every information may be obtained from the Honorary Secretaries) tem.):

A. Franklin, Westminster Place, Pershore Rd., Birmingham.
James Phillips, St. John's Square, Wolverhampton.
Josiah Pumphrey, Paradise Street, Birmingham.
Wilson Sturge, (*Treasurer*), Broad Street, Birmingham.

LITERATURE.

Harmonized Hymns and Songs for Bands of Hope. W. TWEEDIE, 3ᵉ Strand, London.—Good singing is one of the chief adjuncts to Band Hope work, and it cannot be attained without our teachers and childr are provided with good and suitable music. All singing in which childr take part, should be cheerful in its character. The tunes set to the hym and songs of the little book compiled by the Rev. Newman Hall, will w bear criticism in this respect, especially those of the secular pieces, whi are all very good. We have only one word to say in disparagement, a that is, that all the tunes are familiar to us. There are just now so ma really good, and yet sweet tunes, which are quite new, that we feel so one or two of them are not introduced in this selection. Still, this com lation is the best we have yet seen, and deserves, as it will doubtless hav a very large circulation.

Simple Questions and Sanitary Facts. WILLIAM TWEEDIE, 33 Strand.—This is a most useful book, and well adapted to inform its reade on natural phenomena, and the functions and structure of the huma body. It is cheap, neat, and well printed, and quite a library in itself.

The Band of Hope Register. W. TWEEDIE, 337, Strand; J. WILD, 3 John William Street, Huddersfield.—This is a handsome book for th names of children. It contains ruled lines for the date, number, nam age, parents' or guardian's name, and residence. A better Register w have not seen, and we would strongly recommend it.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—We have to thank our friends for their com munications. Some of them, we are sorry to say, are not eligible f insertion. In one case, the intelligence sent relates to a festival held *June!* If our friends will send us news—not "ancient history"—w will insert it.——Mr. — has honoured us with an article on some your man, who, it seems, is superior to our most celebrated orators. We when we have heard him, and think him superior to them, we will ado our pages with the paper in his praise.——Some of our young frien have sent us papers. Try again; you have good powers, and if y persevere and write a little more, you will certainly succeed in produci papers which will appear in our pages.——R. D. is thanked for h letter; which, however, has not altered our convictions on the subject.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

All communications should be written on one side of the paper only.

Names and Addresses should be written very plainly.

Intelligence should be sent early.

Books for Review, Articles for the Record, &c., may be sent to the Edi at No. 37, Queen Square, London.

J. BALE, Printer, 78, Great Titchfield-street, Marylebone.

BAND OF HOPE RECORD.

STARVING CHILDREN IN LANCASHIRE.

By the Rev. G. W. McCREE.

We have entire confidence in the thoughtfulness and generosity of the children connected with our Bands of Hope. Under the instruction of their conductors they have been taught to pity the erring, and to compassionate the suffering They are familiar with the words :—

Now pray we for our country,
That England long may be
The holy and the happy,
And the gloriously free!
Who blesseth her is blessed,
So peace be in her walls,
And joy in all her palaces,
Her cottages, and halls.

In every Band of Hope meeting, bright-eyed and happy children have joined in singing—

Little deeds of kindness,
Little words of love,
Make our earth an Eden,
Like the heaven above.

Children so taught may be expected to welcome every opportunity for doing good. They will be willing to wipe away tears; they will hasten to heal broken hearts; they will rejoice in being able to feed the hungry and clothe the naked. We have therefore resolved to make an appeal to them on behalf of the starving children in Lancashire. Thousands of fathers and mothers, and their little ones, are now suffering extreme privation. Hunger and cold afflict them, and many homes, formerly bright and cheerful, are now scenes of sorrow. What can be done to lighten their trouble? They must not starve. We believe that every child in every Band of Hope will be willing to do something to relieve them from famine, and cold, and despair. It is the intention of the Committee of the Band of Hope Union to unite with the conductors, committees, and members of Bands of Hope throughout the country in doing what may be possible to furnish aid to the starving children of Lancashire. Many Bands of Hope are now contributing weekly, fortnightly, or monthly, in order that funds may accrue on behalf of their little ones whose sufferings are truly pitiable, and should any

contributions be forwarded to the office of the Union, an acknowledgment will be given in the next number of the *Record.* Many children have already done nobly, but we hope they will continue their benevolent exertions during the winter.

Come my lads, and lasses too,
Try, try, try again,
Come let's see what we can do,
Try, try, try again.

PRACTICAL PAPERS, No. 9.

By Mr. G. M. MURPHY.

RECITATIONS AND DIALOGUES.

There is a higher excellence, than breaking in merely the monotony of a meeting, attaching to the delivery of recitations, or the speaking of dialogues. Under judicious management such exercises become positive means of instruction to those who speak, as well as a source of pleasure and profit to those who hear. That Band of Hope will best succeed, whose conductors, while not neglecting other important things, give a large store of attention to this. It is possible for a society to get on without such an adjunct, but, like a waggon without grease, it goes hard.

Attention is very necessary as to *the matter* of which recitations and dialogues are composed. Purity of sentiment and language are essential, and as far as control can be exercised, the subjects should be apposite to the object of the meeting. Where several pieces are to be delivered on the same evening, care should be exercised that subjects should vary in style and treatment, or else the effect will in a great measure be lost.

The *manner*, in which recitation and dialogues are spoken is an important feature in the display. Care must be taken not to feed vanity, or fan the embers of pride into a flame. Unassuming, intelligent and teachable children should always be selected. Distinctions in dress should be avoided, the ordinary attire is always best for young people to wear, at least to repeat in; anything approaching the theatrical, may provoke unhealthy emulation, perchance ending in dissapointment and shame. The tones of voice should be natural and clear. There should be distinct pronunciation, unhesitating speech, with attention to emphasis, and other modulations,—a subdued voice when the subject is pathetic; hopeful when religion is the theme; elevated in description; bold in narrative and history; loud and quick when the fiercer passions are pourtrayed; soft and slow when

describing the gentler emotions; a sharp and shrill utterance when fear is made known, and sweetly musical while dealing with love, joy, peace and beauty; powerful and authoritative when commands are being urged; subtle when irony, and hyperbole are used; persuasion when words should win; and tender when application is made. Enquiry, apostrophe, simile, and personification, all require a definite and distinct tone, the only way of obtaining which is, for those who recite to identify themselves as near as possible with those whose words they are supposed to utter, and then place themselves, in imagination, in the positions occupied in uttering them. In reciting, children should not be permitted, or trained, to talk *at* parents or teachers. It is unbecoming and wrong; if such should ever be, and a laugh created at the time, the laugh might be heard and its mockery of pleasure pass away; but unseen wounds would be left to rankle in some bosoms, which like the mole burrowed in the field, work the more actively against the seed-sowers because out of sight.

In the delivery of recitations, &c., *method* is as valuable as in other things: but methods may vary with circumstances. In some localities it may be advisable to begin, or end, the meeting with them. Where speakers are plentiful, a piece might be delivered between the speeches. Sometimes, when meetings are crowded, or when it might be inconvenient to call up children continually, all the pieces may be said in rotation, without detracting from their merit, but rather enhancing it. In some places monthly, in others quarterly or yearly, prizes might be competed for by the reciters at the Band of Hope Meetings, the successful competitors being presented with books valuable more for their wisdom than their cost. In some instances the boys and girls might alternately compete with advantage. A humorous minister once said that on a particular occasion it was announced that he would preach a sermon to married people, and all the single folks came to hear him, and when he was about to preach to the "single," the church was filled with the "married." On much the same principle, a trial of skill, like that suggested, might bring the girls out when the boys recited, and the boys when the girls displayed their prowess, and thus the room be filled, and interest awakened and sustained. Occasionally, it may be well to keep a list of young persons capable of this duty, and selecting them in due order for taking part in the meetings. If this is done, favouritism must be distinctly disavowed, and adhered to in practice; on the other hand, cir-

cumstances may render it advisable to depend mainly, if nc altogether, on the chance attendants at the meetings. Th judicious conductor is prepared for every such contingency, an seeing its need, or supposing it good, would try each of thes plans in succession, or any, or every other, so as to maintain high degree of interest in favour of the cause he loves.

In centres of population, such as Birmingham, Bristol, Man chester, &c., where large, undenominational halls and rooms are attainable, good might result from amalgamated competitio meetings, not so much for prizes of money as to provoke display of elocutionary skill.

What results are we justified in looking for as flowin from the system of repeating dialogues and recitations at meet ings by the young people? First, we should say, if those wh speak are judiciously instructed, it gives them *a consciousne of power*. Their words may win some for sobriety, truth, an God. Such children will speak with a humble boldness, whic cannot but commend itself to the heart of every hearer. Th voice of childhood has a nameless charm. Next, it gives the *confidence in communicating their thoughts*. This is a gre acquisition, especially when, as at present, difference of opinic is so rife. It is almost essential to convincing of an oppone to state our own conviction with unhesitating assurance, feeli we are right. Should we possess all the acquirements of wisdo and be a perfect storehouse of wholesome truths, without t confidence necessary to communicate them, our minds wou only be like a casket of precious jewellery which was nev worn, and more for show than use. Practice makes perfe and therefore let the little ones rehearse their telling storie Again, *memory is strengthened by the exercise;* the more learn, the more we are able to remember. The power to reta things in the mind is greatly intensified by the exercise memory in youth. Artificial systems may assist the retenti faculty, but cannot implant it. We might also adduce facts ar arguments proving that this work of reciting on the part of th young people provokes thought, begets a love of reading, ar enlarges and expands the sympathies, but such instances will once occur to the remembrance of any who have laboured this department of the work. We say then, do not neglect th recitations and dialogues; let the matter of them be sensible an sound, the manner of delivery unaffected, but earnest, th methods adopted for their delivery such as commends itself to th *mature* judgment of the conductor, and not only will the benc

fits mentioned flow to the young people, but elder folks may learn wisdom, and the truth, proved true over and over again, that out of the mouth of infants, God can perfect praise.

THE PRICE OF A POT.

'Won't you have any beer to-night, Baxter?'—'No, thank ye, master.'—'You did'nt have any at dinner.'—'No, master.'—'Well, I promised them a glass of gin at night; aren't you going to take that either?'—'No, thank ye, sir.'—'It's not over nice work—that's what made me give you the spirits; but if you choose to do without, why, that's your look out. So you want the money instead?'—'Well, master, you said you wouldn't mind.'—'No, I don't mind; as long as you do my work all right, it's no odds to me. Here, then, I've to give you sevenpence.'—'If you please, sir.'—'There you are,' said the employer, laying the money on the counter. 'It's a queer start, and wont last long, I'm thinking.'—'Thank ye, sir,' said Baxter, joyfully taking up the money, and leaving the shop, just as a boy entered with a large jug of spirts, which the employer filled out to the men, who were leaving the work on which they had been engaged at the back of his house all day.

'Where's Tom Baxter?' said one, looking round.—'He's off, I expect,' said another, 'he said master had promised to give him the worth of the drink if he chose.'—'Yes I did,' said the master: 'I didn't expect he would want to carry out his bargain, that's a fact. How he manages to keep on at it as he does, I don't know. What does he drink, men?'—'Cold tea,' said one.—'Pump water,' said another, grinning.—'Strenth-'nin, both on 'em,' said a third, as he tipped up his glass of gin, and drew the sleeve of his jacket across his mouth.—'If he do drink 'em, he haves sumthin' else as well then,' said a shock-headed boy, loaded with the men's tools. 'His missus bringed him a basin o' tea and a sandwich at four o'clock.'—'A basin o' tea,' re-echoed the men with a laugh, as they left the shop.

At the corner they stopped, clustering round the door of the public-house, like bees about some flower that promises a rich harvest of honey. A few, calling out 'Good night,' kept on their way; several made as though they were going, but there was some parleying among them; one had his foot on the step, and the door half open, so one after another the others followed.

Lounging over their liquor, they saw Tom Baxter come in, and hailed him with a shout.

'Come on, old chap; that's your sort; know'd you'd see us here.'—'Plenty o' room; come on,' making room for him upon the bench.

'Thank ye, mates, but I aint a going to stop; I only wants my screw and a pipe, please missus;' and he put down his penny, and walked out.

'He is a mean sneak to do us in that way,' cried one.—'We'll have the lush, and stick it up to him,' said another.—'That you can't do,' said the landlady; 'for we've got no score against him.'—'Never mind, he

won't work long at that 'ere drain on his cold water, I know,' said (—'His stomach 'ull turn afore the week's out; you see if it don't.'

Meanwhile Tom went back towards home, where he had already b and 'cleaned himself,' before he fetched his 'screw.' Just as he pas the gateway near the public-house, old blind Kate, who sat patie through the day with her knitting and netting—cuffs, ruffs, collars, lace—was packing up her stock-in-trade for the night. She gener found some kindly passer-by to lend her a helping-hand home. As T approached, the poor body lifted up her head, and turned her face towa him.

'Good evening, Tom Baxter,' she said in her meek voice.

'Good evening, dame,' he replied heartily; 'how did you know was I?'

'There isn't many comes along this time in the evening but I kr their footsteps,' said the blind woman. 'I hear yours the oftenest most reg'lar by me; the rest seem mostly to stop at the public-hc door.'

'So have mine, dame, too often; but, please God, they wont for future. I wouldn't ha' been in to-night, if there was another shop a could get my 'bacca at.'

He put the old woman's stall together under his arm, and carrying little stool, was leading her towards home.

'You ain't sold much to-day, dame, seemingly.'

'No,' said she. 'It's been cold, and the lassies don't care to st But I must not complain; every day can't be fine, and to-morrow r be better.'

It was a miserable alley where poor Kate lived, and most wretc among the wretched houses was the one she stopped at. A hard-featu woman came out to meet her, and as Tom stowed away the board trestles in a corner, he saw old Kate put some money into her hand, ing, 'That's for the lodging; never mind the cup o' tea to-night; I c afford it.'—'Very well,' said the woman; 'mind how ye go up—the another board loose.'

With a sigh, the poor body wended her way up the tumble-d staircase. That sigh was in Tom Baxter's ear as he went up the c narrow street; he could not get rid of it. 'Poor body,' he said to h self, 'I'll be bound that cup o' tea's her only bit of comfort all thro the day; her that's got neither chick nor child to look to her. I wish gone without my 'bacca.' Tom stopped, and took out of his pocket sixpence that remained of his drink money. 'I wish I'd gone wit my 'bacca,' he said again, and back it went into his pocket. He had gone two steps farther when he returned, and without stopping a mon plunged into a kind of den at the foot of the staircase, where the ha featured woman kept a brewery of tea and coffee, supplying such of lodgers as were unable to do it for themselves.

'What do the old lady pay for her cup o' tea?' asked Tom.

'A penny, 'cos she likes it strong. Why?' said the woman, pudently.

'I want it for her,' said Tom.

'Who's to pay for it?'

'I will;' and Tom laid down the sixpence, at sight of which the brewess became more civil.

'Take her up one of them too,' said Tom pointing to a buttered roll.

He received his change, saw the refreshment on its way to the poor woman, and went home, thinking how old Kate would enjoy her unexpected comfort.

Tom's home was a very humble one It had been almost starvation work with him and his family when he had been out of employ during the winter. But his wife was a good managing contented soul, who made the best of everything, and so they contrived to get along. There was a good fire and a clean hearth when Tom got in. The children were in bed, and his chair awaited him.

'I'm late, Bessie, ain't I? but I 'll tell you why;' and he gave an account of what he had done; though, be it observed, he did not reveal the full amount of his saving.

'You were very good, Tom,' said his wife; 'poor Kate's an industrious body; and now I should think you'd be glad of a bit of supper.'

'I should indeed, if you 've got any, Bessie.'

Bessie spread a clean cloth on the little table, and set on a dish of vegetables, which she had made hot very nicely, and some slices of pudding, saved from the dinner of herself and the children, for it was rare that they tasted meat.

'I thought maybe you would not care for beer, Tom, as you said the master gave it to you all; but I 'll fetch it if you like.'

'Not for me, Bessie,' said Tom.

'And *I'm* as well without it, I know,' said Bessie; we will have a cup of coffee though;' and by the time they had finished, a nice hot cup of coffee was ready.

'Well,' said Tom, 'I've enjoyed that there bit o' supper more than many a one I've had at the public-house.'

'Yes, indeed,' said Bessie; 'I think we might save a good bit that way, and we 've none to spare. What a mercy it was you getting that job just when you did, Tom!'

'It was indeed, Bessie; and it's one likely to last, for all the houses in that Row's got to be done.'

'It ain't over nice work, is it, Tom?'

'No, but what signifies?'—one can't choose,' said Tom, lifting off the red cinders, and putting them aside for the morning.

* * * * * * * *

'What now, man?—what are ye standing there for? Drink! more drink!—why, it is not an hour and a half since you had your beer.'

'Well, master, such a precious ugly job!—this here broiling sun, and the stench is awful; can't get on no-how, master, without a little drop o' summut.'

The employer walked out to where they were at work.

'Of course the drainage is bad; you knew that before you came to do it; you would not *have been sent for if* it had been all right,' said he.

won't work long at that 'ere drain on his cold water, I kn
—'His stomach 'ull turn afore the week's out; you see
Meanwhile Tom went back towards home, where he
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'No,' said she.

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[illegible] up at it, fixing his eye
[illegible] going to stand treat,
[illegible] It's a first-rate pi
[illegible] mother—'Some one
[illegible] wasn't, that's certain, and
[illegible] but Tom had stepped into
[illegible] the beef nicely done up i
[illegible] men.
[illegible] do it!' was the cry.—'Th
[illegible] the missus say? you 'll ha'
[illegible] Tom, opening his hand and
[illegible] looked still more astonished,
[illegible] house-house stepped back to lool
[illegible] it's only this—you've d
[illegible] name—that's all. And if you
[illegible] either stop at the butcher's,
[illegible] spend the Price of your Pot.'

[illegible] WORSHIP OF BACCHUS.

[illegible] E. J. OLIVER.

[illegible] be regretted, it cannot be de
[illegible] worship: while it is the sinc
[illegible] the worship of the living G
[illegible] the world, yet we know tha
[illegible] present. The sun-worshipper

before the orb of day, and invoke
ows at the shrines of hideous
are river-worshippers and
s, plants, stones, and
rom all these are the
ntry—truly termed
l seat of the Pro-
—is this idolatrous
are erected for his
lass, but all classes, pro-
strive to do him honour.
y and night, do the infatuated
er their sacrifices to his insatiable
friends, home, happiness, and honour
still he cries, "Give, give!" till even the
s are in his possession. But of late years
g up organizations, having for their object the
ation of this degrading form of worship. Individuals
d boldly forth and pointed out the innumerable evils
dant upon it. Good men have wielded the pen and pencil
ith great success against their formidable adversary. Conspicuous amongst these stands the veteran artist and champion of the Temperance movement, George Cruikshank, whose labours have been untiring in the great cause. His last production, a picture of immense size, painted in oil, and bearing the title at the head of this article, shows more than any of his previous works the consequences resulting from indulgence in intoxicating liquors. It has been urged that it shews but one side of the question, that the artist in his partiality for the cause of which he is the unflinching advocate, has been unjust to his opponents. To which we reply, that the question has but one side; and that, alas! a very dark one. The worship which he has so strikingly depicted, has not one redeeming feature. It has ruined thousands, morally, intellectually, and physically. It has led to the workhouse, the lunatic asylum, and the gallows. We do not know of one instance where it has made a man wiser, better, or happier; but of many where it has done quite the reverse.

Upon the artistic merits of this picture it is not our intention to dwell, our aim being rather to draw attention to it as a faithful representation of a great social evil, than to criticise it as a work of art. We extract the following short description from the *Literary Budget*:—"The picture is, perhaps, fifteen

feet long by eight or ten in height. The background is form of breweries and distilleries on one side, and on the other of t workhouse, the lunatic asylum, and the prison; in front which are numerous groups of figures working out the artist' theory of the "Bottle." Excesses, great and small, belongin to every class of society, are seen arising from the use of 'fer mented liquors,' as the phrase goes; and they are fearless depicted in all the worst forms of hideousness. We have th officers' mess, the Irish wake, the soldier at the halberds fo deeds done in drunkenness; and murder, robbery, arson, an destitution; houses on fire, and ships wrecked—all in conse quence of libations slight or deep—are very strikingly wrough into this strange composition."

But no description however minute can convey more than very faint idea of the almost marvellous variety of characte and incident that are here brought together. Surely in no on picture were ever before exhibited so much that is calculate to make us hate, with an undying hatred, that which is th cause of so great a measure of misery and crime. As we gaz upon it we behold, with feelings of sorrow and shame, to wha depths humanity is reduced. We would fain believe that th artist has drawn largely upon a fertile imagination. W would, if possible, look upon it as a stirring romance, in whic evil is the predominant feature. But we cannot conceal fro ourselves, that we see as in a mirror a representation of th "truth, and nothing but the truth." Here is no fiction. A the incidents are true to the life. Not one of these scenes, n one act of this great drama, but has been played on the stag of life over and over again. Fellow labourers, should not t knowledge of this awaken us to increased effort? This is time to stand still. Let us join together heart to heart, a hand to hand; and while we work with all diligence, let us forget to pray that the time may soon come when this pict shall be only a record of the past. And that such a time come we need not doubt. You and I, my brother, may not here to share in the general rejoicing when Bacchus falls f his pedestal, and his devotees turn from him with horror disgust. We may not live to see the seeds of Tempera truth, that are being sown broadcast over this fair land, c to maturity and bear the the fruit of our labours. But we h the satisfaction of knowing that, let the time come when it m sooner or later we shall have had our share, be it ever so lit in bringing about the downfall of the "Worship of Bacchus."

POETRY.

FLY FROM TEMPTATION.

fore Xerxes, King of Persia, invaded Greece, he sent a messenger to f the Kings of Sparta, with presents, to induce him to betray his ry; his daughter (a little girl) being in the room when the confer- ook place, on hearing the proposal, immediately said: "*Fly, Father. this stranger will corrupt thee.*" The messenger was soon after sed, without having effected the object of his mission.

"Fly, Father, fly," a maiden said,
"Or thou 'lt corrupted be;
Ne'er let an enemy to Greece,
A traitor make of thee."
This girl had not yet reach'd her teens,
Yet her remarks, how true!
We should from all temptation fly,
If wrong we would not do.

The King, instructed by his child,
The Persian sent away,
And told him all his monarch's wealth,
Should ne'er lead him astray.
Advice, if good, by those who're wise,
Will be attended to,
Ne'er let us treat it with disdain,
As many often do.

Temptation is a treach'rous foe,
Of her let all beware,
Whatever form she may assume,
'Tis only to ensnare.
From her suggestions turn away,
Ne'er with them dare comply,
The path of safety wisely choose,
And from the tempter fly.

J. DORE.

port, Isle of Wight.

THE PRODIGAL SON.

He was a wanderer from his home;
Had spurned a father's kind control
And tender love, that would
Have stayed his erring feet,
And in a stranger land
Trod the dark *paths of sin.*

Had listened to the tempter's voice,
And with her syren song upon his lips
Had floated onward with the giddy throng
Till he had lost his all;
And then the bitter tide
Rolled back upon his soul, and he awoke
Suddenly, as one awaketh from a fearful dream.
O! 'tis a bitter thing,
When high hopes are wrecked,
And priceless treasures wasted,
To think "what might have been."
He knew that in the happy home he 'd left
Were fond, true hearts, whose love he shared,
He knew that plenty crowned that festal board,
That even the lowest servants there
Knew not of want, while he, the son,
Who should have been the light of that dear home,
Was starving in a foreign land;
And so he formed the high resolve,
"I will return."
Yet tremblingly he came
And asked only for a servant's place;
He dare not ask a father's love;
He knew not but he would spurn him
For ever from his presence; for oh!
So fearful is the sway of human passion,
That it may check and stifle
Even the warm affections of our nature.
He went—and all a father's tenderness gushed forth;
He was restored.
Oh, weary wanderer
From your Heavenly Father's house,
Yours is a dark and dreary way.
Would you return?
Ye need not fearfully approach—
Your Father's love is infinite.

JENNY LEE.

An orphan child was Jenny Lee,
Her father, he was dead,
And very hard her mother worked,
To get the children bread.

In winter time, she often rose
  Long ere the day was light,
And left her orphan family,
  Till dark again at night.

And she would always say to Jane,
  Before she went away,
"Be sure you mind the little ones,
  And don't go out to play.

"Keep baby quiet in his bed,
  As long as he will lie,
Then take him up, and dance him well,
  Don't leave him there to cry.

"And don't let little Christopher,
  Get down into the street,
For fear he meets an accident
  Beneath the horses' feet.

"And mind about the fire, child,
  And keep a tidy floor;
We never need be dirty, Jane,
  Although we may be poor.

"Good-bye, my precious comforter,
  For all the neighbours say,
That I can trust my little maid,
  Whenever I 'm away."

Then Jenny she was quite as proud
  As England's noble queen,
And she resolved to do the work,
  And keep the dwelling clean.

She did not stop to waste her time,
  But very brisk was she;
And worked as hard and cheerfully
  As any busy bee.

If down upon the cottage floor
  Her little brother fell,
She stroked the places tenderly,
  And kissed and made them well.

And when the little babe was cross,
  As little babes will be,
She nursed and danced it merrily,
  And *fed it on her knee.*

But when they both were safe in bed,
  She neatly swept the hearth,
And waited till her mother's step
  Came sounding up the path.

Then open flew the cottage door,
  The weary mother smiled;
"Ah! Jenny dear, what should I do,
  Without my precious child!"

SEWELL'S *Summerbrook.*

WORKHOUSE ECONOMY AND REFORMATION.

The Guardians of the Poor in St. Pancras have taken a step in the right direction. Nine months ago the attention of the Stores Committee was directed to the great and gradual increase in the consumption of beer in the workhouse. At that time, eleven hogsheads per week was the figure set down in the storekeeper's requirement book. Mr. Robson, the chairman of the Stores Committee, turned his especial attention to the subject, and he was not long in discovering the main cause of this increased expenditure. He found that the labour list at the workhouse was constantly extending, while the work performed increased very little, if at all. We may here state that the labour list comprises able-bodied paupers of all ages, male and female. They are employed in doing all manner of work about the house. The females work in the laundry and as assistant nurses in the wards. They also perform all the washing and scrubbing of floors, tables, and utensils, and other domestic service of the establishment. The males are employed in shoe-making, tailoring, carpentry, painting, white-washing, road-making, gardening, window-cleaning and other light work. A few are messengers and assistants in the offices. The inmates generally are anxious to be put on the labour list, because they become thereby entitled to tea and banyans, and a pint of beer per day extra allowance, as a reward for labour. Mr. Robson found that in 1857, the labour list contained only 88 names, and that at the close of last year it contained 160 names. The total number of inmates in the house at the later period he found was but very slightly in excess of the same period in 1857. It followed, therefore, that the number on the labour list was far too large. Under these circumstances the Guardians, on the recommendation of the Stores Committee, restricted the labour labour list to 100 names. A saving of two barrels of beer weekly was the result of this measure. Of late the consumption of beer has gradually increased to ten hogsheads per week. The perceptions of the Stores Committee having probably been quickened by the thirteen-pence rate, led them again to investigate the cause of the above increase. This time they found it resulted from the multiplication of medical orders that certain inmates should be allowed half a pint of beer per day each. The Committee immediately called the attention of the house surgeon to the matter,

carefully went into the subject. The result is a reduction of ıption to eight hogsheads a week instead of ten. The saving thus is stated at £5. per week.

ar cold water prejudices even eight hogsheads a week seem an us consumption, and we feel somewhat curious to know really comes of it. It must be borne in mind that this is not the only ting beverage "drunk on the premises." In addition there is ed annually ten barrels of ale, six hogsheads of wine, fifty gallons ly, and sixty gallons of gin, in all making the little bill something £1,500. per annum. In justice to the Guardians it must be d, that they are not responsible for the introduction of all these nts to the workhouse. They are alleged by the medical officers ecessary for the sustenance of the sick and infirm in the hospital, the use of officers; the Directors have therefore no choice but to the greater part of the liquors alluded to. The chief argument cal men for the use of these beverages medicinally is, that they ıdminister stimulants in a more convenient form. On this head differ in opinion, and for our part we repudiate the practice er. Twenty-six years' experience and observation of total absti- om all intoxicating liquors, both as a beverage and medicinally, lly and in a family of nine, have convinced us that these liquors necessary to sustain life, promote health, or cure disease. During iod, in one or two instances even in the face of death, the injunc- the doctor to take stimulants have been defied with impunity, happiest results in every case have followed. Our conviction is, every drop of alcoholic liquor was excluded for ever from the ıse premises, the health and happiness of the inmates would be d thereby, and the rate of mortality in the house would be dimi-

Individually, therefore, we look upon this expenditure as utterly and injurious, in fact money thrown away. It will no doubt be to bring many of our readers and the recipients of beer in the use to our way of thinking; but that does not alter in the least the the case, which we simply record for the consideration of the ful and religious among our readers.

ing from the physical to the social and moral aspects of the subject, bt not but every member of the Board of Guardians will admit at at the main source of pauperism and crime is drunkenness. Per- ne out of every ten of the inmates in the workhouse are there from ıse, directly or indirectly. It is no very uncommon thing to find family reduced to the most abject misery through long indulgence ntoxicating cup. The workhouse hospital witnesses many heart- scenes of this description. Not long ago a strong, robust man, beyond the prime of life, lay weeping and groaning on the couch ı in ward No. 11. He had squandered away a fortune of £1,500. pation. His wretched partner in life (or paramour rather, for he ıerted his proper wife) was lying in the last stage of disease in the ward overhead, while five poor children, about to be left orphans care of the parish, were *weeping round* the bed. What caused it

all? Strong drink. It is unnecessary to multiply instances, otherw volumes might be filled with the fearful details. Why then should cause of pauperism be fostered in the last retreat of the pauper? W should the poor miserable wretches, whose ruin this fire-water has acc plished, be still served with it even in the very jaws of death? Of other places where these liquors find a lodgment, we contend they ou to have none in the parish workhouse.—*Local Paper.*

THE INFLUENCE OF CHRISTIANS IN RELATION T OUR DRINKING CUSTOMS.

(*From the Revival.*)

The *Revival* has not hitherto given prominence to question of Total Abstinence. We have been so much oc pied with the Gospel, and the ordinary and extraordinary wa in which it has been promulgated during the last few yea that we have had little time for its accessories, howev important they might be. To be candid, there was perha another reason, viz., that not having ourselves become pledg abstainers, there would have been an inconsistency, indeed insincerity, in our urging it upon our readers.

We find ourselves now, however, surrounded by a number young converts—God's little ones—of whom He has bidden take care. They have in many instances been gathered fr places where gin, not Jesus, has in all things the pre-eminenc and inasmuch as the circumstances surrounding them a unchanged by their conversion, they are encompassed wi snares and dangers, of which drink is the most prevalent, a round which all others revolve.

The question is, therefore, forced upon us, "How can we he these our brothers and sisters in Jesus Christ to avoid t snare?" And all the more because among the poorer class the cause of backsliding may in a large number of instances traced, directly or indirectly, to intoxicating liquor.

Facts are continually transpiring also, which make us pai fully aware of the immense number of cases in which you women, and even children scarcely in their teens, are d honoured by the aid of drugs administered in wine or oth drink—and flung, thus ruined, upon the town, to be seducers their turn. It is our firm conviction that the general disuse intoxicating drinks by the Christians of Great Britain wou by the moral influence thus exercised on all within their rea *have the* effect of saving from the streets a far larger numb

than are ever likely to be rescued by reformatory efforts after the path of pollution has been trodden. Our readers will bear witness that it is no want of sympathy with these restorative agencies that leads us to give the foremost place to preventive measures.

In the providence of God, an extensive sphere of influence has been committed to us. We are made to feel our responsibility to use that influence for Him; and assured as we are, from personal observation and by universal testimony, that intoxicating drink is the backbone of crime, and the fruitful cause of scandal in the church of Christ, we should be unfaithful to the Lord if we neglected to press upon the prayerful consideration of our readers, with especial reference to this subject, the words of the Lord Jesus, "If any man will be my disciple, let him deny himself, and take up his cross daily, and follow me."

And this leads us to "moderation." It is often said that the more nearly error resembles truth, the more dangerous it is. And we may certainly say that while drunkenness

> "is a monster of such hideous mien,
> That to be hated needs but to be seen,"

it is the moderate use of intoxicants by society generally, and Christians in particular, which throws a veil over their evil and danger. From the ranks of moderate drinkers fall off from day to day the weak and erring men, who in due time sink into the abyss of confirmed and helpless drunkenness. At the table of the moderate father, the son learns the use of that which, when removed from the restraint of home, he is often tempted to abuse; and its temperate use by the Christian mother veils from the child of her love, and even from herself, the danger to which we have already alluded, by which the innocent glass of wine, by a hellish alchemy, is transmitted into "the wine of dragons, and the cruel venom of asps."

We have no confidence in the arguments which attempt to show that the wines of Scripture were unfermented and not intoxicating. Because they were intoxicating, the wise man said, "It is not for kings, O Lemuel, it is not for kings to drink wine, nor princes strong drink; lest they drink and forget the law, and pervert the judgment of any of the afflicted. Give strong drink to him that is ready to perish, and wine unto those that be of heavy hearts. Let him drink and forget his poverty, and remember his misery no more." And because the same Spirit speaks in the New Testament, the Apostle exceptionally

says, "Take a little wine for thy stomach's sake and thine often infirmities," but takes for his own rule of life, "I will eat no meat so long as the world standeth, if it cause my brother to offend." "It is good neither to eat flesh nor to drink wine, nor anything whereby thy brother stumbleth, or is offended, or is made weak."

We have heard much of late concerning practical Christianity. Distressed Lancashire and starving Spitalfields afford us abundant opportunity for those brave attacks upon ourselves which God's dear servant, Reginald Radcliff, has first practised and then preached. But a man may boldly plunge his hand into his pocket, and find nothing there. What a large addition would accrue to the funds gathered to help the needy, if British Christians of all ranks would follow the example of the heroic poor man and woman who have devoted their beer-money to feed the poor. It was by Divine power the water was changed to wine; oh, for a greater work—a moral miracle—wrought by the ascended Christ, to turn wine and beer and brandy into bread and clothes and fuel, that the hungry may be fed, the naked clothed, and the houseless shivering outcast warmed and sheltered.

COMMITTEE WORK.

(*From the Nonconformist.*)

Waste of time is the besetting sin of raw or undisciplined Committees. Where they receive remuneration, as they are falsely imagined to do in Parliament, and as they ordinarily do in joint-stock undertakings, punctuality in attendance is commonly enforced by forfeiture of fees after a short interval of grace; it is a pity that some equivalent fine is not self-imposed by all Committeemen in case of transgression under this head. The evils consequent upon a loose observance of time in concerted action of any kind are far from trivial. Business, it is true, may be initiated without waiting the arrival of absentees—but the more reliable their judgment and the more suggestive their counsel, the more important is it that they should be put into possession of the exact state of affairs, and of opinion upon them, upon which they are expected to contribute their quota of advice. If they be worth their salt, their disregard of punctuality almost necessarily involves, at some stage or other of deliberation, a *resumè* from the chair of what has been done in their absence, and thus, inattention to minutes, on the part of

one or more members, really abstracts precious time from all the rest. Now, no man is entitled to be careless with the time of others—for, as things now go, time is money to most of us. For want of consideration, some men who would scorn to put in peril by any act of theirs the smallest item of pecuniary property belonging to their neighbours, trifle with their half-hours and even hours without the smallest compunction.

But irrelevant talk is far more usually prolific of waste of time in Committees than unpunctuality of attendance. We do not mean only that interchange of chat which has no connexion, near or remote, with the objects to be promoted—of which, by-the-bye, there is usually too much—but that sort of dislocated conversation which ensues from indulgence in episodical discussion. It is sometimes extremely amusing, sometimes not a little vexatious, to watch the vagaries of debate when discipline is not enforced—how the point which serves as the goal at the outset, is lost sight of in the ardour with which a cross trail is followed, and how, after an indefinite interval of warm debate, every one becomes sensible that no progress whatever has been made. It would seem impossible to some people to keep distinctly before themselves the mark to be aimed at, and to forbear eagerly chasing some questionable but entirely subsidiary statement that may have turned up in the collision of thought which all deliberation presupposes. Nor is this all. There are persons who are too impetuous to listen or to wait—who, when not engaged in speaking, are so intent upon pursuing the question in their own minds as to take no notice of what another may be proving, perchance with unanswerable logic—and who, in their enforced silence, having seized some new idea, burst in upon the speaker with an over-powering "Eureka," break short off his chain of demonstration, and, by sheer energy of will and voice, drag him and his colleagues away to matter far less pertinent. To know his proper time, and to keep close to the point at issue, is one of the rarest, as it is also one of the most valuable qualifications of a Committeeman—and it is a qualification which is seldom acquired without much training. When acquired, however, it is of the highest use to its owner, not merely in his capacity as a member of Committee, but in the much wider one of a member of society.

Committee-work, to be well performed, demands an exercise of no common amount of self-restraint. We can concert nothing of any moment with others until we have learned in some respects—in *many* we should perhaps be more correct in saying—to yield *to others*. *Few men can* reasonably expect to carry

everything in the precise shape in which his own judgme would prefer it. His proposals and plans may have cost hi severe thought in their elaboration, and it is not unnatural th things upon which he has bestowed the utmost pains should b appreciated by him not only in their main substance, but also i their details, whether of ornament or use. But he will soo learn, unless he is spoiled by egotism, that different minds wil survey his work from points of view very different to his own and, as a matter of course, will attach as much importance t their impressions as he is inclined to do to his. We cann long continue to act with others unless we can make up ou minds to concede to others all that we claim for ourselve Committee-work is almost always and of necessity composi work—and hence, not often intrinsically the best of its kin Practically, combination in active effort of any sort involves necessity of compromise. It is often hard to give up what w prefer. It is sometimes trying to be baulked in purposes whic we have spent much time in chiseling into shape. It is humil ating occasionally to have your projects, your preferences, o your arguments, set aside by considerations which strike yo as devoid either of pertinence or of weight. But he is not fairl up to his work in Committee who is not prepared, especially o time having been given for reflection, to submit to these some what searching tests—and he who throws up his cards in th face of honest and disinterested criticism or opposition, becaus the game is going against him, gives evidence of wanting on of the most essential points of a good Committee-man.

OUR FIFTH AGENT.

We are glad to announce that the Committee of the Band of Hop Union, have engaged Mr. William Bell, of Richmond, Yorkshire, t labor as one of their agents. Mr. Bell is an experienced lecturer, a goo singer, and possesses special abilities for Band of Hope work. His te timonials are of the highest character. The Rev. Thomas Holme, M.A. Vicar of East Cowton, says:—"I believe him to be a good man, and a earnest, zealous, and useful temperance advocate." The Rev. Joh Taylor, of Richmond, says:—"He possesses the happy art of command ing the attention of his hearers, and as a conductor of Bands of Hop he gains the entire confidence of the children, to whom his addresses a delivered." Mr. Ralph Horn, President of the Castle Boldon Societ says:—"We find him both a good man, and a first rate lecturer." M John Harrison, President of the Washton Temperance Society, says:- "You will find it difficult to get a better man."

Societies wishing to secure the services of Mr. Bell, are requested t *communicate* with the Secretary of the Band of Hope Union.

Annals of the Band of Hope Union.

WHITECROSS PLACE BAND OF HOPE, WILSON STREET, FINSBURY.—On Wednesday, Oct. 15, this Band of Hope had a special meeting, at which —. Taylor, Esq. presided, and the Rev. G. W. McCree, and Mr. G. S. Wybroo took part. Mr. McCree's kind and pleasant manner, and Mr. Wybroo's interesting mode of telling his numberless anecdotes, quite secured the attention of the young ones who were present. Previous to the meeting the children of the School had been provided with a tea by the Committee. The Band of Hope holds its meetings on Wednesday afternoons, at *three* o'clock; in this case, a good plan, because the children are then nicely under control. Mr. Blaby, Mr. Smith, Mr. Darling, and Mr. Pritchard, have at various times given good aid.—*Communicated.*

HORSLEY STREET.—The seventh anniversary of this society was held at Horsley Street schoolroom, near Camberweell Gate, on Wednesday, the 24th of September, when upwards of 200 sat down to tea.—The room was tastefully decorated with evergreens, artificial flowers, banners, &c., and presented a very cheerful and pleasing appearance. The public meeting commenced at half past six, when the numbers increased to about 450. W. R. Selway, Esq. presided, and addresses were delivered by the Rev. John Pillans, of Camberwell, the Rev. R. Robinson, and the Rev. G. W. McCree. During the evening several recitations and melodies were given, and the meeting was altogether very satisfactory.

THE NORTH OF ENGLAND AUXILIARY.

To the Rev. G. W. McCREE.

Darlington, October 20th, 1862.

Dear Sir,—I am happy to inform you that there is plenty of work for our *Auxiliary*, and more happy in informing you, that our Committee have a heart to say it *shall* be done. This week, I have delivered six lectures, and addressed three Bands of Hope. The Rev. J. Holme, whose influence is so great in this district, has also delivered two lectures in our behalf. The meetings have all been large and spirited. Engagements are now made up to Christmas, and even a fortnight into the year 1863. This week, we have affiliated three societies, and have two more promised. "The Lord of Hosts is with us, therefore will we not fear," but resolve to labour on in the good cause. Opposition is waxing weaker, and friends growing stronger. The children are hearty, hopeful, and happy. Old fields of labour are again blossoming, new fields are waving white for harvest, and we have this day received a cry from the wilderness, "come and help us." All we want is, strength and money. The disposition to do the work, is, I think, unquestionable. The president, secretaries, and committee, are all united and zealous.

Yours sincerely, W. B. AFFLECK.

THE WORK OF OUR AGENTS.—M. G. Blaby has addressed the fol-

lowing meetings:—Denmark Street; Bloomsbury Refuge, twice; George Street, Lambeth; Little Denmark Street, Soho; Kentish Town; Moor Street, Five Dials; Lant Street, Borough; Plough Yard, Carey Street, Lincoln's Inn Fields; Fox and Knott Court, Smithfield; Whitfield Chapel, Long Acre; Lansdowne Place, Kent Street, Borough; Calthorpe Street, Gray's Inn Lane; Carr Street, Limehouse; Vauxhall Walk, Westminster; Shadwell; Broadway, Westminster; Edgeware; Edmonton; Hendon; and Wapping. Mr. Blaby has also taken part in eight adult meetings, addressed three Sunday Schools, and preached eight sermons.

Mr. F. Smith has addressed meetings as under:—Deal and Hythe, Kent; Newport, Yarmouth, and Freshwater, Isle of Wight; Weymouth; Bridport; Exeter; Frome; Calne, Wilts; Vauxhall; Deverell Street, twice; Commercial Street, Whitechapel, twice; Weir's Passage, Somer's Town, twice; Tottenham; and King Street, Long Acre.

Mr. W. B. Affleck is hard at work in connection with the North England Auxiliary.

Mr. C. Starling has attended as under:—Southville, Wandsworth Road; Esher Street, Kennington; West Green, Tottenham; Lant Street, Borough; Shadwell; Weir's Passage, Somers Town; Deverell Street, New Kent Road; Suffolk Street, Borough; Bethnal Green; Surrey Chapel; One Tun, Westminster.

Colchester Young Men's Society.—The first anniversary of the formation of this society was celebrated at the Temperance-hall on Tuesday, the 23rd ult. The proceedings commenced with a tea-meeting; after which the annual public meeting was held, under the presidency of John Taylor, Esq. The report (read by the secretary, Mr. J. Cobb) stated that the object the society had in view was to unite the efforts and improve the advocacy of the young men of Colchester professing Temperance principles. During the year a Temperance-hall, capable of accomodating between three and four hundred persons, had been opened, and a considerable number of lectures and public meetings had been held in connection with the society. A Band of Hope, numbering nearly one hundred children, had been formed, and also a class having for its object the improvement of its members in the art of public reading and speaking. The financial report showed a small balance in hand. The adoption of the report was moved by Mr. D. J. Munro, of Ipswich, seconded by Mr. J. Fenn Humm, of London, and carried unanimously. Joseph Shewell, Esq., was re-elected president, and the other officers of the society were chosen; after which Mr. N. Smyth, of Norwich, moved the following resolution:—"That, as the traffic in intoxicating liquors is the source of drunkenness, crime, pauperism, insanity, and premature death, this meeting is fully convinced that the people should be empowered to exclude from their midst a system so disastrous and demoralising." This was secouded by Mr. William Steggles, and carried with aclamation. Thanks having been voted to the chairman and the speakers, the meeting separated.

Frome.—On Tuesday evening last, an entertainment of a popular and *highly* successful character was given in the National School Room, under

ıspices of the Frome Band of Hope. The large room was densely ed, many persons being compelled to stand throughout the pro- ıgs. The entertainment consisted, first, of a series of admirably ed views on "The Gorilla and his Country," with an interesting ıtive lecture by Mr. F. Smith, of London. These were followed uikshank's well known views of "The Bottle," and other miscel- s and comic scenes, and the entertainment closed with a magnificent y of Chromatropes, such as we have never seen surpased even at ılytechnic.—*Somerset and Wilts Journal.*

ıT COWTON, YORKSHIRE.—A Band of Hope Meeting, in connexion the Band of Hope Union Northern Auxiliary, was held in the ıal School, on Thursday, September 18th, when the children were sed by Mr. W. B. Affleck, agent to the Band of Hope Union, in a of anecdote which won the fixed attention of his youthful hearers. ffleck afterwards addressed an adult audience, who appeared to be gratified.

THE BAND OF HOPE TUNE BOOK,

the Tunes set to the pieces contained in "Hymns and Melodies for Bands of Hope,"

Compiled by the BAND OF HOPE UNION.)

Now Publishing in Penny Numbers.

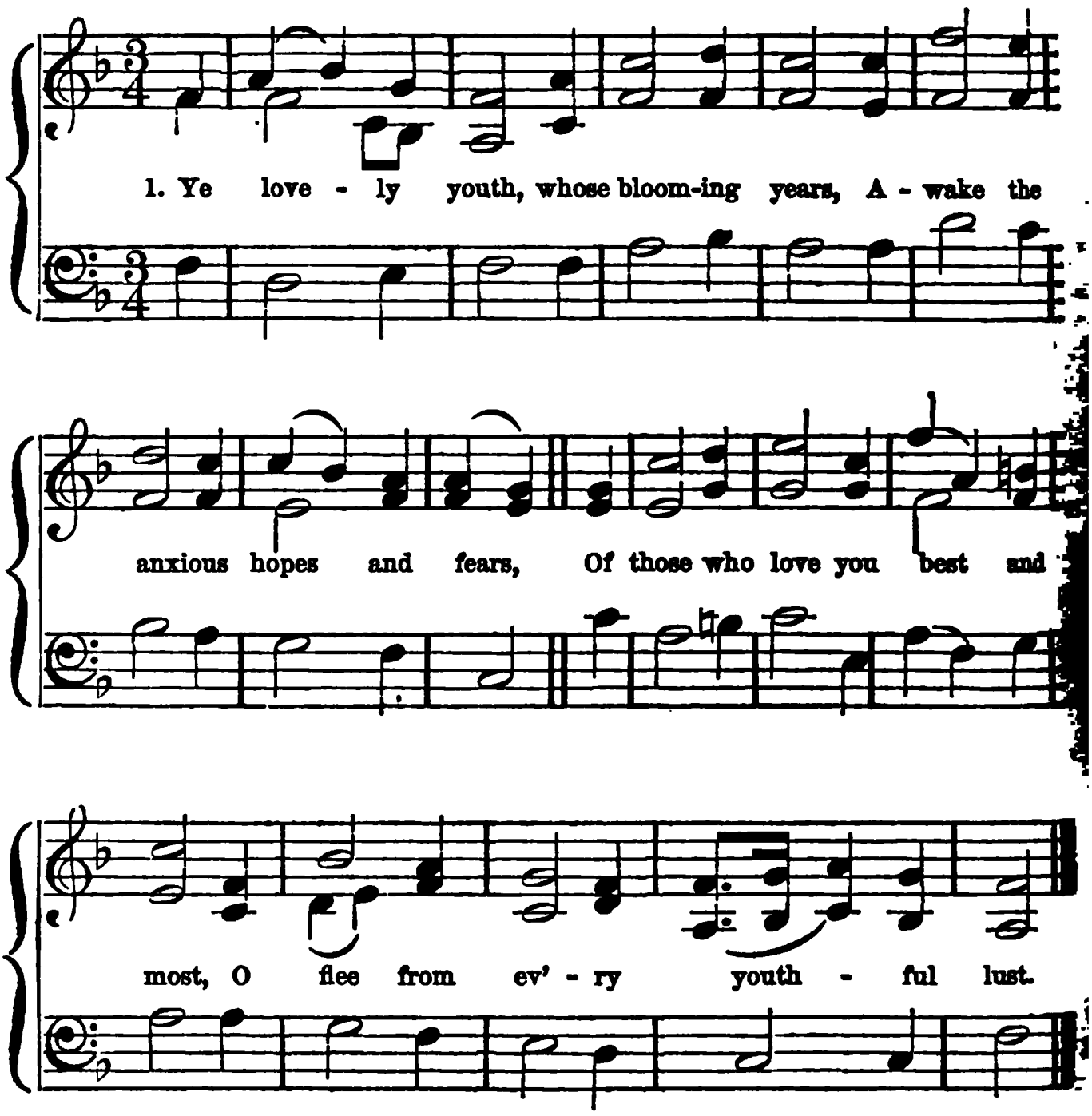
ıree years ago, the Committee of the Band of Hope Union published ny Hymn and Melody Book, and as a proof of the favour it has met it is only necessary to say, that 110,000 have been sold since its first rance. The tunes, however, to the pieces contained in this useful work, have hitherto been only to be found in a number of separate , amounting in the whole to considerable cost. The value of the is now much greater, by its being published *with the tunes*, the first er of which we have now the pleasure of reviewing.

ıe tunes for the new collection have been most carefully revised, and ɔnized for treble, alto, and bass, so as to give a full and complete ɔny in the three parts. We understand that the gentleman (Mr. F. ıidge, of St. Michael's Choir, Cornhill,) who has harmonized the , has had great experience in teaching children, and has at present ıl very successful Singing Classes, in connexion with Bands of , &c., and, as far as we are at present able to judge, he has acquitted ılf most admirably; the harmonies, although simple, are such ɔuld shame many of our larger tune books, in several of which gret to say (more especially in three part publications), a total con- ; is shown for the laws of harmony, so long as they sound "*pretty.*"

'e are glad also to see that Chromatic Harmonies have been avoided ıch as possible, which is a feature very desirable in a work, which, in obability, will be used chiefly by children.

'e cannot conclude, without strongly recommending this "Band of ı Tune Book" to our conductors and others, as by far the best work and of Hope use, of its kind, supplying, as it does, a want so long and ı felt by conductors. We wish it the success which its merits ought mmand. We subjoin a specimen of this work. (*See next page.*)

M. 69. **13.—ROCKINGHAM.** L.M.



2 Beware strong drink! *it leads to sin,*
Who would be free must not begin
To form a habit leading still
Its victims on at Satan's will.

3 Beware the cup! it leads astray,
From wisdom's path, from virtue's way,
Avoid the first approach of ill,
And pray to God to keep you still.

13

LITERATURE.

History of the Temperance Movement in Great Britain and Ireland, from the earliest date to the present time, with Biographical Notices of departed Temperance worthies. By SAMUEL COULING. W. TWEEDIE, 337, Strand, London. Price Five Shillings.—In this large and handsome volume, the author has endeavoured to give an impartial and instructive history of the Temperance movement, and we think he has in a great measure succeeded in producing a work, which will be found worthy of the patronage of the Temperance world; written in a clear and concise style, containing a large number of valuable facts, and not containing any exposition of matters adapted to excite hostility and anger, his volume may be safely placed in the Libraries of Temperance Societies, and read aloud at Temperance Meetings.

J. BALE, Printer, 78, Great Titchfield-street, Marylebone.

BAND OF HOPE RECORD.

PRACTICAL PAPERS, No. 10.

By Mr. G. M. MURPHY.

FESTIVALS, ENTERTAINMENTS, &c.

"Gregarious" is a hard word, but it has a pleasant meaning. It means to herd together, to gather in flocks, to be social in character and kind. The hardy petrel may scream its shrill notes above the raging storm, and the roaring lion make the forest tremble with its roar, in lonely state and boundless solitude; but it is not in man, though, like Selkirk, he be monarch of all he survey, to be happy, being alone.

Man is gregarious. Solitude, however he may affect it, is not natural to him. Society, for good or evil, he must and will have. The Temperance movement has ever recognised this fact. Indeed, excursions on a large scale, and multitudinous gatherings for the consumption of tea, bread and butter, and cake, are mainly the offshoots of Temperance Reform.

The Band of Hope Festival is, almost, a necessity of its existence. But an entertainment badly conducted has sometimes a fatal issue. Here, as in most other things, dexterity, prudence, and foresight, are essential to success.

Social gatherings, we are inclined to say, are of three kinds—private, public, and general. Private social meetings, are such as a conductor, or other friend, may convene at their own abodes, either to take counsel with friends from a distance; to introduce co-workers to each other; or to talk over, in a less formal way than is possible in committee, present activities and the prospects and powers of the movement. Whenever, and by whomsoever this is done, the invitations should include representative men, to avoid anything like cliqueism. Special care should be taken not to exclude a fellow-labourer because of his poverty, or social position. Nothing but moral incapacity should be a bar to meetings such as these. Were such semi-official gatherings to become more general, it would do much to cement the bonds of union, and to advance the general interests of the cause.

Another class of private meetings are such as call together into the conductor's private parlour the elder members of the Band of Hope, in order to pass a friendly season of communion with them, and to incite them to make themselves useful as

opportunities offer. Visitors, collectors, reciters, and choriste may thus be secured, and kept in harmonious working. B here again, the selections for a home-gathering such as t should be impartially made, lest jealousy be caused and misch ensue. The conduct of either class of meetings must, of cour depend much on the tastes and habits of the host, but an air holy cheerfulness should pervade the place where such asser blages are gathered.

Public festivals are such as include all members of the Ban of Hope or Temperance Society, and with them, our immediat friends. These are by some societies held at regular, by others at irregular intervals. Such gatherings differ in character according to the circumstances and locality of the society. I towns, the school-room or the meeting-place; in the country the meadow, the ancient park, or the shady forest, are witnesse of the boisterous glee of the youthful adherents to the pledge:-

> "Happy children meet to-day,
> Leave their books and have their play;
> Bright with joy beams every face
> In the Temperance meeting-place.
> Oh! how happy all will be,
> When we gain the victory."

We were once at a gathering of this kind in a low neighbourhoo in London. There was dirt, drunkenness, and misery withou and all around us, but within it *was* a happy place. Th children who were able paid for their tickets either at onc or by monthly instalments, and those who were known t be too poor to pay were invited by the committee, who with th president, secretary, and conductors, were present and took pa in the proceedings. Nearly 200 partook of tea, which wa plain, plentiful, and good; and after tea, and thanksgiving, as sailor would say, "the decks were cleared for action,"—in othe words the tables and forms were put away, so that nothin intercepted the happy hearts, and busy feet, as they trippe away to

> "Here we go round the mulberry bush."

Some were playing at "Tick and touch wood." In on corner a quiet little party had set up an imitation band, playin mock instruments, on the principle of "follow my leader. Another bonny circle were exceedingly energetic in "threadin the tailor's needle." Some of the smaller ones were conductir school on a small scale, or playing at "Band of Hope," singir and reciting some of their school pieces. Thus, and in vario ways, which the ingenuity of children only can devise, t

passing hours were pleasantly spent. Do you say it was childish? That may be; but it was far superior both in intelligence and real joy, to "Aunt Sally," "Blondin," or the "Derby." We were dealing with children, and hilarity is (thank God that it is,) a part of their nature. It was an evening's amusement which would bear thinking of in the morning.

At a given signal the forms were re-arranged, and the more formal, but not less pleasant meeting commenced; this was kept up by singing among the company, some part pieces, recitations, and a word or two of encouragement and counsel from the friends present, till the farewell hymn was sung, and young and old wended their homeward way, wondering at the swiftness of time.

This was simply one of several such festivals held as often as convenient, and from it we may glean a few noteworthy incidents.

I. The presence of the officers and the committee gave proof that they felt an interest in the work, and were determined, as far as they were concerned, it should prosper in their hand. If the standard-bearers faint, who shall marshal the host? If the committee do not, who besides can spur the members into activity? If the steersman nods, who wonders that the ship veers from its course? It was while men *slept* that the enemy of the good man sowed tares in the wheat. A word to the wise is enough.

II. Children, as a rule, should pay for their tea. Those who can afford it should be encouraged to pay for those who cannot. This they should do through the medium of the committee, so that those who receive gratuitous tickets might not even be likely to be pointed at as having been too poor to buy one. Children at best are but thoughtless, and poor children are very sensitive, but a little care and trouble will prevent the exercise of either, so far as this matter is concerned.

III. The provision should be both good and abundant. The decorations, if any, should consist of a few flowers and evergreens. In winter, artificial flowers judiciously placed look very neat; some flags, also banners with mottoes tastefully arranged. The blessing at the commencement, and the thanksgiving at the close of the repast should never be omitted. Propriety and decorum should be rigorously enforced. Whenever possible, the numbers to be prepared for should be known a day or two previous to the festival; this will prevent needless

expense, and much annoyance, when numbers are less or more than were expected. In a practical dissertation like this, it may not be out of place to say that for a party of eighty persons the following provision would be found necessary:—One pound of the best black tea, (this should be placed in muslin bags to go into the urns,) ten pounds of loaf sugar, one gallon of milk, forty pounds of bread, seven pounds of butter, and twenty pounds of cake. The table should be supplied by appointed waiters, who only should be permitted to move about during tea-time; this will prevent confusion, and greatly facilitate the pleasant dispatch of the meal. In large companies one person should be appointed to superintend, to whom all enquiries should be directed, and all wants made known. His eye should be everywhere, so that a nod may command his presence at any moment in any part of the room.

IV. Wherever possible, after tea, the children should be permitted to exercise themselves in gambols, as already described, or otherwise at the discretion of the managers. And the whole character of the entertainment should be, in the best sense of the word, free, easy, and acceptable. Anything of a long-winded or lugubrious character should be tabooed and the proceedings should close when enjoyment is at its height, rather than when the company are weary with satiety. A short devotional service should be the last engagement of the evening, sending the dear little ones to their homes full of the thought that virtuous companionship and holy joy is the best possible blessing under the sun, and, that "Wisdom's ways are ways of pleasantness and that all her paths are peace."

The third class of social gatherings are those which I have called general, because any person choosing to do so may purchase a ticket, attend the meeting, and share in the festivities. Much that has already been written will apply to them and therefore need not be repeated, but there are a few things sometimes neglected, which need attention. To make such demonstrations successful, *effort* is needed: too much dependence must not be placed on placards, advertisements, and announcements, all excellent in their way and which should be made good use of, but only as auxiliaries. The main moving power should come from the canvass of the officers, committee, members, and friends. What glorious trophies are found now in the Temperance ranks, who were first drawn to the movement by a private pressing invitation to attend some particular gathering. An ancient orator used to say to his pupils, "If you want your

audience to weep, weep you!" Just so; and if you want to press earnest men into the movement, be in earnest, and show outsiders that you are, by your friendly strivings for their sympathy, adherence and aid.

Prepare things suitable for the class of audience you expect, whether of age, sex, intelligence or rank. Be in harmony with the seasons. Don't have summer-like gatherings in the winter, or winter-like gatherings in the summer. There is a time for everything under the sun; and a proper time too. *Don't tell lies in your bills.* This is a common sin, and by no means confined to the Temperance movement. The time announced should be adhered to; half-past five means thirty minutes before six, not so long after. Six does not mean seven, merely because it's your anniversary. This fact is frequently overlooked. Fix the time at which your tea, entertainment, or meeting *shall* commence, and keep to it, or you are setting an example of untruthfulness. Don't put speakers names down on the bills who have not promised to be present, or include in your programme amusements you have neither the means nor the intention of carrying out. Such tricking, while unjust to the audience and the speakers whose names are clandestinely used, recoils on its perpetrators, and strikes sidelong at the success of our enterprise. Don't advertise Temperance concerts, and then show neither Temperance music, melody, or anthem on the programme. Such things have been, and worse; drinking songs have been introduced, either for the sake of the singer, or the sound of a jingling harmony. At some such seasons, if it were not for the bare announcement, no one would suppose that the evening's engagement had anything at all to do with the Temperance Reform.

Temperance excursionists should invariably include a temperance meeting in their arrangements, if not for the benefit of those who go with them, for the advantage of the place where, and the people to whom they go. While such meeting is being held, all other proceedings should be stopped. The attendance of the excursionists, the singing of the children, and the addresses of the speakers, may mean the temporal, and, perchance, even the eternal salvation of many. The secretary should have his pledge-book with him, so that signatures may be taken on the spot.

If possible, add a Christmas tree to your winter festival, only taking care that all articles are properly numbered, and having two sets of numbers, give the duplicate numbers to the young people *as they pass into the meeting*, so that no confusion is

caused. To prevent any crowding, make all the children keep their seats during the distribution. Two of the committee at the tree, the remainder scattered about the room, at equal distances, will be able to hand the articles, as the numbers are found, with sufficient rapidity. An occasional melody will please and profit the company.

At annual meetings, prune the dimensions of the report. Strike out ruthlessly all redundance, the poetry, the reflections, the figures of speech, aud opinions. A report should be a statement of facts, not a literary effort, except in as far as brevity and point are concerned. A report should state concisely the Society's object, what has been done towards attaining it, how it has becn accomplished, who have been the workers, and what the work has cost. All beyond this, however interesting, is superfluous, and should not be obtruded upon the meeting as a part of that document.

Don't ask too many speakers, *or forget to pay their expenses when they come.* It is not uncommon to see 10 or 12 speakers announced for one meeting, each of whom could usefully occupy half an hour. To some of these men, it is evident, an evening at home would be exceedingly valuable, or the unnecessary attendance of half of them might be dispensed with, and an opportunity thus given for attending when there was more need of help. It should be remembered by those who have the inviting of the speakers, that the men most likely to attract attendance are the men who have least time to waste.

Processions, in town or country, if well conducted, cannot but provoke thought on the part of the beholders. Vain personal display at such a time is exceedingly out of place, and will only be indulged in by the ignorant and vulgar. Flags, unmistakeably indicative of Teetotal principles and the cardinal virtues, and corresponding biblical injunctions, may be advantageously displayed; but irritating allusions should not on any pretence be permitted. We war with principles, not with persons, and we must convince, not goad the unthinking, the prejudiced, and the adversary, if we are to convert and win them.

Much more might be said, but "in the multitude of words there wanteth not sin;" and one sin is the waste of time when you appeal to the thoughtful. To such these words are spoken; and in conclusion we would say, whether your meetings, entertainments, or festivals be general, public, or private, keep God's glory and man's good continually in view,—be actuated by pure motive,—be honest in your aim, feeling that for the time being, and as far as your influence extends, you have the interests and

honour of a great movement committed to your care, and then everything will be done "decently and in order."

WATER AND WINE.

Lines written at Ackworth School, on the occasion of J. W.'s Marriage with S. G.

When circling friends the bridal pair surround,
With wine or water shall the feast be crown'd?
Gladness is there, joy animates the throng;
Deck you with rosebuds, raise the cheerful song.
Let not one flow'ret of the spring pass by,
Quaff the full portion of the cup of joy;
With wine, bright wine, the festal board be crown'd,
Banish dull care, and send the wine cup round.

Delusive syren! hush thy tempting strain;
Behold thy votaries lie among the slain!
Madd'ning thy joy, thy pleasures quickly pall,
See the handwriting on the banquet hall!
Thou art found wanting, in truth's balance weigh'd,
Thy lightning flash but leaves a deeper shade.
Darkness and woe, and bitter fruits are thine,
Banish the cup! taste not the sparkling wine.

Yes! when our friends the bridal pair surround,
With crystal water let the feast be crown'd.
Haste ye to yonder living fountain bright;
It sparkles too, all clear as liquid light!
It maddens not the brain, nor fires the eye;
It leaves no stain upon our revelry.

When angels' food to Israel's tribe was given,
This the twin blessing granted them by Heaven.
Planted at length on Canaan's fruitful hills,
Their milk and honey fail'd, when fail'd their rills.
Seated 'neath vine and fig tree, Israel
Eat of the fruit, and drank the limpid well.

The brightest jewel that the earth can boast,
Measures by water its uncounted cost,
Emblem of purity, and grace divine,
O may truth's living waters e'er be mine!
When the Apostle saw, with angel eye,
The city of transparent gold on high,
Waters of life, all clear as crystal flowed,
And gladden'd all the heritage of God!

J. Newby.

LANCASHIRE DISTRESS.

Subscriptions have been received from Newcastle, Windermere, St. Pancras, &c., which will be more distinctly acknowledged in our next Number. We hope our friends will do their best for the starving children of the North.

THE LAST MONTH OF THE YEAR.

By UNCLE TRUE.

My Hymn Book says:—

"How long sometimes a day appears,
And weeks how long are they;
Months move along, as if the years
Would never pass away."

And although the sentiment of the hymn is quite true, and the days, weeks, months and years move slowly along, we no sooner come to the end of a year, than we look back, and exclaim, how rapidly the year has passed away! But what does this rapid flight of time signify? Aye, that's the question. It means, in one sense, short and dark days, with no lack of dirt and fog. It is the gloomy season of winter, with Jack frost, and biting cold, and the nipping wind, and wintry snow. It means comforts in doors by the glowing fire, while outside, at every corner, stand the emissaries of old winter, to assault you with a rude and relentless hand. But yet winter, and specially December, brings joyous seasons, long evenings, just the sort for Band of Hope meetings, and as the month gets near its end, merry, merry Christmas, with its glowing fires, piles of cakes, tables groaning with "creature comforts," and hearts as full of glee, as the homes are full of cheer.

Even at midnight, when warm in your nest, and dreaming of you can scarcely tell what, you are startled by the floating sounds poured forth by "wandering minstrels," who at Christmas will call to remind you of their midnight performances. Ah! December, if you are dull, you are merry, and if cold, you are cheerful; but still there is something about you solemn; we part with an old friend, when you depart. The last day of December tells of another year passed into eternity, a year of opportunities, a year of privileges passed away for ever. But there yet remains enough of the year to finish it well. Let us, therefore, take a fresh start before this year is gone. "Whatsoever your hand findeth to do, do it with all your might," was, and is a good motto; let us adopt it, and eagerly seek to diminish the amount of evil there is in the world; and especially does

this apply to us. Temperance propogandism is hard work, up hill, hard-pulling work, and yet 'tis pleasant, for the higher we get up the hill, the better is the prospect. We see here and there the results of our labours,—a conciliated press, an approving church, an apologizing public, a growing Band of Hope Union, a sturdy phalanx of veteran heroes, alliances, and leagues, a noble confederation,—but only the beginning of better times; the full flowing tide and plenteous showers have to come. But work on! they will come, and wash away moral impurities, the accumulations of ages. We may look for a bright opening season, a new day to dawn on the world, a season fresh as spring, when poverty will be rare, crime creep into corners, and plenty fill our land. 'Tis the high principle of religion that must fully bless us, but, with the drink banished, how speedily would the good time come. Let us then labour for this end, and let 1862 see a renewed effort put forth by every honest worker in the Temperance cause. So shall we end the old year well, and be ready to welcome the dawn of 1863.

PASSING TOPICS.

Goose Clubs.—Many of the publicans are busy with their "Goose Clubs." They are a cunning invention of the fraternity for filling their tills with "Fool's Pence." The plan of the club is very simple. The member pays sixpence per week for nineteen weeks, and a shilling in the twentieth week, and for this he gets a goose and a bottle of gin. The victim, you see, must go twenty-one times to the bar before he can "cook his goose," and swallow his gin. How much does he spend upon his Christmas dinner? Fifteen, twenty, and thirty shillings. No man can go, pay his money, and come away. He must and does drink for the good of the goose-maker, and join in the revelry which goes on from week to week. Now, why should not every temperance society have its goose club, and thus checkmate the publican? Many would glady join such a savoury institution, and eat the fat and drink the sweet without loss to the pocket, and injury to the mind.

The Band of Hope an Auxiliary to the Sunday-School.—A paper on "How to Retain our Elder Scholars," read by the Rev. J. P. Chown, of Bradford, at a recent conference of Sunday-school teachers, has just been published. We have pleasure in quoting the following remarks on Bands of Hope:—"There is doubtless some variety of opinion among many warm-hearted supporters of Sunday-schools on this matter; and there have been some things in the management of some of these societies, as is the case in all infant societies, such as their best and wisest friends regret. But the writer speaks from somewhat close observation of one that has been conducted in connection with his own place for the last ten years, and has no hesitation in saying, that he regards its

operations with devoutest thankfulness to God for the good that has been wrought by it, and the most ardent assurance that it shall yield results in the next generation such as are now but little thought of. One good result it has accomplished is that some of the young have been brought through that, as a sort of outer porch, into the Sunday-school, which is the court of the temple; and through that into the inner and holier recess of the church itself, where they are a joy and blessing to all who look upon them. Another good result is, that it brings the young together on the week-night, for engagements a little more cheerful than would be otherwise furnished; such cheerfulness as youthful minds will have, and ought to have, and if they cannot have it pure, they will be drawn where it is impure. And in this way amusement is blended with instruction, and that is crowned by devotion too, for every such meeting begins and ends with prayer and praise. Another result is, that it trains the youth themselves to abstain from that which has been, and is, the greatest curse to our schools and churches; and, next to sin, the fountain of all evil, that we have to fight against and mourn over. It is this that has drawn away and destroyed those in whom often our fondest hopes were centred; and in this aspect of the labours of these societies their tendency must be to save our young folks from temptation into which others have fallen, and to preserve to us those whom we might otherwise have lost."

RELIGIOUS SERVICES FOR WORKING MEN.

By the Rev. G. W. McCREE.

We observe advertisements in the metropolitan and provincial newspapers, announcing "Special Religious Services for the Working Classes." We have entire confidence in the pure and benevolent motives of the promoters of those services, and believe they are animated by a sincere desire to see the masses enlightened, well-fed, virtuous, and happy. They believe in the power of the Gospel to make the hearts and homes of men radiant with peace, love, and holiness. We also are believers in Him whom "the common people" heard so gladly. Fain would we see every working man a christian, but alas! we know that ignorance, brutal violence, destitution, and blasphemy throw their dark shadows over many a poor man's fire-side. We have built new churches and beautiful chapels, but the working classes do not throng to and fill them. "I have been to Naples," says an eminent London minister, "and have seen the lazzaroni lying upon the quay; I have been to Rome, and have seen Italian peasants on the steps of St. Peter's; I have seen Greek sailor boys and fishermen from the Adriatic, coiled like so many snakes upon the marble floor of St. Mark's, at Venice;—but I have never seen types of humanity in so degraded and repulsive a form as I

have seen them in London. Here we have masses of ignorance and crime far, far more terrible than those fires which are continually blazing beneath the slopes of Vesuvius, or than those billows of brimstone which once rolled over the cities of the plain." In all our great cities there is gorgeous wealth and squalid poverty, debasing ignorance and exalted knowledge, revolting crime and beautiful virtue; but does not the ignorance exceed the knowledge, and the crime surpass the virtue? When we are told that one newspaper, containing reports of a prize-fight, sold to the extent of 300,000 copies, may we not fear that thousands of our fellow-countrymen lay no restraint upon their passions, and wallow in the filthiest depths of vice? That special efforts are needed for the evangelization of the masses we quite believe. A city missionary tells us, that in the district allotted to him he found 212 houses without a copy of the Bible, 815 parents who could neither read nor write, and 1372 children who attended neither day nor Sunday schools; and no doubt nearly every home missionary could make similar statements. If it be true that there are 30,000 disreputable houses in the United Kingdom, and 600,000 persons employed, *on Sundays*, in dispensing intoxicating drinks, is it wonderful that demoralisation should exist?

Lamenting this state of things, good men have instituted, and, as we think, wisely and kindly, these special services for the working classes; but they may say with Mr. Recorder Hill, of Birmingham, that "whatever step we take, and in whatever direction we may strike, THE DRINK DEMON starts up before us and blocks the way." What fills the hundred and fifty-six jails and houses of correction which blacken the map of the United Kingdom? whence come their 30,000 inmates? whence flows the perpetual stream of pauperism? what makes men beat their wives? what induces working men to rob their masters? what makes the murderer "swift to shed blood?" Is it not the prevalent use of strong drink? Have not Lord Shaftesbury, Mr. Samuel Morley, the Rev. Newman Hall, and all the other zealous friends of the poor found "the drink demon" to stand in their path? We think, then, that whoever seeks to establish special services for the working classes, should take care that the principles of total abstinence have a prominent place in their benevolent efforts. We do not wish to have total abstinence idolised, nor lifted out of its proper place, but we do maintain that to ignore the temperance reformation is to commit a blunder, and to neglect a fountain of blessing. "I," said a

reformed drunkard, "was once an infidel, but I am teetotaller and a christian." And if those christian gen who are expendihg their money and devoting their ti guide men to heaven, will only add "temperance" tc "faith," we feel confident that they will never regret it. sooner they force "the drink demon" out of the way, the for their great and glorious work, in which we cordially them triumphant success.

POETRY.

NO PLACE LIKE HOME.

'Midst pleasure and revelry,
  Enchanting my soul,
With reckless delusion,
  I quaff'd the deep bowl.
Nor fool that I was,
  Dreamt of ruin to come,
Nor thought how they fared
  Who still loved me at home.
Sweet home, &c.

The dire spell is now broken,
  Drink tempts me in vain,
I defy the proud tyrant,
  And freedom regain.
Releas'd from my shackles,
  No longer I roam;
Having learnt by experience,
  There 's no place like home.
Sweet home, &c.

My wife shares my pleasure,
  In her eye not a tear;
Wrapt up in home duties,
  Her smiles re-appear.
While I sing to our nestlings,
  I 'll never more roam,
They chime in the chorus,
  There 's no place like home.
Sweet home, &c.

T. Ho

The Vicarage, East Cowton.

I WOULD GO HOME.

"I would go home! Fain to my Father's house,
Fain to my Father's heart!
Far from the world's uproar, and hollow vows,
To silent peace, apart.
With thousand hopes in life's gay dawn I rang'd,
Now Homeward wend with chasten'd heart, and chang'd:
Still to my soul one germ of hope is come,
I would go home!

"I would go home, vex'd with thy sharp annoy
Thou weary world and waste;
I would go home, disrelishing thy poor joy;
Let those that love Thee, taste!
Since my God wills it, I my cross would bear,
Would bravely all the appointed hardness share;
But still my bosom sighs, where'er I roam,
For home, sweet home!

"I would go home! My happiest dreams have been
Of that dear fatherland!
My lot be there; in heaven's all cloudless scene;
Here, flits mirage, or sand!
Bright summer gone, the darting swallows spread
Their wings from all our vales re-visited,
Soft twittering, as the fowler's wiles they flee,
Home, home for me!

"I would be home! They gave my infancy
Gay pastime, luscious feast;
One little hour I shar'd the childish glee,
But soon my mirth had ceas'd;
While still my playmates' eyes with pleasure shone,
And but more sparkled as the sport went on;
Spite of sweet fruits and golden honey-comb,
I sighed for home!

"I would be home! To shelter steers the vessel;
The rivulet seeks the sea;
The nursling in its mother's arms will nestle;
Like them, I long to flee!
In joy, in grief, have I tun'd many a lay,
Griefs, joys, like harp-notes, have now died away.
One hope yet lives! To heaven's paternal dome,
Ah! take me *home!*"

THE HISTORY OF TWO VILLAGE APPRENTICES.

(Continued.)

By Mr W. B. AFFLECK.

"I am weak, and faint, and freezing,
Crawling under ground in pain:
Weary—weary, dark and dreary:
With a weight upon my brain.
Hard and icy is the region,
And my blood is thin and slow:
I am living—I am dying
Both in one, and both in woe."

Above ground and under ground, alike, was prejudical to physical and moral health. The exhaustive under ground work cramped and stunted the physical growth, and the moral atmosphere above ground was so pregnant with ignorance, iniquity and sin, that it checked the intellectual, moral, and religious development. Life, even at that youthful age, was burdensome, and often did that poor boy, while thus in bondage, cry with Paul, "Oh! wretched man that I am, who shall deliver me from the vile body of this death." I have known him pray, earnestly pray, that the sainted spirit of his departed mother might temporarily return, and protect him from the merciless cruelties daily practised. His education was received in the pit and the public house. Unfortunately (in one sense) nature had gifted him with a sweet voice and a correct ear for singing, and the boy, with his musical abilities, was used by the publican as a decoy duck, or as the fowler uses his singing birds to entice others on to the *limed wands*. Drink led him frequently to the public house to sing, and singing led him very often to drink, when want of means would otherwise have prevented him.

On a Friday evening, after getting his pay, he would repair to the public house, freely spend his money while it lasted, and when it was done he would commence singing, "Poor Mary across the Wild Moor," "The Plaidie awa," "The Umbrella Courtship," &c., until time for closing.

These singing and drinking propensities drew him into other evils. Not unfrequently would some rival start up and challenge the musical aspirant to a test of their disputed talents; this was sure to lead to quarrelling, and so on to fighting. Pugilistic distinction soon became the master passion of his being; to this every other thing must subserve and bend. To be clever at this disgraceful art, was to be a good man,—

a real clever fellow. Nature too, in this, appeared to have been duly considerate, and had fashioned and proportioned him for the work. He was tall, elastic, wiry, and large boned. These physical endowments were all peculiarly favourable for the "manly art of self-defence." If he hit his youthful antagonist, it told home. If his antagonist hit him well, he was sure to jump and sprain his fingers and hands on the large hard bones, and being thus favoured he generally conquered. The last time he was ever connected with one of these brutal scenes, was on a sabbath evening in June, 1849. He commenced drinking early on that hallowed morn, and continued the whole of the day, except during the prohibited hours. When leaving the public house to get some refreshment, at noon, the church service was just concluded, and great numbers of people leaving, passing orderly and clean to their respective homes, while he was dirty and drunk. Low as he had sunk in the slough of intemperance and iniquity, he felt remorse and shame at the contrast. Looking on the two pictures seriously impressed his mind. They worship the true and living God, therefore they have health, respectability, pleasure, and hope. He worshipped Bacchus, therefore he had sickness of head and heart, poverty, misery and despair. In shame he went and lay himself down behind a stone wall, where he was hid from their observation. "The wicked flee when no man pursueth." That afternoon, for more than an hour, the Spirit of God strove powerfully with the spirit of alcohol; but the carnal appetite proved victor. When the doors of the painted sepulchres were re-opened, there he was again, surrounded with an atmosphere alike prejudicial to God and goodness. About nine o'clock in the evening, he and a companion with whom he had been drinking all the day, quarrelled, they stripped and fought. A policeman coming at the time, stopped the fight before it was ended, in consequence of which a match was made for the battle to be fought out on the Wednesday following; one pound aside was staked, and the fight was to take place at three o'clock on the Wednesday afternoon. From the Sunday evening till four o'clock on the Wednesday morning he continued drinking. At six o'clock in the morning, drunk as he then was, he started out to go to the pit to his work, with his mind strangely and mysteriously impressed. Twice on the road did he turn his steps again towards home, but finally steeling his mind and feelings against any further premonitions of warning, he persevered and went down the pit. To keep away the

solemn and serious apprehensions that every now and th
sented themselves, he sung low, lascivious songs, and
while having one such lewd songs in his heart and li
the stone above him fell, and crushed, bruised, and bro
almost to pieces. Feeling the rush of wind, caused by t
ing of the debris, he involuntarily called out, "Lord
mercy upon me." There is no question, if that ha
sudden death to him, but that it would as surely hav
sudden never-ending destruction. "Be not deceived,
not mocked; for whatsoever a man soweth that shall
reap." He was sowing wind, and would assuredly have
the whirlwind. For three days he was insensible to
even knew not what had occurred. When consciousnes
first dawned upon reason's vacant throne, he was in ama
and in spirit inquiring:—

"Oh! the sorrow! where is this?
To what prison have I come?
Cheerless, soundless, colourless,
Hard and frozen, blank and dumb.
I am fettered to a body,
Galling to me; and my blood,
If not stagnant altogether,
Is a cold and sluggish flood.
All is dim before mine eyes;
And I fancy it would be
Sweet to close them, and to sleep
In a slumber, still and deep,
Senseless to eternity!"

In the unfortunate visitation, both his leg and thig
found to be very badly broken, and for a time the medic
consulted, whether or not it wouldn't be better to amput
limb, but a brother having come to see him, desired tha
might be made to set the broken bones. The experime
tried. The limb was saved. Nine days after the setti
bandaging of the leg, it was found to be so very unea
painful, that the doctor was obliged to open it out again
it was found that the thigh was so fearfully crooked, th
would have to re-break it, which was done. For severa
he then lay in suspense and pain, of both body and mi
was his trouble any lightened by the visits of neighb
acquaintances. One elderly woman said, "it was a ju
shown to him for his wickedness, and to let him kn
there was a God who over-rules the destinies of his cre
another said, "what could he expect, when he had been
ing, and fighting, for three days, and was to have fough

on the day of the accident? The Lord had, undoubtedly, a gracious purpose in view, and that there was never anything bad, but that it might have been much worse." Be these conjectures true or false, the affliction deeply impressed his mind, and the word *judgment*, used by a woman, who herself was not serving God, made him think he must be seriously wicked, and that a change must take place. However, the cup of his iniquity was not yet so full as afterwards filled it, for on recovering so far as to be able to go on crutches to the haunt of his old enemy, the public house, he went and got drunk, and on returning home, fell down again, and broke the thigh. These misfortunes, drink-induced, succeeded each other rapidly, and ultimately swelled into a long, dark, painful, catalogue. O! drink, of what unnumbered ills art thou guilty? Thy name is legion. Before taking the reader another step down the ladder of suffering and crime, we leave the history till another chapter.

Annals of the Band of Hope Union.

THE NORTH OF ENGLAND AUXILIARY.

North of England Auxiliary.—Mr. W. B. Affleck has, during the past month, held seven meetings at Bishop Auckland, three at Hawes, two at Bainbridge, one at Askrigg, four at Great Horton (Bradford), one at Kildwick, one at Kettleweil, and one at Countersett. Mr. Affleck has also preached five sermons in aid of distress in Lancashire, and visited four day schools. The public meetings have invariably been both large and successful.

To the Editor of the "Band of Hope Record."

Darlington, Nov. 17th 1862.

Sir,—I can no longer refrain from saying a few words about the working of the "Auxiliary" in the North. Our agent, Mr. Affleck, is not only fully engaged, but quite unable to comply with all the applications which are being made for his services. As Mr. A. is no stranger to you, it will be no surprise to learn, that the people flock in crowds to the place where he is announced to speak, and listen with evident interest and delight. It is a great acquisition to obtain the services of a person so eminently qualified for his work, as is our friend Mr. Affleck for his. The influence of his personal character, as well as the more direct results of his oral advocacy of the great principles of "Temperance," cannot fail to prove beneficial to those persons whose interests in "both worlds," he so earnestly endeavours to promote. Whenever a "Society" wishes to make large aggressions on the territory of the common adversary, I can only hope that such "Society" may secure a *man* so apt to teach, so willing and able to work, and withal so persevering as our respected agent. And I trust that as the infirmities of age, or the shafts of death, diminish

the ranks of our temperance army, others may be forthcoming, who shall worthily emulate the courage of their predecessors, and resolutely "carry the battle to the gate."

I am, yours very faithfully,
H. J. CARR, *Hon. Sec.*

WHITECHAPEL.—The first public meeting of the Petticoat lane and Goulston street Band of Hope took place on the evening of the 21st instant. The chair was taken by the Rev. Samuel Thornton, the president of the society, who was supported by several members of his congregation the body of the room was filled by the parents and friends of the children. The meeting was opened by an address from the chairman, who was followed by Mr. Wilson, the manager of the society and schools The children, some of whom did not appear to be above seven years of age, recited several temperance pieces, which were interspersed by several excellent and appropriate tunes by the band. The president delivered several prizes to the children. The meeting was now brought to a close by the National Anthem being played, and a benediction from the president.

During the past month Mr. Blaby has attended the following Bands of Hope:—Bloomsbury Refuge: Commercial road; Broadway, Westminster; Denmark street; Gee street; Little Wild street; Pond place Chelsea; Good Samaritan; One Tun, Westminster; Offord Road Portman Hall; Bermondsey; Stepney Meeting; St. Clement's Danes twice; Star of Temperance, Swallow street; Shadwell, twice; Wesgreen; Willow walk; Waltham Abbey; and Whitfield Chapel; besides taking part in four adult meetings, preaching sermons, and addressing Sunday Schools.

Mr. S. Insull has been actively engaged in the provinces, addressing Bands of Hope, Sabbath and Day Schools, and has delivered illustrated lectures, with great success, at the following places:—New Mills, Stockport, Salford, Preston, Croston, Lytham, Lancaster, Backbarrow, Kendal Kirkby Stephen, Sunderland, West Bromwich, Luton, Leighton Buzzard, Berkhampstead, Stanstead, Essex, &c. &c. The following notice of Mr. Insull's labours is selected from many others:—

"LANCASTER BAND OF HOPE.—On no former occasion, we believe has the Palatine hall contained such a vast assemblage of juvenile temperance patrons, as on the evening of Thursday last, there being upwards of 1,600 children present, to witness the illustrated entertainment given by Mr. S. Insull, of London, which was of a most interesting character and well adapted to amuse and gratify the youthful mind. The pleasing melodies, sung at intervals by Mr. Insull, were responded to in the choruses by the children with a deal of enthusiasm and power, and the entertainment must have made an impression on the minds of this youthful gathering which will not easily be erased."—*Lancaster Observer and Morecombe Chronicle.*

EAST COWTON.—The Rev. T. Holme, writes:—On the 14th and 15th ult. Mr. W. Affleck and myself addressed meetings on the Band of Hope movement at Witton Park and Spencer Moor, in the county of

Durham, at both of which places there are extensive Ironworks. The attendance was good at both places, and the addresses were listened to with marked attention, and seemed to produce a good effect. At Witton Park, previously to the adult meeting, we examined and addressed a large number of juveniles, many of whom belonged to the Band of Hope. They appeared to be intelligent children, and gave very appropriate answers to the questions proposed. Mr. Lewis, the secretary, informs me that there were in the district 600 children in the different sabbath schools, and that before our visit there were about 300 "pledged abstainers," but (he adds) since your visit a consultation between the officials has taken place, and, now we have determined to make all our sabbath school children members of the Band of Hope, and meet all together once every month to listen to addresses. We thank you kindly for the interest you take in this noble cause. Your visit will not soon be forgotten; all seem to have been delighted at our meeting."

Richmond, Surrey.—The fourth Annual Festival of the Band of Hope was held on the 5th inst. at the British School Room. About eighty persons were present. Mr. Freemantle presided over the meeting. After singing and prayer, Mr. F. Cox, the secretary made a report of the proceedings during the past year, shewing that 35 pledges had been taken, and 495 Band of Hope Reviews distributed. Very interesting and instructive addresses were delivered by the Rev. J. Banham, Messrs. Teanes, Newby and Charlesworth. At the close, an abundant supply of tea and cake, &c., was brought in, and that being disposed of, and a few pledge cards presented, the assembly broke up highly gratified.

Percy Chapel Band of Hope, Bath.—A very interesting meeting of this Society was held in the school-room of the above Chapel, on Tuesday evening, Oct. 28th, when notwithstanding the inclement state of the weather, the attendance was *overflowing*. In the unavoidable absence of Thomas Thompson, Esq. of Prior Park, Mr. Beavis was unanimously called to the chair. In opening the proceedings, the chairman expressed his regret at the absence of Mr. Thompson; he then gave some striking anecdotes, illustrating the frightful consequences of intemperance, and also related instances which had come under his own notice, of wondrous reformations effected, through the blessing of God on the efforts of members of the Temperance Society.

Mr. D. B. Hooke then addressed the meeting at some length. He most earnestly entreated all present to have nothing to do with strong drink; for no less than 40,000 of our fellow countrymen are every year hurled into another world through its influence; that the holy Bible expressly declares, that no drunkard shall enter the kingdom of heaven. Then how appalling the condition of those whom strong drink has hurried to their graves! Mr. H. also gave many statistical facts, showing the vast sum of money expended yearly in this debasing and soul-destroying custom. Mr. T. Anthony said, he was not at all accustomed to address an audience on the temperance question, although he had been a total abstainer for 13 years. He said he felt a particular interest in Bands of Hope, on the ground that prevention is better than cure; he had rather

prevent a child ever becoming a drunkard, than having become one, l the means of reclaiming him. When a man has gone to great lengths i vice, he cannot be *perfectly* restored, he retains the mark through life. you rub the bloom off the peach, can you restore it?—or shake the dev drops in early morning from the leaves of the tender plant, and by wh process can you replace them? During the evening some very excelle recitations were given by members of the Band of Hope. We m mention the following:—"The Drunkard's Auction," Master A. Jone "The Rescued Boy," T. Price; "Alexander and the Robber," E.& Jones; "Close the Alehouse Door," Miss Ryman; "A Drop of Water E. Ryman; "A Story of Heaven," L. Gifford; "Robin Gray," E. Goug "Battle of Blenheim," Master Lane, member of Vineyards Band Hope. Mr. J. S. Sturges, the President, then proposed a vote of than to the chairman and speakers for their kind and able assistance. He sa there was much reason for gratitude to God for the success which h attended Percy Chapel Band of Hope, for although the society has exist little more than a year, it already numbers more than 300 membe Mr. S. then gave a short account of Alexander the Great, who, he sa conquered the whole world, but himself became an abject slave to drun enness, and concluded his remarks with several instances which had be brought under his notice in one day, in which health, character, a business had been sacrificed at the shrine of intemperance. The D ology was then sung, and the meeting separated all well pleased, and trust much profited.

Kenilworth.—On Tuesday evening, November 11th, an amusing a highly instructive lecture was delivered in Abbey Hill School-roo before a numerous and much-gratified audience, by J. W. Kirton, ag to the Alliance, on "The History and Mystery of a Glass of Pale Al His interesting remarks were illustrated and enforced by the exhibiti of numerous diagrams, and the use of an apparatus, by which he p formed certain experiments on a pint of ale, and clearly showed h useless all such drinks really are, and their utter inability to supply t place of food in imparting strength and nourishment to the human syste Mr. Kirton succeeded in making his remarks so plain that the young child might understand them.

Ventnor.—On Friday evening last a lecture was delivered in conn tion with the Ventnor and Bonchurch Temperance Society, by Mr. Starling, (of the Band of Hope Union, London,) at Wesley Chap High street, on the advantages of the Band of Hope movement. T meeting, which was well attended, was commenced by singing a tem rance hymn. The Rev. S. Illingworth, Primitive Methodist Minist then engaged in prayer; after a few introductory remarks by t chairman, (Rev. G. Reeves, United Free Methodist Minister), Mr. St ling proceeded to deliver his lecture, which was interspersed w anecdotes of an interesting and amusing character, and was listen to by the audience with the greatest attention. The drum and fife ban in connection with the Band of Hope, was in attendance, and played and from the meeting.—*Hampshire Independent.*

J. Bale, Printer, 78, Great Titchfield-street, Marylebone.

THE

BAND OF HOPE RECORD.

Vol. III.

JANUARY TO DECEMBER, 1863.

Edited by

THE REV. G. W. McCREE.

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ST. MARY-LE-BONE.

CONTENTS.

ND OF HOPE RECORD.

OUR BAND OF HOPE.

By the Rev. T. HOLME, East Cowton, Yorkshire.

Band of Hope movement is justly attracting the thought-
ention of Temperance men. Judiciously managed,
y fostered, and wisely directed, one can scarcely overrate
ngth which it may be expected to bring to our cause.
however, yet in its pupilage, and hitherto growing up to
y in a desultory form, without any regular organization,
obliged to feel our way in order to decide upon the best
of bringing out its powers into effective operation. To
s in ascertaining this method, I think it might be a good
a few friends from different districts could be prevailed
give a short sketch of the system on which they conduct
ocal Bands of Hope. Under this impression, I wish to
a short account of the manner in which we manage our
lage Band of Hope. I may here premise that my parish
all rural one, containing by the last census, only 472
ants, and that of this number we have a larger propor-
teetotallers than can be found in most parishes. As
no other individual in the place to take a leading interest
Band of Hope, it is altogether under the management of my
nily. I will now give you from our *Parish Magazine*, the
there contained of the first opening of our meetings:—

EVENING WITH THE BAND OF HOPE.—Being desirous to encou-
juvenile members of the Temperance cause, my daughters and
hought that it would be a good plan to invite all the young
ers above 7 years old, of not less than a month's standing, to the
, to spend an hour in some way that might combine pleasure and
on. The first meeting was held on Monday, the 4th of Feb. 1861,
had the pleasure of finding 17 boys and 18 girls. On the 11th,
ber was 23 boys and 22 girls. On the evening of the second
when I entered the room, I found them arranged, the boys
n one side of the room, and the girls on the other, all of them
with evident delight to the story of Lazy Lawrence, which Miss
was reading to them. The story was just being brought to a close,
azy Lawrence was left in prison, having been sent thither for some
which he had been tempted by idleness and the bad company
kept. This gave me an opening for addressing to them a few
pointing out the rock on which Lazy Lawrence had been wrecked,
importance of avoiding such company as would lead to idleness,
g, and other bad habits. I then inquired of them, if they could

tell me what Teetotalism was? After a short pause, one of them answered, 'Abstaining from intoxicating drink.' I then inquired, 'Of what use is Teetotalism?' Answer, 'It is good for the character.' 'What else is it good for?' 'For health.' 'Is it good for anything else?' 'For religion.' 'Can you mention any other advantage it has?' 'It is good for happiness.' 'Any thing else?' 'It is good for the pocket.' Now, in looking at these answers, it must be admitted, that they are entitled to the candid attention of those who are not favourable to our cause, while they really embody the arguments which our best advocates use in support of temperance. They certainly are a satisfactory answer to persons who are continually objecting, that boys and girls don't know what they are doing when they sign the pledge. They know very well what they are about. Several of them have kept the pledge for six or seven years, in spite of every temptation to induce them to break it. On looking at so many bright and cheerful faces, it did one's heart good, and I could not help thinking, what happy homes some of them might have in the course of ten years, if they kept their pledge; and I told them so. After they had spent a quarter of an hour in learning to sing a few verses of 'The Spider and the Fly,' a Temperance melody, they had each a book lent to them our of our Juvenile Library, which we have provided for them, to read at home, and to be exchanged for another on the next day of meeting; and so they all went away in high glee.

After having discontinued these meetings during the summer months when the attendance became small, we have recently renewed them, and they seem to have lost none of their original interest. In order to give a pleasing and instructive variety to these gatherings, I have at their conclusion shewed the children on an orrery, the relative positions and motions of the planets, beginning with four, and adding a new planet every evening. By this means the subject is more strongly impressed upon their minds, while it is extended over a larger space of time. Having exhausted the orrery, I purpose illustrating the same subject by means of the magic lantern, and thus, by these and similar novelties, I hope to keep up the interest of the meetings till the time of their being again discontinued for the summer. By thus blending instruction with amusement, we do our best not only to secure the cheerful attendance of the children, but also the support and favour of their parents. I may here remark that we conclude our meetings with a prayer or hymn. As we have to carry on the work single-handed, we are not in a position to give our young friends any expensive treat, such as a trip by railway. We endeavour to make up for this, by inviting them to a tea party in the course of the summer, when they are entertained by games adapted to their years. This is an event to which they always look forward with pleasure.

at you will perceive that our plan is very
xcitement, and mainly aiming at the improve-
nt of those who attend, so that in after life
back upon their Band of Hope meetings,
the history of by-gone days.

n, *Dec. 9th*, 1862.

R'S LETTER.

Tower of London, Nov. 4, 1862.

nce with your request, I send you
ircumstances which led to my
.n I stated at the meeting on
at liberty to make what use of them you
ning in the month of September, 1861, I left my
mpany with one or two of my comrades, to spend the
public-house. Passing the door of a ragged school room, a
boy came up, and seizing me by the hand, said, "Soldier,
me into our *Band of Hope?*" Struck with the persuasive
ch this was said, I consented, and led by the little fellow I
school-room. As I entered an interesting little girl was re-
ce, "*The Drunkard's Daughter.*" The touching eloquence
r child, as she told of the sorrows of the poor Drunkard's
completely overcame me, and I resolved from that night to
ore to do with drink. On the 22nd of September (the same
igned the pledge, and bade, I trust, an everlasting farewell to
nd glass. And oh, sir, the past year has been the happiest
life, and I shall praise God long as I live for that dear boy's
come into our Band of Hope?" A few days after I signed
one of my comrades fell over the Cliffs of Dover, and lost his
aused me to think,—I felt I needed something more than tem-
d I took down a Bible which had long been neglected, and
verses, but was compelled to stop; they were verses I had
a pious mother read, years ago; a tear fell as I closed the
dashed it away, thinking it unmanly for a soldier to weep;
to weep,—God made me weep, and oh what a mercy!

"Like Peter, long I wept alone,
In sorrow secret and sincere,
Till He, to whom my griefs were known,
Dried up the penitential tear."

e weeks after I signed the pledge, I found pardon and peace
lieving in Jesus, and all this in answer to a *Mother's Prayers.*

I am, dear Sir, yours in Jesus,

HENRY WELLS,—The "Buffs."

e I have not mentioned the place. It was in Dover, Kent.

THE REV. C. H. SPURGEON'S LECTURE.

The Band of Hope Union has been favoured with a repetition of Mr. Spurgeon's liberality and kindness. On Nov. 25th, the rev. gentleman delivered, in his magnificent Tabernacle, a lecture on Miracles of Faith in Modern Times. The building was crowded to excess, and as charges were made for admission, the proceeds will largely augment the funds of the Union. The Earl of Shaftesbury presided, and avowed his great interest in the Band of Hope movement. A. Layard, Esq. M.P., was on the platform, and moved the vote of thanks to Mr. Spurgeon, which was seconded by Mr. Haynes, and carried in a most cordial manner by the immense audience. The lecture was illustrated by a series of new dissolving views, of a superior character, which were each explained by Mr. Spurgeon in an impressive manner. During the lecture and exhibition of the views, six hundred children, trained by Mr. F. Smith, sung a selection of pieces, and greatly charmed their hearers. We append a brief sketch of the lecture, for which we are indebted to James Grant, Esq., editor of the *Morning Advertizer*:—

Mr. Spurgeon, who was received with loud applause, said the miracles of which he had to speak were not the lying wonders of the Church of Rome—(cheers)—nor should he deal with modern impositions. He was about to tell them of *boná fide* miracles which had been wrought. Dr. Johnson, whom some regarded as the standard authority in these matters —(laughter)—defined a miracle to be "a wonder."—(Laughter.) He was quite sure the miracles of which he had to speak were wonderful.—(Hear, hear.) Miracles however, were never wrought simply as a lavish display of power; they were never wrought with the design merely to excite unprofitable amazement; the miracles of Christ were always wrought for the advantage of mankind.—(Hear.) After some very humorous and appropriate introductory illustrations, Mr. Spurgeon took his hearers back to the year 1694, when Francke, the parish priest of Halle, in Germany, began his great and benevolent operations, marked by simple, earnest faith, and crowned with the most astonishing and continuous success. Francke relieved the temporal wants of the poor, educated their children gratuitously, and then supported some of the most destitute. At length he had a vast organisation around him, in full operation; and while the means came pouring in from every side, he gradually extended his philanthropic labours to a degree up to that time unprecedented. He at last had three or four schools which were under his supervision, but a divinity student did the harder work. He had not the worldly quality of "prudence;" if he had much there was some new scheme, and if he had little he exercised a rigid economy and prayed to God. "Faith works boldly," he said, "when she is employed about real necessaries." He fed and educated a number of young men who were destined for the

ministry. He not only increased his own schools, but sent out teachers, who had sat at his feet, and who had caught his spirit, to teach in the different villages. He at last built a large home, so as to bring all his operations under one roof. A quarry was found on his ground, and plenty of people were ready to cart the stone. One Saturday night there was not enough to pay the men, but just then some money was sent in, and the men were fully paid, and some was left to give the poor. Many jested, and said that the building never would be finished, and perhaps some man might have said that if ever the topstone was laid he would stand upon his head upon it.—(Laughter.) That was said about the "Tabernacle" by an unbelieving brother; but that brother did not stand upon his head as promised—(laughter)—and if he had done so, he would certainly have strangled himself, as he was very stout.—(Loud laughter.) Mr. Spurgeon gave many astonishing details as to the marvellous succession of donations which were given in aid of Francke's undertaking, in answer to his prayers. He contrasted the unselfishness of Francke, who prayed for food for his orphans, with the equal faith, but diminished disinterestedness, of William Huntington—the celebrated "S. S."—who prayed for a new suit of clothes. Both prayers were answered, but both were not equally deserving of admiration and imitation. John Falke was the next illustration. He was the son of a wigmaker, and was intended for that occupation; but he singed the people's hair—(laughter)—for which his father punished him with a hazel stick.—(Renewed laughter.) He was sent to bed without a light to prevent his reading, so he played the violin till his father came up with the hazel stick—(laughter)— and then the fiddlestick was put away. The burgomasters of Dantzic at length subscribed and sent Falke to Halle to school. In after life he undertook the education of the little villains of the streets, gave them a home, inspired them with home sentiments, and home feelings, and taught them religious truths as well as conveying general instruction of a useful and practical description. He also established, in addition to a reformatory, an institution for training schoolmasters, and the funds came in to support his endeavours in proportion as he extended them. Was he not, then, as well as Francke, a miracle worker? So also, he said, were his other cases, Wichern, Gossner, Harmes, and Müller, the latter being the most wonderful of all. The circumstances of the wondrous and continuous benevolence by which these devout and believing men were supported in their philanthropic endeavours, were of a nature almost incredible, but that they are well authenticated. All the subscriptions were purely voluntary; there were no guaranteed subscriptions, no State aid. Many curious incidents were given of Gossner, of Pastor Harmes, and of George Müller, of Bristol, to whose marvellous career he referred at length. He was a fast young man—a student patronised by Francke before named—a missionary to the Jews—a pastor of a small church in Devonshire—then of another (Baptist) in Bristol. He gave up his salary of 60*l.*, and the spontaneous offerings amounted the first year to 160*l.* He never "asked" any man for aid, but since 1832 he had built three

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[illegible]

[illegible] rose's heart,
[illegible] ride and scorn,
[illegible] dressed ant go by,
[illegible] grain of corn.

[illegible] curtains of damask round,
[illegible] her silken vest,
[illegible] ass of a drop of dew,
[illegible] the rose's breast.

[illegible] laughed so loud that the ant look
[illegible] her haughty face,
[illegible] notice, but travelled along
[illegible] industrious pace.

[illegible] wind of autumn came,
[illegible] swept the ground,
[illegible] the rose, with the Lady-Bird w
[illegible] scattered its leaves around.

[illegible] homeless lady was much amazed,
[illegible] knew not where to go,
[illegible] November's surly blast
[illegible] brought both rain and snow.

[illegible] were wet, and her feet were col
[illegible] thought of the ant's warm cell;
[illegible] did in the wintry storm
[illegible] cannot tell.

[illegible] ant was in her nest,
[illegible] little ones by her side;
[illegible] taught them all, like herself, to to
[illegible] the sneer of pride.

WHAT RICHARD BAXTER SAID.

"You whom God hath entrusted with the care of children, I would persuade to the great work of helping them to the heavenly rest. Think what a comfort you may have if you be faithful in this duty. If you succeed, the comfort is inexpressible, in their love and obedience, their supplying your wants, and delighting you in all your remaining path to glory. But the greatest joy will be when you shall say, 'Lord, here am I, and the children thou hast given me:' and you shall joyfully live with them for ever. I also entreat parents to consider what excellent advantages they have for saving their children. They are with you while tender and flexible: none in the world have such power over their affections as you have: you have also the greatest authority over them: you best know their temper and inclinations; you are ever with them, so can never want opportunities; specially you mothers, remember this, who have most of the children's company while young. What pains are you at for their bodies, and will you not be at as much pains for the saving of their souls?

THE DRUNKARD'S DOOM.

Arthur B. was the son of wealthy, influential parents, in one of the southern counties. He commenced business for himself early in life, and exhibited considerable shrewdness and energy of mind. But the safeguards of virtue and piety did not shield him in the perilous season of youth, and he soon became (in the language of the world) a bold, generous-hearted fellow, growing in popularity and wealth. He was above the fear of religious admonition or commands, and was considered quite able to confute any Christian believer. He was, indeed, a young man of promise; but his life was a dreadful illustration of talents perverted, and also of the downhill progress of a vicious life, and his last end was a scene of horrors, at the recital of which an ungodly man may tremble. The substance of what I am about to relate is well known in the neighbourhood where he lived and died.

About a year before his death, and not above five years ago, Arthur

orphan houses, for 1,150 orphans, costing between £60,000. and £7(and involving an annual expense of £8,000. He also supporte hundred missionaries, at a cost of £5,273. a-year. He had received 1832 considerably more than £200,000. in voluntary spontaneous ings, never asking any man for a farthing. Mr. Spurgeon describe(much emotion his feelings on going over these institutions. Th overcame him at the time, that after the children had sung a hyn was unable to address them, as Mr. Müller had requested him t The rev. gentleman was loudly and repeatedly applauded at dif periods of his address, and sat down amidst a long round of cheerin

---

POETRY.

THE LADY-BIRD.

The Lady-Bird sat in the rose's heart,
  And smiled with pride and scorn,
As she saw a plain-dressed ant go by,
  With a heavy grain of corn.

So she drew her curtains of damask round,
  And adjusted her silken vest,
Making her glass of a drop of dew,
  That lay in the rose's breast.

Then she laughed so loud that the ant looked up,
  And seeing her haughty face,
Took no more notice, but travelled along
  At the same industrious pace.

But a sudden wind of autumn came,
  And wildly swept the ground,
And down the rose, with the Lady-Bird went,
  And scattered its leaves around.

Then the houseless lady was much amazed,
  For she knew not where to go,
Since cold November's surly blast
  Had brought both rain and snow.

Her wings were wet, and her feet were cold,
  And she thought of the ant's warm cell;
And what she did in the wintry storm
  I 'm sure I cannot tell.

But the careful ant was in her nest,
  With her little ones by her side;
And she taught them all, like herself, to toil,
  Nor mind the sneer of pride.

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About a year before his death, and not above five years ago, Arthur

was riding with an intimate friend, when the conversation which follows was held. This friend, as he now says, was, at the time, considerably impressed by religious truth, though impenitent; but that he might be comforted in his impenitence by the scepticism of his more intelligent and reckless comrade, or for some other reason, he felt desirous to know B.'s sentiments fully on religion. Accordingly after a little hesitation, he commenced by saying—

"B., you and I have been much together, and have confidence, I believe, in each other as friends. We have conversed freely upon almost every subject, but there is one that we have never seriously talked about. It is a subject that has troubled me for some time, and I should like to know what are really your candid opinions. If you don't wish to have them told, I will keep the matter to myself."

"Certainly," was the reply. "I've no objection against making known any of my opinions."

"Well then," said Henry (for so I will name his friend), "what do you think about the Bible? Is it true? And is there any such thing as religion, or is it all a delusion?"

"Why, as to that," said B., "I've no more doubt that there is a God, and that religion is a reality, and that it is necessary to be what the Christians call pious, in order to be happy hereafter, than that we are riding together."

Henry was greatly surprised; and looking at him intently, to see whether there was not designed trifling, B. proceeded.

"It is plain enough that the Bible is true. It's a book that no mere man could ever have written, and a book, in my opinion, that no one however wicked he may be, can read, and believe in his heart to be an imposition. I have often tried to believe so. And no one can look at the Christian religion, and see what it is designed to effect, without feeling that it must be from God. In fact, no man can be a Deist who isn't a fool. For reason and conscience confirm the Christian doctrines, and satisfy me that there is a place of happiness and of misery hereafter."

Henry was amazed by these confessions from one who had been nurtured in infidelity, and was regarded by the pious as a daring, irreligious young man. At length he replied, "If this is your belief, B., you're in an awful situation. What do you think of your present course?"

"Why, it's a pretty bad one, to be sure; but *I've no notion of dying so.* I expect to become a Christian. But the fact is, a man must have property; unless he has, he is scarcely respected in the world. And I mean to make money, and enjoy life; and when I've got these things around me to my mind, then I will be liberal, and feed the poor, and do good; that's the way men do in the present day."

"But how long do you think it will be safe for you to indulge in your present habits? Being out late, and drinking, have already injured your health."

"I've thought of that," answered B.; "but I'm young and hearty though I do mean to quit cards and drinking pretty soon."

"I speak as a friend, B.; but I didn't suppose, from what I hear *you say,* that you believed in a Saviour, or in heaven or hell."

lo, as much as you, or any man."
you remember playing cards at ———?" And here Henry
to most horrible profanity uttered during a night of carousal.
, when I swore so, I was a little inioxicated; but I felt sorry for
vards. I know it's wrong, and I always feel sorry. But when
ıong those fellows I can't very well help it."
t how often," continued his still doubting querist, "have I heard
y that religion was nothing but a kind of priestcraft, and that
ıns were a pack of cursed fools?"
now I've said so, when they've crossed my path, and made me
And I think now that a great many of those who pretend to be
ıns are nothing but hypocrites. But there is real religion, and
e some who possess it, and have what you and I know nothing
it's no use to deny."
conversation continued much in this strain for some time, and,
less to say, made a deep and most happy impression on the mind
y.
r his companion, madness was in his heart so long as he lived,
soon came to sorrow. He continued to drink, until he was known
drunkard. He mingled with gamblers till his moral sensibilities
wholly blunted. At length, after a night of dissipation, he
for home, was thrown from his horse, and badly bruised; disease
vith dreadful severity, upon his constitution, greatly enfeebled by
rities, and in a little space *delirium tremens* hurried him to his

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PRACTICAL PAPERS, No. 11.

By Mr. G. M. MURPHY.

INDIFFERENCE AND HOSTILITY.

opposition to the efforts of the temperance reformer have
een severest from quarters least expected. Interest
have led the makers and sellers of drink, like the crafts-
Athens, to cry "Great is Diana of the Ephesians;" or
of liquor, to sympathise with the downfall of their vile
like the Philistines over the fall of Dagon: but, who
ıave expected the hub-bub that social reformers, men of
ıs, physicians, philanthropists, and christians, have raised
ıe attempts of temperance men to stay the tide of social
ıral death, caused by intemperance?
Band of Hope Movement—commending itself, as its
and founders had fondly hoped, to all friends of the
—has not been without its detractors and opponents.
ıis, not from the systematic opposers of all that is excel-
ıt from men, willing in almost every other respect to lay
heir lives—to spend, and be spent—in the cause of God,

and of humanity. Why is this? It cannot be from hatred of what is right, but from a misconception of what *right* is. Sometimes, indeed, the injudiciousness of friends has tended to the alienation from, rather than the drawing to, our cause, of men of strong antipathies; but after all, the question is not a question of men, but of manners—of principle, and not of persons. Christianity, tried by the inconsistencies, absurdities, and injudiciousness of its professors, would be a laughing-stock to the heathen. But the plan of salvation is pure as God's own throne, though every professor of godliness were vile as the guardian of hell's gate.

We must, then, be prepared for hostility and indifference, without being vexed with the one, or chafing beneath the other. In boring the tunnel through the Alps, where the rocks were hardest, the utmost power was concentrated, and the massive granite was forced to yield. Had the engineer wrung his hands in despair, he might have been wringing them now; but the rock would have still barred his way. Action was the wisest, and best, and though progress was slow, it was no less sure. So let it be with us. Are men careless of our efforts to save the young from the snares of drink? The greater necessity exists for our increased anxiety. Are obstacles offered, and opposition engendered? Live, and labour it down, with earnestness and love. Nehemiah builded the walls of Jerusalem, notwithstanding the enmity of Sanballat, Tobiah, and Geshem. They said to the noble patriot, "Come, and confer at Ono." He said "I am doing a great work," and went on with his building. His foes then suggested that he was fortifying the city for rebellion, but he continued the work; foiled here, they suggested fears of his personal safety, and suborned false prophets to urge him to take refuge in the temple. But how noble was his reply. "Shall such a man as I flee? and who is there, that being as I am, would go into the temple to save his life? I will not go in." Glorious determination! and in two-and-fifty days the wall was finished. Mind it was only the *wall*, not the temple—a work as necessary, though less important, than erecting the sacred edifice. The temple was protected by the wall and its battlements, from foes who otherwise might have crept in to its destruction. It was the work of God, and Nehemiah meant it for good; and only God's enemies opposed him in its doing.

Let us compare our temperance efforts to the outer walls of the holy city, the New Jerusalem; and say what men may,

and do what men will, let us labour, conscious of well-doing and well-wishing; and if enmity is not killed, it will be scotched, and be like a wounded snake—offensive still, but harmless. Intemperance is the foe of God's people, God's church, and God's Son. Does any one suggest that it is but one sin among many? It is true; but it is a giant sin—a very Gulliver of iniquity, amongst Lilliputian offences. It is a parent crime, the prolific mother of a thousand evils. The throne, the church, the senate, the bar, the exchange, the shop, the city, the village, the country and the town, are alike permeated by its baneful influences; and we would rear the battlements of sobriety against the foe; if needs be, harnessed for defence—yea, with the sword of the Spirit in one hand, while building with all our might with the other, and mingling even the cement of our structure with prayer.

We would, with diffidence, suggest a word or two of caution before we close, to such as sometimes, from the very warmth of their attachment to the Band of Hope and Temperance cause, are led into error in the matter. We have no right, without sufficient proof, to impute motives of any kind to an opponent. It is, alas! a common thing for some to do so; but it is offensive and wicked. If we imagine we are right in putting our own unfavourable constructions on the actions of others, be sure that they, or even those who hear us, will not be slow to give their own colouring to ours; and thus the intrinsic value of the cause gets hidden in a cloud of personality. Some there are, who, whatever may be the subject under discussion at the church meeting, the teachers' meeting, or conference of christian workers, obtrude—in season, or out of season—the cause we love. This is extremly unwise, and has done mnch in many quarters to retard the hearty reception of our principles. There is a time to be silent, as well as a time to speak; some friends forget this. If, on the other hand, a legitimate opportunity presents itself, it should be taken advantage of wisely. The sentences uttered should be brief and pointed. At a representative meeting, not long since, comprising many of the first men of one of the largest denominations, such an opportunity was given in a discussion on Evangelistic labour; an esteemed and liberal friend, both of the religious and temperance movements, embraced it and spoke. The first five minutes of his address was well conceived, ably executed, and listened to with respect and admiration; in three minutes more his audience were uneasy; in another minute some had left the meeting;

and in another he sat down amidst a sad fit of coughing, and almost confusion. There was a reason for this. During the last five minutes nothing was said he had not already intimated in the first, and had his address then closed, an excellent impression would have been stamped on the minds of his hearers. As it was, the many teetotallers who were present could not but feel sorry; while the careless or hostile would leave the place more determined than ever to vote teetotalism a "bore."

When a decisive vote in opposition to the establishment of a Band of Hope has been expressed by a body of teachers, it is exceedingly impolitic to be for ever vexatiously opening the question. Sore eyes are the less likely to get well the more they are rubbed; and teetotalism is a sad "sore place" with many, and not in some instances without a show of reason. It is better under such circumstances to bide our time; and by prayer and effort the time will come. A friendly interchange of thought, as circumstances permit, with our fellow-teachers, a timely present of a suitable book or tract—and above all, a determination, shewn in our every action, that though we have been foiled in what we dearly wished could have been done, our attachment to the school and the work is as great as ever, and our zeal for its success still remains unabated. Thus, with well-doing, we shall be able to put to silence the ignorance of foolish men; and no less certainly shall we win the respect, and probably the adherence, of the wise and good.

Much more might be said on the subject in hand. We, like the Apostles, know something of oppositions of science falsely so called; and who can be ignorant of the antagonistic powers of appetite and custom? Well-meaning, but ill-advised men, oppose us from the Book of God, denouncing us as enemies of the Cross; but if we are animated by pure desire in the work, we can meet every such reflection with a smile. To enmity let us oppose love; to coarseness, courtesy; to flippancy, argument; to indifference, zeal; to coldness, warmth; to carelessness as to the ravages of intemperance, vigilance and prayerful anxiety; to false interpretations of the Word of God, exhibit the true; and, in His own time, He who ruleth over the hearts of men will cause that even our enemies shall be at peace with us; while those who have hitherto been laggards in the war, shall learn to endure hardness as good soldiers of Jesus Christ.

SIX REASONS for BANDS of HOPE in connection with SUNDAY SCHOOLS.

1. The use of intoxicating drinks, and the corruption of public-houses, do more than any other cause, to retard and destroy the work of Sunday Schools.

2. If the present state of things continue, a large proportion of the children will become drunkards, and many other sufferers through the vice: prevention is better than cure.

3. Strong drinks are unnecessary, and it is easier to abandon their use in youth than afterwards.

4. Intemperate parents may be reclaimed by their children becoming abstainers.

5. Bands of Hope considerably benefit the Schools where they are formed, by increasing the number of scholars, retaining the elder ones, imparting additional interest, and providing new fields of usefulness.

6. Every church ought to be a centre of philanthropic efforts.

NOTES OF THE MONTH.

CRIME IN MIDDLESEX.

House of Correction, Coldbath Fields.—The official report of the House of Correction, Coldbath fields, for the year ending Michaelmas, 1862, has been issued, and shows that a great increase of crime has taken place within that period, as compared with the previous year. Upon this subject the report thus refers to it:—" The exceptional state of things prevailing in the metropolis during the past year has been attended with a considerable increase in the number of commitments. In 1861 the total number of prisoners was 8,065; in the present year, 8,861. It is, under these circumstances, a matter of rejoicing that, while the aggregate numbers have thus risen, the number of prisoners under 16 years of age, has not only failed to keep pace with the adults, but has materially diminished. Last year the total number of boys under 16 years of age was 774, this year it has fallen to 682. Of the prisoners committed during the year, 1,502 had been once before committed; 567 twice; 328, three times, and 422 four times and upwards. In addition to the punishments to which the prisoners were sentenced, the following have been inflicted for offences committed during the year in prison:—Whippings, 10; put in irons, 6; solitary confinement, 267; other punishments, 6,227, making a total of 6,510 additional punishments. The daily average of prisoners was 1,594.

House of Correction, Westminster.—The report of this prison shows a great increase in the number of female prisoners committed during the year, amounting to 5,099; in the previous year they were

4,805. The number of females received from this prison into reformator asylums during the year was 130, namely, into the Refuge for the De titute, 29; Elizabeth Fry Refuge, 60; Manor Hall Asylum, 6; place in other asylums, and paid for by the ladies of the Patronage Society, 2! Of the prisoners committed during the year, 993 had been once committe before; 497 twice, 271 three times, and 1,841 four times; and mo extra punishment for offences committed within the prison—solita confinement, 83; other punishments, 1,485, making a total of 1,568

House of Detention, Clerkenwell.—As in the previous case the report of this prison offers a considerable increase in the number prisoners for the year. The number committed this year was 8,880- viz., 6,510 males and 2,370 females—while in the previous year th were 8,014, being an increase of 866. The daily average was 224. (the number committed there were committed before:—Once, 1,09 twice, 331; thrice, 14; and four times and more, 207. Extra punis ments; in irons, 1; solitary confinement, 38; other punishments, 13 Committed for attempting to commit suicide, 177.

London Music Halls.—Each of the many places of this kind nc existing in London has its distinctive class of visitors. At "Weston's the "fast" element is observable; at "The Oxford," "fastness" ton down prevails; at "The Alhambra," we see our country cousins; whi "The Pavillion" is the rendezvous of friendless men of all natio Going to the east, at "Wilton's," "Jack Tar" is in the ascendant, whi the large earning part of the working class are seen at "The Canterbur "The Eagle," and "Deacon's," "The Philharmonic Hall," howev seems to be frequented principally by the middle-class men who engaged in the city during the day, but whose families live in the subur —*The Licensed Victuallers' Almanack for* 1863.

Popular Lectures.—Surrey Chapel is famous even to the ends the earth. The ministry of the Rev. Rowland Hill, and the Rev. Jan Sherman, both of them men of singular piety and zeal, made "(Surrey" as some people call the edifice, an attraction and a delig The ministry and abundant labours of the Rev. Newman Hall fully ma tain its reputation. On every Sunday morning and evening, 2000 pers listen with pleasure and profit to his able and eloquent sermons. T simplicity of his style, the careful arrangement of his matter, the flue of his speech, the aptness of his illustrations and anecdotes, and impressive character of his elocution, combine to render him one of most acceptable preachers in London. During the last few years, N Hall has developed a new phase of his character and mind. We do say that he has become a politician, above all we do not say that he become a "political parson," but, on Monday evenings, he frequen delivers lectures having a strong political complexion, and in which endeavours to throw the light of Christianity on passing events. In t we think him perfectly right; by so doing he is serving his generati according to the will of God. He is not a political Christian; he is Christian politician. His christianity dominates over his politics, not

politics over his christianity. His political predilections being popular and not exclusive, and pre-eminently favourable to the extension of education, liberty, peace, and righteousness, the working classes love to hear him, and flock in crowds to listen to his voice. "The Surrey Chapel Monday evening lectures," are now well known all over London; indeed they have become an established institution. The subjects treated by Mr. Hall are of the most various character, and include such diverse topics as "A Ramble in Wales," and "The American War," "Nephalism," and "Switzerland." Mr. Hall also obtains the assistance of popular temperance advocates, travellers, artists, and divines. Mr. G. M. Murphy, "The Surrey Chapel Evangelist," an able and useful man, often speaks on Monday evenings. His practical sense, good humour, large experience, and thorough sympathy with the poor, enable him to teach lessons of great usefulness. The Rev. William Brock lectured on "Every Man my Brother." The Rev. Edward White, on "The Gunpowder Plot," and Geo. Cruikshank, Esq., on "Art." Lord Shaftesbury has presided at some of these lectures, and expressed his entire approval of Mr. Hall's efforts to attract working men from the public-house, and to indoctrinate their minds with sound political and religious principles. The lecture on the "American War" has been published, and is likely to have a large circulation.

Piles of Notes.—Most visitors to the great metropolis have seen the Monument, which is situated close to the north end of London Bridge. It is 200 feet in height, and one of the most imposing objects visible from the river. This monument will enable us to gauge our national expenditure on intoxicating drinks. Mr. G. R. Porter, of the Board of Trade, computed that these drinks cost us £75,000,000 annually. Had we this enormous sum of money in £5 notes, we could make twelve piles as high as the monument, at the rate of £500 for every inch. Few persons who cross London Bridge, and view the summit of the monument, are aware of this remarkable fact; if they were, they would surely take care their money was spent in a wiser manner.

Distress in Lancashire.—Mr. William Hoyle, writing in the *Bury Times*, has reckoned that the money spent in connexion with the liquor traffic during the last twelve months in Bury alone (where there are 63 public-houses and 109 beer-shops) would pension the whole 10,000 people computed to be out of employment in that town, for the next three years, at the rate of 12s. 9d. per week; and by that time surely the pinch of the cotton famine would be over.—*Alliance News.*

PLAIN WORDS ON PLAIN FACTS.

By the Rev. G. W. McCREE.

Worldly prosperity does not depend upon chance. Steady industry, a sober life, cheerfulness, forethought, perseverance, a wise and prompt use of opportunity, and the cultivation of a

religious life, form the basis of successful effort. I know many persons who are painfully poor simply in consequence of not making use of INSURANCE. Thus, a woman came to me, and said:—

"Have you heard of the fire, sir?"

"No."

"Oh, sir, the works were burnt down last night, and all my son's tools are gone."

"Was he insured?"

"No, sir, he often spoke of doing so, and it would not have cost him more than eighteenpence a year, but he put off the time, and now they are all burnt."

"Were the other men insured?"

"None of them, sir, and one man has lost tools worth forty pounds."

"Well, then, was the master insured?"

"No sir, and all his valuable property is gone."

There was wide-spread ruin! Master and men all standing amid the charred and blackened *debris* of their property, lamenting their folly. Forethought and decision would have prevented the entire loss falling upon them, and in a few weeks all would have been at work again, but their want of good sense and feeling has involved them in embarrassment. At any hour the smoke and red flames of a fire may enshroud the shop, the factory, or the warehouse in which master and men make an honest and independent livelihood, and, therefore, to "put off" the insurance of their tools and property is a criminal want of thought.

Nearly allied to the adoption of means for securing ourselves from loss by fire is that whereby we may "assure" health and life. I know a man—a foreman to a builder—who went from his house hale and cheerful, and came back to it maimed, bleeding, and destined to be an invalid for life. Not being in any sick club he is now dependent upon charity—a painful lot for a British workman. And how easily might such a lot be avoided. Looking at the tables of a provident society, I find that by a payment of four-pence per week a person aged twenty-five may secure twelve shillings per week, for fifty-two weeks, and six shillings for fifty-two additional weeks. Some societies offer more benefits for less money, but few, if any, of such societies are safe. I ask, then, if by the weekly payment of "a four-penny bit" a man may secure a respectable sum for the day of sorrow—is it not his duty to do so? Let him think of

his wife and children, and of his own reputation, and not suffer the fool's *to-morrow* to delude him. This is a good work which ought to be done to-day.

How many families are plunged into absolute poverty and shame—aye, shame—by a husband and father refusing to assure his life. How many are saved from penury and obligation by a wiser and nobler course. A printed document issued by The Temperance Provident Institution, contains the following:—

"Mr. ———. the confectioner, at the corner of —— Street, engaged some time since to assure in the Institution, but wished to delay, for some purpose which he did not state, for four or five months. Last week, the time being up, I called, as he had requested, but found in the shop only a little girl, dressed in black, who told me that HER FATHER WAS DEAD.

"I called to see the widow, and found her to be a very gentle, timid lady, ill-suited to contend with the rough world. She told me that her husband fully intended to *assure his life*, but was waiting for her confinement, in order that a joint assurance might be effected on their two lives. Alas! before his wife's confinement the husband is in his grave,—his wife a widow,—his three children (soon to be four) are fatherless. He could not continue to her and her children his life and its advantages—his affection, diligent labour, and superintending intelligence—these were at the disposal of a higher power; but his family have the additional sorrow of knowing that that which would have been to some extent a mitigation of the calamity—a money compensation—and which was strictly within the power and in the intention of their deceased head to provide for them, has, by his unfortunate delay, been lost.

"There is a moral in this short story which no man can fail to read—viz., the necessity not only of the good sense to discover the propriety and desirableness of life assurance, but likewise of the *strong* sense which discovers and avoids the *danger of delay*. That death might occur in four, fourteen, or twenty-four *years*, this gentleman thought probable, and was prepared to guard against it at those remote periods; but that it should overtake him in four *months*, does not seem to have entered into his calculation, and hence this affecting catastrophe."

Now, how may a working man or small tradesman provide for his family in case of death? I will explain. Take the case of a workman aged thirty. By paying thirteen shillings and fourpence quarterly, or one pound, five shillings, and seven pence half yearly, or two pounds, eight shillings, and ten pence annually, he may secure one hundred pounds to his wife and family, or to any one else, at his death. And every right-feeling man will gladly do this, or something like it.

How shall we get the money? is the reply of many.

I have before me two large written statements—the productions of a working man—and they contain a brief history of two men, both of whom are known to me, and perhaps their past

and present may furnish a clue to the money question. Here is a copy of the first card:—

> What a Coal-heaver did with thirty shillings per week in 1840.
> He expended on Intoxicating Liquors half his weekly earnings.
>
> ———
>
> What the same man did with thirty shillings per week in 1841.
> He then became a Teetotaller. He maintained his family with his weekly earnings, and put four shillings per week in the Savings' Bank.
>
> ———
>
> What that man did in 1851,
> With his Teetotal Savings.
> He then had upwards of One Hundred Pounds.
> He commenced Business for himself, and is now a Prosperous Man.

And here is a copy of the second card:—

> What a Working Man, aged 40, did in 1851,
> With Fourpence Halfpenny per day.
> He was then a Moderate Drinker.
> He purchased two pints and one half pint of beer—and drank it.
>
> ———
>
> What the same Working Man did in 1852,
> With Fourpence Halfpenny per day.
> He was then a Teetotaller.
> Insured his life, for his family's sake, for 120 Pounds.
> Insured his goods, against loss by fire, for 115 Pounds.
> Insured, in case of sickness, twenty-six shillings per week.
> Which was the better course?

I need not offer any comment on these facts, but leave them to produce their own salutary impression. They show how much may be done with a little, and how easy it is to make a safe and wise provision for the future.

THE RANSOMED CHILD.—A STORY FOR CHILDREN.

The Bechuanas of South Africa are divided into many different tribes such as the Bahurutsi, the Batlapis, the Barolongs, and others. They

re all savages, being clothed in skins, living in dirt and poverty, and almost always at war with one another.

Some fourteen or fifteen years ago there lived among the Bahurusti tribe, a poor man and his wife, of whom I am going to tell you a story. The wealth of the savages is in their cattle; but this poor man had no cattle, so that he was very poor indeed. How he and his wife lived I do not know. Perhaps it was by killing game, and coming in for a share of beasts that were taken in hunting. Poor as he was, however, he had two great treasures! These were two little boys, one about eight, and the other ten years old. But he was not to have these long. One day, as the little boys were playing in a glen a little way from their home, a party of Matabele warriors came by surprise, and seized the poor boys, and carried them far away.

These Matabele were a very fierce and powerful tribe. Moselekatse was the name of their king, but he had many titles, such as the Elephant, the Lion's Paw, the King of Kings, and the King of Heaven. He was a great warrior, and his chiefs used to rush out upon the peaceful tribes around, and burn, and kill, and lay waste all that came in their way, and return home rich in cattle and slaves.

The poor father and mother heard of what had befallen their boys; but what could they do against such a man as the tyrant Moselekatse or his warriors? They knew not with whom their poor boys were to be found, or whether they were even living; though they thought they were not dead, as the Matabele had not killed them at the time. Day after day they mourned for their sons, and thought how they might be suffering under their cruel masters. Very dull and desolate their home seemed to be now that they no longer heard the voices of their boys, and they felt as if they had nothing worth living for when their boys were lost. Thus the long year passed away.

Mr. Moffat, the missionary, did not live far from the Bahurutsi. He had protected the lives of two of Moselekatse's warriors, and he had a warm invitation to pay Moselekatse a visit. Mokatla, the chief of the Bahurutsi, was very much afraid of Moselekatse, and he thought he would go with Mr. Moffat, and try to make friends with him.

Mr. Moffat looked at Mokatla's people. They seemed well-fed and well-dressed, and in good spirits, all but one poor man. He looked so poor and so unhappy, that Mr. Moffat pitied him, and tried to find out the reason. It was the father of the boys. He had taken all he had, and followed in Mokatla's train to see if he could redeem his boys. He had no money nor cattle. He had only some beads and rings such as savages like to wear. He walked two hundred miles, and reached Moselekatse's court.

When Mr. Moffat arrived, he found that Moselekatse had made great preparations to welcome him. Several days were spent in feasting, and dancing, and merry-making with his warriors and people, in honour of Mr. Moffat's visit. The father knew that this was not the time for him to speak, and he waited till the days of merry-making were over. He took no part in the fun. His heart was heavy and sad. How he longed

to see his dear boys I cannot tell. I daresay he slept very little at nigl and that he thought these days the longest he had ever spent.

When the days of feasting were over he sent in his humble petition the king, to be allowed to buy back his two sons. He waited some tin and then the chief who had the boys came out, and seated himself n Mr. Moffat's waggon. He was Moselekatse's brother. Mr. Moffat dr near, and looked on. The poor father spread his ragged mantle on t ground, and laid on it a few strings of beads and native ornaments. T proud chief would scarcely look upon these. The father sighed, and dr from his dirty skins a small bag of borrowed beads. The chief looked them with scorn. The father took off two copper rings from his ar and two others from his ears, and looked anxiously at the chief; but only frowned, and angrily shook his head. The poor man took from neck the only ornament he had left, and added that and an old knife what he had offered for his two sons. The haughty chief would not much as speak to the father. He went on talking carelessly to th around him, and at last he got up to go away. Mr. Moffat came n and begged him to have pity on the unhappy father. The chief answe with a sneer, that one of the boys had died of cold the winter before, that, what the father offered was not worth looking at. "I want o: he said." "I have not even a goat," replied the father. The c walked off, and the poor father sat with his head leaning on his hand, his eyes fixed on the ground, and sighed heavily. He had not knowr now that one of his boys was dead. Perhaps the poor little fellow died from cruelty or neglect. His other dear son he was not allowec much as to see. At length, with a heavy heart, he took up his ma to go. His last hope was gone.

He did not know that there was one eye which had been looking him with pity all the time, and that one friend was near to help I That friend was the missionary. As he was getting up to go Mr. M spoke to him, and said, "I will try to get back your son." Ah! he started at the voice of kindness! He threw his mantle and bead the feet of the missionary, and said, "Take these, my father, and me." Mr. Moffat told him to keep them for himself. He kissed hand of his kind friend, and departed, saying, "I shall have slumber, "peace of mind."

Next day, Mr. Moffat took an opportunity to speak on behalf of poor man. Moselekatse listened to his request, and his brother ag to sell the boy to Mr. Moffat. Mr. Moffat took the little boy in waggon, and was returning to the town. I wonder what the little talked about: whether it was about seeing his mother. They cam the foot of a hill, and Mr. Moffat saw some one rushing down the s at such a rate as to be in danger of falling headlong. Some said, "I the alarm of war." The waggon-driver said, "It is a woman, either ning from a lion, or to save a child." Whom do you think it could It was the mother of the little boy. How she too had come all that and dangerous journey I do not know, but what will not a mother's do? She could not wait till the father came back. Her heart was

us, and the time seemed too long. She heard from some one the that her son was in Mr. Moffat's waggon. She went to the top of ill, and watched till she saw the waggon coming, and then she l down the steep. Mr. Moffat was afraid she would come against aggon, and he sprang to the ground to stop her in time. She could eak, but she seized his hands, and bathed them with her tears, and loud for joy. Her boy drew near, and she rushed forward, and d him in her arms.

Annals of the Band of Hope Union.

arge number of ladies and gentlemen assembled, on Wednesday g, December 17th, at Shirley's Hotel, 37, Queen Square, under the ency of John Capell, Esq., and afterwards of George Cruikshank, to enjoy the pleasures of a social intercourse, and confer together on erations of the Band of Hope Union. Among the company pre- we observed Messrs. Haynes, Shirley, M. W. Dunn, Fusedale, Horner, J. Caudwell, Wills, Oakes, R. B. Starr, Wood, Udall, aby, C. Starling, R. Nichol, Eaton, Harvey, W. Robson, Newell; Ir. Jackson, of the United States. There were also present the Rev. s. Rowe, D. Burns, and, G. W. McCree. After tea the chairman red an interesting address, and then called upon the Rev. G. W. ee, who gave a second account of the present position of the Union, which it appeared that five agents are constantly employed in Lon- nd the provinces, and that every department is in a healthy and erous state. Two topics for conversation were then introduced, by Wills and Mr. Oakes respectively, namely, "What defects are vable in the existing Bands of Hope?" and "How may the Band ope Union further assist Bands of Hope?" Most valuable sugges- were made by the various speakers, and the conference closed at ten k, amid the hearty congratulations of all present. We are requested te that the names of the Agents are Messrs. Affleck, Bell, Blaby, mith, and C. Starling, and that none others are the recognised sentatives of the Union.

THE NORTH OF ENGLAND AUXILIARY.

ring the month our Agent, Mr. W. B. Affleck, has been fully en- l. He has delivered two lectures at Hartlepool, two at Kirkoswald, one each at Great Salkeld, Ainstable, Lazonby, Seaton Carew, gstring, Tanfield, and Fearbyland, held four Band of Hope meetings shop Auckland, three at Hurworth, and one each at Masham and Hartlepool. He has also preached six sermons during the month l of benevolent objects. The public meetings have, without excep- been crowded, and in one week, in Cumberland, Mr. Affleck took rds of 100 signatures. The secretary of the Temperance Society at nby, in a letter to Mr. Joseph Carr, says, "We rejoice to congratu- you on Mr. Affleck's successful advocacy of teetotalism, and urgently st you to let us have his services again. Much good has resulted

from his labours in this district, but especially at Lazonby, when we enrolled fifty additional members after his able lecture. But what is still better, some very good impressions have been made on many minds concerning the salvation of their souls. We believe another visit from Mr. Affleck would be a great blessing to this place." The Rev. J. G. Rowe, M.A., Incumbent of West Hartlepool, writes a similar encouraging and congratulatory letter.

LABOURS OF MR. W. BELL.

Sunday, Nov. 30th. I met the united sunday school children in the Temperance Hall, Cirencester, at half-past two o'clock in the afternoon, and gave them an address, urging them to seek the Saviour while they they were young. It was a pleasing sight to see so many dear children and their teachers listening to the simple truths of the Gospel of peace. In the evening, at half-past seven o'clock, I preached in the same place, which was crowded. The Master was with us; we had a precious time, while I tried to point them to the Lamb of God which taketh away the sins of the world.

Monday Dec. 1st. I spent the day in visiting from house to house, and in the evening went to Ashton Rayars, and lectured in the Independent Chapel, to a large and attentive audience; H. Alexander, Esq. in the chair. The Rev. T. Edwards gave us a short speech. At the close of the meeting 34 signed the pledge.

Tuesday, Dec. 2nd. Visiting at Cirencester, and in the evening I went to Fairford, lectured in the Town Hall, which was very much crowded. Rev. Mr. Reynolds in the chair. Mr. Cole gave us a very good speech. At the close, 17 signed the pledge. I urged them to form a Band of Hope here, as they have not got one.

Wednesday, Dec. 3rd. I met the Band of Hope in the Temperace Hall, Cirencester, and lectured to them at six o'clock in the evening, and gave a lecture to adults in the same place at half-past seven; H. Alexander, Esq. in the chair. Mr. Cowley and Mr. Bird took part in the meeting. At the close of the two meetings they took 30 names to the pledge.

Dec. 4th and 5th. Not well. *Saturday, Dec. 6th.* Spent the day in visiting. *Sunday, Dec. 7th.* I again met the sunday school children in the Temperance Hall, and preached in the evening, at half-past seven o'clock, to a large and attentive congregation; there were many poor people who never enter a place of worship. I hope the word of truth will bring forth in them the fruits of good living. It was pleasing to see tears roll down the cheeks of many stout men, while we talked to them of the love of God in sending his Son to die for a guilty world.

Monday and Tuesday, Dec. 8th & 9th. Visiting. *Wednesday,* visiting again, and in the evening went to Siddington; we had not a large meeting here, on account of there being a lecture in the church at the same hour. But at the close of the meeting 10 signed the pledge.

Thursday, Dec. 11th. Visiting during the day, and met the Band of Hope in the Temperance Hall in the evening; we had a very large gathering, and took 70 fresh names to the pledge. At half-past seven, gave a lecture to parents in the same place; eight signed the pledge at the close.

, *Dec.* 12*th.* Visiting during the day, and in the evening gave in the Temperance Hall; at the close 10 signed the pledge.
y, *Dec.* 13*th.* Visiting. *Sunday, Dec.* 14*th.* Preached again l to a crowded audience. During the fortnight in Cirencester I assed three parts of the town, and taken 14 names to the pledge ting, held two sunday school gatherings, preached three times, and of Hope twice, given six lectures, and taken 184 names to e.
y, *Dec.* 15*th.* Went to Glocester, met the Band of Hope in the Men's Institute, at six o'clock, and gave a lecture to the adults we had a good meeting; J. Sessions, Esq. in the chair. At the signed the pledge.
y, *Dec.* 16*th.* Gave a lecture in St. James school-room, to a ence; Rev. T. Emireras in the chair; six signed the pledge at of the meeting.
sday, *Dec.* 17*th.* I again met the Band of Hope; there was a ber present; at the close we took 72 fresh names to the pledge. cture in the same place at eight o'clock, to a very large audience. Emireras in the chair. At the close, six signed the pledge. pledges in Gloucester.

. Blaby has attended meetings as follows:—Bloomsbury twice; Charles Street, Drury Lane; Barnsbury Independent Denmark Street; Deverell Street; Mission Hall, Moor Street, ttle Denmark Street; Salem Chapel, Bow Road; Star of Tem- King Street, Long Acre; Tottenham Baptist Chapel; Weir's Caledonian Road; Croydon; Whitfield Chapel; One Tun, ster. He has also taken part in five Adult Meetings, and seven Sermons.

; the past month Mr. F. Smith has lectured, and addressed as under:—Orange Street Chapel, Leicester Square; Seven- tworth; Malvern; Newent; Shadwell; Weir's Passage; Long rl Street; London Road; Coventry; Gloster; Bristol; Bath; ; Wandsworth; Neckinger Road; and Bedford.

Starling has attended meetings as follows:—Shadwell, three tepney Meeting; Bermondsey; King's Court, Suffolk Street; et Chapel, five times; East Lane, Walworth; Asylum Road; assage; Windsor Street; Britannia Fields; Limehouse; Seven

Street.—The first annual tea and public meeting took place on ay evening, December 10th, in the Sunday School, Amicable t street, which was handsomely decorated with mottoes, ever- c. After tea (of which a goodly number partook) had been ly disposed of, the Rev. W. A. Essery, of Marlborough Chapel, chair, at seven o'clock, and the children commenced singing, Child of Hope is born;" and from that time till nearly half- , the children and friends present were entertained with a pleasant nterrupted succession of short addresses, lively singing, and

exceedingly amusing recitations. The Rev. G. W. McCree, Mr. G Murphy, and other gentlemen, contributed materially to the even i instruction, by their pleasant and easy way of interesting their aud i: while several of the recitations, choruses, &c., from their novel chara highly delighted all present; especially one, a public meeting, amo five or six of the boys, with one acting as chairman; it lasted abo quarter of an hour, and as the little chairman said at the close, "they had argument, opposition, facts, and a signature;" and the energy played in the short pithy speeches, produced bursts of laughter from parts of the well-filled school-room. During this, the first year of K Street Band of Hope, upwards of 300 pledges have been taken.

Bishop Auckland.—On Monday evening, December 1st, a gr demonstration was held in the new large Hall, under the auspices of Bishop Auckland Band of Hope, and the Northern Auxiliary to the B of Hope Union. The meeting may truly be deemed a marked succ The immense building was crowded in every part, and many were obli to stand on the stairs leading into the edifice. The meeting was hono with the presence of Handel Cossham, Esq., of Bristol, G. A. Robins Esq., of Reeth, and Mr. Wm. Mart, of Derby, who severally delive eloquent and impressive addresses, which were rapturously cheered by admiring audience. A selection of appropriate melodies and hy were sung at intervals by children belonging to the Bishop Auckl Band of Hope. This meeting may really be termed an epoch in history of the temperance cause in the north of England.

LANCASHIRE DISTRESS.

Many of our children, especially our little choristers, have d nobly. We hope our friends will continue to help us to allevi the hunger and sorrow of the dear children in Lancashire.

SUMS RECEIVED.

Master McCree	£0	2	6	Mr. John Dodshan	£0	5
Master E. McCree	0	2	6	Tenbury Band of Hope ..	0	7
A.B.	0	1	6	Allesley Village, per Miss Shaw	0	12
Mr. F. Baring	0	2	6	Children of the Choir, who sung at Mr. Spurgeon's, Nov. 25th.	5	0
Aberdeen Band of Hope.	0	2	0	Ledbury Band of Hope .	0	0
Mrs. Harvey's Children.	0	5	0	M. A. Baines, Brighton ..	0	5
Fountain Band of Hope.	0	2	6	Whitfield Chapel Band of Hope	0	5
Maggy, Mary, & Georgy.	0	0	7			
Miss Mary Frances Sinkinson	0	2	6			

LITERATURE.

Several New Works, &c., will be noticed next month.

J. Bale, Printer, 78, Great Titchfield-street, Marylebone.

BAND OF HOPE RECORD.

THE INTRODUCTION OF TEETOTALISM INTO LONDON.

By SAMUEL COULING.

Some little doubt appears to exist as to who had the honour of holding the first teetotal meeting in the great metropolis. Mr. Dearden says, "in June, 1834, the doctrine of total abstinence was advocated for the first time in London, by Mr. Livesey, of Preston, who delivered his popular lecture on malt liquor, in the meeting-house of the Rev. J. Campbell, Providence row, Finsbury square, and much good resulted from it." Mr. Hart also says, "It appears from memorandums in my possession, that Mr. Livesey, of Preston, was the first person who publicly brought the principles of teetotalism before the people of London, in the month of June, 1834." Mr. Freeman, in his *History of the Pledge Controversy*, says, "It is undoubtedly believed that John Giles, of Cambridge road, Mile End, was the first in the great total abstinence movement in London. I find by a document dated February 7th, 1833, that John Giles had adopted and advocated total abstinence previous to that date. He also, at his own expense, got up the first public meeting, and at that meeting read a pledge which he had prepared, as follows:—

"'We agree to abstain from ardent spirits, ale, wine, or porter, and all other intoxicating liquors, except for medical purposes or in a religious ordinance.'"

On the other hand, however, Mr. James Silk Buckingham, claims to have held the first meeting in London, he himself stating as follows:—

"The first public meeting held in London, for the advocacy of teetotal societies was in 1834, at the Mariners' Church, Wellclose square. It was my privilege to preside at this meeting." Mr. Buckingham, refers to this meeting as taking place in 1834, but his memory was certainly treacherous as to the year. A Soldier's and Seamen's Temperance Union had been formed in the Mariners' Church, Wellclose square, of which Mr. Theophilus Smith and Mr. Fry of Houndsditch, were secretaries; and the meeting alluded to by Mr. Buckingham, was one of which the advertisement has been preserved. As a relic, and in some sense a model, we give it entire:—"Water! *versus* Poison!! Which is to be the drink of this country? Water?

giving health, strength, and vigour; or Poison? in the shape of brandy, rum, gin, whisky, ale, &c., with poverty, disgrace, ruin, and death in their train? On Thursday evening, August 13th, 1835, a meeting of the Soldiers' and Sailors' Temperance Union will be held in the Mariners' Church, Wellclose square, when the above question will be fairly considered, and the important subject of *total abstinence from all intoxicating drinks will be advocated.* J. S. Buckingham, Esq., M.P., has engaged to preside."

We shall not further inquire whether Mr. Livesey, or Mr. Giles, had the honour of holding the first meeting in London; but in reference to the meeting in Wellclose square, Mr. Buckingham remarks:—"During the discourse, I had observed a group of respectably attired and sober working men, in their ordinary artizan's apparel, who had planted themselves near the platform, as if with the intention of taking some part in the proceedings of the meeting; and, as I was about to leave the chair, the spokesman of the party asked permission to make a few remarks, which was, of course, readily conceded. He began, therefore, by saying, that he and his fellow-workmen, having seen by the announcement of the meeting that I intended to advocate the disuse even of beer, thought that this was such an invasion of the rights and privileges of the working classes, such an ungenerous attempt to deprive them of the beverage so necessary to their comfort and support, that they determined to come to the meeting and oppose it, because they regarded me as an enemy to the working men of the kingdom. He stated, however, that having now listened to all I had said, he was convinced that I was, in reality, well disposed towards their body, and had none but friendly feeling towards the labouring classes. He agreed with me in all I had said about the deleterious nature of ardent spirits, and believed it was a delusion to think they imparted strength, or were in any degree necessary to the preservation of health. But as to beer, he regarded it, not only as the wholesome national beverage, but one of the necessaries of life; and he, therefore, in order that there might be no mistake on the subject, declared his entire conviction—and his fellow-workmen agreed with him in this respect—that no working man could get through such heavy labours as they had daily to perform without it. He, therefore, wished to ask one question only, in the face of the whole meeting, and hoped I would answer it frankly in the same open manner. The question was this: 'Do you assert that beer is unnecessary

even for hard-working men like us; and do you seriously advocate and recommend that all working men should give it up, and believe that they would be able to get through their work better without it?'

"To this question, I replied in the affirmative, and cited some remarkable proofs of its truth, in the testimonies borne by working men themselves, such as coalheavers, furnace men, steel melters, stokers of steam engines, anchor smiths, and some of the severest kinds of labour known, to the benefits they had derived from abandoning the use of beer, and substituting for it soup, oatmeal porridge, milk, coffee, tea, and even simple water. I added many cases to show that, under every variety of temperature—in heat, cold, dryness, or moisture—the effect was the same; of the facts of all which they were previously ignorant.

"I then asked permission to put to this group of workmen through their speaker, a single question of my own, and expressed a hope that this would be answered as frankly as I had done myself. The question was simply this, 'You assert your belief that it is impossible for artizans like yourself to go through their daily labour without the use of beer. Now, did you ever try?'

"There was a short pause, after which they replied, 'We never did.'

"I then added, that they were, therefore, not in a condition to say it was impossible, and if they were really in earnest in the matter, they ought to be willing to make the experiment, since, if they tried and failed, they might then cite their personal experience as proof; but till then it was mere opinion, which might be true or might be false.

"I proposed, therefore, that if they would make the experiment for a month—with full liberty to abandon it at any period of the course if they found it disagreeable or disadvantageous, but honestly proceeding with it as long as it agreed with them—we would all meet here again in the same building, that day month, to hear their report, when I would attend in my place as chairman, and willingly abide the result. The proposition was accepted, and the meeting was adjourned in peace.

"On the day fixed for the second meeting, the Church was crowded for two hours before the time fixed for taking the chair; and on my arrival, at seven o'clock, the whole of Wellclose square, in the centre of which the Church stands, was filled with so dense a mass, that it was more than half-an-hour before I could reach the door, and then only by a party of persons

going before me to clear the way. During the month that had elapsed since the first meeting, the excitement among the publicans and their customers in the neighbourhood had gone on increasing day by day, and heavy bets, it was said, had been laid—first, as to whether the workmen would appear or not, and and next, what would be the nature of their answer if they did. This will account for the immense crowds drawn together on this occasion.

"On reaching the interior of the Church, and taking my place on the platform, I was glad to find the group of workmen already in their place, waiting patiently for the opening of the meeting; and as soon as the rush and murmur occasioned by every one desiring to be near enough to see and hear them was subsided, I called on the workmen to ascend the platform, and give to the meeting, through their spokesman, the result of the experiment which they had undertaken to make, of abstaining entirely for a month from the use of beer and every other kind of stimulating drink.

"A profound silence ensued, during which all eyes and ears were open, and directed towards the men. They ranged themselves along the front of the platform, and the foreman, addressing himself to the audience, stated in substance as follows:—

"'We have faithfully kept the promise we made since the last meeting held here a month ago, and from that time to this, not one of us has tasted any intoxicating drink. For the first few days of the experiment, we found the use of water as our ordinary beverage, instead of beer, to be extremely flat and insipid, and were glad of the relief of coffee at breakfast and tea in the afternoon. But we confess that on the first Saturday night we felt ourselves less wearied and exhausted by our ordinary week's labour, than on any previous Saturday that we could remember; and on the Sabbath morning, instead of being drowsy and lying in bed an hour or two longer than on working days, which is a common custom, extending with some workmen even towards noon, we were as fresh as on any previous day of the week; arose as early, and had the forenoon for church or meeting, and the afternoon for a country walk, and a cheerful evening with our families and friends at home. During the second week, the flatness and insipidity of the water as drink was considerably abated; and we found ourselves so much less thirsty than usual, that we took very little liquid except at our meals. We found the next Saturday and Sunday an improvement even on the former ones; and remarked that

our appetites were stronger, our digestion better, our tempers less liable to irritation, and our vigour and cheerfulness greatly increased. We were therefore so satisfied with the experiment, that we rejoiced at having made it, and continued it to the end, improving sensibly as we proceeded; and as we had not been a single day, or even an hour, absent from work during the usual periods, there were no deductions from onr wages for lost time; so that, besides being stronger, healthier, and happier than before we commenced this substitution of water-drinking for beer, we had each of us, at the end of the fourth week, from thirty to forty shillings more in our pockets than we were formerly accustomed to have for the same period. We rejoice, therefore, that we attended the first Teetotal Meeting held in London, though we came to oppose it; and we mean to persevere as we have begun, and recommend all working-men to follow our example.'

"The effect of such a statement as this on such an excited crowd may be easily imagined. Some cheered, others hissed, and some showed their rage and disappointment by more violent modes of expression. But as we received it all with patience and good humour, the disapprovers began to retire; the approvers chiefly remained, and after an address of about an hour, on the general question, the meeting dispersed in perfect order and tranquillity.

"I may add, that the chief of this group of working men, who acted as their spokesman, was Mr. T. A. Smith, who subsequently employed his leisure in the study of anatomy, physiology, and chemistry, and who has now, for many years past (for the meeting took place twenty years ago), been one of the most able and successful lecturers, in the metropolis and the provinces, on the evils of intemperance, illustrated with anatomical and physiological diagrams, to show its deleterious effects on the human frame, and by chemical experiments to prove the existence of alcohol in all fermented drinks, and exhibit its injurious properties in the effects produced by it on the human organs.

"In June, 1834, Mr. Livesey, of Preston, came to London, and proceeded to the office of the 'Moderation Society,' where he offered his services upon the temperance question, but, as that gentleman's labours were directed against every kind of intoxicating liquor, he met with no encouragement from such a quarter. So little, indeed, does Mr. Livesey seem to have been indebted to the then friends of *temperance* for assistance, that

he hired, upon his own responsibility, a place in which to deliv his celebrated 'Malt Lecture;' and in order to make the tim and place of its delivery known, took a bell, and rang it him self as he went through the streets of Finsbury, announcin the meeting in the fashion of a town crier. This lecture, th first delivered in the metropolis, involving the principle of entir abstinence, though given to an audience of not more than thirt people, will continue to exist, by the weight and solidity of it information, when more elaborate treatises shall have glided o to forgetfulness."

THE FALLEN STAR.

Not many years ago a beautiful girl made her *debut* in Royal Theatre, and soon became a popular vocalist. She us to appear on the stage dressed in white, and sing—

Old times, old times, the gay old times,
  When I was young and free,
And heard the merry Easter chimes,
  Under the greenwood tree!
My Sunday palm beside me plac'd,
  My cross upon my hand,
A heart at rest within my breast,
  And sunshine on the land.
  Old times, old times, &c.

I 've liv'd to know my share of joy,
  To feel my share of pain,—
To learn that friendship's self can cloy—
  To love and love in vain,—
To feel a pang, and wear a smile,—
  To tire of other climes,—
To like my own unhappy isle,
  And sing the gay old times.
  Old times, old times, &c.

Oh! come again, ye merry times,
  Sweet, sunny, fresh, and calm,—
And let me hear those Easter chimes,
  And wear my Sunday palm.
If I could cry away mine eyes,
  My tears would flow in vain;
If I could waste my heart in sighs,
  They 'd never come again.
  Old times, old times, &c.

Alas! strong drink became her bane, and she has now th degradation of a drunkard's notoriety. Not long since,

London newspaper contained a report of her appearance in a police court, when the following conversation took place:—

Magistrate. Here you are again! How have you come by these frightful black eyes?

Prisoner. I think that a friend who was in my company must have struck me.

Magistrate. A drunken friend, I suppose.

Prisoner. The fact is, I got into a penny gaff.

Magistrate. This horrid gin has brought you down lower and lower.

Gaoler. She gets drunk and loses her property.

Prisoner. I have burst a blood-vessel, and I thought I should have died in the station last night. I wish to go to prison, sir, and I wish you would send me there.

Magistrate. When a person feels grateful for being sent to prison, it bespeaks the last stage of misery; and, as it is your wish, I shall send you there for twenty-one days.

Prisoner. Thank you, sir.

And so she went to prison, and perhaps thought of her young and happy days, and wept forth her once-popular song:—

If I could cry away mine eyes,
My tears would flow in vain,—
If I could waste my heart in sighs,
They 'd never come again.
Old times, old times, &c.

AIDS TO CONDUCTING BANDS OF HOPE.

No. 1.

Rules for the Members

OF THE

HAVERSTOCK BAND OF HOPE,

ASSEMBLING AT THE

HAVERSTOCK SCHOOL-ROOM, HAVERSTOCK HILL, N.W.

This Society is formed for the aid and encouragement of Children who are desiring in early life of abstaining from the use of alcoholic drinks, and who thus, by practice and example, determine to raise a standard against the fearful evil of our nation.

RULE 1.—That children of both sexes and all classes, between the ages of five and sixteen years, be eligible as members, *but only with the full consent of their parents.*

2. That any child wishing to become a member must obtain a printed application on pink paper, which can be had from members, or at a Band of Hope meeting. The name, age, and *full address* of the child should be filled in, and the paper given to the superintendent.

3. That when the application has been received, the superintendent will take an early opportunity of visiting the child and its parent. Should

the former thoroughly comprehend the nature of the society, and the latter be willing, the following resolution will then be signed by the child :—" By the grace of God I promise to abstain from all intoxicating drinks, and I will try to induce others to do the same."

4. That at the ensuing meeting the "scroll" will be signed by the new member, in presence of all the children. The sum of one penny is expected for a card of membership, which card should be carefully preserved, and, if possible, framed.

5. That meetings are held on the second Wednesday of each month for girls only, and on the fourth Wednesday of each month for boys only, from six to eight o'clock in the evening.

6. That each member should endeavour to attend punctually, with hair brushed, clean hands and faces, and to enter and leave the room without unnecessary noise or confusion,—taking care to give their *correct number* as they enter.

7. That medals are not allowed to be purchased, but one is awarded to any member through whose influence their first new member is obtained for the Band of Hope.

8. That prizes are offered, first for answers to Scripture questions, second to boys for recitations. In the summer months prizes will occasionally be given for the best nosegays or wreaths of wild flowers.

9. That members who have attended *over* two-thirds of a year's meetings, and whose behaviour has been in every respect satisfactory, will be taken for an excursion into the country some time during the summer.

10. That all members should endeavour to take in regularly either the "*Band of Hope Review*," "*The Adviser*," or the "*British Workman*." The two former are one half-penny per month, and the latter one penny. They can be obtained on meeting nights by those who have previously given in their names as wishing to have them.

Boys and girls, let it be your determination, by the grace of God, to leave the world somewhat better than you found it.

Set not only an example of temperance, but of truthfulness, honesty courtesy, perseverance, and firm trust in God.

In your warfare against evil, take the Holy Scriptures for your guide and Jesus Christ for your Helper, Friend and Saviour, and then you need not fear derision.

Aspire to the crown that is laid up for you in the realms of light, and let this be your motto :—

Onwards to the glory,
Upwards to the prize,
Homewards to the mansions
Far above the skies!

And that God will bless you is the prayer of

Your sincere friend,

H. T. STANES, *Superintendent*

N.B. These Rules should be placed in some conspicuous place; if in a frame so much the better.

A NOBLE BOY.

The spirit that is steadfast amidst trial in devotion to principle always commands the esteem of good men.

The person who is willing to be made the butt of ridicule rather than yield to that which he believes to be wrong is worthy of all praise.

A little drummer-boy in one of our regiments, who had become a great favourite with many of the officers by his unremitting good nature, happened on one occasion to be in the officers' tent when the bane of the soldier's life was passed around. A captain handed a glass to the little fellow, but he refused it, saying, "I am a cadet of temperance, and do not taste strong drink."

"But you must take some now. I insist on it. You belong to our mess to-day, and cannot refuse."

Still the boy stood firm on the rock of total abstinence, and held fast to his integrity.

The captain, turning to the major, said, "H—— is afraid to drink; he will never make a soldier."

"How is this?" said the major, playfully; and then assuming another tone, added—"I command you to take a drink, and you know it is death to disobey orders."

The little hero raised his form to its full height, and fixing his clear blue eyes, lit up with unusual brilliancy, on the face of the officer, said:

"Sir, my father died a drunkard; and when I entered the army I promised my dear mother, on my bended knees, that by the help of God, I would not taste a drop of rum, and I mean to keep my promise. I am sorry to disobey your orders, sir, but I would rather suffer than disgrace my mother and break my temperance pledge."

The major and his associates are still in the army, but the little drummer-boy is a wounded sufferer in the hospital at West Philadelphia.—*S. S. Times.*

PRACTICAL PAPERS, No. 12.

By Mr. G. M. MURPHY.

POUNDS, SHILLINGS, AND PENCE.

Of all the subjects for a practical paper, perhaps that of funds stands pre-eminent. It is easy to theorize, and if excellence of theory could produce wealth, Temperance Societies would have been rich long ago. What comprehensive plans have been propounded, hailed with delight, confirmed by resolutions, received with loud acclaim by public assemblies, and ratified even with a flourish of trumpets by the press; and yet, after all, the massive mountain has brought forth a mouse only.

The temperance reform, like other social movements, cannot proceed without pounds, shillings, and pence. The abstinence movement has, however, this advantage, that it presents a readier return for the money expended than any other philanthropic outlay. Of every moral reform it is the cheapest and the best. There are Bands of Hope and Temperance Societies in London, and, doubtless, in other parts of the kingdom, whose only certain source of income is the small subscriptions of the children, and the hard-earned pence of the working members. To such societies a subscriber of half-a-guinea a-year would seem a Crœsus or a Rothschild, and the enthusiastic members would elect such a donor to all the distinguished offices of their society, and make new posts in his honour. Yet, thanks be to God, such societies are a power and influence for good to which no merely money power is an equivalent; to say nothing of evils prevented, they can show more "value received" for their expenditure in the shape of happy homes, reclaimed men and women, and benefited children, than many a society whose average of patrons and promoters looks like a small edition of "Dodd's Peerage," or a mitigated "Mogg's Court Guide."

England does not know what she owes to many unheard-of sons and daughters of toil, who, without fee or reward, are labouring for God and man in the obscure parts of the land, whose only recognition is the blessing of the saved ones, and the smile of angels, and whose only star of knighthood is not *on*, but *within* the breast. God blesses and cheers them, but it would be an additional source of joy, if those who can afford it in their respective localities would sometimes inquire of such whether, while they did the work they love, it would not help them and lighten their toil to let others bear a share of the necessary expense.

"The best way of helping a man is to help him to help himself," and it is in this respect that the temperance cause is the best, as well as the cheapest, moral reform. Put a dissipated family into a palace, and in a month it would be a filthy hovel. Many years ago, the writer of this article investigated the state of Wild court, Drury lane. He entered nearly every room in that, then, notorious locality. He has since, and very recently, visited some abodes in model lodging-houses, so called, equalling, if not transcending in filth, anything he then saw. A child might stand upon the top of *The Times* printing-office, in the city of London, and throw pebbles in every direction in

centres of fever and dirt, as foul and diseased as though the words "sanitary reform" had never been heard. Why is this? Because it is the character and disposition of the people that stamp the features of a locality, and not the locality or the buildings that moulds the people. God's ancient nation had a complete code of sanitary regulations, and the same laws obtain now; but a visitor to any city of the world may trace the Jews' quarter in the distinctest possible manner, by the uncleanness which will meet him at every turn. Man makes the neighbourhood, not the neighbourhood the man. Here the temperance reformer does noble work. He grapples with the individual, man, woman, or child. The husband or wife abstains from drink, thoughtfulness and cleaaliness begin, and after wiping off old scores, personal and home comforts are collected. The low neighbourhood must be changed for a better, the one room for two, the two for a house with a bit of garden, and then—Oh! how frequently—the rented house for a freehold, with comparative affluence. Not one alone, but tens of thousands, of such cases, are to be found in England, Ireland, and Scotland, and it may safely be affirmed, that all the societies in connection with the Social Science Association put together, cannot show such a result as this; and yet their incomes, if placed beside that of the Band of Hope Union, the National Temperance League, Alliance, and other teetotal societies, would mass up into such magnificent proportions, and the money raised for temperance purposes dwarf into such sheer insignificance, that, as Mrs. Partington would say, the comparison would indeed be "odourous." But what volumes are thus spoken for the intrinsic value of the teetotal movement, and how have fools (in the estimation of many) put to utter shame the wisdom of the wise!

With more means, abstainers could do much more; with augmented exchequers, every society could cover more ground, the results being proportionately great. How then can we raise the means? How obtain the sinews of war? With Aladdin's lamp, or a magician's wand, the thing were easily done; but these are out of date. Fairies do not visit the world to give people three wishes now-a-days, or Temperance Societies might sometimes obtain inexhaustible wealth. The brood of geese and hens which laid golden eggs have died out. Giants, single or double-headed, cannot now be had, to be killed for their gold; extraordinary means are only suited for emergencies;

and we are therefore shut up to what is practical, and likely to lead to success.

(To be continued.)

*** For the completion of this paper, Mr. Murphy would be obliged to conductors secretaries, or treasurers, if they have found any means in their locality specially successful iu obtaining funds, if they will forward particulars to him before the 10th of February, to his address, 55, Finchley road, London, S.

MISSIONARY WORK AMONG THE NAVVIES IN KENT.

By WILLIAM STONE.

In the endeavour to give a brief sketch of my work and operations among the men employed on the Kent Coast Works, I may remark, that I have found many characteristics among the Railway Workman which obtain among the Sons of Neptune. With very many, unfortunately, the language of Scripture is, alas! too true, "Let us eat, drink, and be merry for to-morrow we die." With the majority, it seems quite superflous to enforce upon them provident habits; they treat the notion as being quite ridiculous. Their general habit of spending their money as fast as earned, seems to bind them as it were with an adamantine chain. In this respect they remind me very much of sailors, who formerly, upon being "paid off," were wont to destroy the "mess" utensils, and act in the most insensible and ludicrous manner. I am now describing that which I have been eyewitness of in years bye-gone. I am however glad to know, this state of things is becoming now obsolete in the Navy. I was exceedingly gratified quite recently in cursorily glancing over the columns of the *Weekly Record*, to find that a teetotal meeting had been held on board H.M.S "Neptune," lying in the Bay of Naples. Perhaps the pleasure was more enhanced because I had myself lain there in the "Hasting," 74, in the year 1839. The navvies have in a modified degree, the same roving habits and restless dispositions so prominent in the "Tar," with this difference, their rovings are mainly confined to *terra firma*. To their credit let it be said, however that with all their failings, they are ever mindful of a poor "mate" or "butty," who is on the road and "hard up." They truly sympathise with each other in this respect, because most have at some time or other known that hunger is a sharp thorn. If the poor man's boots are very bad, giving ingress and egress to the clay and mud, one will ask another if he has an old pair of boots, and every corner is ransacked to see if there is an old pair that will fit their "butty." Then perhaps an old "slop,"

'vn across the shoulders of the man in an
without any ceremony whatever; they thus
'ty towards those who are for the time
y. These acts are done sometimes without
n by the generous donors. The recipient,
rally utters a hearty "thank you." But not-
g all this genuine philanthrophy manifested towards
ates when "hard up," they are as a general rule very
getful of themselves when in full work. Of course there are exceptions.

Unfortunately, I am compelled to say, although not having had a very extensive experience among the navvies, that intemperance is most emphatically their besetting sin, the great evil and bane among railway workmen. It is far from being confined to the young and middle aged, but men whose hairs are frosted over with age, and who are getting far down the hill of life, indulge very much in gratifying their vitiated appetite for alcoholic drinks. My heart has been sorely grieved on several occasions in looking upon the battered features, and swollen, disfigured, and contused faces of this very useful, and now invaluable class of the community. Having seen many of them after a drinking bout, I have been reminded of some lines in the "Plague of our Isle":—

"A canker is found in the bud, flower, and fruit,
Of human progression,—a worm at the root;
Of social improvement, a fiery simoon,
That sweeps o'er the masses to burn and consume."
"'Tis found on the heaven-hallowed day of repose,
Sweet haven of rest from our toils, and our woes;
That voice of the drunkard, the oath, curse, and brawl,
Are sounds of such frequence they cease to appal."

With such sights as I have witnessed of drink's doings, I feel more intensely the public-house is not the working man's friend, but that it impedes his physical, mental, moral, and religious progress. It is the synagogue of Satan, and its fruit the vintage of death. It is promotive of domestic discord, conjugal infelicity, makes wives wretched and unhappy, and causes children to be neglected. The influence of the public-house transforms the kind husband and affectionate father into the morose, cruel and violent man. With a saddened heart I often ponder upon the wise man's words:—"Who hath woe? who hath sorrow? who hath contentions? who hath babblings? who hath wounds without cause? who hath redness of eyes?" Again I have often thought, while pursuing my vocation, upon the words of the "Bard of

Avon":—Oh that men will put into their mouths, an enemy that steals away their brains." Seeing then that alcoholic drinks work such direful and multifarious evils among the Navvies, I feel more than ever disposed to wage an incessant warfare against this bane of our glorious Old England. It is without doubt drink that perpetuates fights, brawls, and disagreement among the railway workmen. In short, it is the great blot upon our national escutcheon. How truly has that good servant of Christ, Miss Marsh, plainly shown, that, drink is their besetting sin, over and above every other vice to which they may be addicted. Notwithstanding we can say:—

"The darkest night that shades the sky
Of beauty hath a share;
The blackest heart hath sign to tell
That good still lingers there."

"Love can bow down the stubborn neck,
The stone to flesh convert;
Soften, subdue, and melt, and break
The adamantine heart."

Blessed be God, the writer can drink in deep of the sentiments contained in these lines; he was formerly steeped chin-deep in inebriation and profligacy, but he heard the magic sound of teetotalism, and sobriety was the handmaid to piety. Therefore he can say:—

"Man of lofty virtue look up
To heaven, so calm, and pure, and beautiful,
And mirrors his own soul as in a glass.
He looks below, but not contemptuously;
For there he sees reflections of himself,
As a poor child of nature; and he feels
A touch of kindred brotherhood, and pants
To lead the weak and erring into heights
Which he so joyously treads; nay, more, descends
Into the smoky turmoil and the roar
Of the rude world, his hands at work on earth,
His soul beyond the clouds, dwelling with God,
And drinking of His spirit."

A writer has said:—"That prejudice is the spider of the mind, poisoning everything with which it comes in contact." Although most of the men know others in the same occupation who have abstained, some for a long series of years, still the men adhere with unflinching tenacity to the old antiquated notion, grey with age, and hoary with years, that beer is essentially neccessary to them in the performance of their arduous *work*. In order to disabuse their minds in this respect, I have

circulated freely among them "Livesey's Malt Lecture Delusion," which I hold is unanswerable, and worth it's weight in gold. Several have read it, and say, "its very good sir," and yet drink on forgetting what Shakespeare has written:—

> "As in my youth I never did apply
> Hot and rebellious liquors to my blood,
> Therefore my age is as a lusty winter,
> Frosty but kindly."

Such men pander to appetite, and take these drinks to tickle the palate, and produce that pleasing sensation in the throat caused by their introduction. Verily, we are greatly in love with our stomachs and throats, forgetful of what Dr. Armstrong teaches us in his poem on health. He thus describes the crystal element:—

> "The chief ingredient in Heavens various works;
> Whose flexile genius sparkles in the gem,
> Grows firm in oak, and fugitive in wine;
> The vehicle, the source of nutriment,
> And life to all that vegetate and live."

I have spoken to them of men employed in all sorts of works; puddling iron in hot furnaces, enduring great physical prostration; working in gas works, and in glass blowing, enduring a very high temperature and a great fatigue. These men testified to the fact they could do better without intoxicating drinks then with them. Some will admit they could very well do without, if they like; others quite repudiate such a notion, notwithstanding there are men working around them who are abstainers. Some of the more intelligent will shirk the question, by telling me some extraordinary speech they have heard by a "teetotal spouter." Many say,—"Well, what are we to do? We must lodge ot the public house, and it looks so shabby not to drink." Others will say,—"We are not like some men, our work exposing us to many temptations which other men know nothing about."

Another bad habit is fearfully prevalent among them, viz., that of swearing and using bad language. I have been pleased on one or two occasions with such remarks as the following: "I was just going to swear, sir, but seeing you stopped me." I endeavour then to show them that I am myself a poor sinner saved by grace, and that they should rather fear God, who is able to banish them from his presence for ever. Many acknowledge swearing to be a very bad habit, and yet continue to indulge in it. Sometimes I tell them I once used to swear, and

was in the habit of uttering imprecations, but when God co verted my soul, I became a new creature, old things pass away and all things became new. I then prayed continuall "Set a watch before my mouth, and keep the door of my lip that I sin not against Thee with my tongue." I find in speak ing of my own experience, however painful and humiliating i may be to myself, a greater interest is manifested by the me under my care.

During the dinner hour my invariable practice is to sit dow in the midst of the men, be quite familiar with them, ye gently rebuking any who may indulge in sinful conduct, o evidence undue levity of manner. Previous to commencin reading, I usually make a few remarks relative to the subjec by way of preface. Sometimes they crack a few jokes in a goo humoured manner, but now that I am known to them, and the to me, their conduct is very respectful, polite, and courteous At times some of the more sedate and serious navvies hav thanked me very heartily. After making some remarks on day upon the words, "There is no difference: we have all sinned;' one man quaintly said, "you dished that up, sir, in a plain an simple manner, making yourself intelligible to all." Tract written in a pleasing and popular style seem to interest the me very much. *Happy Jack* is an especial favourite. They ar quite delighted with dialogues. The *British Workman Band of Hope Review*, *Leisure Hour*, and *Sunday at Home* are intensely popular with them. Many have refused tracts but received these latter, and thanked me very kindly for them Anything written by "Lady Mash," as they call her, is ver popular among the navvies. Her name often produces a smil upon the countenance of some of the old rough weather-beate men. Thus we find the memory of the just is blessed. He name is justly revered, and by some ardent, enthusiastic spirits highly eulogized. The story of *Thomas Ward and Rober Blake* is very much appreciated.

And now by way of conclusion, I might add, they are very attentive listeners at our religious services; far more so than some congregations I have seen in Belgravia and Tyburnia. Finally, looking at the great benefits these men have conferred upon the community, I might say, the most generous sympathy should be evoked on their behalf by all classes of the community. Many of them are compelled to lodge at beer shops, and consequently exposed to very great temptations to drink. Som days, in consequence of the inclemency of the weather, they ar

prevented from working; then, if their minds are not fortified by truly sober and religious principles, they fall into great excesses; and too often the climax is a drunken brawl, similar to that which took place in the Crooked Billet, Penge.

I believe, if those who have it in their power would erect halls, similar to those at Notting Hill, and Shrewsbury, exclusively for navvies, a vast amount of moral, social, physical, and religious good would result. Then, doubtless, the blessings of those ready to perish would rest upon such. I hope, God helping me, to "labour on at His command, and offer all my works to Him." I have faith in God, and hope in man.

"Let good men ne'er of truth despair,
Though humble efforts fail;
Oh give not o'er until once more
The righteous cause prevail."

BALLADS.

By the Rev. D. BURNS.

I.—THE GOOD FATHER MATHEW.

[Theobald Mathew was born at Thomastown, near Cashel, in Ireland, October 10th, 1790, and was brought up by some wealthy relations. He was stationed in Cork, in 1814, and laboured as a Friar of the order of St. Francis. There his kind and self-denying spirit made him generally beloved, and he was rich in good works. In 1838 a member of the Society of Friends, William Martin, drew his attention to the cause of Temperance, in the April of which year he signed the pledge, and before long many thousands of the poor of Cork had taken the pledge from his hands. At length urgent calls to visit other places were received, and, in 1839, his work as the Apostle of Temperance in Ireland began; this continued for several years, till it was calculated that between four and five million persons had received the pledge. Father Mathew visited England in 1843, and America in 1851. He died December 8, 1856. He had a pleasant countenance, charming manners, and a soul full of love to God and man. Men of different nations and creeds admired him living, and lamented him when dead.]

Come, lads and lasses, list to me,
The subject of my story
Is one of God's great men whose names
Are writ in fadeless glory.

Ireland his native country's woes
Provoked his tenderest grief,
And with a patient diligence
He toiled for her relief.

And when convinced that first and most
  Vile whisky cursed the land,
With heart and soul and strength he joined
  The struggling Temperance band.

And soon his name became a power,
  Till millions had resolved
That, from this whisky influence,
  They would become absolved.

And so the land had joyful rest
  While from Intemperance free,
And peace and plenty took the place
  Of crime and misery.

Good Father Mathew! We will think
  With pleasure on his life,
Thankful that one so pure was born
  To lead in such a strife.

His wondrous work was carried on
  By no mysterious spell,
But by the magic of a mind
  Intent on doing well.

And long as this great globe shall last
  His memory shall be dear,
And shine, bright as the perfect day,
  The friends of man to cheer.

Then, lads and lasses, let us help
  The Temperance Reformation,
Till, spite of brewers and distillers,
  It rules the British nation!

X.—HANNIBAL OF CARTHAGE.

[The incident respecting Hannibal is related as true by ar
torians. It is hoped that the application of it here made w
deemed out of place even by non-abstainers. That mind must be
disposed which is averse to the education of the young in ha
strictest sobriety.]

Before a pagan altar stood
  A warrior of renown,
Who in the pride of fatherhood
  Upon his boy looked down.

"My son," he said, "I bring you here
To take a solemn oath,
Whose power shall deepen every year,
And grow with all your growth.

"By all the gods of ancient name,
By all their power to curse,
By all your thoughts of manly fame,
By all the hopes you nurse—

"I bid you swear undying hate
To vile detested Rome,
Whate'er may be your future fate,
Abroad, or here at home."

Ha-mil-car said; and bowing low,
Young Han-ni-bal replied:
"I swear—I swear—my father's foe
Shall mine through life abide."

And as he up to manhood grew,
He burned his oath to keep;
The hosts of Rome he overthrew,
And slew her sons like sheep.

But we now call on British youth
No cruel oath to swear,
But in the cause of love and truth
A noble part to bear.

Our fatherland is forced to mourn
A dreadful deadly foe,
Which makes ten thousand homes forlorn,
And curses high and low.

Then come, dear children, one and all,
Against Strong Drink to fight;
You each can be a Hannibal,
And put this foe to flight.

Annals of the Band of Hope Union.

LABOURS OF MR. W. BELL, IN ST. GILES'S, LONDON.

Sunday, Dec. 28th. I visited a number of poor people, with one of the District Visitors of Bloomsbury Chapel, and, gave away a number of books, tracts, &c., *with which I* had been supplied by the Rev. G. W.

McCree. I had conversations on religion and temperance, with many of the people. What poverty and sin was seen at every turn! I met a drunken man, who had been in the hospital for four weeks; he had been knocked down by a cab, while drunk, and very much lamed, but as soon as he was better he again commenced drinking. I advised him to become a teetotaller and he promised to do so.

Monday, Dec. 29th. Visited a number of families with Mrs. Symonds, the devoted and pious Bible woman of the district. My heart was sad at the scenes of wretchedness and misery caused chiefly by the great enemy of everything that is good—*drink.* When will our law-makers see into the evil as it is: and close those houses which are moral pests in this great city? We need bible women and city missionaries of the right sort multiplied twenty-fold. "The harvest is great, but the labourers are few." Lord! send faithful men into the field, and give them great success. I went to the *Mothers'* meeting, at the Bloomsbury Chapel Mission Hall, at half-past three o'clock. I sung them some melodies, and gave a temperance address. I wish Mothers' meetings like this were held in every town and village in the country; I believe they are doing much good in London. At five o'clock I went to a festival at Camden town, and gave an address; it was a good meeting. I then came back to the Mission Hall, and gave a lecture on temperance, at half-past eight; a large number were present.

Tuesday, 30th. Visiting with Rev. G. W. McCree. We met with four drunken women in the streets. O this drink! how it degrades the fairer sex, and makes them more like incarnate *fiends,* than help-mates for man. Gin is woman's great curse in London. What numbers of poor wretched creatures we meet, made so by the drink. When will the church of the living God set her face against the traffic? In the afternoon, I gave an address to the inmates of the Institution for Homeless Girls, Broad street; and in the evening lectured to the Band of Hope, Denmark street, at half-past six, and afterwards gave a short address to the Ragged School children in Little Denmark street. Mr. Williams and other gentlemen were giving the children an entertainment with the magic lantern. At half-past eight I lectured in the Mission Hall, when the Rev. G. W. McCree took the chair, and ably assisted at the meeting.

Wednesday, Dec. 31st. Visited a number of families, gave away a great number of papers, tracts, and books, comprising the *Alliance News, Temperance Advocate, Come to Jesus for Salvation,* &c. &c. I prayed with some of the families, and gave religious advice to all, and invited them to the meeting in the Mission Hall in the evening. I found one good woman who is eighty years of age happy in the Lord, and who in forty years has missed going to a place of worship only nine Sundays. May her example teach us to love the house of God! Met with one family, where the husband has been out of work for several weeks. They had one fine boy that they were forced to keep from school, because they had not money to pay for him. Made arrangements for him to go to the ragged school next Monday. The mother was very thankful, and promised to send him. Met several women under the influence of drink,

ith *black* eyes and *bruised faces*. In the evening, at six o'clock, attended e Ragged school, Broad street, and, gave a short address and sung veral melodies to the children. At half-past eight gave a lecture on e Moral Lighthouse of England, in the Mission Hall, to a large audience. t the close, eight signed the pledge. At ten o'clock, being the watch-ght, I preached in the United Methodist Chapel, King street; we had good season. The Lord was with us. While we talked of the plan of lvation many of the people were bathed in tears. O may they all come Jesus, the sinners' friend, and find mercy. Went to the Mission all at eleven o'clock, and heard the Rev. G. W. McCree. The large all was crowded. It was a most solemn time, while we asked God for ardon for the sins of the past year, and grace to keep us from evil in the ew year. Thus closed the last day in the eventful year 1862.

Thursday, Jan. 1st, 1863. Visited many families with Mrs. Symonds, nd saw much poverty and misery, brought on by intemperance. Some oor women had black eyes, the effect of blows from their husbands hile drunk. In the evening went with Mr. S. Shirley, to the Vulcan emperance society; had a very good meeting.

Friday, Jan. 2nd. Spent the day in visiting and inviting the people to the meeting in the evening, and one to be held on Sunday evening. Met with one poor woman who had just had to pawn the sheets from the bed, to get a little bread for her six children. In the evening I went to the Refuge for Homeless Boys, in Queen street, and spent a very happy evening with them; I delivered a temperance address to them, and then went to the Charles street Ragged School, where I spoke to the Band of Hope, and thence to Queen street, Seven Dials, where we had a very good meeting of adults, in the Mission Room. At the close, six persons signed the pledge.

Saturday Evening. Spent an hour at the Servants' Home, Parker street. Gave them a religious and temperance address, and after prayer bade them good-bye for a while. God bless them! I should like to meet them all in heaven. I shall always look back with pleasure to my visits there, and the other places named this week.

Sunday Evening. Preached to a large number of parents in the Ragged School, Little Denmark street. May the good Lord bless the seed sown this week in St. Giles's. It is our's to sow, but the increase is with the Lord.

During the past month Mr. S. Smith has lectured and addressed meetings as follows:—Wapping; Vestry Hall, St. Pancras; Tottenham; Dalston; Milton, Oxfordshire; Stow-on-the-Wold; Malvern; Tewkesbury; Gloucester; Denmark street, Soho; Vauxhall Walk; Providence Hall, Bishopsgate; Camberwell; Milton street, Brunswick square; St. Peter's School, Regent square; Charles street, Drury Lane; King street, Long Acre.

During the month Mr. G. Blaby has attended and addressed the following meetings, &c.:—Bloomsbury Refuge, twice; Denmark street, three times: Gee street, Goswell road; Spencer place, Goswell road; Star of Temperance, Stepney meeting; One Tun, Westminster; Work-

ing Men's Club, Duck lane; Eccleston Chapel, Pimlico; Milton stree Dorset square; Prospect row, Walworth; St. Matthew's, Westminster Whitecross place, Finsbury; Kentish town; Peckham; Slough; Wands worth, and Wapping; he has also taken part in three Adult Meetings preached seven Sermons, and addressed four Sunday Schools.

FAIRFORD.—Mr. W. Bell, of the Band of Hope Union, London, delivered a series of lectures on Total Abstinence, in Fairford and Quenington, on Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday evenings. The chair was taken on Monday and Tuesday by the Rev. W. Reynolds, and on Wednesday by the Rev. T. Morton, The meetings were well attended, and the audiences were highly gratified by the flowing eloquence and thrilling remarks of the lecturer. Mr. Bell quite carried the meeting away with the melodies he sung. A Band of Hope has been formed, and a committee chosen to carry on the movement in future. The meetings altogether have been of a most interesting character, and upwards of sixty persons have been added to the society.—*Local Paper.*

ANCHOR BAND OF HOPE.—The second quarterly tea meeting of this society was held at the school-room, in Waterloo street, Camberwell, on Tuesday, January 20th. The room was very prettily decorated, and in an elevated position was placed an enormous twelfth-cake. About 150 persons, three-fourths being juveniles, sat down to tea. Crackers were afterwards distributed among the children, and the ornaments of the cake given to some of those who had been for the longest time total abstainers. After many others had been admitted at a small charge, Mr. F. Smith proceeded to delight the meeting with the magic lantern exhibition, accompanied by an amusing descriptive lecture. A vote of thanks having been given to Mr. Smith, and all who had kindly assisted in the arangements of the meeting, the company separated. Any society may have the use of the baking tin, which was made expressly for the cake above mentioned, and will hold 35 or 40lbs., for the small sum of ninepence, and it may be had by applying to Mr. J. Eaton, Waterloo street school, Camberwell. S.

EBENEZER BAPTIST CHURCH, Cambridge street, South Shields, TEMPERANCE SOCIETY and BAND OF HOPE.—This society was formed on the 3rd of December last, after a powerful lecture by the Rev. George Whitehead, of Sholley Bridge, "on the duty of the Church in relation to the temperance question." The Rev. J. Brooks, recognised as pastor of the church the previous evening, was elected president, and the society has adopted the following declaration as the basis of their operations, which every member signs, as well as the pledge, others signing the pledge who do not become members of the society:—"We, the undersigned members, and others connected with the Baptist Church, Cambridge street, South Shields, in view of appalling the evils, social, moral and religious, resulting from the drinking customs of society, and the public sale of intoxicating drinks, do hereby agree to form ourselves into a society, to be called the 'Ebenezer Baptist Church Temperance Society and Band of Hope,' in order that we may combine our influence more effectually, in seeking to reclaim the drunkards with whom we are

surrounded, and to commend the practice of total abstinence from all intoxicating drinks to all with whom we have influence, especially the young; and to give our moral support in seeking to obtain the prohibition of the public sale of intoxicating liquors as beverages, by the power of the public will, as set forth in the suggestions of the United Kingdom Alliance for a Permissive Bill. And these objects we will seek to obtain by the aid of the Holy Spirit, guided by the example of our divine Lord and Master, and with the of aim glorifying our Father in Heaven for whose glory we profess to live." The society has held it meetings every Monday evening since its formation, the Adult and Band of Hope meetings being alternately held. In addition to many signatures to the pledge, we have enrolled a large number in the Band of Hope, under the conductorship of Mr. Willam Mould, and agreed to join the Band of Hope Union.

LANCASHIRE DISTRESS.

SUMS RECEIVED.

Miss Nelly Coombe's Money Box	0	7	9½	Children of Band of Hope, belonging to North of England Auxilliary	4	12	0
Master R. Hill	0	4	0				
Collected in Pence	0	3	2½				

LITERATURE.

The Temperance Congress of 1862. London : W. Tweedie, 337, Strand. Price 2s. 6d.—This interesting volume records the proceedings of the Congress held in August last, under the auspices of the National Temperance League, and contains all the valuable papers read at its various sittings. We would direct the special attention of our readers to the articles on "Temperance in its Relation to the Working Classes," by Joseph Livesey, Esq.; on the "Duties of Employers relative to the Temperance Question," by Handel Cossham, Esq.; "Parochial Temperance Association," by the Rev. Robert Maguire; "Alcoholism as a Cause of Mortality," by Mr. T. A. Smith; and the "Early Heroes of the Temperance Reformation," by Mr. William Logan. The speeches delivered in Exeter Hall and at the Crystal Palace are also included in the volume, and may be read wfth great profit.

Proceedings of the International Temperance and Prohibition Convention, held in London, Sept. 2, 3, *and* 4, 1862. Edited by Rev. J. C. STREET, Dr. F. R. LEES, and Rev. D. BURNS. London : Job Caudwell, 335, Strand. Manchester : United Kingdom Alliance, 41, John Dalton-street. 1862.—We may safely pronounce this handsome and bulky volume as the most valuable ever published by Temperance reformers. Whether we regard it as a monument of their intelligence, patriotism, benevolence, or piety, it is unparalleled in the history of our movement. We would earnestly urge all secretaries and advocates to read and study its contents: they will thus become workmen who need not to be ashamed. The volume contains the papers read before the Convention, and are embraced under the following headings :—Historical and Biographical ; Educational and Religious ; Band of Hope Operations ; Social and Sanitary ; Scientific and Medical ; Economical and Statistical ; Political and Legislative. We have also the sermons and speeches delivered at public meetings, a number

of valuable supplementary papers, and an appendix, containing lette from Professor Newman, Rev. Dr. E. Nott, Rev. Dr. R. Steele, and othe Appended is a list of societies and delegates, and a list of members of t Convention. Such a volume deserves the widest possible circulation.

Tweedie's Temperance Almanack for 1863. London: W. Tweedie, 3 Strand. Price 3d.—The contents of this almanack will prove of gre value to active workers in the Temperance movement. Among its co tents are the annual list of Alcoholic Beverages; Temperance Organiza tions in Great Britain and Ireland; Temperance Societies, and how the are Conducted; and Temperance Literature, which will greatly assis committees and secretaries, who wish to conduct their societies in an efficient manner.

The Teetotallers' Almanack for 1863. *The Maine Law Almanack for* 1863. London: Job Caudwell, 335, Strand.—Both these almanacks have special features. In the Teetotallers' Almanack we have information on the various Temperance organizations, and a list of Temperance societies in the metropolitan districts; and a list of zealous total abstainers, who have lately passed away; combined with other information of a useful kind. The Maine Law Almanack will greatly delight members of the United Kingdom Alliance, and furnish them with useful information on anti-licensing proceedings, judicial decisions on the liquor traffic, and the Permissive Bill canvass.

Ballads for Young Teetotallers and Bands of Hope. By the Rev. DAWSON BURNS. London: Job Caudwell.—Contents: 1. The Good Father Mathew; 2. A Tale of Ancient Greece; 3. Mortimer and his Father; 4. How Prince William perished at Sea; 5. The unwavering Young Teetotaller; 6. The Tempter and his Victim; 7. The Teetotal Prince: a Persian Story; 8. St. George and the Dragon; 9. The Repentant Father; 10. Hannibal of Carthage; 11. The Burning Ship; and 12. The Pitcairn Islanders. We thank the author for this pretty book, and strongly commend it to all conductors of Bands of Hope. Several of the ballads will be found in our pages, and they will enable our readers to judge of their value.

National Temperance Hymn and Song Book, with Recitations for Adults and Children. Compiled by the Rev. HENRY HAMMOND. London: William Tweedie, 337, Strand. This little work contains one hundred and fifty pieces, seventy of which are of a religious character, though in many cases with a direct Temperance bearing. This selection of hymns will be found useful for all kinds of occasions. The songs are well selected, whilst several of them, as well as the recitations, are quite new to us. The book is well arranged, and forms one of the most complete selections yet offered to the Temperance world. Some of the pieces are especially suited to children.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

All communications should be written on one side of the paper only.
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BAND OF HOPE RECORD.

A NEW PLEASURE.

By JOHN P. PARKER.

More than two thousand years ago a Grecian king, named Dionysius—stop—let me be accurate as to time. I have on my table a large volume, titled, "Beeton's Dictionary of Universal Information on Geography, History, Biography, Mythology, Bible-History, and Chronology; and referring to page 414, I find that Dionysius, pronounced Di-o-nish'-e-us, was King, or Tyrant, of Syracuse, four hundred and four years before the birth of our Saviour. Turning the leaves to page 1231, I read that Syracuse, pronounced Si'-ra-kuse, was the birth-place of Plato, the philosopher; and Archimedes, the mathematician; and Cicero, the orator; that it is a city of Sicily, but that it was founded by a colony of Corinthians, 736 years before Christ; and that, in ancient times, it possessed a larger population than any of the Greek cities. King Dionysius offered a large sum of money to any one who should invent or discover for him a new pleasure. I have never read that the reward was claimed, and conclude that, like Solomon, he sought pleasure in sensuous enjoyments, and found "vanity and vexation of spirit."

Pleasure may be sought in many ways; in the right road as well as in the wrong. He is in the right road who aims at getting, for the two-fold purpose of giving pleasure, as well as self-enjoyment. He is in the wrong road, who, like the Tyrant of Syracuse, living for himself alone, seeks only self-gratification. The wise man writes, "The full soul loatheth a honeycomb, but to the hungry soul a bitter thing is sweet." Jonathan said, "See! I pray you, how mine eyes have been enlightened, because I tasted a little of this honey." Professor Liebig remarks, "The acquisition of a new truth is equivalent to a new sense; enabling us now to perceive and recognise innumerable phenomena, which remain invisible or concealed to others, as they formerly were to ourselves."

A few months ago I was sitting in a little coffee-room, at seven in the morning, alone, when there came in an Irish girl, who had on her arm a small basket, with a string network of very wide meshes, drawn over the top, to keep

strawberry pottles from falling down. She was "in grow— a woman, but in mind a child," for, after innocently asking a question, she very simply answered every enquiry I subsequently put to her. "She was just sixteen years old. H mother had been dead seven years. Her father was such good man—he wouldn't marry again, for her sake. She wash the clothes, and made things comfortable at home. He was bricklayer's labourer, out all day long at work. Yes, he was a teetotaller, ever so long; he had got money in the Savings' Bank. She went to market and bought a few things to sell. She gave all the money to father, and he gave her what *he* pleased to spend. Oh! he was such a good man! Yes, we are Catholics. I go to the School of Compassion of an evening. Ladies come there to teach us; and wouldn't it be a shame if we didn't learn, when they took that trouble? Yes, I have learnt a good deal. I can read all the names of the streets everywhere, now; and is not that a pleasure?"

My object in writing these facts is to put before you a new pleasure. I purchased two books recently—and you may do the same, for there are plenty to be had at the large book-stalls —one for myself, the other as a gift for a friend. So that I doubled my pleasure as the Saviour taught, "It is more blessed to give than to receive." Those books together cost me seventeen shillings and ninepence. The title of the book you have at the commencement of this communication. To a person of limited education, whether young or old, and who is desirous of getting good in order to do good, such a book is most valuable; for not only are facts given on the topics named, but the correct pronunciation of every word is set forth plainly. Who would think that "Blucher" should be pronounced Blu'-ker; or "Kossuth," Kos-soot; or "Llangollen," Lan-goth-lan; or "Kotzebue," Kots'-boo; or "Dnieper," Ne'-per; or "Severus," Se-ve'-rus?

Thus by the expenditure of a sum of money equivalent to the cost of one pint of beer, or one cigar a-day, for a twelve-month, a book of reference, of the most useful kind, may be purchased, containing fifteen hundred closely-printed pages, in a strongly bound octavo volume, three inches and a quarter thick; having many maps, curious tables, and numerous engravings, printed on the pages, or bound up in the volume; and I have no doubt that those who profit by this information, and whom I may never see, will thank me in their hearts for having given to them a new pleasure.

HOW IT BEGAN AND GREW.

Band of Hope movement in Bishop Auckland was originated by friend who is now reaping the reward of well-doing. The object plated, in first establishing the organization, was to make it a xiliary in connection with the various Sabbath schools, and as r a short time it worked well. Ultimately, it was discovered that vere vast numbers of children who never attended a Sabbath and that those were the children, more especially, that demanded n and sympathy. A room was hired, independent of any denomi- l consideration, and a general invitation was issued. The ent was novel, and consequently attracted a large number of ı; but the room being situated over a dwelling-house, made very against its success. However, for a time, this, and also other niences, were patiently borne, and the cause maintained a feeble ce. By and by, time and death worked a solemn and important ; the pillar of the infant cause, John Hedley, was suddenly called inal rest. His unexpected death was deeply felt by all, but more lly by the children of the Band of Hope, who solemnly and fully followed their departed benefactor to the grave. His tomb dewed with sympathetic tears from many youthful, glassy eyes, f which have since been sealed in death. But, though some of ly heroes of our movement have been called from the field, still nmon enemy is yet amongst us, doing his murderous work.

"Then heart to heart, and hand to hand,
Bound together let us stand,
Storms are gathering o 'er the land,
Many friends are gone.

"Still we never are alone,
Still the battle must be won.
Still we bravely march right on,
Right on, right on."

a long and painful season following Mr. Hedley's death, it was t the infant institution had perished in its own swaddling-clothes. od principles never die. They are amongst the few things over death hath no power. The little star of hope that had arisen in ral heavens was destined to shine on, and be the means of lighting an earth-wanderer to the feet of Jesus, and so on, and on, to tality and bliss.

his instance, the reformer's mantle fell upon other shoulders. The n ought to be, and must be, cared for. The philanthropic spirit breathed by a few heroines who have done, or caused to be done, portant work. The re-organization of the Band of Hope was the auspices of the Ladies' Temperance Society, who have ever through their late Missionary—W. B. Affleck—efficiently con- l it. The re-commencement was anything but encouraging; ten en only attended. But those ten were workers. They made it an day duty to *endeavour to increase* its numbers. By the time the

fourth meeting was held, the numbers had more than doubled. — since that time, like the ball of snow, they have increased as they mo We have had to lament and mourn over some beautiful buds of pro that have been removed to blossom in the celestial country. And promoters have been encouraged to prosecute their mission, from assurance that the instruction imparted from time to time, has proved source of hope and comfort on the bed of death. The last dying sent ments of some, have been words of confidence learned from our littl hymns. One such, "who is not lost, but gone before," invariabl delighted herself and her friends by singing, and desiring to be sung, i her agonising painful affliction—

Though dark my path, and sad my lot,
Let me be still and murmur not,
But breathe the prayer divinely taught—
Thy will be done.

And when on earth, I breathe no more
The prayer oft mixed with tears before,
I'll sing upon a happier shore,
Thy will be done.

A regard to the feelings of bereaved friends prevents any further allusion to these solemn providences at this festive occasion and season. Our ranks have been thinned, and weakened too, by many who have gone into the active services of life as apprentices, servants, etc. But the promoters and friends have been cheered by the assurance (without exception), so far as we know, that every one has kept the pledge inviolate Another source of gratification and encouragement is, that many who have been members from the first still take an active part in our welfare and are also assisting in other important institutions. Modesty forbid the mention of names who have been blessed themselves, and who ar now labouring to bless others. Their work is glorious, and their reward is sure.

We cannot close this brief history without stating how deeply gratefu we feel to the committee of the Friends' British School, for the free us of their commodious and comfortable room; and also to the school master, Mr. Ferguson, to whom we have frequently, though unintentionally, been a cause of annoyance, but who has with exemplary patienc borne with our ill-manners without complaint. The conductor, with th children also, feel under a sensible obligation to Mr. Joseph Lingford for his liberal and monthly supply of the *Band of Hope Review,* which we hope, in many instances, will be read and prized in coming years a well as now.

Although the movement has, at times, had to struggle with opposition yet it stands to-day in increased strength, and also resplendent wit religious and moral beauty. The affection and attachment between th members and their teacher is mutual. No wind of opposition is suffi ciently strong to sever the bond. No amount of cool contempt can chil the warmth. The truths of temperance are too deeply embedded in th hearts and bosoms of the little ones ever to be moved. They have stood

in the past, they stand now, and, I hope, by God's grace, they will stand to the end stedfast and immoveable, always abounding in good works.

"O may each heart and mind, be to Thy ways inclined,
From early youth.
May love inspire our lays, may virtue crown our days,
Ours be the pleasant ways, of peace and truth."

TEACHING.

The education of the young is the great problem on which depends the future welfare of the people. The existing defects in the moral condition of society—and these are neither few nor small—may be traced to a system of education based on false principles. The laws of health, and the culture of the heart, have been sadly neglected. It seems strange that those interested in the training of the young, should have overlooked, in their educational arrangements, points of such vital importance. The results of this overlooking are to be found in the habits and vices of the present generation. Ignorance of the exquisite mechanism of the human frame, and of the laws on which its existence depends, has subjected it to neglect, abuse, and destruction; while in the department of morals, the cultivation of the generous emotions has been equally set aside. Youth has attained to manhood, and entered upon the duties of life without any adequate conception of how that life was connected with the being of others, how it was destined to influence them, and of the solemn responsibility arising out of this state of things. Our defective educational system has doubtless had much to do with the perpetuation and extension of intemperance; false notions of the nature of alcoholic liquors, coupled with their seductive character, had led to their almost universal use; and accordingly the progress of the temperance movement has produced a corresponding change in the mode of juvenile tuition. Indeed, our Bands of Hope constitute a great educational institution. One of their principal objects is to inculcate those very branches of knowledge which have hitherto been neglected, and the extent to which this department of their efforts has been carried is truly marvellous. A most comprehensive series of school-books, sheets, and tracts, have been published, adapted for the instruction of children of all ages, and treating of every imaginable subject connected with the present and future well-being of the rising generation. It is hardly possible to over-estimate the importance of these

associations in an educational aspect. The fact that hundreds of thousands of children are being week after week instructed by competent teachers, on such subjects as the formation of the human frame—the nature and uses of food—the value of water—the manufacture and effects of alcoholic liquors on the physical and moral well-being of those who use them—the duties we owe to ourselves, to others, and to God, cannot fail to produce the most happy results, not only on those being taught, but also upon their relations and friends. The influence of this educational reformation has not been confined to the Bands of Hope, but has greatly modified and improved the system of teaching in schools, which a comparison of the things taught thirty years ago with those taught now will abundantly evince. There is, however, still much to be done; our most popular school-books require to be revised. In proof of this we refer to the *First Collection of the Scottish School Book Association, New Series, No. 5.* At page 71 will be found the following paragraph:—"But we must not let these remarkable instances carry away our thoughts from the no less useful, though much more common blessings of Providence, in these respects. Let it never be forgotten that the *vine*, which furnishes the 'wine which maketh glad the heart of man;' the *apple* and the *pear trees*, which furnish such abundant supply of cider and perry; the *currant*, the *mulberry*, and the *elder*, whose juices are so often employed in our home made wines; and the *hop*, so much used in the process of brewing, are all most widely diffused in the garden of creation, and contribute each their quota towards supplying us with a nutritious, pleasant, and wholesome beverage." It is most discreditable to the "*Scottish School Book Association*," that, in the year 1862, such sentiments should be published by them for the use of our parochial schools. Instead of teaching others, they require to be taught the first principles of a most important branch of education. It will afford us much pleasure to see a new, *if* improved, edition of this book. But we sincerely trust that, for the credit of our schools and the welfare of those who attend them, it will never again pass through the printers' hands bearing the blemish to which we have adverted. The "Scottish School Book Association" may learn something from other and older books, written before the temperance reformation had a being. Take, for example, Dr. Faust's "Catechism of Health," which was largely circulated in Germany towards the end of last century, and, for aught we know to the contrary, is still in use there.

In the chapter "On Drink," we have the following questions ınd answers:—

"For what purpose is it necessary that man should drink?—To quench is thirst, but not to gratify his palate, or to strengthen his stomach, or ith a view hence to derive nourishment; for all such notions are wrong ıd against nature."

"What kind of beverage, therefore, is the most proper?—Cold water."

"What advantage do we derive from drinking cold water?—Cold ıter cools, thins, and clears the blood! it keeps the stomach, bowels, ıd, and nerves in order, and makes man tranquil, serene, and cheerful."

"If water were the only drink of man, both his health and fortune ıuld be improved. If what is spent on fluids that are hurtful to life re appropriated to the purchase of nourishing food and other neces- ies of life, the lot of mankind would be ameliorated, and we should ɜ longer, and be healthier, stronger, and happier."

'Is wine wholesome, when drunk often, or as a common beverage?— , it is not. Wine is very hurtful to the health, the intellect, and the ›piness of man."

'Does it afford any real strength or nourishment to the healthy?— , it only over-heats, without procuring real strength, for it cannot be verted into good blood, flesh, or bone."

'Does wine contribute to the digestion of our meals?—No, it does . Those that drink water eat with a better appetite, and digest better ɒ those that drink wine."

'What consequences ensue from drinking wine continually?—The gue loses its delicacy of taste, and rejects water and mild simple food; stomach grows cold, and loses its natural vigour, and man, under the e idea of giving warmth to his stomach, gains by degrees a passion drinking, which leads him at last to habitual ebriety."

'May children drink wine, punch, or other spirituous, intoxicating ıors? No. Children and young persons ought not to drink wine any other spirituous liquors; for they are hurtful to health, impede wth, obscure reason, and lay a foundation for wretchedness hereafter."

These are sound temperance truths, and prove Dr. Faust to ve been a man of no ordinary intelligence, not only far a-head, this question, of his own age, but also of ours. So popular s this book that, in the year 1793, the Prince Bishop of irzburgh ordered two thousand copies to be distributed gratis, ıongst the schoolmasters of his dominions. The schoolmasters re requested to explain the sections to the children once a ɜek, and each section was to be transcribed into their copy- oks, that a more lasting impression might be made upon their nds. We commend this subject to the consideration of ıchers everywhere, and trust that it will be dealt with in a ınner worthy of its vast importance.—*The League Journal.*

THE WIFE'S APPEAL.

The clock struck eleven. A woman sat by the fireside rocking her baby to sleep. The room was a small one; the floor was swept clean, the fire burned bright, and crackled in the chimney, and the few articles of furniture shone in the firelight, their clear polish reflecting the merry blaze of the flame.

Yet the woman seemed to be sad at heart, though the elements of comfort were about her. She sighed from time to time as she glanced at the cot in which her baby moaned uneasily in its sleep, for it was sick—ill. She stooped down. A hectic spot burned on either cheek, while its lips were parched and pale. The poor babe seemed all unconscious of the rocking of the cradle, which now ceased to lull it to its wonted slumber. The distressed mother wrung her hands, and wailed within herself.

Suddenly she started at the sound of a footstep without. She listened, —the step passed by; and she sank back in her chair again.

"Alas!" she sighed, "it is not he! When will he come?"

She listened again—approached the door—opened it, and looked out. All was still in the lonely street; though the hum of the city still reached her ears from the distant thoroughfares. Over and above all shone the clustering fields of stars, looking down on the turmoil, the sorrow, and the suffering of this lower world. The sight of those calm watchers was full of sadness and melancholy to this lone woman, and sadly she turned back, closed the door, and sat down again by the cradle.

All was hushed, and she listened to another distant step. Again she stood by the door. The clocks of the city were booming the hour of twelve far and near. The step was unsteady! She knew that step; and her heart quailed at its sound. She knew its meaning. Ah! how bright she once looked at hearing the elastic tread of her lover, and, after that, of her husband,—for it was he! But now it brought with it only sadness, and a grim foreboding of sorrow. Yet she received him as of old—kissed him as he entered, and welcomed him home again, as she had always done.

"It is very late, William," she said.

"Well! what of that?"

"It's lonely sitting up."

"And who told you to sit up? Nobody asked you. What business have you to sit up?" aud he hiccupped.

The poor woman burst into tears.

"Crying again, woman! well, what good will that do? You don't think I care for your crying."

"I'm afraid not, William. But go to bed; and we shall talk things over in the morning."

"Talk things over! What have you got to say, that you can't say it now? You're going to scold me, I suppose."

"No William; you know well enough I am no scold. I have never spoken an angry word to you, and I will not. If a husband cannot be got to love his wife and have a regard for her comfort without scolding, it were better to give him up at once," she said seriously.

" Why, Kate? What do you mean? I know you have been a good fe; but can't a man stay out when he likes without his wife setting a ring when he comes home? But come—let's to bed."

" No, William, I must nurse our child. He's very ill."

" What! Ill? and I did'nt know of it! What's the matter?"

" I can't tell; but he's feverish and restless, and I must watch by him the night. Go to bed now, like a good kind fellow. I hope it will all well in the morning."

" Well, be it so. But I must have a kiss of the baby before I go." d he approached the cradle.

Intoxicated though he was, he could see how much the child suffered; noaned and tossed about as if in pain. He would have lifted the child , but the mother dissuaded him,—it was too ill for that. " But he uld have one kiss of the darling." He stooped down, and, staggering, nost fell over the cradle, but she held him back.

'Oh William," she cried, " leave the child alone! You are not fit to ch him. See! you frighten him! Go, now."

He staggered back, confused and ashamed. " Well," said he, " I am y for this, but I 'll e'en go. Poor dear little Willie."

He was about to retire, when, turning back, he said hastily, as if the ught had for the moment sobered him,—

But if the child should die!"

Then God's will be done," said the mother, sobbing.

Oh, let me fetch a doctor?" he cried, with a look of alarm, " I 'll g one in a few minutes; let me go!"

I have seen to that, William; the doctor has been, and done what he ld. Now, go!"

nd he went, staggering to his chamber. Shortly, the drunken sno- of the husband, the wailing moan of the sick child, and the occasional sighs of the watching wife and mother, were the only sounds that e the stillness of the night in that sad little household.

he morning's light found the mother still by the child's cradle. She hed by her first-born, calling to mind its sweet winning ways, its le, and its bright looks. But now, alas! there were but the quiver- clammy lips, through which the child's soul seemed fluttering. eless and helpless, never had that child been more dear to the er's heart than now; yet love could not save it; sorrow could not m it. There was a long breath, a sigh, a gurgling sound in the t,—and then quiet: the quiet of death. Still the mother watched im that could not hear her weeping.

was broad daylight when the husband rose from his couch, with red and heated brain. His step was unsteady as he entered the apart- where still sat the mother by her dead child.

t's late," said the husband, advancing; " I shall not be in time for . Why did you let me sleep so long?"

Poor little Willie!" was all she could sob out in reply.

What's the matter?" he asked; and then, pausing a moment, he ed suddenly to recollect the events of the past night. " I think you the *child was ill.*"

"He's dead!"

"Oh God!" he exclaimed, "it cannot be."

He looked down into the cradle, and there lay the child, with the hue of death upon its cheek. He groaned, and sunk into a chair unable to speak.

But suddenly there passed through his mind the visions of the past; and he thought of the sweet prattle of his child, his growing intelligence, his arch wiles, and playfulness—and then of the patient love and care of his wife, now bowed in silent grief beside him.

"Oh, Kate, this is a sad sight! Our poor, dear child!" and the strong man hid his face in his hands, and sobbed.

She took his hand; he looked up through his tears, and said, "I have been very cruel and selfish towards you. Do you not hate me?"

"No, no!" said the weeping wife; "no, William; but here, by the dead body of this our first-born, let me speak to you of the past."

"Not now, not now!"

"William, I must; I have thought of it during the night, while I waited for you, and watched by your child and mine; and now I feel it to be right to speak to you, though it is in sorrow as your wife, whom you promised to love and cherish till death."

"I did! I did!"

"You took me, a girl, from my father's house and home, where I was happy. You loved me."

"True! and I love you now."

"I believe you, William. Well, I was young, with little knowledge of the world. But I tried to make your home as happy as mine had been before. I laboured to make it cheerful, to attract you to my side, and keep you at home with me and the dear child there, after your hours of daily labour were over."

"You did, Kate. No wife could have been more kind and good."

"William, I prayed for you; I thought but of you; I lived but for you."

"Oh spare me! I know, I feel, how cruel I have been."

"No, only thoughtlesness. When sober you have always been kind and loving; but when you have spent your evenings away from us, and come in late——"

"I have been harsh and cruel—I know it now."

"Dear William, one other word, and I have done. Let me have some of your evening leisure. I will try to make you happy. Sit beside me while I work; and, if I do not know so much as your companions, teach me and I will learn."

"Oh Kate," said William, sobbing, "I never felt your love so dear to me as now. Here, by the body of this dear child, I solemnly promise that it shall be as you say. I will forsake those haunts of dissipation in which my soul has well-nigh been lost, and seek peace, and pardon, and happiness, again by your side."

And it was so. The dark shadow passed away from the household. *Time, which* heals all, gradually assuaged this first great grief of both; *and it was* converted by Providence into a blessing. The husband was

restored to his home again, and to the earnest love of his wife. Other infant treasures replaced that which had been lost; but the memory of the dead infant was guarded as a precious treasure; for its death had been sanctified to both. The promise made by its cradle-coffin was kept, and peace and blessings descended in rich abundance upon the happy cottage home.

OBSERVATIONS ON THE DRINK TRAFFIC IN THE EAST OF LONDON.

By ROBERT NICHOL.

My object in this short paper is to describe something of what is occurring in the East of London, by the river side, through the operation of the Liquor Traffic. The two classes most visibly affected thereby are women and the seafaring men. The former swarm in hundreds; and when we see daily how completely these demoralising pursuits are connected with the facilities for getting strong drink, it seems to me very plain that nothing short of Prohibition will prevent a large amount of this awful depravity.

It has been stated that none but Teetotallers want the Permissive Bill. If this were true it would be so much to the credit of the Temperance Reformers, who are labouring for the immediate prohibition of the drink that is cursing our land. But the truth is, there are many others who wish the drink and drinking houses were done away with. If our opponents will go into Shadwell early in the morning, and inquire about this from their poor unfortunate sisters, what answer will they get? I know what some of them said to me when they attended two midnight meetings held in the Sailors' Institute. In conversing with them, I found that most of them had been brought up in a Sabbath School. Seven were under twenty years of years of age, and two of them had been teachers in the Sabbath School; and the language of all was, "take away the drink and drinking houses, and we shall have to go home to our parents. I wish that there was no more drink made." These poor girls were sober at the time they gave utterance to these expressions. Scenes of horror succeed one another in this region of London with startling rapidity. One unfortunate hastens to the bridge, where she takes a leap into the river, and before the splash of the waters has died away screams in another quarter are heard. The knife of the assassin has been plunged into the bosom of another victim, followed by the report of a pistol. The policemen force their way into the room, where they see two *human beings drenched* in blood.

The Sunday after the above occurrence, as the serv an God are preparing for the morning prayer-meeting, the cr heard in the street, "Police! police!" and a man is se between two policemen, who had stabbed a poor girl, and l the knife in her body; and before the sound of these horri crimes are out of our ears, we see another poor unfortunate g making her way to the river side—

> Mad from life's history,
> Glad to death's mystery:
> Swift to be hurled.
> Anywhere, anywhere,
> Out of the world.

These are facts that have all occurred within a fortnight the writing of this paper. In the month of July there w seventeen attempts to commit suicide from the London D bridges. Mr. Selfe, the Thames Police Court magistrate, s these repeated attempts at suicide were quite shocking humanity.

Then, again, there are the sailors, who the moment t land find the landsharks and crimps waiting for them to t them to these drinking dens, where they are robbed of t money and clothes.

In passing along Ratcliffe Highway, some time ago, I three sailors, and induced them to go to the Sailors' Instit Mercers-street, to take a cup of coffee, when one of them t me that they had arrived from Shields the day before, and t each seaman had received £2. 10s. for the run up. Two them went into a public house to have a glass of ale; t drank about half of it, and fell asleep, and when they awc their jackets, watches, and money had disappeared.

In coming from the London Docks down Ratcliffe Highw a crowd of women was standing round a sailor. He had t stones in his hand, and was going to throw at the window a public house. I asked him what he was doing that for. said he had been away from home over five years, and that had a widowed mother in the country. The last time he ca to London he was robbed of his money and clothes by crimps and boarding-house keepers; this time he made up mind not to go to a boarding-house, so he slept at a coffee-ho until he was paid off this morning. He received his wa which was over £20. He went into that public-house to k away from his shipmates, to save his money for his p *widowed* mother. He called for a glass of rum. Two

ıe in, and before he had drank the rum he fell asleep, and ɜn he awoke all his money was gone. He would have to to sea again without seeing his poor mother. Many more ɜs have come under my notice, if time would permit. One e case. In passing along Ratcliffe Highway I met a sailor hout a jacket on his back. I asked him from whence he ıe. He said he was paid off from a ship lying in the London ks, after being away from home over three years. He had between thirty and forty pounds in two public-houses. was detitute, and in the last stage of consumption. A ɜr for the Victoria Park Hospital was got for him, but they d do nothing for him. Through the kindness of W. son, Esq., he was sent to his home in Scotland. I received tter soon after to say that he was dead. On facts like these ound my plea for Prohibition; and if it is asked, are all ishes to be treated alike, because two or three parishes in East End of London are so bad? I answer that this great is not confined to two or three, but to hundreds of parishes; I conclude by asking, Did Lord Palmerston mean two or ɜe parishes when in the House of Commons, in 1853, he le the following remark:—"Profligacy, vice, and immorality, e not thundering at our gates like a besieging army, but y are undermining the very ground on which we stand."

OF TEA,

COMMENDED BY HER MAJESTY.

Venus her myrtle, Phœbus has his bays,
Tea both excels, which she vouchsafes to praise.
The best of Queens, and best of herbs we owe
To that bold nation which the way did show
To the fair region where the sun does rise,
Whose rich productions we do justly prize.
The Muse's friend, Tea does our fancy aid,
Repress those vapors which the head invade,
And keeps that palace of the soul serene,
Fit on her birth-day to salute the Queen.

CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of the "BAND OF HOPE RECORD."

'hen in the quiet seclusion of a country parsonage, I suffer my ghts to expatiate on the advantages which, under God's blessing, be expected to result from the universal adoption of the Band of e system, I confess I see no human institution for the moral and

religious training of the rising generation, which can be compared to it. If well conducted and vigorously supported, I recognize it as one of the most efficient remedies for the demoralising evils with which society is afflicted.

I need not dilate on the andvantages which the Band of Hope is calculated to bring to the Temperance cause. These are patent to all; so much so, that it may be regarded almost as the sheet anchor of our cause. I look beyond the direct advantages which it may be expected to yield, and I see in it a wonderful capability for its being used as an instrument for introducing amongst us quite a new phase in society.

Various expedients for the punishment or reformation of criminals have been adopted and acted upon, at an immense expenditure, and have proved failures. The Band of Hope goes beyond all these, and strikes at the root of the evil. It seeks to destroy or rather prevent the insidious habit of drinking strong drink,—a habit which is acknowledged by the best authorities among writers on social questions to be the fertile source of evil in almost every form. And, what is more especially worthy of remark, the Band of Hope is calculated to accomplish this blessed result by a process peculiarly its own—by the *voluntary agency* of its own members.

All who belong to this brotherhood do so of their own accord. All who attend its gatherings do so of their own free choice. They are free to go and free to stay away. There are no imposed tasks to learn. They attend because they have pleasure in attending. In this respect it differs from all elementary schools, whether common day schools, or ragged schools, or sunday schools.

A parent is in the habit of sending his children to other schools without their consent. I hope this will never be the case with regard to Band of Hope meetings; that there will be no coercion and no amount of task work exacted,—nothing in fact required except an orderly attention,—but that the instruction communicated, primarily on the temperance question, but collaterally and incidentally upon kindred subjects, social, moral and religious, may find its admission into the minds of the youthful attendants through the skilful tact of the teacher, so that "learning in play, may be philosophy in earnest."

If these observations are correct, I may be permitted to offer a word of caution with regard to forcing the temperance question into the sabbath school, so that it should form in some measure the test of admission. This would, in my opinion, be to rob the Band of Hope of its charm amongst the young—that of its being the child of their own adoption.

Neither would it be wise by so doing to excite the jealousy of the friends of such excellent institutions, who are not yet generally prepared to see with us on the temperance question. It will be our wisdom to allay such a feeling, by shewing that our Bands of Hope are neither intermeddling nor antagonistic; but on the contrary, that they are supplementary and auxilliary to their own great work, the well-training of the young,—supplementary, inasmuch as they undertake to teach in *detail*, and with more effect than can possibly be done in the sunday

school, a virtue of undeniable importance;—auxiliary, in that Bands of Hope, when properly conducted, are admirably calculated to strengthen and carry out into practice the lessons of a more general nature, which are inculcated in sunday schools.

I would therefore entreat our friends to use a wise discretion and forbearance, if needful, upon this point. The less our system clashes with the benevolent operations of existing institutions, the more likely will it be to make its way, and take with the philanthropic public the position to which it is legitimately entitled.

Having now I fear occupied more space than you can well spare, I will with your permission reserve any further observations, which may occur to me, to a future opportunity.

T. HOLME.

The Vicarage, East Cowton.

THE NATIONAL TEMPERANCE RELIEF FUND.

To the Editor of the "BAND OF HOPE RECORD."

Sir,—Among those of our fellow-countrymen in Lancashire who are now in distressed circumstances there are none more worthy of sympathy and assistance than the men who in years gone by were the pioneers of the great Temperance reformation. The National Temperance Relief Committee has been formed for the purpose of affording relief to suffering teetotallers, and the need which existed for such exertions has been shown in a pamphlet entitled "Who will not Help?" (London, Cauldwell, 335, Strand), in which a member of the committee has given the results of a visit paid by him to the cotton districts; and if any additional proof were needed, the following extracts received from persons to whom grants of money have been made will be sufficiently conclusive. The Rev. Charles Garrett, a well-known and highly-respected Wesleyan minister at Preston, says:—

"Accept my best thanks for the contribution from the National Temperance Relief Committee. It is needed far more than the donors imagine. Many of our total abstainers have stood out bravely, and by the aid of their former savings and by rigid economy have done without relief, but their little stores are now exhausted."

Mr. S. Yates, hon. sec. of the Bury Temperance Society:—

"Amongst the cases named to you are some of the oldest veterans in the Temperance cause—men who saved money against such calamities as this which is now afflicting them, but who have had to succumb, so long and arduous has been the trial."

It would be easy to multiply proofs of the necessity for the existence of the National Temperance Relief Committee; but I hope that what I have stated will arouse the sympathies of some of your readers on behalf of an exemplary class of people, who in their days of prosperity long and earnestly laboured to promote the social well-being of their fellow-countrymen. The subscriptions already received are quite inadequate to the circumstances of the case.

Permit me to add, that several of those who have been asked to aid the

National Temperance Relief Fund have remarked, that they could have rendered more assistance if the committee had commenced their work earlier. The simple explanation is, that the fund was not required until all the savings of the teetotallers had been exhausted, they having too much self-respect to appeal for help until absolutely compelled.

I am, dear Sir, yours obediently,

HARPER TWELVETREES, *Treasurer.*

Bromley, Middlesex, *Feb.* 13, 1863.

PRACTICAL PAPERS, No. 13.

By Mr. G. M. MURPHY.

POUNDS, SHILLINGS, AND PENCE.

The fool, in the fable, who sold wisdom, gave to each of his customers two fathoms of thread and a hearty box on the ears in exchange for their gold: advising those who grumbled at the bargain to keep the length of the string from folly, or, as they passed through life, the symbol of the slopt face would be more than realized. The money was not all lost if the advice were but followed, and if in writing about £. s. d. our counsel could equal in soundness that of the sensible zany, it would be well.

There are two ways of getting money for the furtherance of our cause,—the roundabout and the direct. The former usually uncertain and unsatisfactory, the latter, if slow, generally sure. Among the roundabout methods may be enumerated bazaars, concerts, festivals, exhibitions, orations, railway trips, sale of publications, &c. &c. Every bill posted on the wall announcing a bazaar for a Temperance or other benevolent object, may be taken as representing a score of persons at least in a state of perpetual disquietude and anxiety until it is concluded; and sometimes even then is added the unpleasantness of disappointment and loss, with an additional item of annoyance, which, however unintentional or unlooked for, will be felt by some even if the affair "answers expectations."

What crotchets and quavers, bars, and stops, are sometimes encountered by the promoters of a concert for the benefit of the cause. The room is hired, the vocal and instrumental performers engaged, the tickets and bills printed and circulated, the night comes, and all things are ready, but,—and oh! what a *but* it is—the audience! It has rained, or looked like rain, or is stingingly cold, or unpleasantly warm weather, or the programme is too sacred for the worldly, or too secular for the religious, or too low for the refined, or too refined for the vulgar crowd, and so, too frequently disappointment and loss ensue,

while no impetus is given to the cause. The same may be said of many orations, exhibitions, festivals, and railway trips. How often does the mere accident of weather, the clashing of other meetings, or amusements, or even a little personal pique, leave an institution, after all the committee's trouble, worry and expense, with more of debt, and less of hope, than it had before.

The sale of publications require judicious management and great care, or it will be a drag upon, rather than a help to the funds. A general canvass of towns of ordinary size, or given districts, in great cities, by the elder members of Bands of Hope, fitted and willing for the work, would, while extending the sale of Temperance literature, also greatly advance the cause. Orders, when obtained, should be promptly and correctly executed. A printed list might be provided, embracing according to circumstances, not only Temperance books and periodicals, but those of the Tract Society and Sunday School Unions. This work, however, should be undertaken as a matter of duty, and not merely as a speculation, whether it increased the funds or not. Every Christian, and every total abstainer, should be ready to undertake the work of amateur colporteur, that the sale of pure literature may increase, and the principles of truth and sobriety be extended.

The direct methods of obtaining funds may be linked together under the heads of periodical contributions, friendly donations, members' collecting cards, collections after sermons and meetings, and by boxes at the doors of the hall, or meeting-place. Of these, perhaps, the last is the least efficient. It is not, however, unimportant. Whether people give or not, the opportunity for giving should be constantly presented. Sometimes, when such boxes are placed, the chairman or conductor forgets or neglects to mention the fact, whereas an occasional pleasant allusion to this unobtrusive receptacle for the smallest donations would assuredly meet with some response, and

"Smallest helps, if rightly given,
Make the impulse stronger."

Collections after sermons or meetings depend sometimes more upon the earnestness and tact of the preacher or speaker, than upon the intrinsic value of the cause. Good pulpit beggars are a peculiar people. Many an orator who can easily bring a tear to the eye, would find it hard work to wring a guinea from the purse; happily we are not taxed for tears, and yet it would be well, if some, who are very ready to weep over depicted woe,

would follow up their feeling by paying for a plaister for wounds. A stroke of wit will sometimes win more than ı of rhetoric. It is recorded of Rowland Hill, that just he died, he attended a missionary meeting in a metro sanctuary, the object being to raise a large sum for a purpose; the old gentleman rose, when called upon to and said a good many good things, but nothing about the ı This made the officials somewhat nervous, as scarcely an had been said about the funds by any of the previous sp and they therefore plucked the speaker's coat gently, ar him "not to forget the collection;" there was a nod of r tion, and again "Old Rowland" went on, but made n allusion to money than if such a thing as current coi utterly unknown: another reminder was therefore give time more emphatic than before, the hint was duly a ledged aud the speaker went on, urging his subject h every point but the one for which he had been speci served. The officials were quite chopfallen until just the advocate sat down, when a smile of satisfaction lit u faces as he concluded in some such words as these: friends behind me, by their pulls and tugs, are evident anxious that I should not forget the collection. I hadn't fo it, neither will you forget it when the cause is so wort good; there is only one stipulation I have to make in re to it, and that is, that as the plates go round from pew ı *no person will contribute whose tradesmen's bills are u and those who are out of debt must make up for their le tunate neighbours, lest the cause of God should suffer.*" was a big collection that night. Who would have liked ı been marked for being in debt, by not giving, or for b stingy as to let a good cause suffer from a neighbour's tune?

Collections in places of worship for Temperance p are, at present, very few and desultory; we hope the day advancing when they will take their place among the esta institutions which demand the liberality of the church, recognised and assisted by the annual, half-yearly, o quarterly appeals from the pulpits of our land. If the *u* reclaiming the dissolute and intemperate, and the forw of special efforts for the prevention of drunkenness, and comitant evils is left pretty much to teetotallers then there is no good and sufficient reason why they should do *paying* as well. Atlas may carry the world on his sh

f some herculean back would bear up one of the hemi-
s it would lighten his load vastly.

(To be continued.)

DDRESS TO THE SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHERS OF BOLTON.

w-Labourers,—The injunction to "Train up a child in the way
ld go," is justly regarded by the various classes of the community
owing to the individual and to society generally. It is a duty
o each child to develope its faculties, to instruct it in its duties
en, and by moral and religious training fit it for a glorious
ity. It is also a duty in which the welfare of society is involved,
training of the young depends whether they shall grow up to be
d honourable members of civil and religious society, or whether
go to swell the ranks of the idle, the vicious, and the criminal

ising this duty, the various sections of the Christian Church
blished and sustained Sunday Schools in connection with their
laces of worship, for the purpose of securing for the young the
training.

schools have done, and are still doing, a great amount of good,
uestion is often asked, "What becomes of our elder scholars?"
ished reports of our schools, and the almost stationary character
of our congregations, show that the great bulk of our scholars,
who have been scholars, are not to be found in connection with
regations, or in connection with the church. Our last report
ly one member of the church for every thirteen scholars, and
it one-fouth attend service on the Sunday evening. Looking at
l results, it is plain that to a great proportion of our scholars our
re lost. No husbandman, tradesman, or merchant would be
with so much waste effort in his calling. No doubt there are
auses in operation to prevent success, but the chief removable
to be found in the seductions of the 361 public-houses and beer-
the borough. To these nurseries of vice and crime many of our
are drawn by their music and other attractions. They are not
aken away from us, but their training is now the reverse of what
hile in the school. Instead of seeking intellectual and moral
ment, in many cases they lose all self-respect; instead of becoming
embers of civil and religious society, they often become a bur-
eir friends and a pest to society. Seduced by drink and sur-
by evil influences, they go on from bad to worse, disappointing
s of their teachers, and become a curse where we hoped they
rove a blessing. *The Chaplain of the Leeds Borough Jail says,*
risoners, 230 had been scholars in Sunday Schools.

lainly our duty to *prevent* our scholars from becoming the vic-
trong drink. To this end we urgently recommend that every
School shall have its Band of Hope, for the purpose of warning

young persons of the dangers arising from the use of intoxicating drink, and persuading them totally to abstain from its use.

Various advantages will be secured by each School having its own Band of Hope:—

1. Each School will have more control over the teaching in its own place, than it could have in a general movement.
2. Bands of Hope can be more efficiently and economically worked in connection with their respective Schools.

Bands of Hope in connection with Sunday Schools are not now an experiment that may or may not succeed. They have been in successful operation in several of our best Schools for many years, and are found to answer admirably. In dangerous places of the sea-coast we have not only a life-boat, to be ready in case of shipwreck, but we also put up lighthouses to prevent shipwreck. Let us exhibit to our scholars the dangers of the drinking system, and shew them the light of true Temperance, that they may not become moral wrecks, but avoid the evils arising from strong drink. Thus they may become blessings to the church and to the world.

To do all we can to preserve our scholars from the great public vice of the country is our plain duty. To encourage and confirm in Temperance one young man or woman who might otherwise have become a drunkard, would repay any amount of effort. To permit one to be ruined whom we could by any available means have saved, would be a sin and a sorrow. The means we have suggested are simple, easily worked, and proved to be efficacious. We therefore urge upon you the speedy and energetic adoption. Let us be—

> "In duty prompt, obey its every call,
> And watch, and weep, and pray, and feel, for all;
> And as a bird each fond endearment tries,
> To tempt its new-fledged offspring to the skies,—
> Still try each art, reprove each dull delay,
> Allure to brighter worlds, and lead the way."

Commending this important subject to your devout and careful consideration, and praying for the smile of Heaven upon your useful and arduous labours,

We are,
On behalf of the Committee of the Sunday School Union,
Yours respectfully,
HINDSON FELL, *Chairman.*
WILLIAM MILLER BUCKLEY, *Secretary.*

Annals of the Band of Hope Union.

The Eighth Annual Members' Meeting of the Band of Hope Union was held on Wednesday Evening, February 18th, 1863, at Shirley's Temperance Hotel, Queen-square, Bloomsbury. At six o'clock tea and coffee were served, after which the chair

was taken by W. J. Haynes, Esq. the Treasurer; after devotional exercises, the chairman called upon the

Rev. G. W. M'Cree, one of the Honorary Secretaries, to read the Report, from which it appeared that the Band of Hope movement was making rapid progress. Six agents are now engaged by the Union. During the year the agents have addressed 850 meetings, and the honorary deputations 870, making a total of 1720 meetings addressed by the representatives of the Union, a large number of these being in the provinces, towns in twenty-four different counties having been visited; great success had attended the various meetings which had been undertaken by the Union. The Dissolving Views of the Union had been in increased demand, 160 popular entertainments having been given during the year. The Report stated that an auxiliary to the Union had been formed in the north of England, which now employs two agents. The continued large sale of the publications evinced their popularity. The Committee in the Report expressed their gratitude to the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, for his Lecture on behalf of the funds.

The Balance Sheet was read by the Treasurer, and showed an increased income of £211. 4s. 8d.

The Rev. Dawson Burns moved, Mr. G. M. Murphy seconded, and William West, Esq. supported the first resolution:—

"That the Report now read be adopted, printed, and circulated under the direction of the Committee."

Mr. W. Oakes moved, and Mr. E. F. Storr seconded the second resolution:—

"That the gentlemen now named *(See List of Officers)* act as the Officers and Committee for the ensuing year."

Mr. S. Shirley responded on behalf of the Committee.

Mr. W. Ludbrook moved, and Mr. J. Sharpe seconded the third resolution:—

"That the cordial thanks of the meeting be given to the gentlemen who have so ably acted as the honorary deputations during the year."

Mr. M. W. Dunn moved, Mr. W. Parkes seconded, and Mr. James Eaton supported the following resolution:—

"That the cordial thanks of the Members be presented to the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, for his kindness in delivering two able lectures on behalf of the funds of the Union, and that a splendidly-lithographed copy of this vote of thanks, suitably framed, be presented to the reverend gentlemen."

After the usual votes of thanks, the meeting was closed with praise and prayer.

LABOURS OF OUR AGENTS.

We are very sorry to have to inform our readers, that Mr. W. Affleck has for a considerable portion of the past month been so seve indisposed, as to be unable to fulfil his engagements. His illness, thought, was brought on by over-exertion. He is now better, and addressed a few meetings since his recovery.

Mr. W. Bell, during the past month, has been fully engaged at following places:—In Cornwall at Hayle, Truro, Penryn, Liske and also at Devonport, Plymouth, Abbotsbury, Christchurch, Me downs, Ringwood, Romsey, and Reigate. Few temperance age perform more arduous duties than Mr. Bell. He frequently addre numerous schools in the day, and in the evening a meeting of childr and subsequently one of adults. He is engaged in Surrey till March 1 after which time the Secretary will be glad to make engagements in K Surrey, Sussex, or the neighbouring counties.

Mr. G. Blaby, during the month, has attended and addressed following Bands of Hope:—Bloomsbury Refuge; Denmark Str twice; Calthorpe Street; Hill Street, Peckham; Kentish Town; Liv pool Road, Barnsbury; Plaistow; Shadwell; Southville; Step Meeting; St. Clement's Danes; Providence Hall; Pond Place, Chels Kinnerton Street, Belgrave Square; Albany Chapel; St. James, Ho way; Whitfield Chapel; Broadway, Westminster; Kensal New To and Working Men's Club, Westminster. He has also taken part three adult meetings, addressed three sunday schools, and preached sev sermons.

The Rev. — Keeley has been engaged as a Sixth Agent, and is present addressing meetings in connection with the Northern Auxillia

Mr F. Smith has addressed meetings as under:—Albany Chap Regent's Park; Flint Street, Walworth; Orchard House Sun School, Barking road; Lambeth Wesleyan Chapel; St. James Scho Holloway; Clapham Road; Asylum Road, Old Kent Road; Shadwell Milton Street, Dorset Square; Russell Street, Bermondsey; Upp George Street, Bryanston Square; Haverstock Hill; and Pell Street Whitechapel.

Mr. C. Starling has been very busily engaged nearly every evenin during the month, sometimes having to speak at three meetings in on day.

Hayle, Cornwall.—This town can boast of one of the most thrivin Bands of Hope in the far-west, having in connection several branches i the country. In addition to our usual means in operation, we have had the valuable services of Mr. Wm. Bell, from the London Band of Hope Union, during the past week. This was indeed a treat as is not generally met with in these parts. Crowded audiences at Hayle, Foundry, Lelant, Leedstown, St. Erth, and Connor-downs, listened attentively to his eloquent appeals, telling arguments, thrilling incidents, and great and important truths. After a week's labour Mr. Bell has left us, with the prayers of the people resting on his head; but we hope we shall again

pleasure of his excellent services amongst us. May God bless make him a blessing to many!

:RANCE IN THE WORKHOUSE.—Mr. S. Insull was engaged on January 31st, in entertaining the inmates of the Mile end Old rkhouse, with his dissolving views. The lecture upon 'Scrub, house Boy,' was attentively listened to, and the views and were frequently applauded. The evening's entertainment was l by Mr. Insull singing several temperance melodies. Selections music were played upon the piano and organ.

LITERATURE.

vill not Help? By J. A. HORNER. London: J. Caudwell, 335, -This admirable pamphlet is intended to induce the total abstainers nd to assist their starving brother abstainers in Lancashire. Mr. ays:—Whilst I was in the Cotton Districts I met with many ding cases of destitution, which, for fear of offending the indi- oncerned, I forbear to make publicly known. One or two instances e as examples of the rest. The first is that of a man who is the family of eight persons, and who previous to the Cotton Famine n a factory, whilst his wife and family carried on a provision is affairs were such that he was indulging the hope of retiring mill, and leading an easier life in a year or two, as he was g in years. But being overtaken with the bad times he lost his ; the operatives, who were the customers at his shop, could not ir payments, and consequently he was forced to sell off his stock e the means of subsistence; and now he is in the greatest distress. case which was brought under my notice I must give you, as I sist the inclination to express my admiration for a noble-hearted ho had borne his sufferings in secret for many months, until at were discovered to his minister, who thereupon pressed him to e sum of five shillings to relieve his immediate necessities. For me the man refused to accept the proffered aid, stating that he er sought charity and never would, but at length the urgent s of the clergyman induced him to take the money. Next , however, the worthy minister was waited upon at an early hour an's wife, who stated that she and her husband had passed a night, and that they could not bear to retain the money *unless e allowed to earn it in some way.* This high principle and deli- eeling which we must all admire, prevails amongst the teetotallers , and it has induced them to conceal their troubles as long as and to remain proudly silent whilst others are clamorous for aid. otallers of England may well feel proud of the heroic bearing of ethren in Lancashire during this season, and whilst we honour bility of spirit, let it be our strenuous endeavour to sympathise d encourage them, whilst we carefully avoid offence to that sturdy dence and manliness of character, the foundation of noble deeds, vill illumine one of the brightest pages in the history of our glorious

LANCASHIRE DISTRESS.

Amounts collected by the Hurworth, Croft, and Neasham Band of Hope children, for the sufferers in the "Cotton Districts."

Charles Gascoigne	£0	5	10
Sarah Gascoigne	0	7	3
Elizabeth Eden	0	5	0
Elizabeth Bone	0	5	0
Mary Elizabeth Morton ..	0	6	0
Mary Elizabeth Lapworth	0	4	0
John Winn	0	4	0
Jane Hardy	0	3	8
Margaret Morton	0	3	0
John Gascoigne	0	2	6
Alice Jane Whitfield	0	3	2
Esther Thomas	0	3	9
Mary Thomas	0	1	6
Henry Kirby	0	1	2
Margaret Corps	0	4	0
Ellen Hartburn	0	2	0
John Wilkinson	£0	1	0
Isabella Wilkinson	0	1	4
Simion Corps	0	1	2
Martha Gains	0	2	6
William Richardson ..	0	2	0
Lousia Lapworth	0	2	0
John W. Handson	0	1	1
Robert Hopper	0	1	0
Leonard Stokes	0	1	3
George Dobson	0	1	0
Robert Farmer	0	1	[illegible]
Margaret Handson	0	1	[illegible]
Sundry Amounts under 1s.	0	13	[illegible]
	£4	12	[illegible]

SUFFERING TOTAL ABSTAINERS.

Preston, Feb. 19th, 1863.

My dear Friend,—Your remittance for the relief of those members of our Band of Hope who are suffering from the Cotton Famine, was most seasonable and welcome. Preston occupies a sad pre-eminence in this terrible trial. It was the first place to suffer, and will be the last to be relieved. Nearly all our mills have been using American cotton, and most of our trade was with the East. And thus we are suffering both from the scarcity of the raw material, and the drug in the Indian market. Goods can be purchased in India at twenty per cent less than they can be produced here. Hence while we hear of brightening prospects—of mills opening, and a decrease in the number of applicants to the Relief Fund in other places, we have the distress increasing daily, and every week adds to the number of smokeless chimneys. We have this week nearly a thousand more out of employ than in the week before. What the end will be is known only to God; but in the meantime, those of us who are trying to alleviate the sorrow which surrounds us, are most anxious that we should be sustained by a continuation of the generous gifts of those who are in a better position.

We have in connection with our own branch of the Church about 1600 members, 4000 sunday scholars, and nearly 1000 members of the Band of Hope, so that the demands upon my resources are constant and extensive. "Hitherto the Lord hath helped us," and it would be most ungrateful in us to fear for the future. Thanking you and your readers for your generous aid,

I am, yours truly,
CHARLES GARRETT.

Rev. G. W. McCree.

J. Bale, Printer, 78, Great Titchfield-street, Marylebone.

BAND OF HOPE RECORD.

MINISTERIAL DEGRADATION.

By Rev. G. W. McCREE.

The office of a Christian pastor is the highest, most solemn, and morally dignified that can be sustained by any man. Statesmen and merchants, peers and kings, occupy a lower place. Riches, titles, castles, sceptres, and crowns may fade before the men who can say—" We are ambassadors for Christ." They are successors of the companions of the Great Teacher, and may claim alliance with the prophets of the olden time. No worldly patronage can adorn them with higher grandeur, or lift them to a loftier position. Legates of heaven, consecrated to the service of the Divine temple, intercessors for men, "a royal priesthood," preachers of doctrines which surpass all others in truth, power, and beauty, and the presumed heirs of magnificent and immortal reward; they stand in the midst of men like the purple mountains of eastern lands.

The functions of the pastor invest him with peculiar interest and social influence. He visits from house to house, and is a conspicuous guest at all christenings, weddings, funerals, and family banquets. He visits both rich and poor, is the friend of the widow and orphan, is entrusted with painful histories, and easily gains the ear of all; for all that is difficult to other men is easy to the Christian pastor—his sacred office opening all doors and hearts.

Who can over-estimate the influence of such men? When wise, faithful, and devout, they are a well-spring of life, golden lamps shining in dark places, guides of the erring, comforters of the distressed, liberators of the oppressed, enemies of vice, a terror to evil doers, and the fearless champions of peace and virtue the world over. Can any one tell what good was done by John Wesley, Thomas Chalmers, Edward Bickersteth, John Angel James, Benjamin Parsons, Theobald Matthew, and Bishop Stanley? Their deeds will never die. The centuries which are to come will know their names. The sweet odour of their lives will live for ever. Their destinies are sublime. "They that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament, and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars for ever."

But, alas, it is known unto all men that the fair fame of the Christian pastor is often obscured. Strong drink spares no

man because he is invested with a sacred office, any more than fever spares a young maiden that is beautiful. Indeed, some of the worst cases of drunkenness and concomitant profligacy which have shocked the public gaze have been those of fallen ministers. When a palm tree falls there is a gap in the landscape which all men can see. When a standard bearer is treacherous the whole army knows it. When a star rushes from its sphere all the nations turn pale. Fallen ministers shock all our conceptions of sanctity, and heroism and blessedness. They resemble bright angels under a curse; trees of rare beauty blasted by cruel storms; harps of solemn sound with every string made discordant; manna from heaven turned into the poison of asps. "These are spots in your feasts of charity: clouds are they without water, carried about of winds, trees whose fruit withereth, without fruit, twice dead, plucked up by the roots; raging waves of the sea, foaming out their own shame: wandering stars to whom is reserved the blackness of darkness for ever."

We have known many intemperate pastors, and deplored their fall. Let us write of a few. We knew a fine, tall, fearless, eloquent man—a hero in debate on behalf of the slave. One morning we went into his study, and were surprised to detect the aroma of ardent spirits. An empty glass which stood on the table told the sad tale of the morning dram. Not many years passed away before an awful disclosure made us aware of his ruin. We knew an aged, able man, who had once stood before mighty men as a preacher, but who was then "under a cloud." He came to see us—we were young in the work then—and endeavoured to convince us that the millenium was still far—far away. When he left we said to a friend—"Was he sober?" "No; poor man, he often takes a glass." He died a drunkard. We knew a young pastor, and heard him preach a sermon which was "published by request." "When he comes to B. and puts up his horse," said a friend, "he gets a cigar and a glass of brandy." We trembled for his future reputation, and were not surprised to hear that he had become a drunkard. Disgrace followed exposure, and he, his wife and children, were covered with shame. His cruelty compelled his wife to leave him, his children were stolen from him by their friends lest his foul life should pollute them, and if living, he is a beggar and vagabond.

Such examples of moral weakness and degradation might be multiplied to any extent. The pulpit is not an impregnable

fortress where Satan cannot enter, nor can it be affirmed that the office of a pastor renders him infallible. Wine may overcome and enslave and destroy him as it does painted women and vile men, and make him a horror and reproach. It may assault him "as a thief in the night," and cast its fatal spell over him, and drag him down to misery and death. It has done so a thousand times, and its enmity to goodness continues the same. It heeds not learning, reputation, eloquence, high birth, and bright prospects. It can blight them all, and cast deep shadows over all the future of life, and therefore, the only wise and safe plan is to abstain from wine and strong drink. There is high sanction for such a course. "The Lord spake unto Aaron, saying, do not drink wine nor strong drink, thou, nor thy sons with thee, when ye go into the tabernacle of the congregation, lest ye die: it shall be a statute for ever throughout your generations." Another great religious teacher was prohibited the use of intoxicating beverages. Concerning John the Baptist it was said—"He shall be great in the sight of the Lord, and shall drink neither wine nor strong drink." Precedents for total abstinence may therefore be easily established, and made to mould and justify modern practice.

But we would plead another argument in addition to that suggested. What should be the prime aim of the Christian pastor? *Usefulness.* Here, then, is the foundation of our plea. We do most conscientiously believe that the adoption of the temperance pledge is an additional faculty for good. After twenty-five years' experience we simply dare not cast away *this* means of usefulness. It is a "talent" we could not bury in the cold ground of moderate drinking. Other pastors entertain the same convictions as ourselves. The Rev. John Kirk, of Edinburgh, says:—"I once visited 'a jail,' along with some other friends; and when we entered a cell where four or five criminals were confined, one of our party observed one of them much more simple, and not so hardened in appearance as the rest. We spoke to him, and learned that he had been a servant with a minister whom we knew. Spirits were regularly used in the house; and this servant had acquired the habit of using them when there. His appetite for liquor became so strong, that he stole to appease it, and was in prison for the theft—a ruined young man. O, what has that minister to answer for?"

Here, the instrument of evil was ardent spirit, but wine and beer work the same mischief in various localities, and alcohol is everywhere the foe of pure religion. Every Christian pastor

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strife, and desolation.
Wisdom cries,
not despise
vice, young son and daughter.
these evils shun,
And, every one,
drink of honest water."

JOHN P. PAR

A GLIMPSE OF 1821.

[illegible] festivities of the Prince and Princess of W
[illegible] with great splendour by the nation.
[illegible] sober and refined we are than our forefathers,
[illegible] the *Newcastle Daily Chronicle* tell us:—
[illegible] day, July 19, 1821, the day on which the last of the
[illegible] crowned, was 'auspiciously fine;' and great prepar
[illegible] made for the celebration of the event in Newcastle; sor
[illegible] admirably calculated to 'create disorder,' were worthy
[illegible] 'blue lantern.' There was a wine-pant on the San
[illegible] beer-pants at the Spital, the Old Fleshmarket, and the
[illegible] double furnaces were erected at the Old Fleshmarket an
[illegible] between which to roast two oxen (for Mr. Soyer had not t
[illegible] in 1821, to roast a whole ox in a fire-encircled cylinder);
[illegible] were kindled at two o'clock in the morning. At six, a
[illegible] fired from the castle, and the bells of the churches broke sil

of the Council in the forenoon, at which a congratu-
King was adopted. There was a military display
boat-racing on the river, which did not come
ust! The four mail coaches, 'followed by
decorated, made the tour of the principal
, &c., after returning from service in the
drunk the health of his Majesty at
was in possession of the populace,
So they repaired to the Guildhall,
window, with the accompani-
bells. 'At the same moment the
when instantly a scene of noisy confusion
and pots of every description were put in
part of the invigorating stream; and though much
parties were generally successful.' One man, who
ssession of the spout, was torn almost naked. 'After run-
ards of an hour, the wine ceased to flow; when, having nothing
their attention, the mob began to throw about the pots, soaked
s, &c.; but, on the whole, were as peaceable as could be expected.
of the court was crowded with spectators, as was every window
Sandhill. Many houses had a kind of gallery erected on their
ith seats for the accommodation of ladies and gentlemen. The
s totally torn down, and part of it carried away by the mob,
the afternoon and evening.' At the Old Fleshmarket, after Divine
, the ox was to be carved and dispensed. The two animals, ere
ere slain, had been exhibited at the Spital, browsing round the
es gaily decked with ribbons; and 'as if humanity had not been
ently outraged by such an exhibition,' the *Chronicle* indignantly
ted at the time, 'their dead carcases, with their heads, horns, and
ft on, were paraded in carts through the streets from the slaughter-
to the places where they were to be roasted, with a degree of pomp
ultation which might have been allowable, perhaps, in an uncivilized
ian, but was certainly disreputable to any making the least pretence
ncy. Altogether, this procession, and the exhibition of the animals
spits, were as disgusting a sight as we ever witnessed.' The ox
l at the Old Fleshmarket, transferred from the fires to a platform,
be carved by four butchers. 'After cutting the pieces, they
ted to give them out with large poles; but the people pressed so
y that they at last threw them among the crowd, together with the
s with which the animal was stuffed. Both the meat, (much of
was still raw) 'and potatoes were quickly returned to the butchers,
ere pelted with them until obliged to fly. The remains of the ox
ragged down to the Sandhill. The furnace was then partly pulled
es, and fragments of meat and brick-bats began to fly about in all
ons. Many persons received bruises; and the mail-coaches passing
ime were shamefully pelted, and one of the guards much hurt.'
'The beer had begun to flow from the pant,' it 'was the object of
ntention, creating many attempts at boxing matches. Before the

beer was done running, the pant was effectually demolished. It h been found impracticable to knock down the crowns of the bullock, had been placed on the top of the crane' (used to swing the roasted case from the fires to the butchers' scaffold for carving), 'a youth cli up and pulled it down, substituting in its place two printed pape 'The Queen that Jack loves,' and 'Queen, Queen, Queen.' A Spital there was a little better management. 'A considerable port the ox was actually distributed amongst the applicants; and it was till the bones were conspicuous that it was dragged off like that in Old Fleshmarket. The immense dripping-pan, with the appropr Brobdingnagian ladle, was escorted about the streets in the same way the carcases. The ale kept running till near three o'clock; and as th were not so many candidates for it as at the Old Fleshmarket, not much was wasted. There was a pant also ran beer at the Milkmark e Sandgate, which was chiefly occupied by women and children.' The inmates of the hospitals and workhouses, the children of the schools, and the prisoners of the town, were thought of in the arrangements of the day. At three o'clock there was to be a race on the Moor. The concourse was immense. 'But from their employment in the morning, the good cheer of the tents was more inviting to them than the race. We always considered it as a fortunate circumstance,' (our chronicler records,) 'that there was to be a race this day: as, if there had not been some object of attraction after the festivity was at an end in the town, it is most probable peace would not have been so soon restored. On their return from the Moor, the mob assailed and soon destroyed the stage, furnaces, &c., at the Spital and the Old Fleshmarket. All the planks and iron that it was possible to carry were taken away by the mob. At ten o'clock further demolition was stopped by the constables.'"

PASSING TOPICS.

A Good Example.—Some of the students in the Metropolitan College, under the presidency of the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, have signed the following:—"We, the undersigned, being students for the ministry of Christ at the above institution, do totally abstain from all intoxicating liquors as beverages, and discountenance their use, manufacture, or sale on the part of others, and desire, by these signatures, to enter our most solemn protest against the drinking customs of society, which have, as we believe, a most pernicious influence upon the morals of our fellow-creatures, and tend to foster and induce the accursed vice of intemperance, and thus to ruin precious souls, for whom we watch as those who must give an account. Whilst determining to know nothing among men save Jesus Christ and Him crucified, we believe by being avowed abstainers, our ministry which we have received of Him will be made more efficient, and by our example, influence and precept, we shall the better advance the cause of our Lord and Master, and this we do for the Gospel's sake, that we might by all means save some." [Here follow 28 signatures.]

A Lecturer Encored.—Crowded audiences assembled at Sudbury

on Feb. 25th and 26th, to hear the Rev. G. W. McCree lecture on "Day and Night in St. Giles," and "Studies from Life." So great was the excitement that people were sent away from the doors because of the crush within. At the close of the lecture on "Studies from Life," the rev. gentleman sat down, and then ensued a curious scene. The chairman rose, and said, "Sir, I hope you are not done?" "Yes, I am; I have spoken an hour." "We hope, Sir, you will begin again." Up rose another gentleman, and exclaimed, "Sir, we hope you will begin again." Before the lecturer had time to reply a man roared out, "Go on again, Sir." "Ah!" said Mr. M., "I have to go on—you have not." He then rose, and continued speaking for some time; after which he said he trusted they would not be like Oliver Twist, and ask for "more." Whereupon the people cheered and laughed, and went their way. [We think the audience were wrong. An hour is the proper time for a lecture. Long speeches and endless lectures are becoming the bane of our platform. "Short and sweet" is a good motto for our speeches.—Editor.]

A Glimpse of Petticoat Lane.—All classes of bad society are represented—the Jewish element predominating. There is a good deal of quarrelling going on, though less than might be expected. Shrill women, mournfully unsexed by sin and gin, shake their fists in each other's withered faces, and yell forth blasphemies and execrations. Sometimes the abuse, hot and fierce, gives way to blows, and the poor creatures strike out, many of them with the skill of gladiators, until some rough fellow, in velveteen jacket, thrusts them asunder and cursingly bids them hold their peace. Meanwhile, the "upper classes" of the "Lane" sit placidly at their open doors—gaudily dressed most of them—and listen to the uproar with much serenity of aspect. The pedestrian may turn aside and enter a public house; if he calls for a glass of beer, it will be of just the quality that might have been expected—namely, execrably bad. If he looks around he will see yonder, on a bench in the corner, the genuine ticket-of-leave man. He is a very bad specimen of the class perhaps. Assuredly he is one whom it would be decidedly unpleasant to meet in a country lane or a lonely street. Beetle-browed, with a rough mat of coarse black hair coming over his low forehead and shading his *dour*, cruel eyes, he is a ruffian every inch. Gazing at him with an eye of interest—much as a theatrical manager might scrutinise a country actor—stands one of a class without which the "Tickets" might often stand a chance of real reformation. Burly and somewhat bloated as to his figure—careless as to his dress—keen and sharp as to his eyes, this man, whom you would pass in the street without any suspicion—whom, if you speculated at all with regard to his condition, you might set down as a butcher not particularly well-to-do—could command to-night a thousand pounds. He is the capitalist of thieves. When the swindler or the burglar stands in need of money to enable him to perpetrate a great *coup*, he has only to approach this individual; and the financier, if he has had dealings with his applicant, and knows him to be a really bad character, is ready and willing enough to provide him with any sum that may be required. Often the amount is not a small one,

but whatever it may be, it is forthcoming; and so, with his pockets full of coin that has been obtained by former robberies, the thief sets forth to commit fresh depredations—sure of a market for their proceeds. It is, we presume, a fact that there is honour amongst thieves, or the capitalist, one would think, might fare but badly. A bargain may be struck to-night, for he eyes the "Ticket" with evident interest and even with satisfaction; he is bent upon business. In another room a select circle of criminals are devoting their evening hours to enjoyment. One is dancing, and dancing very cleverly, to the music of a fiddler, upon whose face, when the jig grows wild and fast, and his bow goes swiftly over the strings, there is at times a look of what may be called blackguard inspiration. Chuckling with enjoyment, a third is having his boots blacked by a little lad, whose sharp face and restless eyes plainly indicate that the blacking of boots is by no means his only occupation. He is, indeed, as your experienced companion will tell you, one of the cleverest little pickpockets in London—and he looks it. Somewhat bemused with beer are other members of this goodly company; but still the fiddler scrapes away at his catgut, and still the man dances hornpipes and jigs. As you suddenly fling open another door, you catch a momentary glimpse of a scene which would be worthy the pencil of a modern Rembrandt or Jacques Callot. In a low-roofed room, which seems to have great depths of darkness, sit a motley company playing cards—and flaring candles never lit up more depraved faces.

The Rich Men and Lazarus.—A well-known publican has just left the world, and gone to the invisible state, but he has bequeathed to heirs the sum of £60,000 in hard cash! how much vice and misery must have been caused by the drink which the man sold in his life time. What has become of his customers? How many of them will have to bless the day they ever knew him? "A respectable man, sir." Was he?

He Told us Nothing.—"Well, Harry, have you been to school?" "Yes, father." "And what did your teacher say to you?" "*Nothing.*" "O Harry! and that clever gentlemen, who knows almost everything, has been teaching you." "He told *us* nothing, father." "Now that was just Harry's opinion. The clever gentleman had been elaborating a good deal. He had talked long and loud about things that would have been very interesting to a class of adults. His language was beautiful and well modulated. There was only one defect. He was too high for his children. He shot completely over their heads. It might as well have been Latin and Greek for all they understood. And so it was that Harry said. 'He had told them nothing." Such was literally the case. They heard nothing that they could take hold of and deposit in the casket of their memory. Not a single fact that could be of use to them in the life they would soon enter. It was a golden opportunity thrown away.

"BUY YOUR OWN CHERRIES!"

By JOHN W. KIRTON.

It was about three o'clock on a scorching hot Saturday afternoon in July, when John Lewis the carpenter laid down his hammer, and putting

in his pocket drew out a few coppers, "Just the price of a pint,"
d to himself, and resolved thereupon to step across to the
Eagle," and have some ale to allay his thirst. Just as he
e door which led to the "Bar," what should he see on the
counter, but a plate of beautiful ripe cherries, the sight of which
n's mouth water so freely that ere he exactly knew what he was
s hand was stretched out to take a few, when the shrill voice of
dy from behind called out,
ouch them if you dare, sir!"
as startled, but before he could reply, the landlady added,
dea of your taking such a liberty! I should like to know what
inking about?"
missus, I was only going to take one or two to whet my

ad better not try it on," she said with warmth.
you won't mind my having a few. I was so thirsty and they
npting," said John, thinking she was joking.
not one; I have just bought them as a treat for my children;
peculiar sort and very expensive."
just let me try one."
she answered, with determination in every look, "not one, if
any, buy your own cherries!"
' replied John, "I was going to have a pint of your best (?)
t I'll take your advice, and go and buy some cherries instead,"
g round, he walked out of the shop.
llady saw in a moment that she had committed a mistake, and
lly for John to come back, but this only made him quicken his
get away as fast as possible.
I've done it," she said, as taking up her plate of cherries she
the bar parlour; "what a stupid I was not to let him have
, he is too good a customer to lose. I must look out however
comes to pay his score, and coax him; he must be won over
sible." And with such reflections she tried to calm down her
eelings.
e John hastened down the street looking out for the first shop
: was displayed, and as soon as he caught sight of the things
he called out,—
master, let me have threepen'orth of those cherries, will you."
;" said the man, and quickly placed in his hands a small bag
the cherries, which when John received he returned again to
op. All this had taken place in a few minutes, and the events
d so quickly one upon the other, that when he laid the bag of
the bench and put one in his mouth, its sweetness aroused
hin him the treatment of the landlady even with additional
er words seemed so to "stick in his throat," that as he swal-
uicy fruit, each seemed to give birth to the landlady's words,
own cherries."
id John, "and this is the way you serve a fellow, is it, after

spending many a pound with you? and now to begrudge even a paltry cherry!" and striking his hammer on the nail as he muttered the words its echo seemed to answer back to him, yes, "Buy your own cherries."

All the rest of that afternoon the words haunted him, and do what would even the saw and the plane echoed the same advice, and at times he appeared to grow desperate, and from his lips would rush the words "Buy your own cherries." "Ah, yes," said he, his wounded conscience galling him, "I have bought them too long for her and her children. I will take care of number one for the future, and soon can have not only cherries, but many other sweet things besides."

At length the bell rang for leaving work, and John walked to the counting-house and received his wages, which amounted generally to about thirty shillings; for although he was in the habit of paying frequent visits to the public-house, yet he was not by any means what the people would call a drunkard; indeed, he would have felt insulted if any one had dared to apply such a term to him, and no doubt would have been prepared in *his way* to prove that he only took what he considered did him good, and if he did on a Saturday night sometimes get over the mark while the friendly glass went round more freely than usual, and the cheerful song caused the time to fly fast, so that when he went home later than usual, it was simply because he was a good fellow, who must do as others do; but if, at such times, the wife complained that the money he was barely sufficient to purchase the needful things for the coming week he was apt to tell her to "mind her own business," and a few sharp words between them would be the result. But alas! such scenes are too well known to need description, and Mary, like many others, had grown weary with complaining; but nevertheless she determined to do her best to keep the house as comfortable as her limited means would allow, and by kind words and looks to make the home as attractive as possible, feeling assured that by such means she was more likely to draw him *from* the public-house, the opposite course would most likely *drive* and keep him there.

However, our friend John is standing at yonder gate, with his wage in his hand, evidently hesitating what he shall do. Let us draw near and by doing so we shall hear what he has to say.

"Well, what shall I do? I must go and pay my score; I don't wish to be dishonest; if I knew how much it was I would send it. But never mind, I'll go and pay her, and have done with her." And away he went.

The moment the landlady caught sight of John, she put on her best smiles, and without giving him time to utter a word, she said, "I am glad to see you, John; we have just tapped a fresh barrel of our best," so drawing a glass and holding it to him she said, "I wish your opinion of it."

"No thank you, I don't wish any," said John; "I want to pay you what I owe you: how much is it?"

"Come," said Mrs. Boniface, "it's all stuff; take a glass, man! what your hurry!"

"No, not a drop," said John; "I want to be off."

"Well, will you have a glass of something short?" said the landlady.

"No, nor long either," said John.

"But," said the landlady, "Tom Smith is in the parlour, and Dick Bates will be here directly; you won't go just yet."

"Will you let me know how much I owe you?" said John, getting impatient, "or I shall go without settling."

"Ah!" I see now," said the landlady, "that I put my foot in it this afternoon and offended you; but I hope you won't mind a few words spoken in haste: come, let us be friends once more."

"Not a dram will I take here or anywhere else," if I know it, said John, "and as to offending me, that don't matter that I see, so long as you get your money."

"But," said the landlady, while she was looking after the P's and Q's, (pints and quarts) "I don't like to quarrel with anyone—especially with you; now do let us make it up; and as for the cherries, I have kept them for you; see, (fetching them out of the bar parlour) here they are."

"No thank you," said John, "I took your advice, and went and bought some, which are very delicious; and now take what I owe you out of this sovereign: I want to be off."

"I don't like," said the landlady, "really to change this without your taking something; what *will* you take?" (Throwing a sprat to catch a mackerel, by-the-by!)

"Nothing, I say, again," said John, speaking impatiently, and taking up his change, he walked out and soon found his way home.

"Well, I have made a nice mess this time!" thought the landlady, "and if ever I get caught again losing my temper, I'll be bound it shall not be over such a good customer. If it had been one of those noisy fellows I shouldn't have cared a bit, but a nice quiet fellow like John, who takes his glasses so regularly and pays up every week: however, I'll think out, and the first chance I get to set him going again I will. He is not going to slip in this way, I can assure him: he is too good to lose without an effort, and when once again I have him right, I'll keep him, I warrant."

While she was thus scheming John's future capture, he was hurrying home, and reached it much to the surprise of his wife, long before his usual time; she however, had only to put the kettle on, and while preparing the tea-things, the water boiled.

John sat almost in silence, and took his tea. Mary was on the point of asking him how it was that he was home so soon, when all at once he put his hand in his pocket, and taking out some money, threw it into her lap, saying, "I suppose you'll be going to market soon, Mary."

"Yes," said Mary, and she would have added, and I shall be glad to go soon; but she had learnt by past experience, that she must not say too much on Saturday night; so taking up the money she went into the bed-room to get her bonnet and shawl, and looking to see how much he had given her, was surprised to find some three or four more shillings more than she usually received.

"I wonder whether he knows how much he has given me," said Mary,

but fearing if she returned to ask, he might want it back, she quickly passed down stairs, and out into the street, afraid every moment he would be after her for the extra shillings. She had not gone far before she heard some one running fast behind her, and in a moment looked round thinking it was him, but it was only a little boy playing; so on she went, and quickly visited the different shops, and being a thrifty body spent her money as wise as possible, and the extra amount enabled her to add to the comforts of the family during the next week. When she returned laden from market, she found from what the children told her, that father had been out almost all the time, and feared least after all, he had gone in search of her. However, when he came in soon after, nothing was said on either side, and thus the night was ended. (It is strange how the drink chills the intercourse between man and wife; is it not?)

Sunday was spent in John's usual manner; in the morning he went out for a walk, and after dinner stayed at home to read the paper; when the shades of evening gathered around, he strolled out and did not return until after ten o'clock. (How many thus waste God's holy day through the cursed drink!) This being a regular thing with him, no notice was taken of it, yet Mary thought John quiet and dull, and once asked him whether he was well, but he said he was all right, so she did not venture to question him again. All the next week passed off at home without any perceptible change; but John, not liking to return home sooner than usual, went on the Monday night to a Temperance Meeting, and was so much interested that when another meeting was announced to be held not far from there next evening, he decided to go, and from what the speakers said of the good it had done them, he signed the pledge.

On the Saturday, when the bell rung and John went to the office for his wages, he felt a thrill of joy run through him, and after receiving them, retired to a quiet corner of the workshop, and looking at the sovereign and a half which lay in his hand, said, "It is many a long day since I could say that ye both belonged to me; and now I have got ye I 'll take good care I don't part with ye unless I get plenty out of ye;" and clasping his hand, and putting it and its contents into his pocket, you might have heard him say, "I 'll buy my own cherries, that I will."

Mary was much pleased to see him return even sooner than the week before (for reasons known to our reader), and soon placed the tea before him, and while bustling about the room, and doing her best to keep the children quiet, she felt almost inclined to say how pleased she was, but checked herself, lest he might when giving her the money stop some for the last week's mistake.

When he had nearly finished his meal, he said, "Here, Mary, you 'll be wanting to go a-marketing directly, I suppose; there's the money," throwing it into her lap.

Her heart was ready to sink when she felt the money fall into her hand. "Ah," she thought, "he has soon stopped the overplus of last week;" but, thinking by the light of the fire it looked rather yellow, she went to the window (for it was a narrow court in which they lived, where the daylight never fairly entered the room except by accident, or when a

:eak of sunlight shot its ray down among them). "Can it be possible?" e thought; "a sovereign and a half!" and an utterance of surprise :aped from her, and she said in a whisper, "Is all this for me, John?"
"Yes," said John, "and I hope you 'll spend it well."
"I hope," said Mary, trembling, "you haven't done anything wrong get so much, John."
"No, my lass," said John, while his heart trembled with emotion; . have done wrong long enough, and I am going to do right for the ure."
"But," said Mary,—
"Never mind, now," said John; "get your bonnet and shawl, and let both go to market."
Mary did not need a second order to get ready, all the while wondering w it was to be accounted for; resolving, however, whilst she was tying r strings, that she would quietly wait until John thought proper to give r an explanation; and after bidding Sally and Tommy take care of the her children and the house, they went on their way. John then briefly ld her the decision he had come to, and hoped she would forgive him r the past, and help him to do better for the time to come; to all of hich Mary listened with trembling yet joyful interest. Their conversation was soon interrupted by their approaching the first place that they ould call at, which was the butcher's; who, when he saw them coming gether, ceased crying "What will you buy?" for thought he, they on't want much, a small joint that everybody else leaves, or some pieces yonder corner at 4d. a lb., so he continued looking at his stock of meat, ith his back towards John and Mary.
He was aroused from his reverie by hearing John's voice—"I say, venor, what's this leg of mutton a pound?" and looking round he saw hn in the act of handling a piece of meat of that description.
"The idea of your asking such a question!" thought the butcher; t in a moment he said "Eight-pence."
"Take it down and see what it weighs," said John.
"Yes," said the butcher, thinking to himself, "I 'll weigh it, and that ll be enough for you, I know."
"It weighs just eight pounds, and comes to five shillings and fource." Now you are done, he thinks.
"I 'll have it," says John.
"Yes," thinks the butcher, "when you've paid for it."
"Here, Mary," said John, "give him the money."
And Mary pushed her finger inside her old glove, brought out the ereign, and laid it on the butcher's block so carefully, as if she was aid of rubbing the gold dust off.
The butcher watched every movement, and thought that all this care s to be regarded as a sign of deception, and that the money was bad; taking it up quickly, he bounced it hard upon the block to test its ality, but when its ring assured him that all was right, in a moment face changed its expression and his voice its tone, while he said with at politeness—

"Can I send it home for you, sir? and is there any other article—beef, pork, &c.," while the change rested between his fingers.

"No," said John, feeling rather vexed, "nothing else to-night."

"Thank you, sir—let me see, you live at No. 20, Broad Street, don't you?"

"Yes," said John; and upon Mary taking up the change, they passed out from the shop.

It is not necessary for us to follow them round to the other places; it is only right to say that each shopkeeper was surprised and pleased to receive larger orders and more money, and as a matter of course showed an extra amount of politeness.

Meanwhile the children at home had their talk about the matter.

"How funny," said Tommy, "to see father and mother go out to market together."

"Yes," said Sally, "isn't it?"

"I wonder," said Tommy, "whether anybody that father knows has died and left him some money." And with similar childlike talk they were engaged when a sharp rap at the door disturbed them.

Sally went to the door, and there stood a butcher boy with a basket and a leg of mutton in it.

"Does Mister Lewis live here?" said the boy.

"No," said Sally, "there is no one of that name lives here."

"It's strange," said the boy; "I was told this was the house. Isn't this No. 20?"

"Yes," said Sally, "this is No. 20, but no one of that name lives here."

"Well, who does live here?" said the boy.

"My father, and mother, and us," said Sally.

"And what's *your* father's name?" said the boy.

"They call him Jack Lewis," said Sally.

"Well, that's the same man; Mister and Jack's all the same," said the boy; "and here's a leg of mutton for him."

"Oh, I'm sure you're wrong," said Sally; "we never have such things as them come to our house."

"But I tell you it's all right," said the boy, "and it's paid for."

"Well, if it's paid for, I'll take it in, but I'm sure you'll have to come and fetch it back again," said Sally.

"Oh, it will be all right," said the boy, and away he went.

"My word," said Tommy, "isn't it a wopper? only fancy if this was our'n, wouldn't we have a tuck-in for dinner?" And the little fellow danced about the room for joy—and while he was cutting his capers (not for the mutton sauce) in this manner, another knock was heard at the door.

"Here he comes," said Tommy. But on opening the door a baker's boy presented himself with three large loaves.

"Does Mr. Lewis live here?" said the boy.

"Well," said Sally, thinking it strange, "My father's called Jack Lewis, if that's him."

l right, here 's these loaves for him."
e they paid for?" said Sally,
a," said the boy, "come, make haste."
ell, I'll take them in, being as how they are paid for; but we
ave such big loaves as them, and I'm sure you 'll have to fetch 'em
gain, there 's a mistake somewhere."
ere, that 's all fudge," said the boy, and off he went.
y word," said Tommy, "aint them busters? See, sister, they
r, and well baked, too, aint they? Only fancy if they *was* ours,
't we make a hole in them soon?"
again he started off with a dance and a shout, in the midst of
another rap at the door was heard.
re they are," he said; "I'll bring them to the door."
upon the door being opened, there was a lad with parcels of tea,
coffee, &c.—and the same question was asked. But Sally by this
d decided to take all in that was paid for, at the same time telling
e, "They musn't be surprised if they had to fetch them back

greengrocer sent potatoes and cabbages; the butter man eggs,
and butter; and a few other articles from different shops arrived,
e table began to be quite full.
o wish father and mother would come home," said Sally; "sup-
policeman was to come and find all these things here, what could
"
onder," said Tommy, "whether father 's going to keep a shop?"
n't be silly, Tommy. It would make you still, I know, if we
to go to prison," said Sally.
e midst of this dialogue, much to the joy of the children, father
ther returned, and soon told them that the things on the table were
coming week, and that all of them would have a share if they
ood; and giving them a piece each of the new loaf and a bit of
off they were sent to bed and told to be very quiet. But quiet-
s out of the question; no sooner were they upstairs than they
o talk of the morrow's feasting, and their tongues made such a
at it awoke the other children, and then Tommy had to tell them
wn stairs there was a such wopping leg of mutton, and such big
and lots of other things; and they soon set up a shout which
the mother to the foot of the stairs, and she said—
you children don't be quiet, you shan't have any pudding to-
."
dden, pudden," said the little ones, "what's that?" And again
e of Tommy was heard telling the others that downstairs there
ir and currants, and that on the morrow mother had promised to
em a plum pudding. Of course with this additional piece of
as it any wonder that their eyes were not much troubled with
ss, and that long before the time for getting up had arrived,
was showing them by the aid of the pillows how big the loaves
d how mother would make the pudding, and then they wished

for the time to arrive when they might be able to experience in reality that the "proof of the pudding is in the eating."

However the day was at length fairly ushered in, and to the astonished eyes of the children, the whole of the articles displayed. And it is more easily to be imagined than described how the day passed away with so much to talk about and so many things to enjoy. And when in the afternoon, while all were seated around the table, mother brought out a plate of nice rosy ripe cherries, was it any wonder that when the children set up a shout of joy, that Mary's heart was too full to contain its emotion? and while the children were making earrings of the cherries, she drew close to John, and kissing him quietly, the tears trickling down her cheeks the meanwhile, she whispered in his ear, "We may be happy yet."

And so it was, for in a short time John found that he could buy clothes for his children, and then for himself and wife; and somehow it began to be whispered that he was getting proud, for he moved into a better neighbourhood, where he only had to pay about the same rent nevertheless. And soon after he began to put by his savings in the Building Society, and this enabled him to build a house for himself. Meantime the master finding him more than ever attentive to his work, appointed him as foreman, at an advanced rate of wages: and somehow John used to say, that "He found it vastly more pleasant to receive £2 10s. a week for looking after men doing the work, than 30s. for doing it." And step by step he rose, until he became master himself; and instead of working he had men to look after it and do it for him. He has built a nice row of houses, from which he can receive sufficient to keep him without work the remainder of his days. His son Tommy is now practising as a physician, with a good connection; and the rest of the children are being well educated, with all the modern advantages of music, etc., and added to all this, he and his wife have, by the blessing of God, become consistent members of a Christian church; and as far as practicable, hearty supporters of the "Grand Alliance," and the Temperance cause.

Working men, the moral is soon told,—It is not how much money a week you earn, but what you do with it when you get it. How many a home comfort in the shape of carpets, sofas, chairs, books, etc., are lost, by the simple fact that the money goes in the wrong way. If you learn nothing else by this sketch, you may learn this, that if you would have a "Home, sweet home," you must "Buy your own cherries."

THE BLESSINGS OF TOTAL ABSTINENCE.

By WILLIAM STONE, Railway Missionary.

Emily. Good morning, Jane. It's quite a novelty to see you with a smiling face; you look so altered for the the better, one would hardly recognize you as the little girl of yesterday. You have doubtless heard some very good news.

Jane. Good news indeed! yes, this morning after breakfast mother whispered in my ear, "My child! brighter days are yet in store—a happy day yet will dawn; your father last night

l the pledge. Some years ago we both were happy when father signed, 'Teetotal.' He resolved never to take the ard's drink, but alas! he took the drink again."

ily. My father too I have heard say was a drinker. years since he met John Parker, who took him to a l meeting. The speakers dwelt forcibly upon the folly king, urging upon working-men to do as they had done, from all intoxicants, and nobly sign the pledge. And hat a change was soon visible in our home; I can just ber although very young. Father grew so very kind, in uite altered. I was caressed and petted, mother smiled as cheerful; our home began to present a different ance, some articles of furniture were now and then added, en a book-shelf graced our walls. Father thought on the an's words, "That the soul be without knowledge it is d." I know the tree must be good that bears such lovely

:. The temperance tree is growing fast, and I sincerely e efforts of the Band of Hope Union amongst the child- y under God be made a very great blessing. May its es be buds of hope, whose influence shall be for the of our nation's *peculiar* sin. Oh, yes, dear Emily, now tell you, on Wednesday nights, in the Mission hall ttle children there assemble. They are taught the path *sobriety*, to shun the drunkard's evil ways, and slippery f moderation. We listen to kind words, pray, sing, and cite, and afterwards bid each other good-night.

ly. I hope ere long to accompany you, and receive such tion, but then my clothes (looking down at them) are so Oh yes! strong drink makes rags, and many tattered ts.

:. Never mind your clothes, but wash your face, and if but proves faithful, you will soon be tidy and happy.

ly. I am sure you're kind.

:. Then let us try from this time forth what good we can lish, and we shall see the temperance tree enlarge and . Happy homes and cheerful hearts, and many other gs will then be found; the hymn of praise and prayer shall ascend from many a dwelling.

> "Then, let us try as best we may,
> To herald in a brighter day.
> When children and their parents too
> Shall both alike be sober."

od bless *the Band of Hope!*

HOW MANY SHALL BECOME DRUNKARDS?

"I am astonished when I set myself to consider the large proportion children form of the whole population of the earth. The census of Great Britain in 1851 tells me that on the 31st of March in that year, of the 21,000,000 peopling Great Britain and the islands of ths British seas, there were above 2,700,000 children under five years of age, above 2,440,000 aged five and under ten years, and above 2,245,000 aged ten and under fifteen years."—*Chambers's Journal.*

We read the foregoing paragraph with profound interest. We have a population of children. They swarm in every hamlet, village, town, and city, and in London they are to be counted by hundreds of thousands. At present they are not drunkards. How many of them shall become so? Let us institute more Bands of Hope. There should be one in every village, several in every city parish, and a thousand in the metropolis. Who will establish a new Band of Hope?

GEORGE W. MCCREE.

A PREACHER'S TESTIMONY.

Before I was married, I used frequently to take a tumbler weak spirits and water, and on Sunday evening I took it a lit stronger, in order to compose me to sleep, yet, strange to t it had the contrary effect; it kept me tossing about, restl through the night; and in the morning I was as unfit for stu as for active labours, and I frequently exclaimed, "T preaching will kill me!" After I had been married a sh time, my wife advised me to leave off this tumbler on Sund night, and I did so, and found myself the better for it. T induced me to leave it off on week nights, and I found mys the better for that also. Still I took a glass or two of wi

specially on Sundays; and we had a bottle in store in the vestry, to take a drop when I came out of the pulpit if I needed it. I thought this must be a good thing, for almost every minister and deacon recommended it. At last, I began to suspect that it was not so needful as was supposed, and I gradually left it off. But when I was engaged in preaching eight or ten, and even fourteen times a-week, I found that the large congregations and heated chapels produced great exhaustion; and in order to recruit wasted strength, I sometimes took beer, or porter, or wine, at supper. Then in the morning I had a little headache, or felt nervous, or had a white tongue; yea, so white, that I spoke of it to a kind friend in Yorkshire, and he actually bought me a tongue-scraper, but never advised me to abstain from wine and strong drink. I mentioned this to another friend in Norfolk, who assured me that my incessant labours kept up such excitement, that I should have a white tongue as long as I lived. But now the secret is come out. I preach oftener than most men, yet sleep well, have no headache, no white tongue, and very little exhaustion. The secret is this—I never drink wine, or spirits, or porter, or beer, or cider, or any other fermented or intoxicating liquor; the pure water from the spring is my beverage, and I never was so well since I became a preacher.—*Richard Knill.*

GATHERINGS.

The Drunkard's Son.—"Mother, this bread is very hard; why don't we have cake and nice things, as we used to, when we lived in the great house? Oh, that was such a pretty house, mamma, and such a pleasant garden, all filled with flowers; and you made such sweet music with your fingers, and 'pa would sing. 'Pa used to laugh then, and tell me pretty stories, and take me on his knee, and say I was his own dear boy. Mamma, what makes 'pa so sick, and look so bad? It makes me afraid, when he stamps on the floor and says 'Silence,'—'George, go off to bed!'—Oh! Mamma, will he get well again, and sing me sweet songs, and love me as he used to do? Mamma, what makes you cry? It makes me sorry to see you so sad and unhappy. Won't you wipe away your tears and smile again?" "My son—oh, my George—my child! *your father is a drunkard!*"

Did He?—The Teetotalist lecturer used to get speechless drunk in order to afford his audience a "shocking example" of the effects of inebriety. By portraying his own degradation he promoted the cause of temperance.—*Daily Telegraph.*

A Thieves' Conference.—At a meeting of thieves held in Edinburgh, the question was put—'How do you lay plans for each day?' One of

them replied, 'Oh, we'll tell you that. We often meet each other, and go away to some public-house, and sit and drink for a while.' 'You will drink pretty freely of course.' 'Oh, yes, we can't do without drinking.'

THE SAD OLD STORY.—A man has been committed for trial from Salford, for a very brutal act of manslaughter. He had been drinking with his mother, afterwards he quarrelled with her, and beat her so violently that she died from the blows she received.

BLASPHEMY.—In a report of the Rochdale Temperance Society, an account is given of a man who was brought before the magistrates on a charge of keeping his public-house open late on a Sunday evening. He said with a sneer, that, on the night in question they were very appropriately closing the day by singing the Doxology.

DEATH IN THE SOCIAL GLASS.—Dr. Sherman of London, says,—Holland gin has been poisoned by lead; I detected an extensive adulteration of smuggled gin, which had been sold by an excise officer, and dispersed over an extensive tract of country, and which committed great ravages among the inhabitants.

JUVENILE CRIME IN LIVERPOOL.

By R. MARTIN, Esq. M.D.

Whilst crime has been diminished in nearly every other town in Lancashire, during the past year, it has been enormously increased in Liverpool. How is this to be accounted for? The cotton famine, which has diminished crime elsewhere, has been felt there as well as in the rest of the county. Why should Liverpool present so unenviable an exception? I believe there is only one way to account for it. During the last twelve or eighteen months there has been an unparalleled increase in the number of public-houses, and behold some of the results.

Drunken cases—1861	9,832
" " 1862	12,076
Assaults on police—1861	1,162
" " 1862	1,288
Assaults on individuals—1861	1,733
" " 1862	1,942

But observe what a terrible effect an increase of drunkenness amongst the adult population has upon the young. The debauched parent is not likely to check the pilfering habits of the child. Alas, on the contrary, the besotted wretches too often directly as well as indirectly drive their offspring into crime. The following figures shew the number of juvenile offenders brought before the Liverpool magistrates, during the last two years:—

Juveniles under 10 years—1861	51
" " 1862	112

luveniles from 10 to 12 years—				1861	146
"	"	"	"	1862	252
"	12	14	"	1861	267
"	"	"	"	1862	323
"	14	16	"	1861	359
"	"	"	"	1862	472

ch are the terrible fruits of virtual free trade in licensing, g twelve months or a little more.

Annals of the Band of Hope Union.

MEETINGS OF SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHERS.

ɔ large and influential meetings of Sunday School Teachers have held during the month. The first was held on Friday evening, ı 13th, in the spacious school-room of Stepney Meeting, Stepney, M. W. Dunn, Esq., presided, and the addresses were delivered by ıairman, Mr. Okes, Mr. R. Nicol, and the Revs. R. Maguire, J. ·d, and G. W. McCree. About 500 persons attended. At the an exhibition of dissolving views took place, and excited great ıse. The second meeting took place on Tuesday evening, March in Albany Chapel, Camberwell, when W. R. Selway, Esq. pre- and addresses were given by the chairman, Mr. A. Hawkins, jun., h Payne, Esq. Deputy-Judge, Mr. G. M. Murphy, and the Revs. ıite and G. W. McCree. The audience was large and respectable. addresses at those meetings were of singular force and appropri- s, and brought out the most christian arguments in favor of per- abstinence and Bands of Hope. The teachers present listened ɔrofound attention to the speakers, and must have been profoundly ɔsed with the arguments they advanced. Other meetings of a r character are in contemplation.

ɜr his excellent speech at Albany Chapel, Mr. Judge Payne read lowing lines—his 1830th tail-piece:—

AN APPEAL TO SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHERS.

Ye Sunday School Teachers of every degree,
Come listen, come listen, come listen to me;
While seeking to win your approving applause,
I speak in your ears of the *Temperance* cause.

The Temperance cause is a beautiful thing,
And might be made more, could it have its full fling;
But hamper'd and crampt, by the want of your aid,
It is *not* the blessing it *ought* to be made!

I ask for the sake of the mothers who sigh,
As a brutaliz'd husband at midnight draws nigh;
I ask for the sake of the children he scares,
When the sound of his footsteps is heard on the stairs.

Think deeply, think prayerfully, think with desire
To feed, and not slacken, the Temperance fire;
But keep up a warmth which for life will endure,
To brighten the homes and the hearts of the poor!

Give in your adhesion, both woman and man,
Your classes to rule by the BAND OF HOPE plan;
It needs no long argument plainly to shew,
That what *the School* makes them the children will grow.

Then bid them drink water, and they will grow up
To shun the strong spirit that poisons the cup;
Cool-headed, free-handed, warm-hearted, and strong;
Resolved to live *well*, and *ordain'd* to live *long*.

So shall ye *rejoice* when your teaching is o'er,
And summon'd from earth, ye to Paradise soar:
To drink of the *river*, and taste the *fruit* fair,
Which *runs*, and which *ripens*, eternally there.

JOSEPH PAYNE.

Mr W. BELL, during the past month, has lectured to large audiences of children and adults, as follows:—Reigate; Romsey; Dorking; Ashford; Hythe; and Herne Bay. Not a single evening during the whole month has he been disengaged.

Mr. G. BLABY has attended meetings as under:—Bloomsbury Refuge, twice; Denmark Street, St. Gile's, twice; Mission Hall, Five Dials; Windsor Street, Islington; Bell Street, St. George's-in-the-East; Ogle Mews, Tottenham Court Road; Waterloo Street, Camberwell; Broadway, Westminster; Westmoreland Street, Pimlico; Plough Yard, Lincoln's-inn-Fields; One Tun, Westminster; Fox and Knott Court; Amicable Row, Kent Street; Vauxhall Walk Working Men's Club; Westminster; St. Peter's School, Gray's-inn-Road; Stepney; Plaistow; and Edmonton.

The Rev. J. KEELEY has addressed numerous meetings in the North.

Mr. F. SMITH has addressed meetings at the following places:—West Green, Tottenham; Cottage Green Chapel, Camberwell; Tottenham; Whitfield Chapel, Long Acre; East Street, Walworth; Moor Street, Five Dials; Portugal Street, Lincoln's-inn-Fields; Gee Street, Goswell Street; Whitecross Place, Finsbury; Chelsea; Bloomsbury Refuge; Darby street, Mint; One Tun, Westminster; and Edmonton.

PIMLICO.—ECCLESTON-SQUARE CHAPEL.—On Monday, the 23rd ult., a large meeting of the Band of Hope was held, which was well sustained by several members reciting special pieces on Temperance, and delivering dialogues, interspersed with melodies, under the superintendence of Mrs. Esterbrooke. During the evening the Rev. W. W. Robinson addressed the juvenile auditory in an effective manner. At the close the honorary secretary, John H. Esterbrooke, presented a medal and ribbon, accompanied with suitable remarks, to Master F. Farndell, for his zeal in trying to make converts, and for faithful adhesion to his pledge, after two years' experience. Master Farndell thanked the secretary for the reward, and "hoped to live and die a useful teetotaller which was followed by en-

thusiastic applause by the youthful assembly. At eight o'clock the spacious place was re-occupied by parents, members of the chapel, and respectable residents, when the Rev. J. Spencer Pearsall presided. After imploring the Divine blessing upon the local movement, he delivered an impressive address in defence of total abstinence as an auxiliary to the Church, and every other movement aiming to elevate the condition of the masses. The Rev. W. W. Robinson followed, in a speech glowing with Christian sentiment. Mr. G. M. Murphy gave a brief address, with his usual intelligence, humour, and earnestness. The proceedings closed with singing the Doxology. Several pledges were received.

Shadwell.—The annual tea meeting, Feb. 9, was very numerously attended, and the public meeting which was very large, was opened with singing and prayer, when J. Hawkins, Esq., M.R.C.S., took the chair. The secretary read the report for the past year, which was of a very encouraging nature, when it appeared that during that period about 729 pledges had been taken, a goodly number of which were those of seamen, some of whom had sent testimonials of the benefit they had received through faithfully keeping the same. The adoption of the report was very ably moved by the Rev. Dawson Burns, and seconded by Mr. Lonsdale. During the evening several melodies were sung by the Band of Hope Choir, and the meeting was ably addressed by Messrs. Raines, Captain Custard, Judge Payne, and Mr. G. C. Campbell. A vote of thanks to the chairman, also to the ladies, for their valuable services in furnishing an excellent tea, was moved by Mr. Robert Nichol, and seconded by Mr. Boase. The society have engaged Mr. Thomas White as their temperance missionary.

Plumstead Primitive Methodist Total Abstinence Society.—We are now just twelve months old, and have one hundred and seven names duly enrolled, and one hundred and sixty-seven children in our Band of Hope, who attend our meetings regularly, and listen with great attention to the addresses which are delivered. It fills our hearts with gratitude to the Giver of all Good, when we hear those who have been reclaimed from drunkenness, and are now sitting at the feet of Jesus clothed and in their right mind, bearing their humble testimony to the beneficial effects of the total abstinence cause.

Northern Auxiliary.—Mr. W. B. Affleck, since his recovery, has lectured at Bishop Auckland (four times); Reethe, Marske, Grinton, Hurworth (six times); Neasham (twice); Castle Bolton, Carperby, Skipton, Keighley (three times); Bingley, Bradford (twice); Cononly, Eastburn, Kildwick, Airton, Kettlewell, and East Cowton. The audiences have been large, and the meetings successful. At four meetings in the West Riding of Yorkshire, 2,300 persons attended, and 119 signatures were taken. Mr. A. also preached temperance sermons at Bradford and Keighley.

Heaton.—Temperance Lecture.—On Friday evening last, a temperance lecture was delivered in the Baptist Chapel, at the above place, by Mr. W. B. Affleck, of Darlington, agent of the Band of Hope Union: subject, "The House that Jack Built." Mr. G. D. Allott, of Great

Horton, in the chair. The lecturer rivetted the attention of a good audience for an hour and a half, while he showed the sad effects of intemperance, the benefits of teetotalism, and the power the people had in their own hands at the present time, for the suppression of intemperance. He eloquently urged his hearers to become abstainers, to help forward the Band of Hope movement, and to do all that lay in their power to further the Permissive Bill of the Alliance.—*Bradford Observer.*

ROMSEY.—Mr. BELL's labours commenced among us on Monday, 16th of Feb., and ended on the following Sunday, the 22nd, and truly can we say that never do we remember having enjoyed such a week's meeting before. We commenced the week by holding a public tea in our Temperance Hall, and a capital meeting afterwards. It will be impossible for me to give you an account of the whole week's meetings. I will only say then—their interest increased, and that we had larger audiences every night. I would also not forget to state that Mr. Bell preached twice on the Sabbath in the Temperance Hall, to large and attentive congregations. We are looking forward to the time when we hope to have him to spend a longer time with us.

INDEPENDENT SCHOOL, LITTLEMORE.—The usual monthly meeting of the Band of Hope in connection with the above school was held on Friday evening, the 6th instant, when some very able and telling addresses were delivered by Messrs. James Howard, John Newton, and Joseph Youel. The meeting was also enlivened by several pieces from the tonic sol-fa class, numbering about 50 children, under their tutor and conductor Mr. John Entwistle. The "Swiss Toy Girl" was loudly applauded. The meeting terminaated about nine o'clock, when a goodly number of names were added to the already numerous list of members, by the secretary, Mr. John Jones.—*Glossop Record.*

HYTHE.—The half-yearly juvenile festival of the Band of Hope was held on Thursday, March 12th, and demonstrated the popularity of the cause in Hythe, in a manner altogether unexpected by the committee. In spite of the heavy rain (which entirely prevented the usual procession) the full number for whom tea had been provided were present, while in the succeeding entertainment the temperance hall was filled to overflowing. This occasion was the first public appearance of several young people connected with the Band of Hope. The report, which was read by the Secretary, Mr. Adkins, shows a creditable past, and every room for hope for an increasingly prosperous and glorious future.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

All communications should be written on one side of the paper only.

Names and Addresses should be written very plainly.

Intelligence should be sent early.

Books for Review, Articles for the Record, &c., may be sent to the Editor at No. 37, Queen Square, London.

J. BALE, Printer, 78, Great Titchfield-street, Marylebone.

BAND OF HOPE RECORD.

ARGUMENTS FOR AND AGAINST BANDS OF HOPE.

(From the *British Controversialist.*)

ARE BANDS OF HOPE, AS AT PRESENT CONSTITUTED & CONDUCTED, GENERALLY BENEFICIAL?

AFFIRMATIVE ARTICLE.—I.

The Band of Hope movement, which during the last few years has gradually risen in our midst, has now attained a place among the established institutions of this land, and from its nature and aims is justly attracting the attention of all thoughtful and philanthropic men. This cause, that should commend itself to all the friends of youth, I regret to own has not been without its detractors, both from amongst the systematic opposers of all that is elevating, and from those who are ever willing to aid the cause of human progress. But there are others, who, viewing with interest the progress of the movement from afar, and being unable to discern the good results, ask the question, Are these societies beneficial to the public at large? and the present writer, disclaiming all other motives than an earnest desire to arrive at the truth, would attempt a reply to this query.

The manner in which the question is presented induces me to deal with it in its apparent natural division, viz., first, to glance at the constitution and mode of conducting Bands of Hope; and secondly, to endeavour to point out wherein they are beneficial to the public generally.

By the term constitution, I presume, is meant the law or form of government considered binding upon all those connected with the society to which such law refers. It would occupy too much space to insert *verbatim* the code of laws for Bands of Hope; suffice it, therefore, to say, that therein the name of the society is fixed, and its object set forth, as being "to train the young in habits of total abstinence from all intoxicants," conditions of membership, &c., including adherence to the following declaration:—"I promise, with Divine assistance, to abstain from all intoxicating liquors as beverages, and in every way to discountenance intemperance."

The mode of conducting the meetings of Bands of Hope is various; in most cases the following order is observed:—the

meeting is opened by singing a temperance hymn, prayer is offered, short addresses are delivered upon the temperance question; between these, music or recitations are introduced, a hymn is sung, prayer again offered, and an opportunity given to any who may wish to sign the declaration. Some may object to recitations; indeed, I am convinced that these require very judicious management, combined with a wise and careful choice of the subjects, as well as the juveniles who recite them. But when thus directed, good results may be produced. Some twelve months ago, a soldier belonging to the "Buffs" was passing the door of a ragged school in Dover, when a little fellow, taking him unceremoniously by the hand, said, "Soldier, will you come to our Band of Hope?" The persuasive tone in which the request was made induced him to consent, and in company with the lad he entered the room: one of the young persons was reciting a piece called "The Drunkard's Daughter:" the touching eloquence with which it was delivered completely overcame the man, and caused him to resolve from that night to leave off the use of intoxicating drinks for ever; a short time afterwards he signed the pledge; he is now a Christian man, declaring that "he shall praise God as long as he lives" for that lad's invitation to go to the Band of Hope meeting. This is part of a letter of his, dated from the Tower of London: as he does not object, I may mention his name; it is Henry Wells. Here is a man reclaimed from the vices of the world, and another added to that illustrious band in which Havelock fought and Hedley Vicars laboured.

No doubt, much improvement may be made in the method of conducting Bands of Hope, and the promoters of the movement would thankfully receive any suggestion tending to a better system of management. But I must leave this part of the subject, and consider in what way the Bands of Hope are beneficial to the public at large.

This brings us face to face with the enemy which these cold water armies are, I trust, destined to destroy. It is a self-evident fact, that intemperance is the great curse of our land, the vile thing which has blighted the fair fame of the British nation, and made us a byword to our foreign neighbours. An author who has recently travelled through the East says, that on rising one morning, they saw at a distance signs that others had been encamping in the locality, and, being anxious to know who was about, despatched one of the natives who accompanied them, *to ascertain*; when presently the man returned, flourishing a

over his head, and exclaiming, "Oh, they are English. nay know them by this anywhere." But, unhappily, this annot be said to be confined to any age or class. Many : persons, having acquired the unnatural appetite for intox- g stimulants (fostered frequently by the mistaken kindness ›ving parent or friend), are induced by the persuasion of : to enter the public-house, many of which are little better :raps for thoughtless youth. It is well known that in our towns there are houses of this kind to which mere young- resort, to drink and smoke, or listen to the senseless, and immoral, effusions of the painted simpletons who figure at ›laces. It is here that habits are formed which ultimately o the moral overthrow or utter ruin of the young. Visits :h places continue, not because they are considered right, m ignorance of their evil tendencies, but because habit 'es them, in spite of their better judgment. Another evil ing from this, is the crime which so frequently attends it; should be remembered, that while alcohol casts over all ›bler attributes of our nature the mire of sensuality and excites the baser passions to ungovernable fury, as criminal ts will amply prove. We have the authority of a high l for stating, that seventeen out of every twenty, or more four-fifths, of the prisoners in the jail he governs, came through drink; while that eminent man, Mr. Justice urd, declared with his latest breath, that drunkenness was nmediate cause of nearly all the crimes that came before thus leaving a solemn protest against the drinking cus- of our country, and bearing irresistible testimony to the hat drink is the fruitful source of crime. The tree that : such fruits as those enumerated must be essentially bad, ›ught to be exposed that it may be avoided. Nothing, ›ps, causes such lamentable degradation as the indulgence ›se stimulants. How many parents can bear woful testi- to the total perversion of youth! Their fondest hopes been blighted; and those to whom they had looked for ›rt in their old age, have presented nothing but a com- l of the demon and the brute. Some may object to this ›ong language, but any one who knows the world will ›wledge that we are justified in using it. With these s in view, we ask, What could be more beneficial to the e at large than a well-conducted movement, seeking to ›nt these dire results by training the young to avoid the : from which they spring? In Saltaire (the property of

Titus Salt, Esq.) there is not a single public-house allowed; the result is, that only three cases of crime have occupied the attention of the magistrates from that town of 5,000 inhabitants. The churches and chapels are well attended, and every good work is in full bloom. The movement is beneficial also in increasing the number of prohibitionists, who are trying to destroy the drink trade, and aid other towns in obtaining the same blessings that Saltaire at present enjoys. The Band of Hope seeks to occupy the youthful mind before Satan gets possession of it; takes him untainted and uninitiated, and forms in his very heart the conviction that drink, and the traffic in the same, is an evil, a curse, and a snare; and as the young are more susceptible of impressions than when, in after years, they are harassed by the deceitfulness of the world, the promoters of the cause embrace the opportunity to speak "a word in season" to the inexperienced ones, urging them to restrain all improper desires, and encourage all virtuous sentiments. Let Bands of Hope multiply and flourish, and then, in the next generation, ragged schools, clothing clubs, and similar societies could be easily dispensed with. But while the great lesson taught is total abstinence, it is by no means the only one. Industry perseverance, obedience to parents, love to the Bible &c., are among the topics of discourse at the meetings.

Again, Bands of Hope are beneficial as auxiliary to the Sabbath school. The Rev. J. P. Chown, of Bradford, says he regards its operations with devout thankfulness to God for the good that has been wrought by its agency, and the most ardent assurance that it will yield results in the next generation that are now little thought of. It brings young persons together on the week-night for engagements more cheerful than would be otherwise furnished; and if they cannot get cheerfulness amid *pure* associations, they will probably be led to seek it in impure. Another good result is, that it saves the young from the temptations through which others have fallen, and preserves to the community those who otherwise might have been lost. Intemperate parents are sometimes reclaimed by their children becoming abstainers. A little fellow came one evening to the house of the secretary of a local Band of Hope in company with his father, whom he had induced to come for the purpose of signing the pledge; and nothing apparently could exceed the joy of the lad as he saw his parent affix his name to the declaration, and leaving the place, I trust, a wiser, and ultimately *to become* a better man.

The beneficial effects of these institutions are being now generally recognized and seen in the fact that the press, which once ridiculed, now begins to commend them; the Church, which looked upon them with suspicion, as introducing something in the place of the Gospel, now regards them as in harmony with the teachings of that Gospel, and her ministers are continually coming over to aid them by their eloquence and zeal. Nor should we forget to name with honour those who have bravely and consistently advocated the cause, among whom were good Joseph Sturge, John Angell James, and many other well-known persons. As the fruit of their labours, we may expect the dawn of a better era, when the moral impurities which have ever marked the track of the drinker throughout our world shall be cleared away, and crime and poverty be reduced to a minimum. Righteousness alone can truly exalt a nation, and the aim of the Band of Hope movement is to remove the great obstacle which has for ages hindered the progress of righteousness.

I have now endeavoured to show that intoxicating drinks are the bane of the community, a hindrance to all moral, social, and religious advancement; that the object of the Band of Hope movement is to save the young from the withering influence of these destroyers. A few years hence, and the youth of to-day will be filling responsible positions in the world, and wielding a power that must tell largely, either for evil or good. And if, by the instrumentality of Bands of Hope, the young are preserved from surrounding temptation, and trained to love virtue and truth, the societies producing such results must be a national blessing.

Imperfect as this article is, I sincerely trust it has placed the conclusion beyond doubt, that Bands of Hope, as at present constituted and conducted, are generally beneficial. E. T.

NEGATIVE ARTICLE.—I.

To every careful student of history it must be apparent that there are many theories and doctrines which, viewed in the abstract, appear worthy of general adoption, and yet, whenever reduced to practice, they have invariably failed to accomplish the desired end; and if we mistake not, the writers of our own social history will be compelled to include in this category the theories which led to the formation of Bands of Hope, unless, indeed, these associations are enabled to show that they have ac-

complished a much larger amount of good than we as yet can give them credit for. It was certainly a grand chimera of our temperance friends when they imagined that in this matter, "as the twig is bent, the tree will grow," and indulged in some illusory hopes of reforming the world by inaugurating this new crusade against their old enemy, King Alcohol.

It appears that, despite the strenuous exertions of our friends to stem the tide of intemperance by means of paid lecturers, sensation orators, and highly.coloured novels, they discovered that the consumption of alcoholic beverages continued to increase in a larger ratio than the population; and almost hopeless of the reformation of the adults of the community, they began to devote more time and attention to the juveniles, with a view, we presume, of converting them *en masse* to their peculiar creed; and, under the influence of this brilliant idea, originated those juvenile temperance societies now known as Bands of Hope. We are asked to consider whether the influence of these institutions has been, on the whole, beneficial; and while we readily admit that much may be said in their favour, we shall endeavour to show that the evils connected with them, as at present constituted and conducted, more than counterbalance any good results they may have effected. We find that Bands of Hope, usually exist in connection with Sabbath schools, and are formed somewhat after this fashion:—Some few of the teachers become converted to teetotal principles; and naturally anxious to extend their benefits to all with whom they have any influence, they convene a meeting of the juveniles, at which the most eloquent of the converts endeavour to impress upon their auditory the advantages of total abstinence, the evils of drunkenness, &c., *ad. lib.*; and finally wind up with an earnest exhortation to the juveniles to sign the pledge, and thereby protect themselves from all the evils which flesh is heir to. The youngsters are, of course, captivated by the novelty of the proposal, and join almost without exception; whereupon a Band of Hope is forthwith formed, and hold its fortnightly or monthly meetings, as the case may be.

For the edification of those of our readers who have not had the privilege of attending these meetings, we will endeavour to describe one, and to ascertain the amount of instruction and amusement the "men and women of the future" are likely to derive from such a source.

Towards eight o'clock on a wintry evening, we approach the large and well-lighted school-room in which the members of the *aqua pura* Band of Hope hold their monthly meetings. As we

ascend the stairs, we are jostled and pushed about in a style which shows that the young hopefuls have not been taught to regard courtesy as a cardinal virtue, but at length we effect an entrance, and find ourselves in the presence of some hundred juveniles of both sexes, varying in ages from seven to seventeen, some of whom, to judge from their personal appearance, only cultivate an external acquaintance with *aqua pura* on very special occasions.

The meeting has not yet commenced, so, in the interim, the audience are amusing themselves in various ways. Some of the elder boys are grimacing at the girls opposite; others are whistling, singing, or hooting, as their fancy dictates; while the more favoured portion are discussing the merits of oranges, tarts, and other refreshments. As we near the desk or rostrum, we perceive the conductors are about to open the meeting, having secured partial silence by giving out a temperance hymn, which is sung with much spirit to some such tune as "Wait for the Waggon," or "I wish I was with Nancy." A prayer is then offered up, and the business of the evening is fairly afloat. Some of the members oblige with recitations, others sing, and another portion, having formed a "drum and fife," or "brass band," perform a little instrumental music. Addresses are also delivered on temperance principles, but owing to their monotonous verbosity and wearying prosiness, the infliction is usually accompanied by a continuous shuffling of feet, and other signs of impatience, and often comes to a premature conclusion amid general disorder; but if all goes on well, the proceedings terminate about ten o'clock, with the singing of another temperance hymn—this time an outrageous parody, almost amounting to a blasphemous burlesque upon some popular psalm or hymn; and the juvenile abstainers are dismissed until their next meeting, but will probably continue to roam the streets for an hour or so, to the great discomfort of the neighbours, and the imminent peril of their knockers and bell-ropes; and we have heard of some complaints in which it was proved that the conduct of an inebriated tavern rabble was orderly in comparison with that of some members of Bands of Hope.

We shall be glad to learn what good even the most sanguine of our friends expect will result from such meetings as the one described above; and will now proceed to point out one or two of the evils which impress us as most important.

First. We are of opinion that the promoters of this movement ought not to induce the juveniles to pledge themselves to

abstain for an unlimited period, seeing that they do not fully comprehend the importance of the matter.

Secondly. We believe that the meetings are productive of more evil than good, and that the nonsensical twaddle with which the children are bored will decidedly prejudice them against the cause when they arrive at more mature years.

Thirdly. We hold that a large portion of their literature, and more especially their hymnology, is an outrage upon good taste, and does them infinite discredit.

Lastly. We find that it is the exception, and not the rule, for the juveniles to adhere to their principles in after years.

Did time and space permit, we might offer many other reasons for our scepticism in this matter; but for the present, these must stand as our apology for daring to doubt the beneficial tendencies of Bands of Hope, as at present constituted and conducted. TIB.

WORDS FOR SPEAKERS.

A CABMAN'S NOTION OF CIVILISATION.—One of our missionaries, recently in London, was sitting on the outside of a cab, and told the driver that he had been in China. Cabby was much interested, and promptly asked, "Are they a civilised people about there, Sir? Do they take their gin of a morning?"

FIVE OUT OF SIX, AND MORE COMING.—I asked one of the officers (of Brixton prison) from what class most of the women came. He replied, "From a very low class; few who come here can either read or write. Five hundred, at least, out of the six hundred who are here, are sent for crimes committed through drink, and as far as we can find out, they are themselves mostly the children of drunken parents." I asked if they usually had the same number in the prison. He said, "Yes; we have so many die in the year, and their places are filled up." As I rode home it did not lessen the amount of depression on my mind to think that outside the walls of that gloomy abode, the process of preparation was for ever going on, to replace an occupant in every cell which death should make empty. Thousands of children are being trained up at this very moment, and for what? To fill our prisons, reformatories, hospitals, and workhouses, and to expend millions of the country's money.—*Mrs. Bayly.*

A REFORMED MAN'S WITNESS.—Mr. George Dodds, of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, at a meeting held some time ago, said it had been hinted to him that he might try to clench something that had been said. If he could do so he would very willingly, for he had felt very deeply interested. He could confirm from experience many of the statements in reference to the drunkard, for fourteen years of his life had been spent in drunkenness and dissipation. He knew well what it was to be far from friends, and far from *home;* out of money and of work—a wretched outcast, and hesitating

he should not at once end his life and his troubles. And all ɔugh strong drink. He knew what it was to be told by Christian ırs that there was little chance for his salvation. He well remem- hat he felt once when in a temperance meeting, he heard a speaker, er saying a little wine or ale was well enough if they only abstained irits, remarked that their chief object must be to prevent the young becoming drinkers, as for the poor drunkard, they had no hope

At last Mr. Livesey, of Preston, came to Newcastle, to lecture talism; an account of the thing was brought into their shop, and -workman, a Christian, at once exclaimed, 'That's the thing,' pledge in the shop, and signed it at once. 'I was struck,' said ɔdds, 'with the act, and asked why have you done this?' He d, 'I have talked to you for a long time without effect, and I have hope for your becoming a sober man till now, and I have signed lge to try to induce you to do so too.' How different did those ɔund to me to those in the temperance meeting, which told me there hope! I said, 'Samuel, is that true?' 'It is,' he said; and I 'It's a pity but what you had your desire, and you shall, so far concerned,' and I at once took a sheet of paper nearly as large as got a pledge written on it, and made my mark, for I could not then My master came into the shop, and said, 'George, what is this?' l, 'It is the Magna Charta of my liberty, sir, and I am never going a pint of ale again as long as I live.' I remember the first time I me after that on a Saturday night with all my wages, and presented my wife. How she did stare! it seemed so strange; she looked ieces as if they were counterfeits, and at length said, 'All that for ɔrge?' I said, 'Yes, keep up thy heart, we shall soon get over culties now.' She went and signed the pledge herself next day. esh companions, went to the house of God, and soon after that love shed abroad in my heart.

Crows.—Not long ago I was told by a very creditable person Trowbridge, Wilts, that when he first came to his present abode, n years since, he was much troubled by some rooks close by. At hey went so far as to root up a whole rank of his fresh sown peas; ɔon he soaked a quantity of peas in brandy, and scattered them in en. The results were unquestionable. The rooks soon finished ıut their intoxication speedily followed, as testified by the most ıs antics, helpless grasping at boughs, and other break-neck oper- but the gentleman further assured me that if they were sadder re also wiser rooks when they "rose the morrow morn," for they ver troubled his garden again from that day to this.—*Notes and*

THE TWO ROADS.

By JOHN HILTON, Jun., late of Brighton.

ı brilliant Wednesday, one of the few fine days during ll wet autumn of 1860, a mother in a Sussex village

gave to her two little boys, one eight and the other four years old, leave to pay a visit to their grandmother, who lived some three miles distant, to spend their half-holiday from the infant school.

The children were so delighted and excited at the prospect, that they hardly listened to their mamma as she bade them go by the high road and not by way of the meadows, as the heavy rains had swollen the brooks, and rendered them dangerous to cross. Their little caps and capes were soon put on, and off they trotted, with light and merry hearts. The day was warm, the air filled with buzzing insects, and the melody of the lark awakened echoes in the skies. The little fellows climbed the banks, made bouquets of wild flowers, chased the bright butterflies, and played their childish games, till the afternoon was well-nigh spent before they reached the cottage door of their dear grandmother.

The old lady gave them a warm welcome, soon brought out the tea, listened to their merry prattle, and enjoyed their company till she thought it time for their return; then, after pressing kisses on their cheeks, and commissioning them with lots of love for their parents, sent them off on their journey back giving them the same instructions which they had received from their mother; viz., to keep by the high road. They said good-bye, started, and soon were out of sight. Then the elder boy, fond of adventures, and confident of his own ability to overcome the difficulties of the brooks, determined to go that way. He had crossed them before, and could cross them again he thought, so heeded not the warning of those who knew better than him. On they went happy enough for a time and crossed brook after brook quite safely; but at length they came to a large sheet of water. The brooks *had* overflowed and what should they do? The clouds were gathering thickly overhead, it was growing dark, the wind began to howl, and a few large drops of rain were falling. They dared not return they would be benighted if they did; yet how to go forward they could not tell. Now, notwithstanding the naughty disobedience of the elder boy, he had yet a noble heart, and thought more about his little brother than himself, so, my dear children, what do you think he did? I will tell you. He took off all his clothes, tied them up into a bundle, placed it on the little fellow's shoulders, and then took him up to carry him "pick-a-back," as it was called when I was a boy, and I suppose it is *now*, and then commenced to ford the water. The rain fell

faster, the evening grew darker, the wind blew louder, and the water became deeper and deeper, till it almost reached the poor boy's breast. On, on, he went, till the deepest was passed, and it became shallower and more shallow, until it was only about up to his ancles; then he became so tired that he could get no further, and was obliged to put his little brother down, and to lead him. Here a new difficulty was encountered. The cows had been down and trodden the ground into thick mud, and when the children set their feet down they could hardly lift them up again. At last they reached higher ground; but it was now quite dark. They called for help till they were quite tired; but the howling of the wind drowned their voices, and no one could hear; so the elder boy, true to his noble nature, laid down upon the wet grass, and told his little brother to lie upon him, and to cover himself up with his clothes as well as he could. Cold and wet, they shivered, and cried themselves to sleep.

Next morning, before it was quite light, a farm labourer—a lad—rode down to let out the cows, when his little shaggy pony shied. He thought some boy behind a hedge had played a trick with him, so called, "That will do, Bill;" but no Bill was there. The pony again shied, so the lad jumped off to see what was the matter, and saw at a little distance the two poor boys cold, stiff, and apparently dead. Away he rode back to the farm house, and raised an alarm, stating that two boys were dead in the brooks, and he thought they were "cadgers," as they had but little clothes on. The labourers were speedily upon the spot; they placed the little fellows on a gate, and hastened back to the farm house, where they warmed them by the fire, and after a time they recovered enough to speak, when the elder boy told the sad history of their untoward adventures, and the sufferings which disobedience had brought upon them.

Now, my dear children, it is always well to "let other's ills be our warnings:" so I will try to point out a lesson or two which you may obtain from this sad but true story. You see that these little boys experienced that "the way of trangressors is hard," and doubtless wished enough many times, when too late, that they had heeded good advice. Had they followed the scriptural injunction, "Children, obey your parents," how much sorrow they would have escaped. Remember, they set out on a journey home; there were two ways before them—one right and the other wrong—one safe and the other dangerous—the

wrong and dangerous the most attractive—and they had been warned by those who knew which was the wrong and dangerous and which was the right and safe one. Is it not so in life?

Life is a journey, we are all pilgrims, and Heaven is our home. There are two ways before us, one of which is safe, and yet "a way of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace."

A way which Christ himself hath trod,
Which leads to Heaven and to God.

The Bible is the chart which shows the way, and if we walk therein, the lamp of Christ's love will enable us to see his footprints. If at any time, through unwatchfulness, we slip aside, and find ourselves out of the way, if we cry unto Him, He will hear us and will answer us, and we shall hear a voice behind us saying, "This is the way, walk ye in it. But there is another "way which seemeth right unto a man, but the end thereof is death." It lies through the pleasures of sin for a season: but is full of over-flown brooks, storms, darkness, pitfalls, and snares.

Children, you have all heard the voice of warning. You all know, too, that Jesus loves you—that he is calling you. Obey the call. Go to Him. Give Him your heart. Let Him be your saviour, your friend, your guardian, and your guide. Walk in the straight and narrow way that leads to everlasting life.

Two paths before us lie,
And all a choice must make:
One upwards to the sky,
One downwards to the lake.
Will any choose the lake of woe?
Each heart must answer, "Yes," or "No."

Oh! let us each reply—
"The better part we choose.
We travel to the sky,
Whoever may refuse.
Help, gracious Saviour, help bestow;
And save us from the lake of woe."

A few more words, dear children. As I am writing for a Band of Hope journal, I will now try to give a temperance bearing to my story. With regard to *drinking*, there are *two* ways before us. If you continue to use only water, tea, coffee, and other refreshing and unintoxicating beverages, you will be in a way of safety, and a very pleasant one you will find it to *be*. It is a way of virtue, a way of health, a way of even tem-

per, amiable disposition, and happiness; but if you commence to use beer, wine, and other intoxicating liquors, you will soon find it to be a way of *danger*. It may present the attractions of more exciting pleasures; but it has less happiness, and *may* lead to disease, drunkenness, insanity, or death. Some little boy may say, "I have had some beer two or three times, and it has not hurt me;" or some little girl may think "I have taken a little wine, and I know I can take it again without being injured."

Remember the little boy had been by the way of the brooks many times, and felt sure he could go that way again with safety; but he nearly lost his own and his brother's life by the trial. Keep on the safe road, dear children. Say—

"Water, bright water, for me—for me.
And wine for the tremulous debauchee."

PRACTICAL PAPERS, No. 14.

By Mr. G. M. MURPHY.

POUNDS, SHILLINGS, AND PENCE.

(Concluded.)

The importance of the subject must plead our excuse for again calling attention to the matter of funds. As is the charge of powder in the cannon, such (when exploded) is the force with which the projectile is thrown; as is the muscular development of the arm, so is the power of the blacksmith's blow. And what the powder is in the one case, and the sinewy force in the other, such is money to the effects of a Temperance Society. We cannot hit the target of intemperance hard, or smite the anvil of truth such ringing blows as we would, unless the monetary power is given, and why should the power be withheld? It cannot be because the evil is slight, or the ruin it effects small; the mighty mischief is acknowledged upon all hands. Can it then be a misconception as to the method of overcoming it? We are afraid that this is often the secret source of supineness. Many who are alive to the fatal effects of the drinking customs, neither like abstinence as a cure, or abstainers for propounding it. If they give their money to help on the world's work of moral reform, they will give to any society rather than to one tinctured by Temperance views; and though their money be swallowed in some social slough of despond, which is ever being filled by the filth flowing from

intemperance, still they pay, and mourn, and hope, alas! against hope, when a pound given to strike at the root of our great social vices would go farther than any ten expended in lopping off the branches, and the example of personal abstinence would be even more effective than gold.

But we who are engaged in the work of teetotalism on behalf of old or young, in the curative or the preventive process, have to deal with things as they *are*, and not with things as they should be; and in this case the question before us is, how most efficiently to strengthen the hands and line the purses of the treasurers of our various institutions. In previous papers we have given our opinion of the indirect means of raising revenue, and though our views may not be applicable in every case, still, as a rule, it is an unmitigated evil to leave a society dependant upon such means for its existence. Every effort should be made to bring the direct methods of obtaining funds into systematic operation. The treasurer, however wealthy, should not be overtaxed; it is enough that he give his time to the duties of his office, and his subscription to the work. If however, such an one should, as many, thank God, have willingly done, incur the expenses of preliminary efforts for the establishment of a society, when the organisation is complete such expenses should be refunded as opportunity offers. It is a mistake to depend upon the collossal contributions of any one man in a benevolent enterprize, and not only so, it frequently generates indolence, where activity is essential to life. All honour to the men who are willing to pay like princes, and work like Trojans for the uplifting of suffering and sin-stricken humanity; but where such men are, it should stimulate, and not benumb, the activity of committees.

Every committeeman, and contributor engaged in temperance work, should seek to unloose the purse-strings of his neighbour on its behalf; there are multitudes of persons who have never exercised the privilege, or felt the pleasure of giving to a good object who shelter themselves under the plea, "We were never asked." It is true that they should'nt want asking; but as they do, be it ours to remind them, and if we do nothing else, we shall take away so flimsy an excuse for their—what shall we say, dishonesty? well, if it does not quite amount to that, it comes very near to it. Are not all stewards for God even as we? A regiment of soldiers standing at ease, or sleeping on their arms, while their comrades are engaged in the *conflict*, might plead, perhaps truly, that they were not called

to the encounter, or that they were not helping the foe. "Very true," might be the general's reply; "but you should have been among the foremost ranks in the field, for not to help your comrades in the war is really to strengthen the enemy's hand." The application holds; we are battling against a monster foe of God and man: why should we wield a single-handed fight? We must shout for help, and raise the slumbering, and those that are at ease in Zion; and whether they will hear, or whether they forbear, we must face and fight the foe, and shout for help again.

In soliciting subscriptions it is a mistake to go as *beggars*. Moral effort is man's duty, and whether he *give* or labour, or withhold from doing it, it is a duty still, and not a matter of favour or option; men who esteem it so, if they die in such a mood, will receive a rude shock to their notions at the day of judgment. "Inasmuch as ye did it not," will then sound terrible in such ears. All that should be demanded of a collector, whether paid or voluntary, is gentlemanly or lady-like civility, and clearness of statement as to the object sought. Any who deem such visitors intruders, exhibiting annoyance or hastiness of demeanour, may be safely left till the next visit (by no means let them be lost sight of,) to ruminate on their lack of discernment, and their lost opportunity of doing good.

We should never confine our applications to previous lists of contributors. In small towns every person might be canvassed; and in large ones the committee, or friends, might go two and two at convenient times, to lay the claims of Temperance before those who are indifferent, or even hostile, as well as to yield a friendly account of labour done to previous contributors; good is sure to result from such intercourse, and not only will the funds be benefitted, but the friends too. A dozen visitors in any locality, hunting (money-hunting) with "Tact," "Temper," and "Time," would stir from stagnation into healthy activity such an amount of funds, as would startle the Temperance friends from their usual sobriety of demeanour, and intoxicate them with delight.

Collecting cards are occasionally serviceable, but are in some instances liable to abuse; care in selection of persons put in possession of such cards, especially in the case of the young, cannot be too judiciously exercised; as an extra effort, the aggregate of small sums thus obtained, frequently tells with wholesome effect, and therefore the means should not be lost sight of.

In concluding this subject, we hope that service may have been rendered by its ventilation. We are sometimes afraid that our visiting powers and our more silent efforts lie dormant too long; the excitement, noise and eclât of the more public engagement of the platform, &c. indispose, if they do not incapacitate, us for the more quiet processes of our work; but we do not lose time in preparing to strike well. The pile-driver's engine may teach us a lesson: how silently and how slowly the huge iron hammer (technically called a "monkey") rises to its appointed height, but when the catch undoes the hook which held the huge weight, how rapidly, and with what power, does it descend, driving the massive pile still deeper in the ground. It is the blow that does the work; but where would the blow be if it were not for the quiet work which precedes it? And so in driving home the Temperance enterprize, meditation, and conference as to how the work may best be done, and prayer to God, is a noiseless influence, but a very mighty one. Visiting and collecting seems sometimes a waste of time, or at least to attract little attention, as though it were of little worth, but appearances were never more deceitful. The noise of the "monkey" striking the pile may attract the most attention, but it makes no sign until the quieter influences have set it in motion. It is the effect, not the cause.

As a final word upon the subject, avoid getting into debt. If you are in debt, get out as soon as possible; be economical in your management of affairs—a penny saved is a penny got. Before sanctioning any considerable outlay, see your way clear to a corresponding return. There are many societies, like multitudes of men, who are always going to *be* and *do* something very brilliant, but somehow or other their light don't shine. It is better to glimmer ever so little, for a little light may save a soul, than to be always *going* to glare, and never strike a match. The best way of learning to run is to begin with walking: and if the friends of the Band of Hope, and other temperance movements will bear this in mind, it may save them debt and disappointment; and if as opportunity offers, and circumstances render necessary, they put into active operation the plans we have suggested, with others that may occur to them, as time or local circumstances may dictate, we doubt not that all their pecuniary wants will be supplied. For ourselves, knowing experimentally how useful "sordid dust" is, in every practical attempt to do good, and not for a moment doubting but that *almost all* our readers are, if not for themselves, for their dif-

ferent societies, in want of pounds, shillings, and pence, we heartily wish they may get it, and not only get it, but make good use of it for man's good, and God's glory.

WHAT JACK DID AT NAPLES.

Admiral Persano has just given me a very amusing sketch of the humorous, but, I must add, highly inexcusable proceedings of one of the crew of the Hannibal, who has lately been on liberty. This man, who did not belong to the class entitled to privileged leave, had partaken too freely of the vile spirituous compound of the country, and, being of a convivial and adventurous turn of mind when slightly affected by drink, he suddenly made known to his companions who were about to take seats in one of the "Mariners' Houses of Call," that he had received an invitation to dine with the new King of Naples, and must therefore leave them for the present and make his way to the Royal Palace.

An endeavour was naturally made by his friends to combat a resolution so evidently preposterous; but arguments were unavailing, and the man proceeded on his errand. As he approached the portico of the principal entrance of the Palace he was confronted by two armed representatives of the National Militia, who entertaining every sentiment of good will towards English seamen as a body, yet considered it their duty to oppose the ingress of this individual within the enclosure of the Royal domain.

The seaman, finding the blockade of the gateway to be really effective, after giving vent to a few expressions not complimentary to the citizen soldiers, but which being uttered in language only current on the lower deck, they fortunately did not understand, made good his retreat, and subsequently joined the throng of idlers which was collected in the square.

It appears that from this position he continued to keep watch on the movements of the volunteer sentinels who had so roughly accosted him, and so effectually prevented the success of his enterprise. He knew they were not military men, or to use his own words when called upon for an explanation, were not "real soldiers," and he thought it just possible he might find them off their guard. In this expectation he was correct. At a moment when one of them had ensconced himself within his sentry box to light a cigar, and the other was engaged in earnest conversation with a passing friend, he contrived to elude their vigilance, and thus effected an entrance to the building. Wandering onwards unmolested he reached the foot of the grand staircase, where he met a portly menial in full livery of the house of Savoy, who with many gestures of indignation, and with uplifted staff of office endeavoured to make the intruder comprehend that he was treading on forbidden ground, and must depart from the Royal precincts with all possible speed.

Now the grand marble staircase of the Royal Palace of Naples, considered by competent judges one of the most splendid in Europe, from its works of modern sculpture and general design, possessed also another

feature which though useful on state occasions when the Sovereign received his subjects, proved in the present instance destructive to the peace of mind of its guardian. The width between the bulustrades as well as the space from step to step were inordinately great, and therefore rendered defence difficult if any attempt should be made at escalade. Possibly had the original designer constructed the fair way of smaller dimensions, the issue of the dispute between the English tar and the Italian porter would have been different in result to that which I am about to relate.

The seaman not having an inclination to yield the same submissive obedience to the verbal demand of the solitary warden, as he had done to the cross bayonets of the citizen soldiers, but on the contrary, evincing an intention of mounting to the next story, the liveried official thought it expedient to try the effect of a little force. Stretching out his baton of authority across the chest of the bold invader, he summoned him to stand back and desist from his rash attempt, or he would certainly pay the penalty of the madness of his conduct.

Jack seems, however, to have been constitutionally of a pacific disposition, or, at any rate, in an affair of this nature to have resolved to avoid all symptoms of pugnacity. He made no overt resistance to this gentle act of hostility, which, in truth, he richly merited; but stepping quickly aside from the grasp of his assailant rushed across to the farthest balustrade, and with the agility of an active topman reached the summit of the flight of steps before his bewildered opponent could recover from his surprise.

The adventurous nautical hero had now firmly planted his foot on the threshold of the grand corridor, and the magnificence of the scene which then presented itself to his view probably struck him with astonishment, and perhaps with some feeling of awe. He was observed to take off his hat with the respect due to the quarter deck, to smooth down his hair, and then look around with amazement, and as if uncertain how to proceed. On recovering his composure he made a movement in advance, and had traversed the tesselated pavement of the principal gallery when his further progress was again arrested by two more of the Royal domestics.

An altercation now ensued between the parties thus opposed, which soon became so vehement that it was heard by an officer of distinction, who happened to be seated in one of the adjoining apartments. This was Vice-Admiral Persano, the Commander-in-Chief of the Sardinian fleet. Speaking English with great fluency, he promptly demanded of the British seaman why he had ventured to introduce himself within the walls of the Royal Palace, and he as promptly received for answer that he had come according to invitation to dine with his Majesty King Victo Emmanuel.

The Admiral, perceiving the man to be under the influence of fre libations, made use of coaxing language to induce him to depart, bu finding this manœuvre unavailing he whispered to one of the servants t descend to the guardhouse and bring up a few soldiers.

Two stalwart privates of the Piedmontese Guard were in a fe

ies upon the spot, and on the admiral desiring them to convey the ner to the outskirts of the Palace, the seaman remonstrated against rcise of force, and expressed his delight at joining company with fine noble-looking fellows. They were real soldiers, he said, and istake—very different from the feathered peacocks, called the nal Guard.

he walked quietly away with his new friends, he made some passing ks on the shabby treatment he had received at the hands of the , with whom he still loudly maintained he had been invited to dine; believe he complimented the Sardinian Admiral on his knowledge English idiom, which he contended was the only language neces- or a gentleman to know.

miral Persano subsequently informed me that he had told the history to his Majesty, who was extremely amused, but seemed ed to give him blame for not seeing the man well fed, before he jected from the building.—*Admiral Mundy on Naples and Palermo.*

Annals of the Band of Hope Union.

THE CONFERENCE.

e following Circular has been forwarded to Societies in arts of the country. The Committee will be happy to y Tickets to any friends applying:—

BAND OF HOPE UNION.

OFFICE—37, QUEEN SQUARE, W.C.
London, April, 1863.

nt—SAMUEL MORLEY, Esq. Treasurer—WILLIAM J. HAYNES, Esq.

Honorary Secretaries.

Mr. M. W. DUNN. | Rev. G. W. McCREE.

Agents.

Mr. W. B. AFFLECK. | Rev. J. KEELEY.
Mr. W. BELL. | Mr. F. SMITH.
Mr. G. BLABY. | Mr. C. STARLING.

R SIR,—The Committee of the Band of Hope Union intend to CONFERENCE of the friends of the Band of Hope Movement, in wer Hall, Exeter Hall, Strand, on *Wednesday, May 20th,* 1863.

ner Conferences have been extremely interesting and useful, and mmittee entertain sanguine hopes of witnessing a large and influ- gathering of the friends of Temperance from all parts of the king- the Conference now proposed.

able papers on the various aspects of the Band of Hope Move-

ment will be read by Mr. H. Staines; Mr. F. Anstie, of Devizes; Mr. W. B. Harvey, of Frome; Mr. W. Saunders, of Plymouth; Rev. E. W. Thomas; and Rev. G. W. M'Cree, which are expected to present several novel and gratifying features. The relation of Bands of Hope to Temperance Societies, Sunday Schools, National and British Schools, and Christian Churches will be brought into prominent notice. The best modes of conducting Bands of Hope will also obtain earnest attention. Should you have any suggestions to make in reference to these topics, or any other which you would prefer to bring before the notice of the Conference, you will please to communicate with us by letter, and your suggestions shall receive our best consideration.

The sittings of the Conference will be held in the morning, afternoon, and evening. Tea will be provided.

The Annual Meeting of the Band of Hope Union will be held in Exeter Hall, on Monday Evening, May 18th, when Samuel Morley, Esq. will preside, and the valuable services of the Rev. R. Maguire, M.A., of London; the Rev. J. Burns, D.D., of London; the Rev. Charles Garratt, of Preston; Benjamin Scott, Esq., Chamberlain of the City of London; and Joseph Payne, Esq., Deputy-Assistant Judge, have been already secured. Six hundred children, selected from Metropolitan Bands of Hope, will sing appropriate pieces.

The Committee will be glad to receive the names and addresses of any ladies or gentlenmen whom you may appoint to represent your Band of Hope. You will please to forward us their names as soon as may be convenient, when cards of admission to the Conference will be forwarded.

Should you wish to secure the services of any of our agents, we shall be glad to hear from you to that effect.

Trusting that you may be able to send one or more delegates to our Annual Meeting, and Conference,

We have the honour to remain,

Yours faithfully,

M. W. Dunn,

G. W. M'Cree.

Anchor Band of Hope, Camberwell.—The First Anniversary of the above Society, was celebrated on Tuesday, April 21st. Tea was first provided in Waterloo-street School-room, of which between 100 and 200 of our juvenile and adult friends partook. The company then adjourned to Camberwell-hall, Grove-lane, where a large and successful meeting was held. Richard Barrett, Esq. occupied the chair, and appropriate addresses were delivered by the Rev. John Pillans and Messrs. George Cruikshank, T. B. Smithies, and G. M. Murphy. The meeting was greatly enlivened by songs, recitations, and dialogues from the youthful abstainers, in the latter of which some of them particularly excelled, and won the applause of both speakers and audience. The Anchor Band of Hope numbers between 300 and 400 members; the usual fortnightly meetings are very well attended, there being now generally as many as 200 children present, and the interest which many of them

take in the movement, augurs well for the future prosperity of the society.

WESTMINSTER WORKING MEN'S CLUB, DUCK LANE.—A numerous company of the members of the above prosperous institution, with their wives, assembled to listen to an excellent address on "The Beauties of Temperance Song," delivered on March 24th, by Mr. G. Blaby, agent of the Band of Hope Union, who, for nearly an hour and a half, kept his audience enchained, and the interest from flagging, by his eloquent illustrations of the evils of intemperance and the blessings of Temperance, by amusing anecdotes, and by singing a number of popular Temperance melodies, the audience joining heartily in chorus. Mr. Henry Shurety, who occupied the chair, and Mr. Edward Stephens, secretary of the club, both spoke of themselves as "brands plucked from the burning," and invited any present who might be hesitating, to follow their example, sign the pledge, and experience the same benefits. Mr. Blaby has been engaged by Miss Adeline Cooper, as Temperance visitor in connection with the Duck Lane Club, and has done good service during the past six months in the locality where the institution is situated, being very popular, not only with the adult members of the club, but also with the children of the One Tun Band of Hope, whom he frequently addresses.

WORKING MEN'S CLUBS.—Under the impulse and guidance of the Working Men's Clubs and Institute Unions, the movement for the formation of clubs and institutes for industrial classes makes steady progress. Additional clubs are almost daily being established, and there is a growing desire among the managers of mechanics' institutes to modify their constitution so as to allow of the adoption of the club features. The council of the Union have just issued the first of a series of "Occasional Papers" on the formation, progress, and results of working men's clubs, halls, and institutes, and in which short statements are given relating to clubs at Chorlton Marshall, Blanford, Littlemore, Iffley, Notting hill, Salford, Kensington Potteries, Duck lane (Westminster), and Southampton. These papers are designed to afford practical illustrations and enforcement of the objects and principles of the movement, and to enlist a more general sympathy in the public mind for these useful associations. A most interesting experiment is being tried in the vicinity of Soho square, where a number of men employed in the building trades are heartily engaged in starting a club. The rent of a house for the first year has been guaranteed by a member of the council of the Union, and a body of carpenters, plasterers, plumbers, &c., are attending to the necessary repairs, making furniture, &c., for the club. A subscription has been opened in the locality for the purchase of the wood and other materials, and the labour is thankfully given by those who are desirous of having such a club in their neighbourhood. An effort of a similar character, but conducted on a larger scale, was carried to a succesful issue recently in Scarborough, where a club has been open during a month or five weeks, and has already attracted 1,250 weekly members, all classes joining in generous rivalry to give labour and material. At Forest hill a meeting was held on Monday

evening, for the purpose of forming a working men's club and institute. The chair was taken by Henry Cole, Esq., and addresses were given by the Rev. Henry Solly, and E. G. Clarke, Esq. (deputation from the Working Men's Club and Institute Union), J. M. Hare, Esq., Charles Herbert, Esq., several of the leading local gentry, and a working man, a carpenter. The building will hold from 300 to 400 persons, and has in in connection with it a class-room and a basement floor, suitable for refreshments, smoking rooms, and for various recreations. The premises have been taken by W. J. Haynes, Esq , for three years, and are given by him, free of cost, for the use of the club. The working men of the district seem disposed to rally round the promoters of the club, and express their satisfaction at the extent to which the management will be left in their hands; and cordial promises of support to the effort are given by several gentlemen and ministers of the neighbourhood. The following resolution was carried by the meeting with great enthusiasm: "That the liberal and advantageous offer of Mr. Haynes to place these premises, under certain conditions, at the disposal of the working men of the neighbourhood for the formation of a Working Man's Club and Institute, deserves the warm and grateful appreciation of all classes in the district." The proceedings terminated with hearty votes of thanks passed to the deputation from the council of the Union and to the chairman. Similar progress is reported at about twenty other places in town and country.

Great Band of Hope Demonstration at Leeds.—On Good Friday, April 3, the various Bands of Hope in connection with the Leeds Band of Hope League assembled in the Cotton Cloth Hall yard, numbering altogether more than three thousand children. Four or five excellent brass bands headed the different processions of merry lads and lasses as they moved from various parts of the town to the place of meeting. The music, the banners, and the blending of so many young and joyous voices, produced effects upon the vast number of spectators not easy to describe. The several companies of this glorious army of cold stream guards having all taken up the positions assigned them, a public meeting was commenced by the singing of a highly appropriate hymn, which was performed in a style that reflected great credit upon those who had trained them. J. J. Flitch, Esq., presided, and delivered an address which evinced deep earnestness, remarkable adaptation, and a thorough acquaintance with the great object which had brought the vast assembly together. After the president's address another melody was sung, and then Thomas B. Baines, Esq. was called upon to address the meeting. All who know the father could feel at no loss as to whether the gentleman now addressing his fellow-townsmen was the son of one of our representatives of this important borough. Seldom has it been our privilege to hear from a young gentleman so much good advice delivered so well, and received with so much delight, on the part of children, as on this interesting occasion. After another melody, the great procession was formed, and passed along Boor-lane, up Briggate, up Upperhead-row, on Guildford, on Park-lane, to the front of the Town Hall. Here the assembly was immense, and could not be less than ten thousand people,

including the Bands of Hope. A second meeting was now held, Mr. Flitch again presiding. After a melody, the Rev. D. F. Sunderland, of London, was called to address the meeting, which he did in his usually earnest and effective manner. Another melody and another address, with three cheers for the Prince and Princess of Wales, and three cheers for the Leeds Band of Hope League, brought this most successful demonstration to a close, and the children dispersed to their various places of meeting, where a further treat of plum cake and tea awaited them, to which they did ample justice.

Camden Hall, King Street, Camden Town.—The usual tea festival was held on Easter Monday, after which was a public meeting, presided over by Mr. Chapple. The meeting was addressed by our friend, Mr. John Hilton, jun. (late of Brighton). Mr. Walter Ludbrook moved the adoption of a petition for closing public-houses on Sundays, which was seconded by Mr. Miller, and unanimously adopted, after which the Rev. G. W. McCree gave some striking arguments in favour of our cause. During the evening, several recitations and songs were given. Several pledges were taken.

Islington United Christian Temperance Association & Band of Hope.—A tea and public meeting was held April 7th, Mr. Matthew Ambler in the chair. Between 70 and 80 of the Band of Hope children partook of a very good tea. Prayer was offered by Mr. Lucraft, after which Mrs. Sharp, the secretary, read the report of the past year. Short addresses were delivered by the chairman, and Messrs. Gynne, Bayliss, Berry, and Riddell. During the intervals of the addresses, the children sang some temperance melodies, The pieces were sung remarkably well and with good spirit, reflecting the highest credit upon their efficient leader, Mr. W. H. Hosier. Master Harry Stanley recited "Meddlesome Matty" in an excellent manner, much to the amusement of the audience.

LABOURS OF THE AGENTS.

Mr. W. Bell has lectured since our last Report at the following places, addressing schools, meetings of young people, and adults:—Salem Chapel, Bow Road; Moor Street, Five Dials; Ripon, Hull, Luddenden Foot, and Bradford, Yorkshire.

Mr. G. Blaby, during the month, has attended and addressed the following Bands of Hope:—Bloomsbury Refuge; Denmark Street, twice; Charles Street, Drury Lane; Barnsbury; Euston Station; Silver Street; Notting Hill; Christ Church School, Chelsea; Amicable Row, Asylum Road; Esher Street, Kennington; Moor Street, Five Dials; One Tun, Westminster; King Street, Long Acre; Stepney Meeting; Salem Chapel, Bow Road; West Green; Tottenham; and Willow Walk.

Mr. F. Smith has attended meetings as follows:—Vauxhall Walk; Milton Street, Dorset Square; King Street, Long Acre, three times; Forest Hill; Deverell Street, New Kent Road, three times; Commercial

Street, three times; Weir's Passage, Euston Road, three times; an Plumstead, Kent.

Mr. C. Starling has visited and addressed the following Bands of Hope:—Baptist Chapel, Notting Hill; Carriage Works, Euston Station Clerkenwell Parochial Schools, Amwell Street; Britannia Fields, Hoxton Commercial Road Chapel; Cottage Green, Camberwell; Good Samaritan Saffron Hill; Gee Street, Goswell Road; Vulcan, Blackfriars Road; Stepney Meeting; Kentish Town; Bloomsbury Refuge; Caledonian Road; Pond Place, Chelsea; and Forest Hill.

Mr. W. B. Affleck, and the Rev. J. Keeley are at present lecturing under the auspices of the Northern Auxiliary. Mr. Keeley has addressed meetings as follows:—In Yorkshire—Hackforth, twice; East Cowton, twice; North Cowton; Northallerton: Reeth; Louron, Hurst, Gunnerside; Arkendale; Masham, twice; Tanfield; Ilton-Cum-Pat; Hurst; Tunstall; and Catterick. In Durham—Eppleby; Coxwal; Ferry Hill; Bishop Auckland; and Witton Park. In Cumberland—Lazonby, twice; Kirkeswald, twice; and Great Salkeld. Forty pledges taken at these meetings; met 500 children; twenty-six sermons preached for different societies.

Mr. W. B. Affleck has lectured during the last month at Bishop Auckland; Hurworth; Neasham; Gurney Villa; Coxhol; Kettlewell; East Cowton; Thornton; Silsdon; Embray; Carlton; Bradley; Shipton; Lazonby; Kirkoswald; Great Salkeld; Gamblesby; Lazonby; Bishop Auckland; Hurworth; Reeth; Richmond; Low Row; Gunnerside; Marrick; &c. The meetings have been large and successful.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

All communications should be written on one side of the paper only.

Names and Addresses should be written very plainly.

Intelligence should be sent early.

Books for Review, Articles for the Record, &c., may be sent to the Editor, at No. 37, Queen Square, London.

J. Bale, Printer, 78, Great Titchfield-street, Marylebone.

BAND OF HOPE RECORD.

THE UNITED KINGDOM BAND OF HOPE UNION.

We welcome this eminently useful and working association under the new name it has assumed; though we own to a wish that "English Band of Hope Union" had been preferred. Scotland and Ireland must of necessity remain under the total abstinence management of persons residing in those countries, both as to the adult and juvenile departments of labour. But we see every reason for desiring, and none for despairing in relation to a wisely bold endeavour to connect all the Bands of Hope in England and Wales by ties of affiliation and direct co-operation with a central London directory. Leaving this verbal suggestion with the Union Committee, we have to unreservedly congratulate them on the Exeter Hall demonstration of last Monday evening. The attendance was large, filling the spacious area at 6 o'clock, and afterwards the farther gallery, with delighted listeners. The children were there in youthful force and freshness, rising tier above tier with sunny faces, and proving that in the development of their musical powers nature and art had both been liberal. With trifling exceptions all the pieces were sung throughout with exquisite care and accuracy, and with that indescribable sweetness which belongs to the voices of the young. The conductor evidently felt he had his symphonious crew well in hand, and well did he deserve the recompense awarded him by the style of the songsters and the cheers of the gratified assembly. The behaviour of the children from first to last was also very orderly, and in this respect a decided improvement on any preceding year. The speakers, including the honoured chairman, Samuel Morley, Esq., filled their parts almost to platform perfection. The Hon. Sec., the Rev. G. W. McCree, made even a Report sprightly with his off-hand version and intermingled pleasantry. The President was quiet, sensible, and impressive. Dr. Burns showed that he could strike patly and powerfully as of old. Mr. Judge Payne was deliciously and thoughtfully droll, and completely disproved his own assertion that he was "used up" as to bodily energy and mental matter. The Rev. Charles Garrett was argumentative and impassioned in a degree of which words will convey a feeble idea. Dark and appalling facts, seldom thought upon even by the serious, were absolutely lit up and shown with livid

distinctness under the spell of his eloquent imagery and illustration. Rev. Robert Maguire, turning first to the people, and then to the children, entertained both with his excellent counsels; and Rev. J. H. Wilson made an end of the public speaking by a fatherly epilogue and by singing a Scottish song, "My ain Fireside." We question whether a "grave and reverend seignor" has ever before turned singer in Exeter Hall, and those who may think that this act was out of taste make it plain that they were not there to hear. To the last the meeting was sustained with undiminished interest, and the managers added to their other merits that of terminating the proceedings, which had commenced a little after 6 o'clock, at a comparatively early hour. The threatening weather did not pour its rainy wrath upon this demonstration, and we trust that from every other source of discomfort the Band of Hope Union may be in future times as perfectly delivered.

The Conference of Wednesday was held as announced, and at three times during the day. The papers read and discussions engaged in were of a practical cast, and must result in numerous amendments of method and operation.

Less than a thousand pounds have been placed at the disposal of the committee during 1862; but we shall wonder much if every succeeding balance sheet does not tell of a more generous support, at once the effect and cause of a wider national organisation and a more established repute.—*Temperance Star.*

ANNIVERSARY MEETINGS OF THE UNITED KINGDOM BAND OF HOPE UNION.

The Annual Prayer Meeting was held on Sunday morning, May 17, at Bloomsbury Chapel (Rev. W. Brock's), commencing at half past six o'clock. The Rev. G. W. M'Cree presided. Appropriate prayers were offered by Messrs. Shirley, Hatton, Blaby, Wybrow, Raper, and Storr. During the service the Rev. G. W. M'Cree read portions of Scripture, and gave a suitable address. Notwithstanding the early hour there were over one hundred and forty persons present.

The Eighth Annual Meeting of the United Kingdom Band of Hope Union was held in the large room of Exeter-hall on Monday evening, May 18th. The proceedings were opened by singing and prayer, and then the children sang the first lines on their programme, "A Prayer for Guidance," by George Blaby, from the Band of Hope Union Tune Book. Although the

tickets of admission were sixpence and a shilling each, the body of the spacious room was filled, chiefly with the parents and friends of the 600 male and female juvenile Band of Hope choristers, who occupied the orchestra, and made the meeting a concert by the musical taste, precision, and spirit with which, under the conductorship of Mr. F. Smith, they rendered their programme of nine judiciously-selected pieces, concluding with "England's Prayer for the Prince and Princess of Wales," adapted to the Danish national melody. The chair was occupied by SAMUEL MORLEY, Esq., President of the Union, and amongst those present were the Revs. G. W. M'Cree, Jabez Burns, D.D., H. Allen, D.D., C. Garrett (Wesleyan, Preston,) E. W. Thomas, Dawson Burns, R. Mitchell, Jos. Boyle, Isaac Doxsey, A. Tyler, and R. Maguire; Joseph Payne, Esq., Deputy-assistant Judge, Elihu Burrit, and Messrs. W. J. Haynes, S. Shirley, M. W. Dunn, R. B. Starr, W. Robson, J. White, W. Spriggs, James Worley, and J. Rutherford, and Dr. Oxley.

The Rev. G. W. McCREE, after congratulating the meeting on the presence of the chairman, and stating that they had the pleasure of giving a welcome to their highly-esteemed friend, Elihu Burrit, proceeded to give a summary of the facts contained in the report adopted at the last annual members' meeting. He concluded by saying that, the committee having ascertained that in various parts of the provinces there are organisations bearing the same name as this, viz., the Band of Hope Union, have thought it desirable to select a wider and a more national designation. Their agents traversed every part of the country, and as they were not and never were the London Band of Hope Union, although some societies persisted in calling them so, the committee had therefore decided to assert their dignity, their prosperity, and their aspirations, by adopting the title of the United Kingdom Band of Hope Union—(applause).

The children having sung an Ode to Water, from the "Band of Hope Union Tune Book,"

The CHAIRMAN said: I assure you I feel exceedingly delighted to attend this meeting, and to witness the spectacle that is now before me, indicating, as it unquestionably does, an amount of sympathy on the part of those who have come to this meeting, which to those of us who have a deep conviction in reference to the objects we desire to promote, is very encouraging. It has been a subject of regret to myself, since I have occupied the position of president of the Band of Hope Union, that I have not been able to attend its meetings and to express the sympathy, the deep sympathy I have with its aims. I am glad, therefore, now, to have the opportunity of saying that, having watched long and carefully the working of the association, I am prepared to express the opinion that it is one of the most useful of the many very useful associations that exist. When I consider the limited income placed at the disposal of the committee, and the great wisdom which, as I believe, has guided their general

course of action, I feel exceedingly glad to be placed in the position which, with some reluctance, I consented to accept, of president of an association calculated, by God's blessing, to be of immense service to the country—(hear). I am prepared to express the opinion that the drinking habits of the people of this country stand among the most serious causes of hindrance to their progress—ay, that they are doing more harm than all other causes put together, and that, more than all, they stand in the way of the social, political, and, above all, the religious progress of the people. The question then arises, What is the remedy ?—for, surely, we cannot allow this state of things to continue; and I am prepared to challenge any one who takes exception to our mode of providing a remedy, to tell us of a better—(hear). In attempting to influence those with whom I was brought into contact who were allowing themselves to be gradually enslaved by the vice of drinking, I became convinced that I should do what I advised them to do, and whilst absolutely conscious of never having been in a similar position myself, I was compelled, some years ago, to determine to become a total abstainer. The fact of my doing so does not involve the idea of guilt or of personal necessity; but personal abstinence is a power to those who desire to influence others. A person who has not taken this step has assuredly never done the good in reclaiming those addicted to drinking that he otherwise would have done —(hear). I quite agree with the change in the name of the Association, for it belongs to England as much as to London—(hear). To any one accustomed to look below the surface, the state of London is quite appalling. I have heard our excellent friend, Dr. Allen, express the opinion, with which I sympathise, that we are not keeping pace with the increase of the population. The social and religious condition of the immense masses of people who inhabit this city literally gets worse instead of better, owing to the rapid increase of the population, and the want of agencies to reach the people in the more densely crowded parts of the city. So again with the country. I find it stated that last year eighty thousand charges were made before magistrates in connection with drunkenness. You cannot open a newspaper containing ordinary police intelligence without finding proofs of the disastrous consequence of the drunken habits of the people. Then allow me to press this as a matter of personal responsibility. I feel that, to the extent of my influence, I am my brother's keeper—(hear) —and have an influence for the use of which I shall have to give an account at the Great Day; and if I, so every one. Conceive, then, the moral power represented by this meeting; and if every one present were to leave deeply impressed with the conviction that he had a work to do, and were to go forth and to exercise his influence for good, depend upon it the aspect of London would be far different from that which at present appals those who are acquainted with and wish to improve its condition. I therefore beg, with all the earnestness I can command, at the same time with the utmost possible respect, but with the belief that each one has a power for which he must give an account at the Great Day, that you will consider this question closely. I think there is great wisdom in seeking to get hold of little children. I admire greatly—and I hold

it to be an absolute necessity—the rule which requires that the consent of a parent shall be obtained to the admission of a child into the Band of Hope Union—(hear). I am no believer in setting children against parents; I would have the sympathies of the parents with the act of a child. With that recognition, I say there is a debt of gratitude due to the friend, whoever he may have been, who originated the idea of getting little children together, and indoctrinating them with sound views in reference to the habit of drinking. I speak as a parent, and I am thankful that my children are growing up with a strong and deep impression with reference to the habit of drinking—a habit which belongs, not only to the lower classes, of whom we are apt to speak too glibly, but to all classes. I believe that in most classes there is a spirit of self-indulgence that needs to be kept in check, and therefore, on every account, I hold there is a loud call on us to be faithful to our deep convictions in reference to this habit—(hear). I conclude by expressing my great confidence in those who are managing the Association's affairs, and my earnest desire for its continued and increased prosperity—(loud cheers).

The children then gave the song and chorus, "Come, Sing to me of Heaven."

The Rev. Jabez Burns, D.D., was the next speaker, and he said that he was delighted with the meeting and with its object. He rejoiced when he heard that the Chairman had accepted the presidency of the Band of Hope Union. Might he be long spared to give them the benefit of his influence and example. He was pleased with the programme and with the fact that the Christian Church generally were represented in it. It contained the names of clergymen and Wesleyans; their common humanity was represented by that of Judge Payne (cheers) who, despite his name, afforded the greatest pleasure at public meetings; and there was also the name of Mr. Benjamin Scott, the model City Chamberlain. He might also congratulate himself a little. He heard the first Temperance sermon preached in Europe in 1829; he joined the Temperance movement in the first year of its existence; and he joined the teetotal society during the second year of its existence in London twenty-seven years ago. After conducting a Temperance periodical, he was impressed with the necessity for a book on the Temperance question adapted to children, and he wrote to a number of the members of the society and friends, saying that he wanted twenty guineas to give to an illustrious writer—not so illustrious then as she was now—to write a Temperance book for children. The book produced was "The Juvenile Abstainer," by Mrs. Balfour. He congratulated himself also upon having had something to do with bringing into existence the Band of Hope. Meeting with Mrs. Carlisle, of Dublin, in Glasgow, where she was addressing mothers and children, he prevailed upon her to come to England. She was the first who collected groups of children, and gave them tickets bearing the inscription, "Band of Hope." He rejoiced that in the providence of God he felt it to be his duty twenty-seven years ago, with a number of others, chiefly working-men, to lay hold of the true Temperance principle of total abstinence. There were several phases of the Temperance ques-

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tion, and he regarded them all as equally important. They could not do without the persuasion movement, by which they rescued individuals from intemperance, and without which they could have no public sentiment, no teetotal doctrine; but at the same time he believed in doing business by wholesale as well as retail, and the wholesale department of the business was to shut up liquor-shops. Yes, shut them up—(loud cheers). He doubted the teetotalism of the man who said they were not to be closed, and that they were not to adopt all reasonable methods to enlighten the nation and to bring public opinion to bear on the magistrates, on persons in authority, and finally in the House of Commons. It was very difficult, when people had been rescued from the mire of intemperance, to keep them. A frightful percentage was lost, not because they wanted to be drunkards again, but because they could not resist the power of a multiplied and almost omnipotent temptation. Therefore, he would shut up the liquor shops, not only on the Lord's day, but on every other day—(cheers). He was glad to do it gradually, if they could not do it all at once, like the Irishman who wanted to fire off the cannon by degrees—(laughter). He would be glad if all publicans were compelled to join in the early closing movement; that would be a good thing. In the Band of Hope movement, with true philosophy, they began at the beginning. We did not want children to grow up drunkards, that we might then try to reclaim them; but we wanted to prevent them being drunkards, as prevention is so much better than cure. If ever that passage of Scripture, "Train up a child in the way he should go," had an important application, it was to the dangerous custom of drinking—(hear). He was glad to hear the chairman deprecate a civil war in families. They did not want children to be set against parents; but it was a good omen in favour of the society that most parents, whether they drank or not, were anxious that their children should not do so. A tall, broad-set man came into his study one day, and when he had signed his name to a paper, he said, "Do you know it?" He did not remember it; and the man then said, "Why, my father was one of the oldest teetotallers in London—began when you did." "Well, are you one?" he asked, and the man answered, "Why, I never tasted in my life." They wanted a generation to rise up who could say that; and in going over the country he was happy to say he met with them everywhere, persons with robust and vigorous frames and admirable craniological developments, with good heads as well as good physical formation—(cheers). He met, too, with handsome young ladies who had never tasted strong drink in their lives, and who would make the best wives and mothers—(laughter and cheers). It was not only best to prevent intemperance, but it was also much easier to do it. They had great difficulty in converting an old toper who imagined he could not do without the drink; but they could easily get the child. Whether in an educational or a religious sense, "possesion" of the mind was "nine points of the law;" and therefore he would say, let them by all means endeavour to get early possession and to keep it. He was delighted with the *working* man's club movement, for they not only desired to break up bad

customs and practices, but they wanted to substitute better customs, that should be intellectual, recreative, social, and harmless, and they wanted to provide a refuge for the reclaimed man, and to preserve him in his Temperance integrity—(hear, hear). It was not only easier, but it was cheaper to prevent intemperance. £1. laid out on the Band of Hope Union in endeavouring to get hold of young people would go as far as £5. towards reclaiming drunkards; they therefore, saved by their operations £4. out of £5.—(hear). Those who commenced teetotalism in early life would be likely to grow up to promote Temperance and other great and good institutions by a ten-fold power, derived from the principles and practice of self-denial—(hear). They wanted their cause to tell on the Sunday-schools of Great Britain. There was much mischief done by moderate drinking teachers in Sunday schools, and therefore they must let in plenty of cold water. The hope of Christianity was in the rising generation. His esteemed friend, the Rev. Mr. Pike, of Derby, said at the conclusion of a long life, "I have received as many members as any minister in Derbyshire, but I have received very few old people, and not many middle aged. My church has been chiefly supplied from the Sunday school and from the young." What a blessed thing it would be if, in the course of a generation, Temperance in practice and profession should be fairly represented amongst the members of Christian churches. Every society in England was the better for teetotalism; and, if it prevailed, some institutions would be rendered useless. There would be no need for ragged schools when Temperance gained the victory, or when the rising generation universally adopted their principles and practice; and literary and mechanics' institutions would be improved, consolidated, and expanded, and made a thousand times more effective, when their members and lecturers became thoroughly and heartily members of the Temperance Societies. Temperance that night was said and sung; and there were many things that could be sung unto people. One said, "Let me have the ballads of a people and I will tell you their history;" and he would gladly subscribe towards inducing the ballad singers of England to sing about teetotalism. If the voices of children could be heard singing these teetotal and Christian and philanthropic melodies in every part of the country, the hearing of them would go far to recommend teetotalism—(hear, hear, and cheers.) He sincerely trusted that the presidency of the chairman would be long and happy—(hear). Long had he watched with great anxiety the conduct of the chairman in various Congregational movements, and he had observed his steadfastness and readiness to speak on this question on all suitable occasions. His name was a tower of strength, and long might it be connected with the United Kingdom Band of Hope Union—(loud cheers). The rev. gentleman concluded by moving a petition to the House of Commons, praying that public houses might be closed from eleven o'clock on Saturday night to six o'clock on Monday morning.

The children then sang "The Sons of Temperance," from Davidson's "Hand-book of Part Music."

Joseph Payne, Esq., Deputy-Assistant Judge, was then called upon,

and was received with rapturous cheers from both old and young. He said: Ladies and gentlemen—There was a certain Mrs. Malaprop who was in the habit of saying "comparisons are odorous." I believe she meant to say odious, and perhaps they are; but I know this, that if comparisons are odious, contrasts are delightful; and I am myself experiencing now the benefits and blessings of one of those delightful contrasts. I have been engaged to-day on the judgment seat, dealing with persons more or less brought to crime by means of intoxicating drinks; and it is a pleasant thing to come to this platform and to say that these children cannot be brought to crime by intoxicating drinks, because intoxicating drinks will not be brought to them—(applause). I was once going to a meeting, when I saw a large flaring play-bill, and in the middle of it, in large letters, were the words "Used Up;" and I said to myself, "that means me," and I am really "used up" as to physical power, mental matter, and the ability to do things as I wish; but I trust I never shall be "used up" in the strength of my attachment to the Band of Hope movement, and to the Temperance cause. I congratulate you, as Dr. Burns did, on the appearance of this meeting. With respect to the Band of Hope movement, I would say—

It is given to lead, and not to drive;
It is founded on Scripture, and sure to thrive;
It is earnest with evils around to strive;
It is growing, and glowing, and all alive;
It is the safest guard for the reputation;
It is the only cure for a drunken nation;
It is a certain help to the heart's devotion;
And it is the surest way to obtain promotion.

—(laughter and cheers). Now first I say of the Band of Hope movement.

"It is given to lead, and not to drive."

It is a leading and persuading education, and, therefore, we delight in it. The Rev. Samuel Martin, of Westminster, preached a sermon to young people, and invited any of them to call upon him next day to ask him questions. Accordingly, a clod-hopping sort of fellow called and asked to see him, and when told that Mr. Martin was busy, said, "I must see him; he *axed* me"—(laughter). When shown into the study, and asked what he wanted, he said, "I don't like to tell you; you axed me to come, but I don't like to tell you." Mr. Martin assured him there was nothing to fear, and then the man said, "It's about wopping the cows"—(laughter). "What do you mean?" said Mr. Martin; "do you mean to say you 'wopped' the cows before hearing my sermon?" "Yes, I do," said the man. "And what do you do now?" "O, I coaxes them now"—(great laughter). Many of our systems of education have been like "wopping" the cows; but coaxing is the glory of the Band of Hope movement—(hear). More flies are caught by honey than vinegar—(hear). Then I say of the movement that

"It is founded on Scripture and sure to thrive."

Dr. Burns quoted the text, "Train up a child in the way he should go." *So it* will be with these children who have been taught to abstain from

strong drink, whatever may happen to them in after life. Then, I say of the movement that—

"It is earnest with evils around to strive."

It is the only safe way of dealing with them. I have been engaged in trying persons lost to evil by habits of intoxication, and the only possible way I see of preventing the formation of those habits is by bringing up the rising population to abstinence. Some people encourage children to drink. Once, at Gravesend, I heard a small voice on the other side of a hedge calling, "Come along, grandfather," and I looked and saw a little fellow at the top of a hill, and the old man puffing and blowing on his way to the top. That is what we want these children to do and say. We want them to influence their parents, and to say, "Come along, grandfather, grandmother, father, mother, brother, sister, relation, and friend," and to lead the way up the Hill of Difficulty to the Delectable Mountains which Bunyan describes, through the Shining River, and along the glorious way to the Golden City, the Celestial City, where harps are strung, and songs are sung, and the days are everlasting —(cheers). Then I say of the movement that—

"It is growing, and glowing, and all alive."

It is progressing. There was a resolution passed some time ago in the House of Commons— I wish Mr. Morley was in the House of Commons—(cheers). There is an opening now; push him into it—(hear and cheers)—he will fit it beautifully. The man is made for the place, and the place is made for the man. Make him member of Parliament for the City of London—(cheers). Well, then, total abstinence—

"Is the safest guard for the reputation."

There is no safety for the reputation of man, woman, or child, but in total abstinence. Moderation won't do it. You have heard of the minister who, dining with a friend, sat a long time over the wine. They were "moderate drinkers," but their doings were seen by a small servant, who took a limited view of society through the key-hole (laughter). She was letting the minister out when he stumbled over the mat, and she picked him up. She set a rumour of this afloat, and the man had no answer; it made him so uncomfortable that he was obliged to leave the place. Suppose he could have said, "You good-for-nothing slut, I have not tasted strong drink for forty-five years," the small servant would have been obliged to look out for a place in which to hide her diminished head, and the man would have triumphed gloriously. Therefore total abstinence is the safest.

"It is the only cure for a drunken nation."

It is the only way to accomplish the cure. I need not enlarge upon that. Then,

"It is a certain help to the heart's devotion."

How can people avoid being touched by the beautiful melodies sung by these children.

"Devotion borrows music's tongue,
And music takes devotion's wing,
And, like the bird that sings the song,
They soar to heaven, and, soaring, sing."

(Applause.) And lastly, total abstinence

"*Is the surest way to obtain promotion.*"

This society deserves encouragement. I want, and Mr. McCree wants, the Band of Hope Union to be encouraged—(cheers). A big, hungry man went into an eating-house, and began cutting away at a fine joint of roast beef. He said it was "cut and come again;" but the landlord said "It may be 'cut,' but I'll be hanged if it shall be 'come again'"—(applause). We want you to supply these good people with funds at which they may "cut and come again." Then the society will prosper. Now, I must give you a few words, number 1859. When I overtake the year I will rest on my laurels—

The Band of Hope 's a glorious thing—a thing of use and beauty,
And flowers of joy it loves to fling along the path of duty.
The boy has in its life a shield from evils which would harm him,
The father views it with delight, and owns its power to charm him.
* * * * * * * * *

Success to those who planned it first, and success to those who guide it;
For those produced a wholesome purse, and these have well supplied it.
The Volunteer review displays at Wimbledon and Brighton
Have both a great sensation made, and helped our ties to tighten.
But I will say, to make no foes, with SMITHIES in full action,
The *Band of Hope Review* for us possesses more attraction.
For those who love unboasted work, and cheerful kind communion,
There is no better sight on earth than Band of Hope communion.
And, oh, for all from sin set free, who prize redemption's story,
No better sight, save one, there'll be than Bands of Hope in glory.
"Now, I ask you, Mr. Payne, why make such long orations?"
I answer—'Tis that we may gain subscriptions and donations.

Last verse—(laughter)—Hurrah for Morley—(cheers)—Hurrah for Morley, Haynes, M'Cree, all active and outspoken;
In them a threefold cord we see, which will not soon be broken.

—(cheers). I entirely agree with the petition that has been read, and, without adding more, I second its adoption, with all my heart—(renewed cheers).

The children having sang "An Invitation," from "The Band of Hope Tune Book," the adoption of the petition was put to the meeting and carried by acclamation.

The Rev. C. GARRETT, Wesleyan Minister, Preston, after expressing his pleasure at the glorious gathering, said: It is now twenty-three years ago, that in a little town in Dorsetshire, I first saw or heard of teetotalism. I knew nothing about the meaning of the word before then. It was as strange to me then as some other words, such as Nephalism, are strange to us now-a-days, and have to be explained before we can understand them. I saw a bill announcing a lecture by John Cassell. I was so impressed with the arguments he advanced that I signed the pledge; and I thank Mr. Cassell for conferring on me a benefit the value of which I shall never know until I get to heaven. I think that Englishman must have a cold heart who can look on the present state of the country, and contrast it with the position of our ancestors, without being under

e influence of the liveliest gratitude. Look abroad at the history of other ations for the last fifty years, and then glance at the history of our own ar land. We see that during that time almost every other nation has een baptized with the blood of her children, whilst our own subjects ive kept the peace, and this country has gone among nations like a agnet, drawing other lands unto herself, and maintaining her position the Queen of the Seas It is a glorious thought, on which I think Englishman can possibly dwell without feeling devout gratitude to od. These privileges, and the acquisition of territory, bring with them emendous responsibilities. If we are to be the leaders of the nations—there does devolve on us, under God, a mission we are called upon to ccomplish, it becomes our bounden duty to see that we are prepared to it. If a man has a great work to do, he must be diligent and careful attending to his health, or in the hour of trial he will fail. If a vessel going with a rich cargo on a long voyage, it is made the object of a areful investigation. No unsound timber is allowed in the ship, and o traitor on board. If England be the leader of the nations, it becomes s to see to it that all wrong shall be righted, and that she shall not only e a teacher, but a model too. (Hear, hear.) I look on the country ith pride, and I look on her with a great deal of hope. I know there re evils—their name is legion—but there is also being made a determined ffort to grapple with them, and, because I have faith in the ultimate iumph of truth, I have no doubt of their success. I rejoice in the unday School Union, and in the Band of Hope Union, and in all other rganisations that are designed to make our own country better, and to bring thers up to the standard to which God has raised us. And whilst this also true, it becomes us to look seriously, thoughtfully, and prayerfully pon the grand principles which are enunciated by the Band of Hope Union. Let me for a few moments devote my thoughts entirely to them. here is in our land at this day a glorious sight, and we have a part of here. There are in this country 4,000,000 children; married or single, ey belong to us. If they are trained up in indolence, we shall have to eep them in the workhouse; if they are trained up to crime, we shall ive to pay for their apprehension, and then support them in prison. e may cast them off, and say they don't belong to us; but they will d us out sooner or later, in this world or in the next. They are here, ith bodies to be clothed and fed; here, with minds to be enlightened d trained; here, with souls to be sanctified and saved; and it becomes r bounden duty to ask, "What shall we do with them?" I know what may do. You may say, "Am I my brother's keeper?" You may k your door against them, and leave them to their fate, leave them to ow up in ignorance, and immorality, and vice. And what will be the ult? The character of parents is best read in the history of their ildren; and the character of a nation is best read in the history of those a nation trains. If we neglect them we bring on ourselves a stigma will be read by future generations. If we train them up in the way should go, and make them men God can smile on, and angels rejoice er, they will throw around our brow a diadem of beauty which will

last for ever and ever. I hold that the question we ought to consider is, "What shall we do with our children?" (Hear.) What shall we wish we had done when we meet them in eternity? (Hear.) We must stand face to face with them before God, who will not hold the indolent guiltless, (hear,) any more than the absolutely criminal. We are responsible for the evils we permit, that are not removed if we have the power to remove them. (Hear.) We want our children to be intelligent, to be healthy, to be holy. We ask, "Can they be made intelligent, healthy, holy?" There comes an utterance from the throne of God. That utterance every man should hear and believe. There is infidelity in the church as well as out of it. God speaks to us as a nation as well as to us as parents, and he says, "Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it." "Let God be true and every man a liar." Take hold of that 4,000,000; they are soft, tender, plastic, mouldable; a look will affect them for ever. Neglect them ten years, and they will become granite and adamant, on which toil and tears will be eternally wasted. (Applause.) I rejoice to know the church is waking up to this, and the nation too; and we are doing what our fathers never contemplated, and taking hold of these young people by the hand, and doing what God bids us to. There is a great deal being done, and I rejoice in it. If I see a man trying to bless children, body, mind, and soul, I say, "God prosper his work." We are doing a great deal; we have books for the young, sermons preached to them, and classes for them; and the sight witnessed in the land every Sabbath is enough to make heaven's courts ring with joy. Yet, are our children what we want them to be? There are in schools 2,000,000, and of them how many who live as if the Cross of Calvary had never been erected; who die as if the Church of Christ had never been formed! This is a terrible thought. Born in our own land, in spite of organizations and of churches, they are, as Charles Kingsley says, "damned from their birth," and we shrink from them with horror, until we hand them over to the judge and to the penal settlement. Look at the church. Do these children in our Sunday schools pass through the Sunday school into the church?—(Hear, hear.) Do they? Are we passing them into the church? I have the answer which was given in this hall twelve months ago, at the annual meeting of the Sunday School Union. The statement made my eyes fill with tears, and my heart ache. After a careful examination it is found that only one in ten of the scholars passes out of the school into the church of Christ. Teachers, is this what you contemplate? One tithe; the devil having nine. Is this what we build schools for, what we labour and pray for? I say every teacher ought earnestly and prayerfully to ask, "Where are the nine? where are the nine?" I would burn that question into every Sunday school teacher's heart. Shall I tell you where they are? I know where to find them. Where are they? In the workhouse, with brain enfeebled and body prostrate, there is one of the nine! Look in our streets at night, and see these faded beauties, once young girls, wandering with a hell within, and

ı to a darker hell beyond, to-night standing ou the bridge and
ɔm it—

"Mad from life's history.
Glad for death's mystery,
Swift to be hurled,
Anywhere, anywhere, out of the world."

nother of your nine! Where are the nine? They are found that lunatic asylum, in that prison, in the hulks, and swinging ibbet. There are your nine! You talked with them, you cared You prayed, and you toiled, and yet you have only one holding and as for the other nine lambs, the bears out of the wood have them. I wish that these statements were not true. Would to somebody could dispute me! Would that we only lost one, he nine! Ah! would that we did! Listen to statements made, heat of a platform address, but by chaplains of prisons, magis- l those in authority. I have a statement, that out of 11,000 in our gaols, 7,000 had been in Sunday schools. Well, perhaps ɔme local or other peculiarity in the case. No, sir. The facts me all the land over. At Preston, the Rev. Mr. Clay says, of every 100 prisoners under my care had been in Sunday. efore they reached my hands." "Well," but you say, "it is a ıring district." Then, go to Northampton—is it any better? ıeet with Mr. Hutton, who says, "One-half the prisoners under in the Northampton House of Correction had been Sunday ver five years." There is an answer to the question, "Where ne? "Well," but you say, "There is the shoe trade there, nfluences are at work." Then go to Dorset: there are no tall and there is no shoe trade there: it is an agricultural district. Dorset gaol, out of 1057 prisoners, 723 had been in Sunday There is an answer to the question, "Where are the nine?" he cause of this? How is it brought about? One of the great which Lancashire manufacturers are aiming is to avoid waste, e up every particle of cotton that comes into the mill. Should he object of every minister and Sunday school teacher, and the every parent to avoid waste as much as possible. Do I want ne of my little ones for Christ, and the others left out? What se of this? I know you may say, as we have been reminded that our hearts are evil; so they are—I know it; and I know vil influences of society. But these things do not explain this aste. Go to the persons themselves, and ask them what drew vn, and what keeps them there. Ask Mr. Clay. He says, drink is the cause of all this;" and Mr. Hutton says the same. ɔrisoners. Ask MacPhail, who was executed at Liverpool for er of that old woman. He had been in a Sunday school, and ıad a praying father; and yet he killed that defenceless old Before he swung, he said, "It is the drink that has done it:" is the monotonous reply to every question we put. Go to that ıw who was swept into eternity two years ago, for the murder of

his father through the same cause. Before the day of execution, a friend visited him, whom he knew of old. He had been in a Sunday school and in the class of one of my most particular friends. He was asked "How came you to murder your old father?" and he said, "I could not have done it, but for the drink. My father spoke sharp, and I was half mad. I went to the public-house for drink, and then got the pistol. I came home, saying, 'I will not be scolded in this way;' but when I saw my father's grey hairs, I could not take his life. I returned to the public-house and took more drink, and then I went and put the pistol to my father's head. I am a murderer, but the drink did it." Teachers, strong drink is your great foe; it keeps two millions out, and damns the two millions in. What is to be done? Is this true? O! so true, that every true heart ought to be willing to shed tears of blood over these poor perishing ones. It is too true, and the history of the doings of strong drink is like the Prophet's roll, written within and without with mourning, lamentation, and woe. A few years ago I induced a bright-faced little boy to sign the pledge. His father, who was a class-leader amongst us, did not see with me on the question. He had two other sons, one of whom was a member of the church; and he said to me, "You have made Harry a teetotaller, but leave the rest alone." The son who was a member of the church once said to me, "Why don't you have a glass of wine when you are worn out? Am I not a Christian?" I replied, "I believe you are." He then said, cannot the grace of God keep me from being swept away by it? Just look how it sparkles in the glass. Your good health." And, so saying, he tossed it off. Soon afterwards I was removed to another part of the country. Recently, a person stopped me at King's Cross Station. "Mr. Garrett, is it you?" At first I did not know him; but it was the father of these boys. I looked at him with astonishment, and said, "Can it be possible?—what does this mean?" When I left him he had the means of retiring from business, and contemplated doing so. He told me a sad tale. The two sons besides Harry had taken to drinking. One, who was in an office in London, had committed forgery, and the father had given up all he had to save his child I asked, "What has become of Harry?" and the answer was, "Well, he kept the pledge, and he is in business now, and keeping his poor mother and sister, and I am doing anything here." I say drink is the cause of this destruction in our churches and schools. What is to be done? That is the question. Something must be done. We can't go on for ever training children and then handing them over to the devil to do his work. We must stop this terrible destruction; will you help? Is it worth while? Here is a foe in our land: who will rise up against him? I want to awaken consciences: with me it is conscience work. If my heart were not in it, I would not be here to-night. There is something left undone. You have put a barrier here and there. You have done every thing but one thing. You have told them about the bad books, about bad company, about falsehood, and about dishonesty. What more? There is a gap left, and through that the wolf has come, and he has borne off your tender lambs. What is to be done? Say,

Don't read those books, don't go with that company." Say all that, nd when you have done that, say, "Look not upon the wine when it is d, for at last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder"—(cheers). believe I speak to-night as perhaps I should not otherwise, because I ive quick ears and ready fingers following me, and I hope that what I y may reach some one who has not come to listen to us. If the church Christ, and all the Sunday school teachers, and all the ministers of od's church were next Sabbath morning to be able to stand up and to y, "Our hands are clean of the drink for ever," there would be a gap opped up, and the children would be saved—(cheers). If we had me, I could go on giving you illustration after illustration in proof of is position. I was speaking at Bolton once, when a lady came up me and said, "God bless you for what you have said to-night." I ked, "What makes you say so?" She replied, "Because I know you e right. I have brought up six children, and they are all teetotallers, nd are members of the Christian church." Another came and said to e, "I can bear testimony to the truth of what you say. I have had ight children, teetotallers from their birth, and they are all walking on e road to heaven." Sir, stop the gap: shut the wolf out, and shut the oor sheep in—(cheers). I often see in the newspapers a long list of rords, all the same—"Wanted." There is another voice getting hoarse nd terrible, that cries, "Wanted." The drink traffic, like a fire, would urn itself out in a short time if no more fuel were supplied—(hear, ear). It is a terrible thing to see so many going to hell. Oh! step etween it and the children. If you can't stop the fire, throw down a ouse or two. We are told that 50,000 drunkards will die this year. Remember, there will be in the world as many at the end of next year. Somebody will have to suffer. I have a friend who keeps a dram-shop in London. Meeting him one day, I asked him, "Have you your family here?" He replied, "I never let them come to my place of business." But somebody's children will have to go there, or it would soon be shut up. There is a hoarse cry, "Wanted! wanted! wanted! 10,000 poor deathless souls to fill up the place of the 10,000 that die in London every year through drink. Wanted! a little child to fill the place of the girl who has leaped from the bridge! Wanted! a poor soul to fill the place of poor MacPhail. Wanted! supplies for brothels, mad-houses, and prisons." Teachers, how shall it be? Look at the class; which of these are you willing to hand over? Which are you willing should go? Mothers, look around your family circle. Shall it be the son or the daughter? Unless something be done, they will be added. Mind that. What is to be done? I will tell you. We should stand up—every father, every mother, every minister, every teacher, every church member, every Briton should stand up and say, "If I cannot have my glass of ale or glass of wine without the children's ruin, I will drink no more while the world standeth." Let that be done and the drink traffic will soon be at an end. If anybody asks us to violate the law of God in obedience to the will of man, we will reply as a nation, "Whether it be better to obey man rather than God, judge ye." Our Sabbath schools shall then be free from

heir curse; the prisons shall become museums—the workhouses, people's halls—and our own dear country shall stand up—

"Great, glorious, and free;
First flower of the land! first gem of the sea!"

The rev. gentleman resumed his seat amid loud and prolonged cheering. The children then sang two more pieces. The first was the round,

"The noblest hero of the whole
Is he who can himself control;"

and the second was, "The Spider and the Fly," which the audience enjoyed so much that they encored it. During the singing a collection was made.

The Rev. R. Maguire, M.A., who was the next speaker, received a special cheer of recognition from the boys in the orchestra, and the aptitude which had won him a little to their special gratitude was probably displayed in the fact that he addressed himself alternately to the audience and to the children.

"Homeward Bound," by the last speaker, was then sung.

The Rev. J. H. Wilson, followed, and alluded to a painting which was exhibited in London, which represented the Queen handing the Bible to an African prince, and telling him that that was the secret of England's greatness. The Band of Hope found its source of power in the Bible. When the Prince of Wales was a baby he had a nurse who was teetotaller; and when this was made known to the Queen she ordered a silver Temperance medal to be presented to the nurse. He was with the Prince in 1849, when his Royal Highness visited a distillery. The proprietors naturally thought that the best hospitality they could offer him would be a taste of their whisky. The Prince put it to his lips, but the moment he tasted it he put it from him with a feeling of utter contempt. Might he ever retain thst distaste for that which had been the curse of Scotland. The rev. gentleman concluded by singing, "My ain Fireside," to the delight of the audience, who cheered the volunteer vocalist heartily.

The Doxology having been sung, and the benediction pronounced, it appeared that the chairman, had passed over the names of gentlemen who had been set down to move and second a vote of thanks to himself; but before the audience had left their seats the fact was disclosed, and the thanks were given by acclamation.

The proceedings terminated about half-past nine o'clock.

UNITED KINGDOM BAND OF HOPE UNION CONFERENCES.

These conferences, held at Exeter Hall, in the morning, afternoon, and evening of Wednesday, the 20th ult., fitly supplemented the great public meeting of the previous Monday evening. The latter was a manifestation

of achievements wrought, of hopes realised; the former were designed and adapted for an exchange of ideas on those principles and modes of operation from which those results flowed: nay, more, the conferences implied that difficulties had yet to be surmounted, and plans formed, or modified, or matured, which might extend the area still more thoroughly, spiritualise the tone, and give greater permanency to the effects of Band of Hope labour. Our report of the proceedings at these conferences must, from the obvious necessities of the case, be given in the form of summary rather than in detail. We trust that next year the conferences will be as numerous for attendance as they were this year interesting and important in character.

There were present during the day about 150 delegates and visitors—evidently animated by a very earnest spirit. Indeed, the absence of indifference, of weariness, of levity, may be regarded as well worth noting; yet, as this would almost necessarily suggest, there was no lack of cheerfulness.

The following names, copied from the list of entries, will not be unacceptable to our readers; and may serve in future years for useful reference:—

Mr. W. B. Affleck, representing the Northern Auxiliary, embracing 30 Bands of Hope; Mr. E. Barrett, Camberwell: Louisa Barrett, Anchor Band of Hope, Camberwell, 350 members: T. P. Beamish, Coventry, 900; Samuel Back, Dorking: William Bell, Melbourne, Australia; Rev. Dawson Burns, United Kingdom Alliance; Rev. J. P. Butler, London; John Brice, Shadwell society, 160; G. Blaby, Agent, Band of Hope Union; Rebecca Braggins, Limehouse; Edward Bryan, Vauxhall; F. G. Boon, Spa Fields; Carter B. Benn, Surrey Chapel; C. Burlingham, Needham Market; John Bailey, Brixton; Mary Barker, Peckham, Calthorpe terrace; William Henry Brooking, Gray's Inn road, 130; S. Chamberlin, Providence Hall; Miss J. Chapman, Peckham; Mary Ann Clarke, Poplar; John Corke, Southgate; M. Dorel, 8, Great Queen street; Ellis Davenport, Worthing, 110; Stephen S. Dean, Bedford, 500; William Ellis, Southgate; Mary Elizabeth Evans, Horsley street; Thomas Fenton, Sudbury, 140; J. W. Fletcher, Good Samaritan, Band of Hope, 130: J. French, sup., Pill street, Band of Hope, and R. Lary; Moses Franks, Hackington, Lincolnshire; William S. Foot, Bromley-by-Bow, 100; Joseph Sturge Gilpin, Nottingham; W. H. Green, Commercial Road Chapel; Rev. C. Garrett, Preston, 1000: R. Griffiths, Slough, 150; Catherine Grove, North London Sabbath School; George E. Hatton, Chancery lane: Rev. James Harcourt, Borough road, London; Booth Harris; W. B. Harvey, Frome, Somerset, 2,000; C. H. Searl, and Mrs. Searl, Fox and Knot court, Smithfield, 75; Edward Henry, Ellen Mary, and Lucy Hermitage, of the Vulcan Band of Hope; George Hinde, Shadwell; James Hitchens, Bethel Band of Hope, Gravesend, 210; George T. Huns, Bishopsgate; Mary Hutson, Limehouse; G. Hurst, and Mrs. Hurst, Elstree street, Gower street; B. Harvey, Little Denmark street; W. J. Haynes, Forest hill, Treasurer of the Band of Hope Union; Samuel Insull, Westminster road; William H. James, Barnsbury, 100; H. Jones, London; T. Jones, City of London Temperance Association, 200; Elias Lane, Christchurch, Hants, 500; J. Lesiter, Stoke Newington; Charles Lymer, Whitfield Chapel Band of Hope; John and Mark Mantle,

Vauxhall Band of Hope, 80; Rev. T. J. Messer and Mr. W. P. Thomas, visitors; W. A. Marsh, Dorking; Samuel A., Ellen E., and Rachel E. Maw, Needham Market; G. M. W. Mills, Commercial Road Sunday School; Rev. G. W. McCree, Secretary Band of Hope Union; Mrs. McCree; George M. Murphy, Meliora Band of Hope, Kent street, London; the Hon. and Rev. Leland Noel, M.A.; Edward Nean, Leiston, Suffolk; J. Needham, Gee street, Goswell road; Robert Nichol, Shadwell; W. Oakes, Stepney; J. G. Owens, Lambs' Conduit place; J. W. Oxley, M.D., John street, Bedford row, Band of Hope; Miss Parisenne, Bishopsgate; Joseph Payne, Esq.. Temple, London; G. J. Peawrie, Camberwell; I. Phillips, Band of Hope Union, Bradford, Yorkshire, 4,000; Mr. S. G. Greenough, of London, and H. Sewell, of Bradford; Councillor Pollard, visitor, Bradford; Rev. T. Phillips, Earl's Barton, 160; William Pierce, Wrexham; George Prichard, Lambeth; Miss Pitt, Cirencester, 400; Philip Parker; Robert Rae, Secretary, National Temperance League; John Ripley, Leicester; John Rutherford, Princes Street Sunday School Band of Hope, Northampton, 130; J. T. Spooner, St. Clement Danes; Stephen Shirley, of the Band of Hope Union Committee; Wm. J. Symons, New Bridge street, Vauxhall; C. Starling, Agent, Band of Hope Union; R. B., Mrs., and Miss M. Starr, 4, Victoria street, Holborn hill; Edward B. Storr, Kentish Town Band of Hope, 120; Edward Stephens and John Byland, Working Men's Club Temperance Association, Duck Lane, Westminster; Wm. Spriggs, National Temperance League; Frederic Smith, Agent, Band of Hope Union; Thos. A. Smith, of the National Temperance League; James Thompson, Southgate; Henry H. Tipper, Whitechapel; David and Francis Tuffeny, Anchor Band of Hope; W. Thomas, Gee street, Goswell road; David Thomas, Whitfield Chapel Band of Hope; C. D. Udall, of the Band of Hope Union Committee; W. A. Benning, Kingsland Band of Hope; J. S. Walters; Elizabeth Webber, Britannia Fields Sunday School, 65; William West, Chapham; J. Wood, 8, Great Queen street; and Thomas Irving White, Leicester.

The Rev. Dr. Burns, on taking the chair, gave out the 18th Hymn in the "Band of Hope Union Hymn Book," which was sung, after which the Rev. G. W. McCree read the Scriptures, and the Rev. C. Garrett implored the Divine blessing on the proceedings of the day.

The Chairman, in an excellent address, expressed the opinion that the success of the temperance cause mainly depended on the success of unmistakable temperance amongst the young. The mother of Samson, the Hercules of the ancient world, was directly commanded by the angel of the Lord, not to give to her child wine or strong drinks. If abstinence were good in his case, must it not be good in others? With children the work was plain; it was sailing on the Pacific ocean; and it was important to the church, to temperance societies, to the world, that we should preserve our children from intemperance. The sights which most offended their eyes in London were those connected with the intemperate habits, the Sabbath-breaking, and the foul language of the young. The Chairman referred in terms of high approval to the meeting of Monday night: to the speeches generally, to the speech especially of the chairman, Mr. Samuel Morley; and to that of the Rev. Mr. Garrett: the substance of which, at least, he hoped might be printed and circulated

hroughout the kingdom. He felt that they were greatly indebted, and ociety generally was greatly indebted, to the Rev. G. W. McCree, on whom he would call to open the proceedings of the day.

Rev. G. W. McCree, having read a letter from Mr. W. E. Saunders, f Plymouth, on the importance of forming an auxiliary to the Band of Hope Union in the West of England, which was well received, then read he following interesting paper, on—

THE EXISTING NECESSITY FOR BANDS OF HOPE, AND MOTIVES FOR THEIR EXTENSION.

Bands of Hope are temperance societies for children and young persons. They were first formed in 1845-6, and at once commanded the suffrages of thoughtful and benevolent individuals. That they have preserved vast numbers of the young from the blighting influence of intemperance cannot be doubted, and had they been better conducted, more efficiently organised, and more zealously multiplied by those who are specially responsible for the education and moral training of children, the number of sober and christian persons would have been larger than it is.

Intemperance is an ancient evil. Primitive nations were corrupted by t, and remote communities were weakened and destroyed by it. Jews, Assyrians, Romans, Greeks, Persians, Europeans, Americans, and Australians, have, in successive ages, had to deplore its accursed power. Its victims have been found amid primeval forests, on mountain slopes, in splendid cities, in rude hamlets, in lovely islands encircled by the glittering waters of shining seas, on fields of battle, in peaceful valleys filled with corn, and bright with flowers, in busy factories, in the school, the senate, and the holy house where prayer is wont to be made. Prisons have been filled with its votaries. The scaffold has reeked with the blood of its victims. Every generation, every country, every church, and ever household has had to deplore ong-continued and destructive reign.

That reign has not ceased. The present generation has seen many empires fall, and many kings forced to "flee apace," but the empire of Intemperance still towers like a dark mountain, and King Alcohol still sways his sceptre over a great multitude of nations, and, alas! like Goliath, can and does boldly proclaim, "I defy the armies of Israel this day."

We do not affirm that nothing has been done to assail and cripple the power of this cruel monster—Intemperance. The men of Preston have not lived in vain. Their successors have not toiled for nought. Future generations will award illustrious praises to them, and hand down their names with honour to the future. There is not a statesman, preacher, journalist, teacher, parent, or workman in this country who does not now witness, in his own circle, and in the vast social movements of the century the mighty puissance of temperance truth. The word "Teetotalism" is now an integral part of the Anglo-Saxon language, and will, we believe, rise in the ascendant from age to age, and the principles which it announces have wrought moral miracles, which have made th world to feel that a great power is working glorious changes in the customs and life of modern society.

But the battle is not won,—the foe is not dead. Intemperance is still the colossal evil of our time. No section of our community is free from its malefic presence. It continues to ruin the bodies and souls of men. If so, then, Bands of Hope are as necessary as ever.

I invite the courteous attention of this Conference to this proposition, namely—*The present state of Society demontrates the importance of training the children of the age to abstain from Intoxicating Drinks.*

The census of 1851 showed that on the 31st of March in that year there were 21,000,000 of persons in Great Britain. Of these there were 2,700,000 children under five years of age; above 2,440,000 aged five and under ten years of age; and above 2,245,000 aged ten and under fifteen years. Every one of these children is exposed to fearful temptations from strong drinks. Pure, merry, and beloved, thousands of them in the course of a few years will have become impure, wretched, and perhaps hated in consequence of intemperate habits. Some of them will, no doubt, become the parents of diseased and lawless children, and thus the fatal circle of intemperance will widen from year to year.

It is notorious that large numbers of young persons become drunkards. I preached to the crowd assembled to witness the execution of Joseph Brooks, at the Old Bailey, and close to me was a young girl under the debasing influence of the bottle. Not long ago a friend of mine entered a gin-shop on a Sunday evening, and found seventeen boys consuming ardent spirits. Their language, I need not say, was profane and obscene. On May 11th, Timothy Brown, a rough boy, aged fifteen, was charged at Marlborough Street with having been drunk, and while in that state assaulted and stabbed his mother in the face and back. Mr. J. Symons, in his Prison Reports, speaking of Leeds, says:—"I went, accompanied by Inspector Childs, to visit the low places of resort of the working classes. We started soon after nine o'clock, and visited about a score of beer and public houses. In the beer shops there were several mere children; and in almost all were prostitutes. These places were thronged. In one, dancing was going on in a good-sized room, where I found a dozen couples performing a country dance; the females were all factory girls and prostitutes. Not one of these dancers, boys or girls, was above twenty-one years of age." The Rev. F. Bishop, thus describes the music saloons of Liverpool after having visited fourteen of them:—"In every instance, I marked the presence of abandoned women. In one of the rooms there were 150 persons—a third boys. In another of higher character 400 persons, a fourth of whom consisted of youths of both sexes. The best conducted of the rooms I fear the most. In some the songs and singers are too disgusting to be dangerous: but in the better conducted a thin gauze of propriety is thrown over all the scenes. A few are open on a Sunday evening. I lately looked in at one. The audience was small, and mostly intoxicated. I heard the Old Hundred Psalm sung, the Hallelujah Chorus, Bishop Ken's Evening Hymn, and the Jubilate Deo. The organ was a large one. It was a melancholy thing to see and hear this group singing, in such a place and such a company, 'We are His People and the Sheep of His Pasture.'" What has

been found in London, Manchester, Leeds, and Liverpool, may be discovered in all our large towns, and often in our smallest villages, which, although "beautiful for situation," are frequently hot-beds of impurity, drunkenness, and vice.

No one, I think, can reflect on the facts I have exhibited without feeling convinced that some simple, wise, and effectual means of preserving the young from drunkenness should be universally adopted. What means shall we adopt? I reply—BANDS OF HOPE.

I would now briefly indicate:—*The Motives which should induce us to multiply Bands of Hope.*

1. I would specify,—*Our desire to promote the safety and happiness of our Children.*

Many of us are parents. Our bright-eyed children love us, and we love them. Their kisses refresh us in our weary hours, and gladden us as we see them gather around us in gleam and splendour of the morning. Surely we would not like to see them drunkards. But children as bright, as good, as intelligent, as loveable as ours have fallen into the dark gulf of intemperance, and alas, no hand could rescue them from its awful and fatal depths. What, then, shall we do? Let us make our children members of the Band of Hope Union, and let us do what may be possible to train them in the practice of Total Abstinence from all intoxicating liquors.

2. I would specify,—*The desirableness of guarding Sunday School Scholars from the evils of Intemperance.* The sunday school is a universal institution, and has been made an inestimable blessing to our country. A prosperous and a useful sunday school is a fountain of knowledge and goodness. But thousands of sunday scholars never become christians, because they become drunkards. This startling statement is not made without deliberation and proof; nor must I be deemed an enemy of sunday schools because I make it. I am a firm friend of these admirable institutions, and plead for the introduction of total abstinence as a part of their operations, because I desire their increased usefulness. From a trustworthy source I have taken some statements, which prove that strong drink is the most potent enemy of both teachers and scholars. "Out of fifteen young men professing piety, and teachers in the sunday school, nine were ruined through drink." "A teacher of a class had collected the statistics in respect to that class, consisting of forty-six. He was induced to examine what were their habits in regard to temperance during the preceding seven years, and the result was—drunkards, thirteen; occasional drunkards, nine; steady characters, thirteen; unknown three, &c." Here, then, out of forty-six scholars twenty-two have become the victims of the bottle. How long shall such devastations continue? How long shall noble young men and fair young maidens be left at the mercy of the drinking customs of the country? It is time to train every sunday scholar in the belief that alcoholic drinks are unnecessary for the body, pernicious to the brain, dangerous to the morals, and antagonistic to the spread of the Christian faith. A Band of Hope in connection with every sunday school must be declared an

absolute necessity. Properly conducted, it will soon approve itself to all, and in the course of a few years demonstrate that it has fortified its members against our national sin.

3. I would specify,—*The certainty that efforts on behalf of the young will produce large and permanent results.* The efforts to reform drunkards have not been in vain. There is not a town in England where we may not witness the marvellous transformations wrought by the temperance movement. Hoary drunkards have been reclaimed. Notorious profligates have become sober, then thoughtful, and then religious. Moderate drinkers have also been induced to adopt our principles. We have become a mighty host. Like an immense army, we stand in battle array against intemperance. But how many of our comrades have deserted their colours, and are now in the ranks of "confederates"! They have left the army fighting for freedom and righteousness, and now lend their aid to a rebellion against science, humanity, and godliness. But our children, when thoroughly trained to appreciate and practise Total Abstinence, seldom leave our ranks; indeed, they rush into the forefront of the battle, and with all the ardour of youth deal great blows on the helmet of our foe, and will one day beat him down to the ground, and destroy his foul and hellish life. Let us therefore enlist the children of the nation in this holy war. Let us recruit every child in the land, and like David, he will meet the foe "in the valley of decision," and overturn and slay him even when he is vauntingly defying the armies of the living God. I repeat,—Enlist the children, and you will reap large and permanent results.

4. I would specify,—*The great glory which will thus accrue to the King of Kings and Lord of Lords.* Competent authority has affirmed that only one sunday scholar in ten joins the Church of Christ. How is this? The drink-demon robs the blessed Saviour of the children who are his rightful heritage. Teach a child to drink, or a young man, or young maiden to use wine, and to conform to the artificial, foolish, costly, and perilous drinking customs of society, and you will open wide the gate which leads to crime and misery. This has been done, is done at this moment, and consequently thousands of our elder scholars are on their way to drunkenness, pauperism, lunacy, and premature death. The Band of Hope would lead to the sunday school, and the abstaining child supported in its practices by an abstaining teacher's sympathy and prayers, would enter upon the battle of life fortified against the bottle. Taught not only to avoid the public-house,—but to shun the glass, pewter mug, and decanter, the scholars in our sunday schools would be more likely to "Come to Jesus," and sing "Glory, Glory, Glory" around the shining throne for evermore.

Remember that we regard this as the ultimate aim of the Band of Hope movement. I love and labour for it because it promotes the conversion and consecration of the young. It has prepared the way of the Lord. It has brought "Glory to God in the highest." It has multiplied the converts to the Cross of Christ. Knowing this I plead for its extension in connection with every household, every school, and every christian community. That it has and will glorify Christ, is my sublimest reason for defending and diffusing it.

l let my revered fellow-labourers endeavour to guide their children rist. This—this must be your lofty aim. To see your children ng palm branches and "lilies of the valley" in the pathway of their e Friend, and to hear them making the Temple of God ring and id with "Hosannah! Hosannah! Hosannah!" must form your joy. Before you go to your Band of Hope pray—pray—pray e salvation of every child, and that you may meet your juvenile e in a devout and loving spirit, read in your chamber some simple e like this:—

"The Master has come over Jordan,"
Said Hannah the mother one day;
"He is healing the people who throng him,
With a touch of His finger, they say.
And now I shall carry the children,
Little Rachel, and Samuel, and John,
I shall carry the baby, Esther,
For the Lord to look upon."
The father looked at her kindly,
But he shook his head and smiled:
"Now who but a doting mother
Would think of a thing so wild?
If the children were tortured by demons,
Or dying of fever—'twere well;
Or had they the taint of the leper,
Like many in Israel;"—
"Nay, do not hinder me, Nathan,
I feel such a burden of care,—
If I carry it to the Master
Perhaps I shall leave it there.
If He lay His hand on the children,
My heart will be lighter, I know;
For a blessing for ever and ever
Will follow them as they go."
So over the hill of Judah,
Along by the vine-rows green,
With Esther asleep on her bosom,
And Rachel her brothers between;
'Mong the people who hung on His teaching,
Or waited His touch and His word,
Through the row of proud Pharisees listening,
She pressed to the feet of the Lord.
"Now why should'st thou hinder the Master,"
Said Peter, "with children like these?
See'st not how from morning till evening
He teacheth and healeth disease?"
Then Christ said, "Forbid not the children;
Permit them to come unto me?"
And He took in His arms little Esther,
And Rachel He set on His knee;

And the heavy heart of the mother
  Was lifted all earth-care above,
As He laid His hands on the brothers,
  And blest them with tenderest love;
As He said of the babes in His bosom,
  "Of such is the kingdom of heaven"—
And strength for all duty and trial
  That hour to her spirit was given.

For my part I never felt more confidence in the christian character of the Band of Hope movement. "The Lord of Hosts is with us: the God of Jacob is our refuge." Let us go on filled with courage and joy. Let us love God, love the drunkard, love our opponents, love our country, love our Queen, love our great and glorious cause;—let us, I say, do this—all this, and we shall conquer, and see the world redeemed from the curse of Drunkenness. For,

As I awoke one morning,
While yet the stars were burning
To my poor spirit yearning.
  I heard an angel sing.
And though the world's in slavery,
Beneath the grasp of knavery,
With truth's bold words of bravery
  We'll make the whole earth ring.
Love shall be the conqueror,
  And drive away the sin.
A laugh may turn the faithless,
But we through all are scathless—
Our principles are deathless,
  And let them laugh who win.
By Faith, by Hope, by Patience,
We'll spread the truth of Temperance;
By Love, by Light, by Diligence,
  We'll usher Virtue in;
And Love shall be the conqueror,
  And drive away the sin.
The drunkard's chain is broken,
The word of peace is spoken,
THE PLEDGE-BOOK IS THE TOKEN
  THAT BRIGHT DAYS SHALL BEGIN.
And hark! the pealing chorus—
Angels are hovering o'er us—
The just men gone before us.
  We hear their spirits sing—
Love shall be the conqueror,
  And drive away the sin.

The reading of this paper was frequently interrupted by cheers, which were renewed and prolonged at the close.

[*The next Number of the "Record" will contain the remainder of the proceedings of the Conference.*]

J. BALE, Printer, 78, Great Titchfield-street, Marylebone.

BAND OF HOPE RECORD.

UNITED KINGDOM BAND OF HOPE UNION CONFERENCES.

(Continued.)

At the conclusion of the Rev. G. W. M'Cree's paper, the Rev. C. Garrett moved—"That this Conference is deeply impressed with a sense of the physical, moral, and religious evils which arise from intemperance, and deeply deplores the fact that a large proportion of our juvenile population annually drifts into the ranks of drunkards, thus perpetuating the continuance of our national vice, and is consequently persuaded that it is wise and obligatory to induce children and young persons to commence and continue the practice of total abstinence from intoxicating drinks, and would, therefore, urge the clergy of the Church of England, the ministers of Nonconformist communities, the heads of households, Sunday-school teachers, and the friends of the young generally to form and promote well-conducted Bands of Hope." He said he most heartily concurred in the motion. Having referred to the chairman's useful works, he rejoiced that the Doctor's health had been restored (especially in London, which seemed so fatal to ministerial health), for the benefit of Temperance. The ministers of all denominations were becoming more and more favourable to Temperance, and especially during the last two or three years. He thought that each section of the Church should be left to take its own course in this matter. He rejoiced in the Church of England movement. Parents were favourable—their feelings were on our side.

Mr. Murphy seconded the resolution in a useful speech, and the motion was cordially carried.

Mr. W. M. Symons then read the following excellent paper on—

THE IMPORTANCE OF TRAINING THE YOUNG IN THE PRACTICE OF TEMPERANCE.

If we look at London, with its crowded alleys and streets, we must admit, that though a gradual improvement has taken place during the last thirty years in the drinking habits of the people, yet one generation has passed away since the temperance reformation commenced its great work in England, and our youths are still largely educated in the practice of moderate drinking—the sure prelude to intemperance in future years.

Without disparaging any effort to preserve the adult and aged from habits of drunkenness, or of reclaiming them to sobriety and virtue, and then to religion; it may yet be doubted whether there is any means of effectually rooting out any evil from society, but by educating the young in abhorrence of it, and keeping them from childhood from its temptations and allurements.

Apply this to the use of strong drink. While older persons use, and

for the time seem not to suffer morally or physically from it, there will always be a temptation to the young, and unlike many other evils, the higher the character of him who uses strong drink, the more will the example impress. I once heard two brothers talking—one was a teetaller, and both were the sons of a minister. They had been away from home, and while discussing the subject, one of them said, "But my father is a good man, and he drinks spirits." Often is it that an intemperate parent has a sober son, because the danger of consuming strong drink was open and transparent; while the moderate drinking father frequently has drunken children, who by his dangerous example have learnt to *love* the glass, and then to follow after it greedily. Yes, bitter has been *the* retort to many a parent's complaints of an intemperate child:—"*You* taught me to love drink."

How we can expect a sober manhood from children who are trained to the use of strong drink at their father's table, unless they have a strong hatred fixed in them to its use through temperance education, I know not.

What is wanted is a thorough temperance education, that shall be brought to bear on childhood and youth, as well as manhood and age. Without this, we are simply allowing weeds to grow, that men may be employed to pull them up again, or else we let the soil grow waste. Surely good seed should be sown early in the season of life.

Were not the Jesuits right in training the infant mind, and isolating the child from all the associations of savage life? This was their habit in all heathen lands, and were they not wise? If we wish a sober population, we must not only labour through our influence on manhood to remove snares and temptations, but we must train up the child to abstain from strong drink. Its evils in life and its horrors at all times should be vividly portrayed. The history and process of making intoxicants should be well known by every youth, and the right name of "Poison" should be labelled on the pernicious compounds made from vinous or alcoholic fermentation. All this should be embraced in the education of our youth. They should, like Hannibal, the Carthagenian general, be even sworn on the altar of their parents' hate.

What plan so well suited, what practice so well adapted to help on the glorious time, when the world shall be free from intemperance. as the organizing and perpetuating of Bands of Hope? Every Sabbath school should therefore have a Band of Hope connected with it. Many active teachers are now willing to help in this good work, and as time advances, more will come forward from their ranks. Half measures in the temperance movement will not avail, and many christian teachers really now see, that their classes must be saved from the ravages of their sworn foe, strong drink, or to a great extent they will spend their strength for naught.

It is our pledged youth, when educated aright in the knowledge of temperance truth, that in after years become our best advocates and our staunchest teetotallers. This is natural, and only like the tree producing its proper fruit. In them is the hope of the temperance world.

We have a right to expect the blessing of the Almighty when we train *our young* people to virtue; but how dare we ask him to bless our efforts,

f we wilfully neglect Bible principles, and leave our children to run wild n all the practice and pleasure of sinful indulgence. Surely prevention s better than cure.

Allow me to conclude with a slightly altered verse of Paxton Hood:—

"How beautiful, how beautiful, 'twould be if we could see
Our own dear land, this glorious land, from vile intemperance free.
If all her *lads but stood erect*, the temperance cause to bear,
And all her daughters wreathe its flowers amidst their shining hair."

The Rev. T. PHILLIPS was called upon to move:—"That this Conference, devoutly believing in the inspired maxim, 'Train up a child in he way he should go, and when he his old he will not depart from it,' would avow its deliberate conviction, that early training in total abstinence principles is indispensable to the preservation of the young from intemperance, and the final deliverance of this great commonwealth from its lamentable evils." This he did in an earnest address.

Mr. J. RUTHERFORD seconded the motion in a forcible appeal. Not one of his children had ever tasted intoxicating drinks, and he was educated in a similar manner. It was of importance that the Band of Hope Union should direct attention, and that that great institution, the Sunday-school Union, should be induced to direct attention to the subject of improving the character of school-books in relation to this matter. It was also of importance that the young should be trained right for service, for the old and young united would by-and-bye secure a triumph.

The Rev. Mr. GARRETT, Mr. MURPHY, Mr. SYMONS, and Mr. McCREE (who called attention to the *Band of Hope Record* and other publications of the Union) took part in the discussion which followed. The general feeling of the meeting seemed to be, that a faithful and judicious introduction of Temperance into Sunday-schools and elsewhere had been, and would be, very beneficial.

Mr. Affleck then sang, with good effect, "Kind Words shall Never Die."

Mr. STARR followed with some admirable remarks, showing how the efusal of some school-rooms connected with places of worship for Band f Hope meetings had led to the taking of halls, in which modes of nanagement of a hurtful character were carried out—(hear). There was, owever, a better spirit rising. He concluded by moving thanks to the Rev. Dr. Burns, for presiding on that occasion; and also to the Hon. and Rev. Leland Noel, who had been moved to the chair on Dr. Burns eaving, on account of pressing duties elsewhere, at twelve o'clock. This vas carried unanimously with acclamation, suitably acknowledged, the Doxology was sung, and the assembly broke up for refreshments at ten minutes to one o'clock.

AFTERNOON CONFERENCE.

The afternoon Conference was more fully attended than that in the morning, the proceedings being commenced with prayer, offered by the Rev. T. J. MESSER; at the close of which,

Mr. THOMAS CASH, of the United Kingdom Temperance Provident

Institution, who presided, said his duties as chairman would be light. He had not personally engaged much in Band of Hope work, although near relatives of his were deeply interested. Still, he heartily wished them success. He thought that if they could tell anything to each other which they knew on the subject, it might do good—(hear). He would, therefore, for encouragement tell a fact as to a Band of Hope in his own neighbourhood. A drunken man went in on one occasion, and was allowed to remain, on promising to sit still. The teacher spoke to the children of that man, and the heartfelt prayers of the teacher and children were offered for him, and he became another man; he signed the pledge, and his wife had done the same—(hear). And there was no telling where the good in that case and in similar cases might end—(renewed applause). He would now call on Mr. G. M. Murphy to read a paper written by Mr. Frederick Anstie, of Devizes, entitled, "How to Convince Children of the Value of Total Abstinence."

Mr. Murphy then read Mr. Anstie's paper, the subject of which was—

HOW TO CONVINCE CHILDREN OF THE VALUE OF TOTAL ABSTINENCE?

It has long been felt by teetotallers, that the various means which are used for inducing adults to become abstainers, and to keep them so, are not sufficient to meet the requirements of children and young persons. To gain these over to the side of temperance is admitted on all hands to be of the utmost importance; and to discuss how this may best be done, is the object of the present paper.

The attempt to win children over to the side of a principle and practice is not new, so we may argue very much from analogy. Our Sunday schools afford us a good example. They are neither more nor less than a system established for the propagation of the Christian religion. And the system is indeed a fine illustration of the noble spirit of sympathy, devotion, and enterprise which lies at the root of that religion.

The same spirit actuates the leaders of the temperance cause, but they have some disadvantages when compared with Sunday school teachers. Teetotallers cannot claim any one day in the week as exclusively set apart for the promotion of their cause, except so far as their views can be taught from the Holy Scriptures; and although we believe teetotalism to be based on christianity, we cannot advocate the substitution of temperance meetings for religious services.

The time which is devoted to inculcating total abstinence doctrines in the minds of children, is for the most part snatched from business or other useful and pleasurable pursuits. Hence we must not be discouraged if we find that the best conducted Bands of Hope are not so efficient as we could wish, and that from every large society many children are drawn away by the seductive influences which surround them. This will, however, make us more anxious to attain perfection in the mode of conducting our enterprise, so that our labour may be best economised, and none of it be spent in vain.

In order to see how children may be taught, we should first see how

they differ from adults. The chief difference will be found in their imperfect understanding. They have not yet learnt to perceive little differences and points of distinction. Every landscape, whether in nature or depicted in colors on canvas, is beautiful to a child, if only the sun shines, or those colours are arranged with a moderate degree of taste and skill. When a child notices little details, it is not from concentration of mental power, and an exercise of his judgment, but from those details having about them something which suddenly takes his fancy and captivates his sense.

The next important distinction between a grown person and a child is, the fact that the senses of the latter are very quick and in full play. The *child* sees, hears, tastes and feels,—easily believes, and acts. The *man* observes, remembers, thinks, reasons, and then acts. Hence our teaching f children should appeal rather to their senses than their understanding, nd we should try to guide and direct their feelings to right objects and ursuits, rather than expect from them any great mental effort.

The question next arises,—how are we to adapt the appliances at our ommand so as to meet these considerations? The magic-lantern, tea arties, out-door fêtes, songs, melodies, recitations, and the sale and distribution of printed works, will we think embrace the means which are at and, and which are used throughout the United Kingdom, with more r less zeal and skill, and with varying success. Of these then in order. Who has not witnessed the delight of a band of children assembled to iew the magic and beautiful effects produced on the sheet of a good antern, or the still more puzzling changes wrought by a pair of clever ands operating with two lanterns, and aided by so excellent a lime light nd other appliances as those of the Band of Hope Union? The pleaure of seeing children enjoy such a sight is a part of our pay for the rouble we expend, and it is honest pay just in proportion to the pains e take to produce and leave a good impression on the children's minds.

Many slides have merely the effect of gratifying the sight, by produing a pleasing combination or arrangement of colours, as in the hromatrope. Others, while they please the eye, may also bring us into loser intimacy with nature, and incidentally lead us from nature up to ature's God;—such are pictures of animals, landscapes, and the countess wonders of nature. Illustrations such as these, if only tolerably well lrawn, will be beneficial. They can do no harm, and the amount of ood they may do will correspond to the turn of mind and skill of the perator. Representations of heroes or heroines,—of the great and good f all ages, may be used to found the most important lessons upon, if nly they be true to life. They ought to be photographs if possible, for hildren are quick to perceive what is true to nature. Unless they have een exposed to the most corrupting influences, and so lost their childood, they will always like that best which is most beautiful,—and apart rom any suitable remarks from the lecturer, they will find it very difficult o associate great and good qualities with a picture which betrays weakness, and is in itself repulsive and out of proportion. A protest must herefore be entered against any would-be portraits of great men, which

are really nothing more than dauby, inexpressive, representations of the artist's own imagination. The face of a Milton, a Wilberforce, a Cromwell, or a John Knox, will have character enough about it, if not beauty, provided it be got from the best source; and it will be worse than useless to substitute a daub. Better far for the lecturer to trust to his own powers of verbal delineation, and leave the children to picture to their own minds the features of his hero.

The slides however will be most advantageously employed with the immediate object of disposing the children towards teetotalism. Take for instance those admirable illustrations of "The Bottle," by Mr. Cruikshank, and some other of his valuable works. A vigorous effort should be made, through such slides as these, to create in the children a horror of strong drink and its terrible effects. They may also be made to produce a love for the means we adopt for checking drunkenness, and relieving that poverty and misery which is so inevitably the result of it. We stand very greatly in need of two or three more good sets of illustrations, particularly adapted to the temperance cause. We might have a set designed to point out the benefits and encouragements which those children meet with, who adopt and stand by the pledge of abstinence. Or the artist's skill might be employed in showing the subtle and wicked means adopted for enticing away the young from the way of temperance, or the easy steps by which those who abandon a good principle are led on from worse to worse, till they come to ruin. Several of the prize temperance tales which have been published would surely afford good subjects for the artist's skill, and we cannot but hope that the next year will produce some further help to our lecturers in this direction. Tea parties and out-door fêtes are very pleasant, and they afford an excellent opportunity of showing to our neighbours what we are doing, and at the same time of enlisting fresh helpers. They also give courage to those who are somewhat afraid of public opinion.

Songs, and melodies, well selected, are indispensable to the Band of Hope movement, and may be made the means of a great deal of pleasure, as well as of instruction to the children.

Recitations may be of some use in sustaining a cause where there is a deficiency of strength in the committee who work it, but it will be very difficult, in the use of recitations, to avoid giving to the children a love of display and publicity which may be the ruin of them. We cannot think that the best trained children will be induced to take part in the recitations. If so, surely it is not well to encourage others to do what the best feel, or are taught to consider wrong. We may remember, too, that there are many other and better ways of carrying on our work. We may persuade the children to read and commit to memory the very pieces which would make good recitations, or even to rehearse them at their homes, and so do a very large amount of good without injury to themselves. And this brings us to the remaining weapon we use in the Band of Hope movement,—we mean the printing press.

The circulation of temperance writings should be one of the first objects of the Band of Hope movement. It is a weapon with which we not only

defend our little cold water soldiers, but by which we aim a lusty blow at the foes they meet with in their own families.

It must be remembered that there are numbers of children in the Bands of Hope who come from very indifferent and even drunken families, and if we can only get every child in the Band of Hope to take home a temperance paper,—say a "British Workman," "Band of Hope Review," or "Adviser,"—who can estimate the good which may result to their families and to society generally, by the diffusion of such a vast amount of pure and wholesome reading.

In conclusion, we believe children are to be won chiefly by pictures,—pictures on calico,—pictures for the *day* time, as well as pictures for the evening when the gas is obliged to be turned down. Pictures in words, falling from the lips of eloquent lecturers,—pictures on paper,—and pictures in printed words. Everything that we want to teach must be some how or other set in a picture frame, suited to the child's fancy. Then we must contrive to drop in the lesson to be taught, and as skilfully as possiple transfer the child's fancy through the picture to the important truth we intend to teach.

An interesting conversation followed the reading of Mr. Anstie's excellent paper, in which Mr. Venning, Mr. Rutherford, Mr. Murphy, Judge Payne, Mr. T. I. White, Mr. Phillips (of Bradford), Mr. Sewell, Mr. Hitchins, Mr. Heaton, Mr. Greenhaugh, and Mr. Hugh Jones took part. Mr. Payne thought it desirable that children should not be put too much forward. Mr. White said it seemed to be the idea that good or evil from recitations depended very much on the character of the teacher. Mr. Phillips said he had been a teacher for eleven years of the Band of Hope connected with Sion Chapel, Bradford. He believed that recitations properly managed, were beneficial, and not injurious to the children. This point he illustrated by facts. He found, too, that the children almost always made admirable selections—(hear, hear). Mr. Rutherford said he had known several reciters who had risen to eminence. Mr. Sewell, Mr. Hitchins, Mr. Heaton, Mr. Greenhaugh and Mr. Hugh Jones, all concurred in the views of the Bradford delegate. Mr. Jones said that they found recitations the most interesting part of their meetings. They paid a conductor £20 a-year—(hear). Some difference of opinion existed as to whether girls should be permitted to recite publicly.

Mr. Shirley said he somewhat differed with some who had spoken. If properly attended to, recitations would do good; but it was a grave question as to how far girls should be brought out. It was, too, not merely a question of vanity as to the children, but as to the cherishing of vanity in the teachers—(laughter and cheers).

Mr. McCree said, that as they should have but one paper at night, and they had much attend to during the afternoon sitting, he would suggest that the discussion should be postponed—(hear).

The Rev. E. W. Thomas (secretary to the Reformatory and Preventative Institution) then read a good but lengthy paper on "The Inseparable Connection between the General Use of Alcoholic Drinks and

Juvenile Delinquency," which was one of the great problems of the age. [*We shall give our readers this excellent paper in some future number*].

Mr. McCree named a fact which came out at the Social Science Congress, from which it appeared that when the records of certain workhouses were examined, it was found that orphans were better off morally than those children who had one or two drunken parents.

Mr. W. B. Harvey, of Frome, then read a very valuable paper on—

THE BEST MEANS FOR SECURING STEADFASTNESS IN BAND OF HOPE MEMBERS.

I take it that presence at this Conference is a guarantee that all here are fully impressed with the importance of the Band of Hope movement, and that we are met with one common object in view, viz., "in the multitude of counsellors" to gain that wisdom which will enable us in our respective spheres to prosecute our work more systematically, and in a manner that will promise a larger measure of success than we have as yet attained.

Not only labourers in the temperance vineyard, but those also who are engaged in other christian and philanthropic works, if they have, in any measure, been students of human nature, must have felt the vast importance of securing the sympathies of the young. We cannot understand the power and permanence of early impressions, and as, in our particular enterprise we are fighting against an evil habit, it is of especial moment that we endeavour to prevent that habit being formed in the young, knowing that in every sense "prevention is better than cure."

Moreover, let us never forget the amazing power that children have over others of an adult age, especially their own parents. Who can have read the touching story of "Wee Davie," and have seen the unconscious influence which that little prattler had on his sturdy father, in withdrawing him from bad habits and bad places, eradicating unkindly feelings, and softening and ennobling his entire nature, without feeling that in any moral work, if we can only gain the young, we have done much to gain the old also.

Will you then permit one, who though not an old man, has had some 21 years' experience in the Temperance movement, and that chiefly among the young, to offer a few practical suggestions on "The best means for securing stedfastness in Band of Hope members."

1. I would refer to the importance of a thorough training in those principles which constitute the basis of the movement.

Is it not a fact that we sometimes give too much attention to *amusing* and *interesting* the children, and too little to *teaching* them? If, at a Meeting, the singing and the Recitations have been well given, if the Address sustained the attention, and if we have sent away our youthful audience well-pleased with the meeting, and looking forward eagerly to the next, are we not too disposed to think we have done all that is necessary! Should we not rather, at the close of each meeting, ask ourselves the question— Are our children leaving us *wiser* than they came? Do they know more about the real nature of alcohol? Are

they more impressed with the truth concerning it which God has given in his word and in science? Are they, in fact, more prepared to battle with the temptations to which they will be exposed in reference to it, and to meet all those temptations with an intelligent argument?

I believe many of us are wanting in this respect, and that because of this, we have had to lament over many failures which would not have occurred, had our children been better grounded in true Temperance principles.

Do not misunderstand me. I wonld be the last to deprive our meetings of their attractive character. I believe in the power of music, not only to amuse but to refine and instruct the youthful mind. I believe also in every amusement of an innocent character, that will tend to draw forth the happiest anticipations of our little ones towards the Band of Hope meetings. Still, let us not forget that these are but as the basket, and will be comparatively worthless, unless they are made the vehicle of the precious jewel of sound instruction.

2. I would suggest that more efforts be made to circulate Temperance literature among the young. The movement may now well boast of its literature, both as to its periodicals, and its separate and larger works. Many of these are specially adapted for the young. Have we used as much effort as we could to circulate them? In the society with which I am connected about 350 Temperance periodicals are disposed of among our juvenile members every month, by a system to which I shall presently refer. Upwards of 1000 vols. of books from our library, all bearing on some phase of the Temperance question, are also kept in constant circulation among our members, and generally bear marks of being well read, not only by the youths, but also by many of their parents. I cannot but regard the judicious and continuous circulation of Temperance literature as even more valuable in promoting the steadfastness of our members, than the meetings.

3. Another point to which I would invite attention as being of great importance, is the employment of the young people in the work. There are various ways in which this may be done. In our society, we have found it useful occasionally to offer prizes for the best essays on given subjects, when, in order to secure a fair competition for those of younger years, we have always had distinct prizes for three different grades, the first grade being open to any members, the 2nd confined to those under the age of 16, and the 3rd to those under the age of 12. As specimens of those subjects offered to the first grade, I may mention the following:—"The History of the Temperance movement—detailing the various efforts that have been made from the earliest dates for the suppression of Intemperance, including the Moderation, the Total Abstinence, and the Legal Prohibition movements, and their several results." No youth could write an essay on that subject without having carefully read and thought on it, and such exercises must tend to strengthen the conviction of the truth and value of the Temperance principle. Another subject, was "The testimony of Scripture in favour of the principles of the Temperance movement, the work it is calculated to effect, and the reasons why it can never take the

place of the gospel, while it is still in perfect harmony with it." My firm belief is, that the more the Bible is studied in its reference to the Temperance movement, the more will it be seen that God's voice in his written Word is the same as His voice in science, and that the more we can induce our youth to search the Word of God, the more they will be led to hate that "wine" which is a "mocker," and that "strong drink" which is "raging." Another subject tested the imaginative and descriptive powers of the writers, and produced a number of Temperance tales, some of which would have done no dishonour to the press. The subject was stated thus:—"A narrative picturing the career of the father of a family brought to the brink of ruin by strong drink, rescued by teetotalism, and brought under the influence of the Gospel."

In the 2nd grade, the subjects were wore simple, as will be seen by the following specimens:—"Passages of Scripture involving the principle of total abstinence, and examples of the Divine approval being given to those who practised it." "Reasons why alcohol cannot be considered 'a good creature of God.'" "The origin and history of Bands of Hope, and the best means of increasing their usefulness."

In the 3rd grade still greater simplicity was observed, thus: "Reasons for joining the Band of Hope"; "Scripture Texts on the Evils of Drunkenness"; "Scripture Warnings against Strong Drink."

We have, also, occasionally offered prizes for examination papers, founded on some scientific Temperance work, such as Miller's "Alcohol," Carpenter's "Physiology of Temperance."

Then there are other ways in which the young may be employed in advancing the cause. Some by preparing recitations, others by learning pieces of Temperance music, either separately or in choral classes, for the purpose of enlivening the meetings, and others from among the elder members, by occasionally giving addresses. I am persuaded that the more we can develope the thinking and working powers of our young people, the more will their stedfastness be secured, and the more will others be strengthened by their influence.

I have reserved the mention of one practical method for securing the active co-operation of the young till the last, although I believe it to be a most valuable one, and, from the fact of its having been in operation in Frome, for the past six years, it cannot be regarded as a visionary, untried theory—I refer to the system of employing a number of the most intelligent youths in systematically visiting the whole of the members. The town to which I have referred, is divided into 36 districts, over each of which a youth is appointed as district secretary, and is supplied with a register containing the names and addresses of all the members in that district. These officers are expected to visit each member at least once a month, to make an entry in the register of such visit, and if it be found that any member has broken the pledge, that fact is stated, together with the reason assigned for deserting the ranks. They also lend the library books, exchanging them at their next visit, and take orders for any of the temperance periodicals, which they deliver early in the month. It is through this agency that the periodicals referred to in an earlier part of

is paper are disposed of. Over these district secretaries are placed ır young men as superintendents, each having nine secretaries under ; direction. He receives their orders for the periodicals, delivers them, d takes the payment, exercises a general supervision, and is the medium communication between the committee and district secretaries. The perintendents are *ex-officio* members of the committee. Once a quarter ch secretary prepares a report of his or her district, and at a tea meeting, which the committee and district secretaries are present, the superinıdents read these reports, together with a summary of each of their ır general divisions, which when combined show accurately the position the society, as to its number of members, its accessions and defalcations, d the circulation of its literature.

I would most confidently recommend this system to general adoption, eling that, more than anything else, it has tended to keep our members ·m, and to render them intelligent abstainers, while the influence on ıose youths who are themselves working in this way is most valuable. : deepens their interest in the society, and is a means of training them ır other useful spheres in connection with the movement.

4. One more brief suggestion will complete this hastily-prepared paper. f we are to keep our members steadfast, we must strive to gain the coperation of the parents. In order to do this, it is essential that we fully ecognize the parental authority over the children. In Frome, therefore, 'e allow no child under the age of 14 to sign the pledge without the ignature of one or both of the parents to the following declaration:—

We, the undersigned, fully approve of our child becoming a member f the Band of Hope, and will do what we can to induce him (or her) to eep firm to the pledge." We have found this no hindrance to getting ıembers, while we are persuaded it has been a great help to keeping them teadfast. Several of our members are the children of publicans, and ıe pledge papers have in these cases, been invariably signed by one or oth of the parents, and in some instances, we have known these very arents who are themselves engaged in the traffic, make the most strenuus effort to keep their children firm to the pledge. So deeply are ıany parents convinced of the importance of their children becoming bstainers, that they will not allow any intoxicating drinks to be seen on ıeir table till the evening when the children are in bed. I believe that, y adopting a conciliatory course, recognizing the parental authority, and ppealing to the parents for the sake of the children, reminding them ıat, as God has given the little ones no natural taste for alcohol, a fearful esponsibility rests on them if they implant that taste, many of the parents ıay themselves be won to the ranks of the Temperance army.

Such then are the few hints I have to offer on "the best means for ecuring steadfastness in Band of Hope members." They are simple, nd such as may possibly have been already adopted by some present. till I believe they are worthy the consideration of those who have not et tried them, and as far as they commend themselves to your judgment, would ask that they may be accepted and practically tested.

Above all, may we, in our counsels, have the guidance of that "wisdom

that is from above," so that the result of our Conference may be the largely increased efficiency of our various societies, and the glory of Him whose servants we desire to be in all that we do.

Mr. SPRIGGS thought Mr. Harvey's an excellent paper. It was, indeed of importance that the young should be well informed as to the nature of alcoholic drinks, and that they should be well trained, so that they might be stedfast. He congratulated Mr. Harvey on his production—(hear).

Mr. SHIRLEY wished to know whether they found the youths do their duty in the matter of visitation?

Mr. HARVEY: As a rule, we find the secretaries do their work thoroughly—(hear). They report once a month, and they keep a record too. Their books are examined once a month. We find them most efficient workers—(hear).

Mr. WEST: Have you a special fund for literature?

Mr. HARVEY: No; our general funds do, and we get a profit on our periodicals—(hear).

Mr. WEST expressed his warm approval of this course. He provided a good deal of literature, and he found the children come eagerly. He got cleared out every month. He was sure Mr. Harvey was right.

Mr. RUTHERFORD said he had derived considereble advantage from hearing Mr. Harvey's paper—(hear). Almost every school might be induced to take the *Band of Hope Review* and *British Workman*. The plans recommended by Mr. Harvey were excellent.

Mr. AFFLECK then gave a deeply interesting account of the establishment of a northern auxiliary to the United Kingdom Band of Hope Union, with head-quarters at Darlington. It was started on the 24th June, 1862. All their meetings were begun and ended with prayer. The results of their labours had been most gratifying; at one place twenty-five from among the senior members of the Band of Hope had joined the Wesleyan Society—(hear). All their work had been done without money—(laughter). They had no funds—(renewed laughter). They had no debt—(louder laughter, and cheers). During the last nine months he had given five lectures a week, and preached many sermons; more than sixty towns and villages had been visited during the period named; and thirty societies were affiliated—(hear). They should keep hold of recitation—people liked the children's recitations better than lectures; they did immense good—(hear). Mr. Affleck concluded by singing, on request, "Kind words will never die," the company joining in the chorus.

Mr. McCREE followed in a capital speech on the same subject. They hoped to form a similar Auxiliary for Devon and Cornwall—(hear).

Mr. GREENHAUGH then recited Longfellow's "Psalm of Life."

THE SUNDAY CLOSING OF PUBLIC-HOUSES,

After some judicious remarks on the above subject, by Mr. McCREE, who read a form of petition thereon,

Mr. HAYNES rose, and said he most earnestly and cordially proposed the adoption of the petition to both Houses of Parliament in favour of Mr. Somes's Bill. He had himself witnessed such scenes, especially on

Sunday night, as distressed him greatly; and he was of opinion that Ir. Somes's Bill, if passed into a law, would prevent much evil, and do ıuch good—(hear).

Mr. Tipper seconded the proposition in an interesting and able ldress, containing some valuable statistics concerning East London.

The Rev. T. Phillips, of the National Temperance League, supported ıe proposition in an earnest address, refering to the manifold private and ıblic efforts of that body, expressive of their hearty approval of the olicy of seeking, by all available means, the legislative adoption of a ill in favour of Sunday closing, and of producing such a public convic-on in favour, and such an adoption of total abstinence principles as ıould essentially become developed in legislation.

The Rev. Dawson Burns, after referring to his experience years ago s Secretary of the National Temperance Society, said that with regard to he prospect of Mr. Somes's Bill in the House of Commons, they were ıncertain. The members felt uncertainty. His own opinion was, that f sufficient power were brought to bear, the Bill would get over the econd reading; and possibly the Sunday traffic might be placed under ;reat restriction. Nothing was to be gained, however, by anticipating lefeat. A great movement was taking place in the parish of St. Pancras, o ascertain the views of the inhabitants on the subject. The Press in London was no proof of the opinion of London—(hear). He could say ıot only personally, but with the consent of the United Kingdom Alliance, hat although that body was, from its principles, precluded from taking up that measure, they wished it success; and there was not one of its officers who was not in favour of the measure. They should never get a sober people without legislation—(loud applause).

The Rev. Joseph Butler also supported the measure. He said their course was right on. He was in favour of every thing which would give them help. They should come to another phase of the question soon. It was a question now whether a publican had any legal right to shut up his house on a Sunday; but very soon, if a law were not obtained, they should have the publicans asking for a Permissive Bill—(hear).

Mr. Councillor Pollard, of Bradford, stated that in the West Riding of Yorkshire their Temperance friends were wide awake to the importance of this movement. Some public meetings had been held, and many petitions had been sent up in favour of Mr. Somes's Sunday Closing Bill. In Bradford they had, prior to the introduction of Mr. Somes's Bill, held a large and influential meeting on the Sunday Closing question. The meeting was presided over by an influential magistrate, and the movement was earnestly advocated by clergymen and other respectable inhabitants. He further stated that he had the honour to make one of a deputation to wait upon two West Riding Members on the prohibition question. An advantage was taken of these interviews to press upon the attention of the honourable gentlemen the importance of supporting Mr. Somes's Bill. Sir John William Ramsden did not promise any precise course of action on this point, but admitted the vast importance of the movement. Sir Francis Crossley said that, with some slight modifi-

cation, he was prepared to vote for the Sunday Closing Bill, which he should be glad to see become the law of the land. Mr. Pollard further said that it would be interesting to the Conference to know that fifteen of the gentlemen who waited upon Sir John Ramsden had a teetotal age averaging twenty-five years to each individual. The deputation to Sir F. Crossley was more numerous, numbering eighteen persons, and ranging from teetotallers of three years to others of thirty years: the average was found to be twenty-two years to each individual. He had himself been an abstainer for thirty years, within a very few months—(hear, hear).

The motion was then put from the chair, and carried with acclamation, the chairman being requested to sign the petition on behalf of the Conference.

Thanks were then warmly passed to Mr. Cash for so ably and kindly presiding, on the motion of Mr. Page, seconded by Mr. Shirley. Mr. Cash acknowledged the vote; the doxology was sung, Mr. McCree pronounced the benediction, and the long and interesting afternoon sitting terminated. The members of the Conference took tea together in an adjacent room.

POETRY.

THE DRUNKEN REVEL.

"Fill! fill the bowl,
Banish care and sorrow:
Why should a jovial soul
Care about to-morrow?
Sing, and drink, for we 'll be gay;
Punch drives every care away.
Hurrah! for we
Will merry be,
And pass the night in jollity."

In the "Old Bell," that jovial song
You might have heard, one stormy night;
The north wind blew:
The hailstones flew;
But the intoxicated throng
Who sung that strain,
With might and main,
Even when the storm was at its height,
Mocked, as they heard the tempest's roar;
And screamed and yelled with mad delight,
"Bravo! Well done! Encore! Encore!"

Twelve! One! Two! Three! the old church bell
Tolled out, with deep and solemn knell.
  Then the fierce storm of rain and sleet,
    Its fury o'er,
    Was heard no more;
  But like a sheet of ice, the street
  Was dangerous to unsteady feet.
The storm without—the storm within
    Were hushed; and then
    Those drunken men
To turn their steps towards home begin.

With many a slide and many a slip;
    Now up, then down,
    Cracking the crown,
As on the ice their footsteps trip.
And one poor fuddler roared with pain,
As he rolled down a slippery lane.

The iron hand of time struck four!
When Edward Stanley at the door,
With shaking hand, the old latch-key
Turned in the lock, and you might see
  That he was in a sorry case—
His trousers split across the knee;
  And blood was trickling down his face.
    "Hurrah! for we
    Will merry be,
  And pass the night in—Oh dear me!
  What is the matter with the key?"
  In went the door, and down went he.

Then you might hear him, like a bear
Grumbling, and tumbling up each stair.
  "Polly! why don't you bring a light?"
    "Hush! foolish man!—"
    A voice began.
    "Why, who are you?
    I mean to do
    Just what I like;
    If I don't, strike—"
He reached the top, and stood amazed;
The light from many candles blazed,
    Dispelling gloom
    From that dark room;

And fellow-lodgers clustered there
He eyed with curious, drunken stare.
Then loud he shrieked, for on the bed,
That bed of straw!
The drunkard saw
His Polly, and her babe, new-born
On that tempestuous, icy morn,
Lay numbered with the silent dead.

JOHN P. PARKER.

DR. CUMMING on 1 TIMOTHY, v. 23.

In a tract on "Inspiration," recently published by Dr. Cumming, he makes some remarks on St. Paul's words to Timothy, "Drink *no longer* water, but use a *little* wine for thy stomach's sake and thine often infirmities." I once in Manchester heard Dr. Cumming use much more objectionable language respecting this passage than he does in his tract on "Inspiration," but still there are some expressions even here which require correction.

Dr. Cumming calls St. Paul's words "a maxim." Does he know the meaning of the word "maxim?" Dr. Johnson defines a maxim to be "a general principle," "a leading truth." Surely the apostle's prescription to one individual of *a little wine* as a medicine, on account of his bodily weakness, was not "a general principle," "a leading truth," intended to influence all men and women, in all ages and in all countries, whether they be invalids or in robust health like Dr. Cumming. "Maxim" literally means "that which is greatest and foremost." St. Paul's recommendation to Timothy does not deserve any such term to be applied to it. Timothy had been, as Canon Wordsworth remarks in his notes on the verse, a teetotaller. To total abstainers only could it be said, "Drink no longer water," or rather, "be no longer a water drinker." This prescription could not be given to Dr. Cumming, because, even when in the enjoyment of uninterrupted health, he drinks intoxicating wine and probably other intoxicating drinks every day. Words which he calls "a maxim," have no application whatever to him. And, moreover, he would find it very difficult to prove that the wine Timothy was recommended to take was like the intoxicating article, called wine, consumed by him. However, whether it were or not, teetotallers see in 1 Tim. v. 23, nothing opposed to their principle, their "leading truth," their "maxim," *laid down* by St. Paul himself in Rom. xiv. 21, "It is good not

› eat meat, or *to drink wine*, or to do anything whereby a bro-
ıer stumbles, or is offended, or is made weak." St. John gives
; a precept, a maxim of universal application, namely, "That
; Christ laid down His life for us, we ought to lay down our
ves for the brethren;" and if our lives, surely a glass of wine
· a glass of ale ought to be laid down, if by doing so we can
ılp to rescue a brother or sister from ruin here and hereafter.
heard Dr. Cumming say in Manchester, that a man was as
sponsible for what he did not do, as for what he did! How
sponsible he for not helping us teetotallers, and for not seeking
suppress the Liquor Traffic, which destroys so many precious
uls, and produces so much misery of mind and body to mil-
›ns of the human race, and is the cause of the greatest portion
our country's crime! How can Dr. Cumming, everywhere
› goes, try to injure and mar the efforts of teetotal societies,
hich have for their praiseworthy object the lessening of
ıman misery, and, indirectly at least, the salvation of the
uls of poor drunkards! In Cambridge, some time ago, at a
ible Society's meeting, he said, "We live in a day too solemn,
ıd under circumstances too critical, to permit us for a moment
trifle with any means which would enable us to win souls to
hrist." Alas! Dr. Cumming is trifling, and doing still worse,
ith the earnest efforts made by teetotal ministers and pious
etotal laymen and women to win souls to Christ! He told
e some four years ago that he would never again say a word
gainst teetotalism in the presence of teetotallers! I am sorry
ıat he has often since forgotten his promise!

In his tract on "Inspiration" he accuses us teetotallers of
ɜing ascetics. This is a favourite charge of his, which I an-
vered in a letter to him four years ago. Was St. Paul an
ıcetic, because he said in 1 Cor. viii. 13, "If meat make my
:other to offend, I will eat no flesh while the world standeth,
st I make my brother to offend?" Did St. Paul promote
ıceticism because he recommended the unmarried Corinthians
· remain so, on account of the distress at that time existing
the church at Corinth? See 1 Cor. vii. 26. However, there
a sense, and a praiseworthy sense, in which many teetotallers
e ascetics. "Herein," says St. Paul, in Acts xxiv. 16, "I
› exercise myself to have always a conscience void of offence
ward God and toward men." Can those who encourage the
ıuor traffic, like Dr. Cumming, say this with as much truth
teetotallers?

However, Dr. Cumming is greatly improved since I saw him

last. He then told me that he used those drinks because they were pleasant to his taste. Now he says, "If people would drink them *not to gratify the mere taste*, but medicinally, they would be much better." He says that he is always well, and therefore, of course, never requires medicine!

I do not despair of seeing even Dr. Cumming advocating, at some time not very distant, the principles of teetotalism, which he has done all he could to undermine and destroy.

WILLIAM CAINE, M.A.

Manchester.

NATIONAL TEMPERANCE LEAGUE.—The annual meeting of this society was held on Tuesday night in Exeter Hall, which was well filled. The chair was taken by the president, Mr. Samuel Bowley. Mr. Tweedie, one of the honorary secretaries, read an abstract of the annual report, which commenced by referring to the special efforts that had been made to promote temperance during the International Exhibition. These included three meetings in Exeter Hall, one at the Crystal Palace, attended by about 20,000 persons; one at Surrey Chapel, one at the Lecture-hall of the Young Men's Christian Association, a ministerial conference at the London Coffee-house, attended by 80 clergymen and ministers; a medical conference at the residence of the treasurer, S. Gurney, Esq., M.P.; a breakfast to foreign members of the Social Science Association, a Band of Hope conversazionie at the Freemasons' Hall, a temperance congress, extending over three days, at which 45 papers were read and discussed, and 50 sermons by ministers in town and country. The report stated that the general operations of the League during the year included 820 addresses by honorary deputations; 680 lectures by agents; and a mission to sailors, in connection with which, 4,828 visits had been paid to vessels in the port of London; 99 meetings had been held on board ship, and 128 elsewhere; and 2,457 temperance and religious publications had been sold to sailors, of which 301 were copies of the sacred Scriptures. A missionary who had laboured for more than two years and a half to promote temperance in the army was of opinion that at least 15 per cent. of the soldiers in the British army were teetotallers. A great deal had been done at Aldershot camp, and at the garrisons of Woolwich and Warley. The Military Temperance Society, begun about two years ago, at Woolwich, had enrolled 777 members, including the commandant of the garrison, 1 chaplain, 1 surgeon, 1 colonel, 3 majors, 3 captains, 2 lieutenants, 6 sergeant-majors, 54 sergeants, 54 corporals, and 33 bombardiers. At Warley, during eighteen months that have elapsed since the Temperance Society was formed, 1571 soldiers have signed the pledge. This number includes 1 captain, 1 schoolmaster, 3 staff-sergeants, 26 sergeants, 24 corporals and 33 bombardiers; the remaining 1480 being gunners. Many of these men, on leaving Woolwich and Warley, had formed temperance societies at other military stations—in India, Corfu, the Cape of Good Hope, Gibraltar, Malta, Hong Kong, and other places.

The League had a district agency in the midland counties, in connection with which numerous meetings and conferences have been held to promote temperance among the upper classes. Six meetings of young men had been held in city warehouses, and 15—the average attendance at which was 1200—had been held at the Lambeth Baths. The cash account showed that the income and expenditure had been £3034.—£680. more than the preceding year. The meeting was subsequently addressed by W. H. Darby, Esq., of Brymbo; R. Martin. Esq., M.D., Warrington; the Rev. W. M. Taylor, M.A., of the Scottish Temperance League; Mr. Assistant-Deputy Judge Payne; the Rev. R. Maguire, M.A.; the Rev. Newman Hall, L.L.B. &c. Petitions to Parliament were unanimously adopted, with acclamation, in favour of Mr. Somes's Sunday Closing Bill.—*Daily News*.

TWO HOURS IN A BAND OF HOPE CONVERSAZIONE.

The merry month of May is distinguished now, not indeed by the erection of a May-pole, the crowning of a queen of May, but rather, by the gatherings at Exeter Hall of the various religious and philanthropic associations. Not the least in importance was the Band of Hope Meeting, where, it may be, some of our young readers were found. But they did not let us in because we had no ticket. A kind friend, however, furnished us with a ticket for one of the sittings of the conversazione, and we will try and give our young friends a report of that sitting.

When we entered the room the company had just struck up:

"A glorious light has burst around us,—
Joyful day! joyful day!
We see the chain that would have bound us,
Joyful day! joyful day!
The sparkling wine we ne'er will crave;
To touch, to taste, is to enslave;
We drink the fountain's crystal wave—
Joyful day! joyful day."

The strains fell most pleasantly on our ears, but as it was our first appearance, we were requested to enter our names on the visitors' paper; after which we were courteously supplied with the Band of Hope Hymns and Melodies, and on reaching our seat could join in the closing verse:

"The young and old come forth to hear us—
Joyful day! joyful day!
And isles across the Ocean cheer us—
Joyful day! joyful day!
We 'll spread the truth where man is found,
Bear it to earth's remotest bound,
Till every wind shall catch the sound,
Joyful day! joyful day!"

The singing over, one of the gentlemen engaged in prayer to God for His blessing. The prayer ended, the chairman rose to deliver the opening speech. Of course, no sooner did he begin to speak than we began to take his measure—not exactly as a tailor would measure us for a suit of clothes; though, by the bye, his outer man presented a perfect contrast to one or two delicate gentlemen sitting by his side. Strongly built, of good height, he looked every inch a man; face, forehead, the head altogether showed most unmistakeably, "This man cannot be trifled with: if he says he will do a thing, you may depend upon it he will do it—a powerful friend, but an awkward enemy." We could not help thinking that he would not suffer by comparison even with the famous Stonewall Jackson. In fact, if he had been an admiral or a general, he would have been among the foremost in his profession,—a man in whatever circle he moves, who will be sure to make himself felt.

The Chairman's speech was a most admirable echo of his person,—plain, practical and manly. We don't know when we listened to remarks containing such good sound sense; and what struck us most forcibly was his keen and just perception of the value and importance of man. By man we mean the order and genus man, whether in the child, the youth, or the mature. And that everything that concerned man, the speaker thought was of the greatest importance.

Passing from the Chairman, a resolution was proposed to memorialise the various religious bodies on the subject of Bands of Hope. After this, a gentleman read a most interesting paper on the subject of Bands of Hope. This paper was the product of a thoughtful mind, thoroughly practical. This paper now formed the subject of conversation. This conversation was the peculiar feature of the meeting, giving it the title by which it was distinguished. We must confess we were rather amused with the battery of questions by which the writer was assailed. —"Would Mr. S. give his reasons why he did, or recommended this, that, and the other." We must say that Mr. S. met these questions with the greatest good temper, and we thought, on the whole, defended his positions with great skill and success.

Another gentleman, it appeared, had read a paper in the afternoon, upon which the meeting had not exhausted all their conversational powers. He had questions put to him; this drew out another of the earnest intelligent Band of Hope workers, a real practical man. On the whole there was a remarkable unanimity in the views of the meeting, and the finest spirit.

We were not only struck, but much pleased to find, from the chairman downwards, all felt the importance, yea, necessity, of blending with the Band of Hope movement, true, heartfelt religion. The very pledge recommended was associated with the grace of God.

There was one point on which we must confess we could not see the evil which some of the speakers seemed to see. The two essayists were both of opinion that girls should not take part in public examinations and recitations. Now for the life of us we cannot see why. The meeting on all hands were agreed that the mixture of boys and girls was according to the arrangement of nature, and was certainly beneficial to both sexes; but when it came to recitations, the voice of the girl is not to be heard for fear of evil. We don't believe in this theory at all, for theory it is. For not one of the speakers brought forward a single fact to substantiate it. Our own *Catechism*, which in reality is a children's colloquy, and when a little girl is employed she is by far the most effective questioner,—some pieces for recitation, lose half their effect unless they are performed by girls.

The chairman, we found, had been a teetotaller from his birth, and not only employs a large number of boys and men, but we were happy to learn that he uses his influence to promote their present and eternal welfare. He had just had a medal struck to be given to those boys in his service who are distinguished by their kindness, care, and attention to his ponies, a large number being used in the pits of which he is the owner. The chairman left at nine o'clock, and so did we, having spent two hours most pleasantly and profitably, in a BAND OF HOPE CONVERSAZIONE.—*Wesleyan Reform Union Magazine (July).*

Annals of the Band of Hope Union.

LABOURS OF THE AGENTS.

Mr. W. B. AFFLECK is still labouring in connection with the Northern Auxilliary.

Mr. W. BELL has been lecturing to large numbers of children and adults in Northamptonshire and neighbouring counties. We cannot refrain from publishing an extract or two from letters we have received testifying to the good name which Mr. Bell has won for himself in these parts of the country.

From Mr. JOHN DEMPSEY, Warrington, near Oundle.

"May 20th.

"Mr. BELL is a first-rate lecturer—never had a single man do so much good in our village *before; I can* assure you he is much liked."

Mr. GEORGE SMITH, Ringstead Society, near Thrapstone.

"May 22nd.

"The young people were highly delighted with Mr. Bell's lecture and singing."

From Mr. CHARLES DEW, Oundle.

"June 2nd.

"For our society here, I thank you for sending so able a man as Mr. Bell."

Mr. C. POLLARD, Kettering Society.

"June 20th.

"Mr. Bell is likely to become extremely popular in the neighbourhood visited by him; he conducted the Band of Hope meeting here, more successfully than it had ever previously been."

During the month Mr. G. BLABY has attended and addressed the following Bands of Hope:—Bloomsbury Refuge, twice; Denmark Street, twice; Angel Alley; Collier's Rents; Commercial Road; Gee Street; Fox and Knott Court; One Tun, Westminster; Stepney Meeting; Mission Hall, Five Dials; St. James's, Clerkenwell; St. Paul's, Allen Street, Goswell Street; Whitecross Place; Spa Fields; Vulcan, Cross Street, Blackfriars Road; Whitfield Chapel, Long Acre; Ealing and Herne Bay; he has also taken part in two Adult Meetings, addressed four Sunday Schools, and preached eight Sermons.

Mr. F. SMITH has attended meetings, during the past month, as follows:—Caledonian Road; Offord Road; Amicable Row, Kent Street; Asylum Road, Old Kent Road; Barnsbury; Kentish Town; Carr Street, Limehouse; Providence Hall, Bishopsgate; Pond Place, Chelsea; Mercers Street, Shadwell; Mill Pond Bridge, Rotherhithe; and Southgate.

Mr. W. PARKES.—There are very few societies in London, that have not had the pleasure of receiving assistance from Mr. Parkes as a speaker; and we are sure they will share with us the deep regret we feel at his departure from London for Derby, on account of business engagements. Very often has Mr. Parkes attended meetings at considerable inconvenience. Mr. Parkes has for some time carried on a Band of Hope of his own; and, at a meeting recently held, the committee and members took the opportunity of most cordially thanking him for his self-denying work. We believe it will not be long before we shall hear of Mr. Parkes, in connection with the Derby Bands of Hope.

GREENWICH BAND OF HOPE.—On Monday evening, June 8th, a concert to defray the expenses for rent of room, was

iven in the Temperance Hall, Roan street, by the members of he Band of Hope, assisted by Miss Glover and some of the Members of the Deptford Band of Hope, also by Messrs. Hoathe, Grigsby, and Sims. The attendance was very good, nd the entertainment gave great satisfaction.

HAVERSTOCK BAND OF HOPE.—The third anniversary was eld in the school-room, Haverstock hill, May 27th. The room as tastefully decorated with evergreens, flowers, and banners. ome of the inscriptions upon the latter were as follows:— England's Hope;" "Haste not, rest not;" "Abstain from all ppearance of evil;" "Our trust is in God alone;" "Be sober, e vigilant;" "Be ready to every good work." The children ssembled at half-past six o'clock. Each member received a ew flowers upon entering, and all who had medals wore them. t seven o'clock the chair was taken by the Rev. John Nunn, who kindly presided on the occasion. After singing a hymn, nd prayer, Mr. H. J. Stanes briefly announced that the Members of his Band of Hope now numbered four hundred and wenty, viz.: 216 boys, and 204 girls. He did not trouble the neeting by reading a report, as he stated the best report he ould bring was represented in the children before them. Singing, and a recitation by one of the boys followed, when the Rev. G. W. McCree, Hon. Sec. to the United Kingdom Band of Hope Union, gave a very interesting and encouraging address. Mr. Llewelyn D. Bevan, of New College, and Mr. Gawin Kirkham, secretary of the Open Air Mission, also addressed he meeting in a very effective manner. The prizes were then istributed by the superintendent, for answers to Scripture uestions and recitations, preceded by a few appropriate remarks rom the chairman. Several pieces were sung by the children, nd recited by the boys, and seemed to give much satisfaction o the numerous friends present. Mr. Thomas Stanes, from India, then related some interesting particulars that had come nder his notice during a residence of eight years there, and aid that it would be a good thing if he could manage to establish a Band of Hope amongst the children of that land. He congratulated the Society on having attained to its third birthday, and urged the members to constancy and perseverance. The very interesting proceedings terminated by all uniting in—

"Praise God from whom all blessings flow."

WARMINGTON, NEAR OUNDLE.—The committee of this place held their annual demonstration on Whit-Tuesday, May 26th. A large number of people were in attendance, and a most ex-

cellent tea was provided by the ladies, after which a publ meeting was held in a large tent, erected for the occasion a field belonging to J. Dempsey, Esq. The chair was tak by the Rev. J. Cadman, Wesleyan minister, Oundle. The meeting was addressed by Mr. Ivett, of Bedford, and Mr. W. Bell, of the United Kingdom Band of Hope Union. This was by far the most interesting meeting of the kind ever held in Warmington, and we hope great good will be the result. The Temperance band from Ringstead was in attendance, and enlivened the proceedings by several lively airs and pieces; also a number of rounds and melodies were sung with good effect by the Warmington Temperance choir. At the close of the meeting, 34 signed the pledge, and about 17 others during the week. The committee have had the services of Mr. Bell a week, when he delivered lectures in the following places with great success:—Yarwell, Nassington, Woodnewton, and Polebrook. A large number signed the pledge at each place. Sunday morning Mr. Bell preached in the open air; at five p.m. in Mr. Dempsey's barn; and at six o'clock, in the Wesleyan Chapel, to large and attentive congregations. Mr. Bell (both as a lecturer and preacher of the Gospel) takes with him the good wishes and prayers of the people in this neighbourhood, and we hope soon to be favoured with his services again.

Chippenham Band of Hope.—On Thursday, June 18th. the annual festival was celebrated. At two o'clock, the members, to the number of 300, assembled at the new Temperance Hall Building, from whence—headed by their own banner, and the Trowbridge Band of Hope Fife and Drum Band—they proceeded along the principal thoroughfares to the forest, the streets being lined with spectators composed principally of the parents and friends of the members. On their arrival at the forest, they heartily enjoyed themselves with the various amusements provided (viz.: archery, football, quoits, swing, cricket, &c.), until half-past four o'clock, when they marched in procession to Rewsham Lodge House, where they were plentifully regaled with buns and milk. The repast being ended, three hearty cheers were given for Messrs. Stephen and Edmund Perrett and their wives, for their kindness in giving the milk gratuitously and allowing the use of the ground. The amusements were again resumed until half-past seven o'clock, when the rain beginning to descend, sent the party home at quick march, all seemingly highly delighted with the day's amusements. Although a small charge was made for admission to the grounds, between 300 and 400 persons availed themselves of the opportunity of entering and joining in the sports.

J. Bale, Printer, 78, Great Titchfield-street, Marylebone.

BAND OF HOPE RECORD.

WANDERERS.

By Rev. G. W. McCREE.

THOUSANDS have wept manly tears over the melancholy end of Burke and Wills, the Australian explorers. "They wandered in the wilderness in a solitary way; they found no city to dwell in. Hungry and thirsty their soul fainted in them." But a halo of glory will shine around their memories for ever. Every history of Australia will prolong their fame. Never will the men of that colony cease to honour and revere their illustrious names. They won for themselves glorious immortality.

We think, however, of other wanderers. There are those who have gone astray from temperance, virtue, peace, and God. Seduced by strong drink, they have gone far away from the right path, and surely every total abstainer should view their deviations from sobriety with intense and ever-augmenting compassion. To sign the pledge and keep it, to save money, extend business, build houses, and die rich, seems to be the sole ambition of many abstainers. But surely there is a more excellent way. "Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself," is not an obsolete law. It remains in full force to this hour, and is of universal obligation. For any man to live selfishly, idly, and utterly careless of the great miseries of our nation, is to show himself a truly heartless person. What works of love he might undertake; what good he might accomplish! It is better to fill the world with sunshine than to leave it in darkness.

Many people despair of wanderers. It is no use going after them. They will only insult you; laugh you to scorn; break the pledge; become worse than ever; and then see what a waste of time, money, and labour that would be. How do we know they will not keep the pledge? How do we know they will not become great trophies of the temperance cause? Is it certain that they will leave us? Not at all. Thousands of drunkards have kept the pledge more faithfully and heroically than "very respectable persons." They have strong motives to keep it. Health, poverty, character, friends, peace, life, and heaven, are at stake. All this they know, and probably feel, and would be glad if any one would call upon them and say, "Come with us, and we will do you good."

Facts teach valuable lessons. They prove that rough,

despised, wretched men can and do reform. Thus, one of the worst drunkards in London was attracted to an open air temperance meeting, and signed the pledge. He then thought of going to some place of worship, and did so. As he entered the aisle the minister rose and read the lines:—

> "And when like wandering sheep we strayed,
> He brought us to his fold again."

The words melted his stony heart, and he wept, and began to pray. What is he now? He is a member of a Christian Church, a director of a building society, a popular and useful advocate, and able at any time to retire from business. Such are the fruits of zealous open air advocacy, than which nothing can be more praiseworthy, and more likely to reclaim wanderers. We would strongly urge their multiplication. Only a few of the mass of drunkards come to our regular meetings. They would stroll up to an open-air platform, and listen to a warm, earnest, practical address, and without doubt scores of them would both sign and keep the pledge. Let the experiment be tried, and it will afford every satisfaction.

Suppose, however, that a member should break his pledge and resume his moral wanderings, shall we then let him alone, and leave him to perish? Surely not. We are the guardians of each other. We are of the same great family. To say of the most worthless man, "Let him go, we are well quit of him," is to utter a very harsh saying, and be guilty of gross neglect. Shall we let him go to the gin shop, the pawn-broker's, the hospital, the police-court, the prison, and the grave, and not attempt to save him from his folly and doom? A timely visit, a loving word, a faithful rebuke, an earnest entreaty, and a solemn prayer, may rescue him from the meshes of the net in which he is entangled, and who knows but he—like the apostle Peter—may become one of our most humble, fervent, and useful fellow-workers. We know a man who broke the pledge *twenty times,* and then re-signed, and became a truly consistent and trustworthy advocate. We must not despair. Fallen men can be raised. Bad men can be made better. Weak men may become strong as martyrs. Their redemption is worth seeking for, and should we fail in our Christ-like efforts to reclaim them, we shall, at least, have the satisfaction of knowing that we have done our duty.

Apostates from the pledge are often keenly sensible of their folly and sin, and would fain return to us, but do not, because they are not invited to do so. Why not invite them? Why

not seek to save them? They are extremely miserable, are wasting all their savings, are ruining the peace of their families, and are hastening themselves, perhaps, to the grave. Shall we leave them alone? Such a course will not promote the reputation of our movement, nor will a true conscience fail to testify against our supineness. Broken pledges are, alas, common enough, but that is no reason why we should allow them to continue broken. A visit with the pledge-book would make all right again, and our ranks would be all the stronger for such efforts of mercy.

Recent events have constrained us to muse much on another class of wanderers. We refer to female drunkards. What do our readers think of the following history? We find it in the *Newcastle Daily Chronicle:—*

"About midday, on Friday, some boys in proceeding through Heaton Wood, near Jesmond Vale, observed a female lying on the ground behind a wall, which shielded her from the observation of passers-by. Her appearance was indicative of pain and helpless exhaustion. The circumstance that the dead bodies of two infants were lying on the grass near her induced the boys to give information as to what they had observed to P. C. Robson. He immediately proceeded to the spot. The woman was taken into the Blue Bell public-house, near the spot, where she was kindly attended to by some women. When she had somewhat recovered she informed those present that she had left her husband's house of her own accord; that she had wandered down to where she was found on Thursday, and that she had been delivered during the night. It was ascertained that her name was Elizabeth Hogarth, wife of Henry Hogarth, cow-keeper and provision dealer, Gosforth street, Shieldfield, Newcastle. As soon as she had sufficiently recovered to permit of her being removed home without danger, she was lifted into the cart and removed thither. On reaching Gosforth street, her husband, who was ill in bed at the time, at first refused to take her in, as she had, from time to time, caused him an infinity of trouble by her irregular life and drunken habits. On hearing, however, of the deplorable position she was in, he softened towards her, and directed that she should be carried into the house and attended to. It appears that she had been the slave of her appetite for drink for some time past, and the natural consequence has been that her household duties and her family of five children have been woefully neglected. She has been in custody on one occasion as a result of her devotion to the bottle. Latterly, her husband had reason to think from her actions that her mind had become affected; and in this idea he is supported somewhat by medical opinion. On Monday last, he had occasion to find fault with her on account of her flagrant neglect of her house, and more particularly of the children. She left the house, and it does not appear that she was seen again by any one who knew her till Thursday, when some boys saw her at one o'clock, and others again at four in the after-

noon. She was then lying on the grass, but they did not notice anything so peculiar in her appearance as to induce them to apprise any one of what they had seen. She had remained there the whole night, in the course of which she had been delivered, until yesterday morning, when she was found as already stated. She is in a very dangerous state, and fears are entertained that she will not survive the exposure. The bodies of the infants were taken to the dead-house, where an inquest will be held upon them.

Our ordinary temperance operations do not meet a case of this deplorable kind. We need special effort here. "A Mother's Temperance Society," with its lady-president, secretary, and visitors, is what is needed. Women like poor Elizabeth Hogarth would not feel much interest in an ordinary temperance meeting. Something more is wanted, and this such a society as we suggest would supply. Its meetings should be weekly, and there should be needlework, a penny bank, reading, and music, and at the close, prayer, connected with it. Once a month the members should meet for tea, and once a quarter there should be a public meeting held under proper auspices. Such an effort would make many a poor man's wife a blessing instead of a curse.

Wanderers! Who will seek for them? They are perishing in their misery. Who will volunteer to guide them to the fair city of Temperance? We do hope that many will at once undertake this blessed work. Men applaud Mr. Howitt because he went forth to rescue the bodies of Burke and Wills from the wilderness. How much more worthy of honour are the men who seek to rescue living souls from eternal death!

VILLAGE CLUB-ROOMS.

We are not entirely without our fears, while the friends of the working-classes are opening rooms "sixty-five feet by twenty feet, with a gallery above," and spending their hundreds in the towns, that the country villages may be forgotten. There are two totally opposite views to be taken of a country village. Let the poet or the painter speak first. It lies there nestled at the foot of that range of "everlasting hills." Let us climb to this nearest brow, and look down upon the village. What a lovely scene it is! You may take it as you like—either in a bird's-eye view which will embrace the whole, or you may study it in detail. Every portion of it will repay your attention. There is the village green, with its ancient Maypole surmounted by the battered, weathercock. which has creaked overhead for generations. Beneath that tree is the bench, on which, and on its predecessors, the fathers of the village have enjoyed themselves for centuries. There, according to tradition, used to sit Dr.

Kindheart, a former rector, on Sunday evenings, while the village dance went on. Just up there you see the parsonage. To the left is the village school. Among those trees is the church, and if you listen you will recognise the village bells as they chime merrily in honour of some village festival. Come down now, and let us look at this cottage. Was ever one more picturesque? Its roof is a perfect model for a young artist. The thatch is moss-grown, and the swallows fly in and out beneath the eaves. Look at that little window barely visible in the heavy gable. Watch how the smoke curls gently upward in the evening air. There is the aged grandsire of the present inmates basking, with his pipe, before the door. Let us sit down and make a drawing of it. It will remind us of our pleasant ramble, and will confirm our opinion that, all the world over, you will not find a match for the peaceful, quiet beauty of an English village.

Let the philanthropist speak next. He has lived in this village for many years, and he shall detail to you his experience. Let him begin at the pretty cottage with the moss-grown roof. If the painter sketched the cottage as it stands, he shall tell you a true history of one of its inhabitants. In that very tenement there grew up a stalwart young Briton, whose "pastors and masters" taught him "to do his duty in that state," &c., but whose father was a poacher. Our young Briton learnt to be a poacher also, and before he was thirty was in prison nine times in twelve years. When he came out for the ninth time the philanthropist made interest for him with a friend, and got him a berth on board a man-of-war bound to the Crimea. Here his bad propensities were checked, and his good qualities called out. He became highly popular, was made officers' servant, and in due time "was very sorry to be troublesome" to the Rector, but would he kindly draw £3. from the Admiralty, saved from his wages, and pay the amount to his sister, who, meantime, was bringing up a large family of other young Britons as respectably as she could on twelve shillings a-week? The Crimean War ended. Hymen spread his snares for the young Benedict, and he settled in his native home. Pheasants were plenty, and hares alluring. Suffice it to say, he left his native village in disgrace, and has since spent more of his days under the care of gaol warders, in his own company, than in that of his wife. So much for *poaching*. The philanthropist shall next point us to the "*idle corner*"—for there are idle corners in villages no less than in towns. These are generally in some sheltered spot, and, not unfrequently, rather out of sight of the philanthropist. We have been informed by grown men, who have thanked us heartily for some counter-attraction placed in the way of their sons, that the talk at these idle corners is, at the best, of the most frivolous and inane description. Here a joke of the mildest character evokes peals of laughter. Here the well-disposed are ridiculed, and the ill-disposed encouraged. Here swearing is the badge of manhood, and obscenity the passport to popularity. Here scandal is made up, the efforts of the parson are reviled, the church and school are held up to contempt, and woe betide the modest, blushing maiden who is constrained, though with great hesitation, to pass by that way.

Let *the over-crowding of cottages* next engage our attention. The cottage which the painter sketched shall afford an illustration. We spoke of its pretty moss-grown thatch, of the swallows which flew in and out beneath the eaves, and of the deep-set window in the pretty gable. That roof covers the only bedroom of the tenement, and that tiny window alone gives light and air to it. There are thousands upon thousands of cottage homes in our country villages which have but one bed-room, though it is not unfrequently divided across the middle by a flimsy wooden partition, if the owner is generous enough to make it, or with a curtain composed of well-worn remnants of old gowns, if it is left to the taste and good feeling of the tenant. A sense of propriety forbids that we should define too accurately the abominable combination of sex, age, and relationship which the carelessness of the owners of cottage property entails upon our country villagers. We could name instances of hundreds expended on the ornamentation of one room in the family mansion, and of piggeries replete with every comfort that the most refined of porkers could desire, while the Christians of the labouring poor are expected to live as Christians, and are turned out of the village if they don't, under circumstances which not only Christianity, but the commonest feelings of humanity and decency should forbid. The bulk of country squires are far more ready to pull down tenements than to build them. Hence comes a minor evil, the very unreasonable distances to be traversed daily by the labourer; hence, as a far greater evil, illegitimate additions to families; hence, as one of the most terrible curses of the land, comes a loss of modesty among young people of both sexes. "I would have you wise unto that which is good, and simple concerning evil," was a kindly apostolic desire; but we very much fear that, under the system of crowded dwellings, boys and girls are so far from being simple concerning evil, that they arrive at a fearful precocity concerning wrong, and obtain a knowledge which has no business to be theirs till they have homes and rooftrees of their own. We must pass to *the public-houses*. We advisedly use the word in the plural, for in villages, as well as in towns, the magistrates grant licences far too easily, and far beyond the real necessities of the people. These things are left, both in town and country, a good deal too much to the brewers. God help you, unhappy British labourer, to avoid the public-house, for your neighbours will not. Your employer subscribes a few pounds a year to the clothing club, and for the education of your children, but he licences half-a-dozen pot-houses where one would suffice; he provides no club-room for your social gatherings; he gives donations to your benefit societies, though you pour twopence a head down your own throats at each fortnightly meeting; he is only just beginning to save you from making a brute of yourself at the Harvest Home; and if "The —— Arms," so called in honour of the neighbouring "family," does not attract you, a thousand to one that "The Jolly Drover" will.

We have no hesitation in saying that the principle of workmen's halls is to the full as applicable to country villages as to towns. They will not, of course, be called by the same name, but we are convinced—indeed

e know by experience—that if the average attendance during the winter ıonths in a small village reaches only to six or eight, it is a complete ıccess. There are screaming babies and soapsuds in country as well in town, and fathers who are glad to escape them for an hour or two. here is the same craving for society, the same desire for amusement, the me need of employment for vacant minds. If you live among a small ›pulation, it is to the full as important for you to have your small population happy and respectable, as if you lived among thousands. There one class of persons in villages and hamlets, who are peculiarly in need such a refuge as a well-managed club-room. We allude to carter-boys ıd young men. Many of them have no homes—that is, their friends live neighbouring villages, while they themselves have simply a room, or a ırt of a room, where they sleep, generally two in a bed, in the farmhouse which they are attached. Frequently, indeed, they have not even the easure of superintendence which a respectable farmhouse might seem imply. Scores of these young fellows are put to lodge in any vacant ›m which a chance cottage may afford, and have frequently no one to friend or advise them but the wife of some labourer on their own level. ese youths are therefore literally their own masters for every moment their time except when they are at work. No one asks where they going, or demands a reason for their absence. Hence they are, of essity, a prey to the vicious, and excellent customers to the publican. w many of these lads are thankful if you invite them to an evening ool, and doubly thankful if you open for their use a tidy cottage eeping room," where there are no children, and where they can purchase ple refreshments at a moderate price. We have the warrant of expeıce in saying that some thirty shillings will provide such a room, and l fuel and oil for a good lamp, for many weeks in the winter. It is bable that, with tact and good humour, you will get them when your k is turned, to discuss the question of smoking, and to vote that they do without it in the club-room. It will afford real amusement to the moter of such a club-room to go to it for an hour or two, and give ›ons in draughts, dominoes, fox and geese, and other childish amusents. Also, it will be quite worth while to allow himself to be beaten asionally, that he may enjoy the intense delight of his victor, and may such simple means, combined with the self-management to be invably entrusted to the members, lay the foundation for a measure of selfpect, and call out the latent powers which reside beneath the frock n of the British ploughboy.

UNITED KINGDOM BAND OF HOPE UNION CONFERENCES.

(Continued.)

THE EVENING SITTING

gan at seven o'clock, with Mr. Handel Cossham in the chair; the v. D. Burns offering the opening prayer, at the close of which

The CHAIRMAN said that the Band of Hope movement was one in which

his sympathies entirely concurred. It had his best wishes. He did not decry the old moderation societies; they were expressive of a sense of need of a separate organization. Then came teetotalism, and then came the grand movement, the Band of Hope, in connection with which they had to link the honoured name of Mrs. Carlisle—(hear hear). The idea was a grand one; the truth was to be sown in the young and virgin soil—the heart of youth. All great things had small beginnings: printing, the mariner's compass, the penny postage. It was so with the Band of Hope—(hear, hear). He liked it; and he liked the moral Temperance movement—they could not do without that; and the Alliance—they could not do without that—which, by-and-by, would give effect to all—(hear, hear). He then propounded and eloquently expatiated on the following points as expressed or implied in the Band of Hope movement. First, that strong drink was dangerous—seductive. Secondly, that prevention was better than cure. Thirdly, that children could be indoctrinated with conscientious principles. Next year he should be forty years of age, and then he should, if spared, have been forty years a teetotaller. His mother taught him the danger of drinking. The last things which left a man in life were his first impressions. He had more faith in children at sixteen than in men at sixty—(hear, hear). He would offer one or two practical hints.—1. The Band of Hope should be a national movement, but every school should have a Band of Hope. He wanted especially to see it a part of Christian machinery—(hear, hear). 2. Bands of Hope should never descend to be mere places of amusement, but instruction and improvement should be blended with amusement. 3. They should try more directly to influence parents through the instrumentality of children, and this they might do in one way by sending home suitable literature through the young. The importance of this was not to be overrated. After graphically depicting the miseries of the fallen through strong drink, he urged those before him to work earnestly, humbly, and prayerfully, assuring them that God would bless their efforts—(loud applause).

The Rev. G. W. McCree was then called upon by the Chairman, to move a resolution, of which the following is a copy:—"That this Conference would strongly recommend the committee of the United Kingdom Band of Hope Union to memoralise the various ecclesiastical bodies of Great Britain and Ireland in favour of the Band of Hope movement, and endeavour to obtain their sympathy and support for that important department of Temperance enterprise." The various Christian denominations had their great gatherings, the Wesleyan, Primitive, and branches of that great people had their conferences; the Church of England had its convocation; the Presbyterians had their assemblies, Baptists and Independents had their unions, and so on. Now he designed trying to get friends suitable to introduce the matter on occasions and in a proper manner, and they might thus hope before the religious public with the best effect. He considered most important resolution—(hear, hear).

The Rev. D. Burns said, in seconding the proposition, that

religious associations were, at the present time, but indifferently informed on Temperance movements; but that, if any portion of the subject would be treated with respect by them, it would be a memorial on behalf of the young—(hear, hear). It was very desirable that they should obtain from the different denominations a declaration in favour of Bands of Hope; it would do great good. The body to which he belonged was unwilling to deal with the Temperance question generally; but a motion proposed as to Bands of Hope was passed as it was presented—(hear).

An interesting conversation followed, in which Mr. T. I. White, Mr. Murphy, Councillor Pollard and Mr. Philips, of Bradford, and Mr. Storr took part, and the resolution was passed, with the names of certain gentlemen who were appointed (with power to add to their number) to draw up a memorial.

Mr. H. T Stanes then read the following paper on—

BAND OF HOPE MANAGEMENT.

For the right management of a Band of Hope it should be remembered we have a two-fold object, viz.: to aid and encourage children who are desirous of abstaining from intoxicating drinks, and also to incite them to plans of usefulness in the temperance and other good causes.

We fear it is from lack of attention to the latter point that many of our Bands of Hope are defective. Great care is taken to inculcate right principles, and to impress upon the child's mind the evils of intemperance; so far, *well*, but unfortunately the training often *terminates* here. As for example, we should not be satisfied with the negative picture of a photograph, however defined and good it might be, but should require the production of a positive, so let us not rest content to have the child an abstainer *simply*, but also a working member of the Band of Hope, or he will be like the photographic negative—incomplete, avoiding evil but not producing much positive good. What should we think of the husbandman who contented himself with rooting out the weeds, if he neglected to employ his land for some useful purpose?

And probably many of our members fall away, because they are encouraged to practice self-denial without being taught to use it as a means of good to *others*, as well as to themselves. Let us be assured that right principles will be the more enduring, in proportion as they are enforced by incentives to constant activity.

In advocating and conducting the Band of Hope, it is most important that we have regard for those who are non-abstainers. We must not forget that there are many honest and faithful labourers, who though not of us are *for* us, and who can truthfully say, as a clergyman said, "I admire your principles, and believe you are doing a good work, but still I do not feel called upon to deny myself in this particular, just as you may not think it incumbent upon you to give up your vocation and become a City Missionary, although by engaging in the work you might do good to others. Whatever may be our own convictions, it is our duty to respect those of others, especially as we know them to be faithful workers in our Lord's vineyard. We shall not compromise any of

our principles by treating with respect any who decline to join our ranks, but on the other hand we may be doing positive *harm*, by speaking to children disparagingly of their ministers or Sabbath school teachers because they differ from ourselves in this matter. We may *regret*, but may not *condemn*. "Let us therefore not judge one another."

Bearing the foregoing remarks in mind, we proceed to the practical consideration of Band of Hope Management.

As regards the wording of THE PLEDGE. That it may be in the least objectionable form, and that we may not be open to the foolish accusation that we are extorting a solemn vow from a child who does not know his own mind, let it be as simple as possible. It will answer our purpose just as well, and may help to remove prejudice. The simplest form we can think of is as follows: "By the grace of God, I promise (or resolve) to abstain from all intoxicating drinks, and I will try to induce others to do the same."

In the careful ADMISSION OF MEMBERS to the Band of Hope, we believe consists one of the chief elements of success. It is the duty of the Superintendent to satisfy himself on three points. Whether the child understands the nature of the society; whether he wishes to join from good motives; and whether the parents give their full consent. These can only be satisfactorily ascertained by a visit to the home of the child, and an interview with the parents. Nothing is so damaging to the Band of Hope as the indiscriminate admission of members, many of whom soon fall away, and thus set a *bad* instead of a good example. We mean to affirm that the distribution of papers, though duly signed, and countersigned by the parent is insufficient. From the experience gained by conducting a Band of Hope (now numbering 420 members, for three years) we affirm it. We can show the names of 67 children who applied for admission, and who in all probability by the usual method would have been received into the society, but who were found to be ineligible on account of their own indecision or ignorance, or their parents disapproval. We call to mind the case of a giddy child, who when asked if she really wished to join, would not answer. Her mother in wrath boxed her ears, and said, "now will you tell the gentleman whether you will be a teetotal*um*, you good for-nothing girl." She indignantly ran off, but coming back at the last moment said, "Yes, mother, I will." It is scarcely necessary to add, we most respectfully declined receiving her signature, until she could evince a more decided and voluntary spirit. Home influence will frequently undo much that is effected by addresses and meetings, but a word or two in conversation with the parents will generally enlist their sympathy, and promise encouragement, which may prove of incalculable assistance to the child. Though the parents be non-abstainers themselves, they will usually be pleased to see their children forming safe and good habits. The influence that one obtains after visiting the home of the child, is not to be lightly esteemed. It is also most desirable that there should be a thorough understanding between parent, child, and superintendent, to preclude unpleasantness in the future.

True, we are told that our superintendents cannot afford the *time;* but

as that is so important a feature, and should not be neglected, we would urge them to *make* time by relinguishing other engagements, or even if necessary, at the sacrifice of some popular work. It will be found, when the Band of Hope is in good working order, that it will not take up so much time as one might suppose. The best time for visitation is from seven to nine p.m. calling upon the younger children first.

The MEETINGS should neither be too sedate, or on the other hand too frivolous, but should be made as cheerful, interesting, and useful as practicable. Variety should be the characteristic of the meetings.

As the children enter the room they tell their number to some one stationed at the door, who writes down, and who is provided with an index book, which contains the names and numbers of members. Should the child have forgotten his number, an instant will suffice to find it. The record of attendance can be marked any time after the meeting. Invariably commencing with a hymn and brief prayer, we may proceed to recitations by the boys, singing, readings, and short addresses. Whilst we must not omit to point out the evils of intemperance and the claims of sobriety, it is well also to speak to them upon other subjects, religious, social, and otherwise, making the meetings interesting by illustration, and impressive by earnestness.

Plans of usefulness may be discussed and advocated, and it is well to draw from the children themselves their ideas of usefulness, whether by example, kind words and actions, self-denial for the sake of others, distribution of tracts, or others means. Get them to take a deep interest in each other's welfare and teach them to do good to all men. Care must be taken not to let the meetings become a mere singing or scripture class. Also it is a question for serious consideration whether it is well to allow recitations by girls. It seems certainly "out of place," and by no means tends to the cultivation of that modesty we all look for and hope for in girls. What is also of much importance is, that it is open to severe animadversions from sabbath school teachers and others. Truly there is great cause to regret when we hear girls singing a solo or duet, sometimes far below the average of our street singers, to an audience of five hundred people or more.

Under the head of ENCOURAGEMENTS may be named, prizes for recitations and for answers to scripture questions, which may be given at the anniversary meeting, and occasionally on ordinary meetings for other objects. Medals may be made an award for obtaining the first new member. Children should be stimulated to influence their companions, but the superintendent should never personally ask a child to join.

The meetings should be open to *all* children who can behave themselves in a proper manner, with the exception of "special occasions," when due notice being given, members only are admitted. Boys and girls can meet together, but if the Band of Hope is a large one, it would be better to have them separately on distinct evenings.

The following *Rules* may explain things unsaid; they are of course subject to alteration as the case may require:—

RULE 1. That children of both sexes and all classes, between the ages

of five and sixteen years, be eligible as Members, *but only with the full consent of their parents.*

2. That any child wishing to become a Member must obtain a printed application on pink paper, which can be had from Members, or at a Band of Hope meeting. The name, age, and *full address* of the child should be filled in, and the paper given to the Superintendent.

3. That when the application has been received, the Superintendent will take an early opportunity of visiting the child and its parent. Should the former thoroughly comprehend the nature of the Society, and the latter be willing, the following resolution will then be signed by the child:—"By the grace of God I promise to abstain from all intoxicating drinks, and I will try to induce others to do the same."

4. That at the ensuing meeting the "Scroll" will be signed by the new Member, in the presence of all the children. The sum of one penny is expected for a CARD OF MEMBERSHIP, which Card should be carefully preserved, and, if possible, framed.

5. That MEETINGS are held on the Second Wednesday of each month for Girls only, and on the Fourth Wednesday of each month for Boys only, from six to eight o'clock in the evening.

6. That each Member should endeavour to attend punctually, with hair brushed, clean hands and faces, and to enter and leave the room without unnecessary noise or confusion,—taking care to give their *correct number* as they enter.

7. That MEDALS are not allowed to be purchased, but one is awarded to any Member through whose influence their first new Member is obtained for the Band of Hope.

8. That PRIZES are offered, first for Answers to Scripture Questions; second to Boys for Recitations. In the summer months prizes will occasionally be given for the best nosegays or wreaths of wild flowers.

9. That Members who have attended *over* two-thirds of a year's meetings, and whose behaviour has been in every respect satisfactory, will be taken for an excursion into the country some time during the summer.

10. That all Members should endeavour to take in regularly either the "*Band of Hope Review*," "*The Adviser*," or the "*British Workman*." The two former are one half-penny per month, and the latter one penny. They can be obtained on meeting nights by those who have previously given in their names as wishing to have them.

The form of application referred to in Rule 2 is as follows, which is given to any child who may ask for it.—

[Name and Address of the Band of Hope.]

Name of Child wishing to become a Member } _____

Residence _____

Age _____ *Date* _____

Children of both sexes, between the ages of 5 and 16, are invited, *with the consent of their Parents*, to become Members. They will be required to give their names to the following Declaration:—

"*By the grace of God, I promise to abstain from all Intoxicating Drinks, and I will try to induce others to do the same.*"

Children wishing to join should fill in their names and residences above nd return this paper on a Meeting night of the Band of Hope, held on the ECOND and FOURTH WEDNESDAY of each Month, commencing at ix o'Clock in the Evening, and terminating at Eight.

The Superintendent will call with "The Declaration," for signature by he Child whose name is filled in above, and also by the Parent or Guarian, signifying their consent.

Superintendent.

The paper with which the Superintendent calls is simply as follows :—

[Name and Address of the Band of Hope.]

THE DECLARATION. No.

By the grace of God, I promise to abstain from all Intoxicating Drinks, nd I will try to induce others to do the same.

ignature _____

tesidence _____

lge _____ *Date* _____

ignature of Parent or Guardian, giving h consent _____

_____

Superintendent.

In conclusion. Let our standard be high, and let us not rest satisfied ntil it is attained. Let our trust be in God alone, and not in our own ight, and let us teach the children fully to comprehend the meaning of he words, "By the grace of God."

By careful and judicious management we may not only make the Band f Hope a blessing to many homes, but may win the respect and symathy of our fellow sabbath school teachers and other christian friends, ntil the necessity for Bands of Hope is acknowledged on all sides, and ey become as numerous and prosperous as sabbath schools themselves.

The discussion which followed was a very interesting one; but as it as understood to cover the whole ground which had been gone over, it as more remarkable for a variform than a uniform character. But the vo papers which excited most attention, eulogy, and debate, were Mr. larvey and Mr. Stanes's.

Mr. Murphy thought it was needful just to ask why certain young ersons referred to by Mr. Stanes were not eligible to join his Band of Iope? Why medals were given to those only who gained new members? —and why medals were not purchased by the children?—why separate he sexes?—and why give prizes for nosegays and flower-wreaths (would hey not bring them from their own parents)?—and why superintendents hould not ask children to join Bands of Hope?

Mr. Stanes: Sixty-seven parents had not given their consent; two ould not give reasons why they wished to join. Medals are given as marks of honor, and if extended, or if they were purchasable, the honor would not be equal—(hear). He trusted the children as to the nosegays, which were to be wild flowers; and searching for these would get them out of the streets into the fields—(hear). He thought the superintendent

should not ask a child to join; but that the children should work amongst each other; their joining would be more useful if not done under the mere influence of a superintendent's wishes—(hear).

Mr. Spriggs said that one of the best-conducted Bands of Hope he knew was at Cheshunt, on which the clergyman exercised a most beneficial influence—(hear). He thought the paper a very admirable one and that children should, prior to entering a Band of Hope fully, be on a sort of probation—(hear).

Mr. Eaton: In reference to a rule read, which required that a child's hair should be combed and brushed, asked whether, if this were neglected a child were sent back or excluded? And as to calling the numbers of children on entrance, did not this waste time, and create confusion?—(hear).

Mr. Stanes: If children came in the state referred to by Mr. Eaton, they were cautioned as to next time; but if very dirty, they were sent back—(hear). As to calling numbers, each child knew its number; this took a very short time; and, moreover, they took care to open the doors in good time; and this prevented crowding and confusion.

Mr. Haynes, said: As to superintendents not asking children to join; if some superintendents were not to canvass, they would have no members at all—(hear). As to the medals, he thought that, as a rule, children might be trusted; he had never found one trying to deceive in that respect—(hear).

Mr. Storr said: In reference to the sale of papers, the members of their Bands of Hope went round to the houses of persons, instead of selling on Sundays.

Mr. T. A. Smith inquired if botanical questions were asked of the children? This was desirable. As to the importance of cleanliness as a branch of experience, why teetotalism proper was altogether a physical education—(hear).

Mr. Hugh Jones would put a question to Mr. Harvey as to the prizes given for essays. Were the writers young?

Mr. Harvey said they had three different grades, that the young might be brought in.

Mr. Hugh Jones: Are they all invited?

Mr. Harvey: We allow all the grades to compete for the first prizes.

Mr. Tipper: In reference to the form of pledge recommended by Mr. Stanes not being a vow, he thought it looked very much like one, to use the words "By the grace of God, I purpose or promise"—(hear).

Mr. Stanes said they were careful in explaining the meaning of the words, and that the child should look to God for help.

Mr. Hunt felt there was some question as to the propriety of using the words "By the grace of God," and if a child were not able to give reasons why it wished to join a Band of Hope, should not that child be admitted to the meetings?—(hear).

Mr. Stanes: That is provided for—(hear).

Mr. Shirley: Mr. Harvey, in his paper, referred to the use made of their library. Were the books applied for?

Mr. Harvey: We find our library books are applied for, and are cceedingly well received, both by children and parents. The number f juvenile members in the town is 1,400—(hear, hear). Besides our brary, every school in the town has its own book department—(hear, ear). He had listened with great pleasure to Mr. Stanes's excellent paper, nt he felt there was a difficulty as to the president not asking a child join. Ought not a president to exercise influence, an intelligent influnce, with this view—(hear, hear)? He could sympathise with his friend gainst girls reciting in public—(dissent). He had three little girls, and e thought he should not try to cultivate that gift in them—(hear, hear). Ie objected to giving prizes for such efforts, because he thought they nduced self-glorying. Speech was a natural gift. Still he thought that vell-conducted meetings were excellent for Bands of Hope. He would, however, have three members' meetings to one public meeting—(hear, hear).

Mr. Beck said he liked the words in Mr. Stanes's pledge—"By the grace of God."

Mr. Haynes said that the Chairman was obliged to leave the meeting o fulfil an engagement elsewhere. He therefore begged to propose a most cordial vote of thanks to him for his great kindness and ability in presiding over them.

Mr. Shirley seconded the proposition, which was carried with exceeding heartiness.

Mr. Cossham, in acknowledging the vote, said he had been intensely gratified with the thoroughly practical spirit of the Conference, and especially with Mr. Stanes's admirable paper. It was a good idea to make hildren work. The pledge was simple. Pledges should be simple, not ong, but such as all could sign—(hear, hear). He did not approve of eparating the sexes. God mixed the sexes in families, and he (the peaker) liked them mixed in schools; the presence of the boys gave the irls courage; and that of the girls gave the boys softness—(hear, hear). Ie had faith in medals, wisely given. They gave medals to boys in heir employ who were kind to animals: and the last thing before leaving ome he received the names of several boys to whom medals were shortly be given for this—(hear, hear). There was another point; superinendent's influence; a superintendent was responsible for its use and xercise—(hear, hear). He wished prosperity to the Band of Hope nion, and hoped that they might all employ their talents and time to he best account—(loud cheers).

Mr. Haynes was then unanimously called to occupy the chair, and he thread of the discussion was taken up by

Mr. Hunt, who said that he was in favour of girls reciting on platorms under proper management—(hear, hear).

Mr. McCree said he had asked Mr. Stanes to prepare the paper, and he experience of that gentleman with his four hundred and twenty boys nd girls gave great weight to his recommendations. The boys and girls vere not separated—(hear, hear).

Mr. Joseph Gilpin said he had had great experience in children's,

adults', and boarding-schools. He agreed with Mr. Stanes tha should not entrap their young friends to sign the Temperance-p He had no doubt that Mr. Stanes had acted from experience, a thought his practice was the more likely to be successful—(hear, h

Mr. Draper, said there were some difficulties elsewhere whicl Stanes had not. Mr. Stanes's children could go and gather wild fl on Primrose-hill, while some of them were surrounded for miles brick buildings. There were common difficulties, too, with pe essays, and recitations, which required careful treatment.

Mr. Hermitage thought that the monthly meetings of Mr. S were too seldom. He believed in the usefulness of girls reciting also in the giving of rewards.

Mr. Insull said that great care should be taken about the admi of members, as to cleanliness, and as to the instruction in the natur properties of alcohol. On the last-named subject they needed a catechism.

Mr. Phillips, of Bradford, said he almost entirely agreed Mr. Harvey; but while agreeing with many things in Mr. Stanes's there were many which he objected to, and especially to Mr. St objections to girls reciting. The good in this matter far outweighe evil—(hear, hear). In Bradford they had a Union, containing seve Bands of Hope. They had issued fifty thousand melodists, and ha year got up one of the noblest meetings ever held in England, at Mr. Chown had delivered a most capital lecture and address, ar which 400 children had been trained to sing—(hear, hear). He recommend the formation of unions, and that they should becor liated with the United Kingdom Band of Hope Union—(hear Not less than one hundred members had joined the Church fr Bands of Hope; and this fact, and the causes which led to it, l influence in retaining children, as well as in bringing them (hear, hear).

Mr. Murphy, referring to modes of management of Bands said that he was president of the "Meliora," and that th Mr. Parkes a most admirable conductor—(hear). They h might call a kick-up—(a laugh). A penny a week was paid t before the time, and then they had a tea-meeting; and then the needle;" and "round and round the mulberry bus parents went with the children; and, true, they got home (laughter). But who could think that such gatherings di to their Bands of Hope, and to all concerned—(hear)? N money for their Bands of Hope? There were no such d in London as the Band of Hope Union views—(hear). exhibitors—(renewed cheers). The means he had po greatly aid. Their young folks required solid instru amusement. Now there were many questions still to teachers as he, and of the writers of papers and other How were excursions paid for? How did the singing they conduct their anniversaries? He would quote

rnishing suggestive thoughts to Band of Hope conductors: they should ek to allure, instruct, and impress; and then, by God's blessing, they ust succeed—(cheers).

Mr. Ripley would like the conference to issue in something like a ractical result; such, for instance, as a prize for the best essay on the rmation and management of a Band of Hope. This would be most seful—(hear).

Mr. Stanes was now called upon to reply. As to the frequency of eetings he met his children twice a month; he could not spare the time eekly; but he tried to make those he had good—(hear). He gave prizes children for terms of attendance, &c. He conducted his Band of Hope as to give as little offence as possible to others. He did nothing nderhanded; he did not entice or entrap. Those who had signed had igned from conviction and disposition, and had stood well. He was bliged by the kind way in which his paper had been received—(hear).

Mr. Hendrick, representative of the Irish Temperance League, said e should feel that he had not done his duty if he did not say a few ords. He must congratulate the meeting on the delightful character of heir proceedings. In Belfast, from which he came the day before, they ad twenty Bands of Hope, containing from two thousand to three thouand members. He had come there to learn as much as possible, and to urn it to useful account—(hear).

After a few words from Mr. Rutherford testifying to the usefulness f girls reciting; against the use of the phrase "By the grace of God" in pledge, and urging still that children should be influenced by the ighest motives,

Mr. Shirley, in a few well-timed remarks, moved a vote of thanks to he essayists, the Rev. G. W. McCree, Mr. Symons, Mr. Thomas Anstie, he Rev. E. W. Thomas, Mr. Harvey, and Mr. Stanes, for their valuable apers; the vote was seconded by Mr. Franks, in a brief and neat entence or two; carried with acclamation, and suitably acknowledged by Mr. Harvey, who took occasion to recommend the Hymn Book pubshed by the Union.

The Rev. T. Phillips moved a thoroughly cordial vote of thanks to e Rev. G. W. McCree for his exceedingly valuable as well as arduous rvices; this was seconded by Mr. Affleck, who strongly urged that r. Garrett's speech at the annual meeting should be printed and issued a cheap form for circulation. The chairman warmly supported the otion, the meeting ardently passed it, and Mr. McCree in responding to e vote, referred in high terms to the services of his colleagues, and pecially to the generous aid which Mr. Samuel Morley had given to e movement.

Mr. Affleck announced that Mr. W. Spriggs had kindly contributed overeign towards a cheap issue of Mr. Garrett's speech.

The Doxology and the benediction brought to a close, some time after o'clock, a series of meetings destined, under God, to have a very portant and beneficial bearing on the Temperance reformation in Great itain, and, therefore, throughout the world.

FACTS FOR SPEAKERS.

DRUNKARDS.—In the year ending Michaelmas last, 94,908 persons—260 a day—were proceeded against before justices in England for drunkenness, or for being drunk and disorderly, and 63,255 of them were convicted. The great majority were only fined, but above 7,000 were committed to prison. The returns show a great increase over the previous year, for only 82,196 were then charged with drunkenness, and only 54,123 convicted. Of the persons thus charged in the last year, 22,560 were females, and more than 10,000 women were convicted for being drunk. Coroner's inquests in the year 1862 found 211 verdicts of deaths from excessive drinking, 145 men and 66 women thus ending their days.

AN ARGUMENT NOT TO BE WITHSTOOD.—The most irresistible of all arguments are not those of the argumentative kind. They lie in another domain, and they will triumphantly assert their sway when all others have failed. The Rev. William Reid, of Edinburgh, in a temperance sermon introduces the following incident—all the more interesting as relating to a high and honoured name in the advocacy of our cause:—"An eminent minister of the Gospel was some years ago spending a day with a brother in the ministry. The lady of the house at which he was sojourning, being a devoted friend of our cause, had advanced every argument she could think of to convince him of the propriety of his becoming an abstainer, but apparently without effect. On coming down to breakfast on the following morning, his host said to him, 'My wife has been praying much for you since we parted last evening.' 'Praying for me!' said he with surprise. 'Yes, praying that the Lord might remove the blindness which prevents you seeing the truth upon the subject of abstinence!' 'Well, well,' said he, 'I can withstand her arguments, but I cannot withstand her prayers!' That lady, who patiently took her cause and laid it before God, was the late Mrs. Sherman, of London, and the convert whom God gave her, in answer to her prayers, was the Rev. Newman Hall, who, from that hour has been one of our ablest and most influential advocates. Prayer and patience are more than a match for all the objections which Christian men and women are able to advance."

STRONG DRINK *versus* THE GOSPEL.—"During the twenty years after the establishment of the Church Missionary Society, only £250,000 were collected in aid of its funds; whilst in the same period were spent in this country for ardent spirits alone, the *enormous sum* of £375,000,000. It is calculated, on the authority of the *British and Foreign Bible Society*, that, at the present annual revenue, it will require *six hundred years* before every family in the known world can have a copy of the inestimable Word of God; whereas if the inhabitants of Britain were to abstain from intoxicating drinks *for one year*, sufficient money could be saved for that great work to be effected *in that short period*."

Annals of the United Kingdom Band of Hope Union.

LABOURS OF THE AGENTS.

Mr. W. B. Affleck and the Rev. J. Keeley have during the past month been fully engaged in the Northern Counties, in attending meetings, fêtes, and galas.

Mr. William Bell has been lecturing in Northampton and neighbouring counties. Notwithstanding the warm weather, and the fact that our country friends are now very busily engaged, Mr. Bell has had unusually large audiences. The following places have been visited, some several times:—King's Cliffe: It is more than 10 years since there was a meeting held at this place. We had a good meeting—at the close 44 signed the pledge. Warrington. Elton: A large meeting for a village—the first held for many years. The publicans sent some men with buckets of water to throw over us, but their hearts failed them when they got to the spot; at the close 30 signed the pledge. Polebrook: This is fresh ground. Three weeks ago I gave the first lecture; at the close 30 signed the pledge. The publican sent a lot of men with cans full of beer to annoy us, but the sympathy of the people was with us, and we had a glorious meeting. Thrapstone; Raunds; Ringstead; Finedon; Woolaston; Banbury; Cirencester; Rushden; Kettering, &c.

During the month Mr. G. Blaby attended and addressed the following Bands of Hope:—Bloomsbury Refuge, twice; Denmark Street, twice; Vauxhall Walk; Eaton Buildings, Chelsea; Ogle Mews, Tottenham Court Road; Waterloo Street, Camberwell; King Street, Long Acre; Kentish Town; St. Patrick's School, Soho; Working Men's Club, Duck Lane, Westminster; Little Wild Street; Little Denmark Street; Whitfield Chapel, Long Acre; Providence Hall, Shoreditch; Hind Mews, Marylebone; Haverstock Hill; Mill Pond Bridge, Rotherhithe; Shadwell; and Tottenham. He has also taken part in three adult meetings, preached eight sermons, and addressed three Sunday schools.

Mr. F. Smith has attended meetings as follows:—Southville, Wandsworth Road; Earl Street, London Road; Weir's Passage, Euston Road; St. Pancras Vestry Hall; Commercial Road; Collier's Rents, White Street, Borough; Whitfield Chapel, Long Acre; Britannia Fields; Stepney Meeting; Pell Street, St. George's in the East; Salem Chapel, Bow Road; and Lansdowne Place, Kent Street.

Anchor Band of Hope, Camberwell.—A meeting of the above society was held on Tuesday, July 14th, with an attendance of nearly 200. Towards the close of the proceedings, Master William Climpson delivered a short address prepared for the occasion, and presented Mr. James Eaton, the active superintendent, with a pretty pair of letter-balances, as a small token of affection and gratitude from some of the members of the Band of Hope. When the loud applause which followed

had subsided, Mr. Eaton made a suitable reply, and the meeting soon after terminated.

THE NORTHAMPTONSHIRE TEMPERANCE UNION having secured the services of Mr. Bell, of the Band of Hope Union, that gentleman has recently commenced his labours in the districts belonging to the association, and during the last few days has visited Kettering, Geddington, and Rushden, where he has delivered a series of lectures with great success. Mr. Bell is likely to become extremely popular in the neighbourhoods visited by him, thereby rendering considerable service to the Temperance cause. At Kettering he conducted the Band of Hope meeting more successfully than it had ever previously been, and has done much by showing the proper way of managing such gatherings.—*Weekly Record.*

NORTHAMPTONSHIRE.—Mr. Bell has been lecturing in various parts of the country with great success, and is proving one of the most useful auxiliaries ever possessed by the Northampton Temperance Union.—*Weekly Record.*

EAST COWTON.—The East Cowton annual festival was held on Tuesday, the 23rd inst., in the Hurworth spacious Temperance marquee, in a field liberally placed at the service of the society by Mr. Sampson Horsley. This is the second occasion on which Mr. Horsley has kindly assisted the society in a similar way. The day was splendid, and agreeably disappointed the apprehensions of the managers, which had been excited by the previous succession of wet weather. The company assembled from Darlington, Northallerton, and the surrounding neighbourhood was very large. The number who partook of the cup which cheers but not inebriates was upwards of four hundred. The tent was crowded during the delivery of two admirable speeches by the Rev. G. W. McCree, hon. sec. of the United Kingdom Band of Hope Union, and Mr. J. Sergeant, agent of the United Kingdom Alliance.

WASHTON.—On Thursday, the 18th, the fourth anniversary of this society was held in this village. The weather being fine a goodly number of people drew up to enjoy the festivities. The Reeth Teetotal Brass Band arrived at noon, and marched into the village, to the tune of "Auld Lang Syne," the flag of the band being borne by Messrs. M. Brown and Thomas Wood, two of the latest converts of the place to the Temperance cause. During the afternoon the band played some of its lively airs, and the visitors enjoyed themselves immensely. Tea was provided in the Temperance-hall; nearly three hundred partook of the same. During tea Mr. T. Clarkson presided at the harmonium, accompanied by the Reeth choir, performing some pleasing pieces which greatly delighted the audience. After tea the public meeting was held; G. A. Robinson, Esq., of Reeth, presiding, the crowd being so great that numbers were unable to obtain admittance. Addresses were delivered by Mr. J. Sergeant, agent of the United Kingdom Alliance, the Rev. H. Oakley and Rev. Mr. Wood. Richmond. On Sunday, the 21st, two sermons were preached in the hall by the Rev. Mr. Keeley, agent of the United Kingdom Band of Hope Union.

KETTERING.—The Temperance committee here engaged Mr. Bell, of

the Band of Hope Union, to deliver two sermons in the open air on Sunday last, that being the feast Sunday, when the town was crowded with visitors. On each occasion the attendance was large, and Mr. Bell, who is becoming highly popular, was well received. He was assisted by Mr. Parker, of Finedon, and other Temperance advocates.

WENSLEYDALE: AYSGARTH FORCE ANNUAL TEMPERANCE GALA.—This popular gathering was held with more than usual *eclat* on the 24th ult., in a field near the York Mills. The tea was served in two tents, there being about a thousand who partook of the cup that cheers. After tea, George A. Robinson, Esq., of Reeth, ascended the platform, formed by wagons, some distance from the tents. The Reeth Band played several pieces, and after a temperance melody was sung the chairman delivered a speech of considerable power. Mr. Sergeant followed in a humorous and practical address, which was much cheered; after which the Rev. G. W. M'Cree, of London, delivered an interesting and eloquent speech—Mr. Councillor Blakey, of Halifax, as a native of Wensleydale, also addressed the assembly, expressing his unshaken devotion to abstinence principles. After the meeting a fine balloon was sent up, and other amusements extemporised. The fête passed off in a manner most gratifying to all parties.

NORTHERN AUXILIARY TO THE UNITED KINGDOM BAND OF HOPE UNION.

CONFERENCE OF DELEGATES AT BISHOP AUCKLAND.

The conference of the delegates in connection with the above Union, for the interchange of thought and the expression of opinion for the good of their undertaking, was held in the Town Hall, on Tuesday, the 16th of June, under the presidency of G. A. Robinson, Esq.

Mr. Robinson delivered an emphatic address, in the course of which he regretted his inability, on account of declining health, to bestow as much attention to the Band of Hope movement as he was desirous of doing; but what he could perform in a quiet way they might expect him to do with all his heart. He was quite sure that all people engaged in the movement would endeavour to draw the children, into the paths of Temperance and religion, because by so doing they were benefiting themselves—perhaps in a greater degree than they were the children, and the result would afford them all happiness here and hereafter. He contended that it was easier and better to teach the younger branches than the adults, because the latter had become possessed of opinions and views, the error of which it was not easy to disabuse their minds. Mr. Robinson concluded by advising all people to set a good example to their children, and train them up in a proper manner, which would eventually lead to higher and better things.

The Rev. T. Holme, the Vicar of East Cowton, then read a very impressive and earnest paper on the Band of Hope movement, since its formation in London, in 1855, which fully bore testimony to the general soundness of the principles they were advocating and adopting. There

was one thing, however, he did not at all like, and that was the the agents of the Union setting themselves up as exponents of the G and, consequently, leading many people to suppose that the mov was only instituted to further the ends of a few dissenting parties would much rather, therefore, that they would attend to their employment.

The Rev. G. W. M'Cree of London, was the next speaker, and course of his remarks urged upon the delegates the necessity merely sending agents into districts where a Union had been fo but also into localities where no Temperance societies existed, s they could further the great end proposed by the Permissive Bill place it in an unobjectionable form before the legislature of the co He did not entirely agree with the rev. gentleman who had prec him, with reference to the agents of the society preaching the G because he considered an agent who could attend to his duties anc his place in the pulpit as well, was the individual the society req He sympathised with his friend on account of the objections rais the ministers of the Church, but he considered the best and only w make them pass away was for their agents to go on preaching as and endeavour to the best of their ability to complete the good wc which they were engaged.

The Rev. T. Holme said he did not wish it to be understood th ministers of the Established Church really objected to it; but i merely his own opinion that if the agents kept to their proper pur would be much better and more satisfactory to all parties.

The Rev. G. W. M'Cree stated that fifty-six thousand pledg had been sold during the year, and twenty-three thousand hymr which looked as though they were steadily progressing. There been one thousand seven hundred and twenty meetings held in cc with the Union during the past year.

Ms. W. B. Affleck then read a paper written by Mr. Lewis, Park, on "How to preserve members of Bands of Hope," generally acknowledged to be of a high intellectual order.

The following delegates then gave in an account of the prog movement in their respective localities:—Messrs. Chas. Ga Henry Appleby, Hurworth; John Hodgson, Otterington; Isa Witton Park; Henry Wardle, Gainford; Joseph Lingford, ter, and Thomas Snaith, Bishop Auckland. Miss Morton ar lor also attended from Hurworth, and were present during the business. The reports on the whole were very satisfa the conclusion the meeting took a conversational form, and wards adjourned.

A similar meeting was held in the afternoon, and a p was held in the evening, when addresses were delivered b Holme (in the chair), Rev. J. P. Keeley, Rev. G. W. geant, Esq., Mr. W. B. Affleck, and Mr Thompson, all of the great benefits derived from the society. On Wec the annual tea party and soiree was celebrated in the sa

tea was of a first class description, and gave the greatest satisfaction. A meeting was afterwards held, presided over by G. A. Robinson, Esq., when a lecture on "The Lights and Shadows of Life in London" was delivered by the Rev. G. W. M'Cree, and merited the hearty applause of the audience. Votes of thanks to the chairman and speakers having been awarded, the meeting dispersed.—*Bishop Auckland Herald.*

PRESENTATION TO THE REV. G. W. McCREE.

A most interesting and imposing meeting took place at the Mission Hall, Five Dials, in connection with Bloomsbury Chapel, on Tuesday evening, July 14th, for the purpose of presenting the Rev. Mr. M'Cree with a testimonial from the congregation of that place and others. This reverend gentleman has for the last fourteen years been most unremitting in his zealous exertions to alleviate the sufferings of the poor in this locality, and is beloved by all by whom he is known. The Rev. William Brock, of Bloomsbury Chapel, officiated as chairman, upon whom devolved the duty of presentation. The testimonial consisted of a most elaborate and beautifully-designed book-case, a suite of drawing-room chairs, an elegantly bound book containing a testimonial, and a purse of money. The Rev. Mr. Brock, in passing a most high eulogium upon the past career of the reverend gentleman, spoke of the numberless benefits he had conferred upon the neighbourhood during his long connection with it, enumerating many anecdotes of self-endurance. The Rev. Mr. M'Cree, in returning thanks, expressed his sincere gratitude for the marked feeling of approval with which the speaker and meeting had addressed themselves, also his high appreciation of the testimonial, and the stimulus this recognition of his labours would give him for the continuance of them amongst the poor in the district. Several other gentlemen also addressed the meeting.—*Morning Star, July 16th,* 1863.

SUBSCRIPTIONS TO THE BAND OF HOPE UNION,

Received during April, May, June, and July.

Samuel Morley, Esq.	£50	0	0	Joseph Payne, Esq.	£1	1	0
Charles Jupe, Esq.	10	0	0	Mr. W. V. Evans	0	5	0
Samuel Gurney, Esq., M.P.	10	10	0	Miss L. Barrett	0	10	0
Henry E. Gurney, Esq.	10	10	0	Mr. John Reed	0	2	6
Mr. John Matthews	0	2	6	Mr. W. Arpthorpe	0	5	0
Messrs. G. Hitchcock & Co.	1	1	0	Mr. T. Olney	0	5	0
Charles J. Leaf, Esq.	5	0	0	Mr. George Newman	0	10	0
James R. Field, Esq.	0	10	0	Mr. M. Young	0	5	0
Mr. Joseph Hill	0	1	0	Richard Barrett, Esq.	1	1	0
Mr. Thomas Twiddy	0	5	0	Richard Place, Esq.	0	7	0
John Clapham, Esq.	1	1	0	John Ambler, Esq.	0	10	0
Mrs. B. Helm	0	10	6	James Harvey, Esq.	0	10	6
William A. Venning, Esq.	1	1	0	Smith Harrison, Esq.	1	0	0

Mr. W. Chapman	£0	2	6
Mr. G. M. Murphy	0	5	0
Mr. C. G. Robson	1	1	0
Mr. John Stabb	0	5	0
Mr. Matthew Medwin, jun.	0	5	0
Mr. Thomas Green	0	5	0
Mr. Thomas Bryer	0	10	0
Mr. A. R. James	0	5	0
Mr. Joseph Taylor	0	5	0
H. Twelvetrees, Esq.	1	0	0
Mr. George Dornbusch	0	5	0
John Taylor, Esq.	0	10	0
W. J. Palmer, Esq.	6	14	10
Thomas Engall, Esq. M.R.C.S.	0	10	0
Thomas Pillow, Esq.	1	1	0
Rev. Jabez Burns, D.D.	0	5	0
Mr. John Roberts	0	2	6
Rev. E. Davies	0	2	6
The Misses Ashby	0	10	0
Mr. F. Fusedale	0	10	6
Mr. Job Caudwell	0	5	0
Mr. J. Kenny	0	2	6
Mr. S. Tucker	0	10	6
John Hodge, Esq.	1	0	0
Mr. F. Fisk (half-year)	0	5	0
Mr. H. Jeffery	0	5	0
Wilfrid Lawson, Esq. M.P.	1	0	0
Robert Warner, Esq.	1	0	0
B. Scott, Esq.	1	1	0
Thomas Cash, Esq.	0	10	6
George Pickett, Esq.	0	10	0
Mr. Job Keevil	1	1	0
Mrs. Job Keevil	1	1	0
Mr. Frank Wright	0	5	0
Miss Butler and Friends (2nd sub.)	0	2	6
Richard May, Esq.	1	1	0
Mr. George Nicholson	0	10	0
Mrs. Beck	0	10	0
C. H. Lovell, Esq., M.D.	£1	0	[illegible]
Mr. F. Anstie	0	10	[illegible]
Lord Ebury	5	0	0
Rev. E. W. Thomas	0	5	0
William Purvis, Esq.	1	1	0
Rev. G. W. M'Cree	1	1	0
J. T. Prichett, Esq.	1	1	0
Joseph Alexander, Esq.	1	0	0
Mr. W. M. Symons	0	10	0
Robert Forster, Esq.	0	5	0
Josiah Forster, Esq.	0	10	0
Thomas Binns, Esq.	0	10	0

FROM SOCIETIES.

St. Paul's & St. James's, Clerkenwell	0	5	0
Waterloo Street, Camberwell	0	5	0
City Road	0	5	0
Bedford	0	5	0
Bath	0	5	0
Peckham, (British School)	0	5	0
Albion Hall, London Wall	0	5	0
Britannia Fields, Islington	0	10	0
Bridport	0	5	0
Exeter Buildings, Chelsea	0	5	0
Kentish Town	0	5	0
Carr Street, Limehouse	0	5	0
Mill Pond, Rotherhithe	0	5	0
Earl Street, London Road	0	10	6
Providence Hall, Shoreditch	0	5	0
Plough Yard, Lincoln's Inn Fields	0	5	0
Artillery Lane, Bishopsgate	0	5	0
Total, ...	£140	10	4

EDITORIAL NOTES.

All communications should be written on one side of the paper only.

Names and Addresses should be written very plainly.

Intelligence should be sent early.

Books for Review, Articles for the Record, &c., may be sent to the Editor at No. 37, Queen Square, London.

J. Bale, Printer, 78, Great Titchfield-street, Marylebone.

BAND OF HOPE RECORD.

JOSEPH PAYNE, ESQ., DEPUTY-JUDGE.

Any one who has attended "the May meetings" can scarcely fail to have made acquaintance with Mr. Judge Payne, whose name is always received with marked applause. His speeches are of that racy and peculiar kind which is sure to win approval and to excite risibility, but there is an undercurrent of deep pathos which stamps them with distinguishing excellence. This singular commingling of fervid oratory with laughter-moving oddities constitutes Mr. Payne's speciality as a platform-advocate, and makes him the idol of our religious and reformatory associations. Many years have elapsed since Mr. Joseph Payne, barrister at law, or, as he was usually styled Mr. Counsellor Payne, made his first appearance before the public in connection with societies that were then infant projects. The world owes him a very heavy debt of obligation, and perhaps the value of his services will never be rightly estimated during his lifetime. Some eighteen years ago he joined the Earl of Shaftesbury and others in establishing the Ragged-school Union, and to the promotion of its interests he has dedicated an amount of effort almost super-human. It is no uncommon event in Mr. Payne's history to find him presiding over the Second Court at the Middlesex Sessions during the day, while his evening has been devoted to two or three attendances at public meetings in widely separated districts of the metropolis. His comic expression of countenance and his rich fund of anecdote pave the way for a patient hearing, while his "tail-pieces" come to be regarded as a feature in every speech. These poetic effusions now exceed eighteen hundred in number, and we suppose they will increase and multiply while there are charities to advocate, or duties to enforce. Written amid the hurry of pressing avocations, and delivered under every variety of circumstances, they are occasionally wanting in the true elements of cultivated verse, but they are never devoid of that appositeness for which Mr. Payne's utterances are remarkable. We believe there are few men who can really speak so well as the Deputy-Judge, or who can maintain so firm a hold upon the sympathies of an audience, but when addressing children he is seen to the best advantage. With means which are anything but large, he is doing an amount of

good almost incredible, while his private charities are as extended as his public efforts. Although pre-eminently the friend and advocate of Ragged-schools, his tongue and pen are not limited in their pleadings, since the records of nearly every society exhibit his name among their zealous supporters. The British and Foreign Bible Society, the various Home and Foreign Missionary organisations, with scores of kindred institutions, lay his eloquence under tribute in the enforcement of their claims.

Now the life and labours of such a man constitute an example in which we may laudably rejoice—since we owe to Christianity the consecration of Mr. Payne's powers to the work with which he is identified. Among the many claimants upon his time the Temperance Reformation must not pass unnoticed, since to the cause of Total Abstinence and Bands of Hope he has dedicated some of his most powerful pleas. As a lawyer we believe the subject of this sketch holds no undistinguished place, while his decisions as a judge are universally esteemed. Eccentric in manner, habit, and costume, he combines the mobility of the actor with the *bonhommie* of the counsellor, and would pass for almost anything rather than a judge. Possessed of a very retentive memory, always ready with some pungent witticism, and charged to the very teeth with anecdotical literature, Mr. Payne knows that in sacred as in profane matters the rubicon that divides the ridiculous from the sublime is a narrow stream. Mr. Payne has enjoyed many opportunities of testing the benefit and worth of educational and reformatory endeavours, and his more recent experiences on the judgment-seat come in aid of previous acquirements to strengthen his catalogue of useful facts. It is therefore a very common occurrence to find him alluding to some case which has recently been tried in order to illustrate and support his peculiar views, and to show by sad and solemn catastrophe the evil consequences of a sinful career. As the immediate *aide-de-camp* of Lord Shaftesbury, this eminent philanthropist is ever at his post pleading, proving, poetising in the cause of humanity. Indeed, wherever the peer is to be found in the chair the pleader may be seen on the platform, and perhaps no two men have ever heard so many speeches from each other as the noble earl and the benevolent judge. We trust that Mr. Payne may long be spared to prosecute his work of faith and labour of love, and to find in the gratitude of those who are ready to [illegible]ish some recompense for his herculean toils. A higher

motive is, however, the inspiration of his zeal—he is a follower of One who went about doing good, and he strives, by daily recognition of claims that are paramount and divine, to urge himself onward in the career to which he has been devoted and adapted.

HISTORY OF THE THIRSK CHRISTIAN TEMPERANCE SOCIETY.

A LETTER TO THE EDITOR.

Esteemed Friend,—Thy note came to hand some time ago, but engagements of various kinds have prevented me attending to thy request so soon as I should have liked; and what I have to communicate will not be new to many, seeing it has been before the public in one or two publications; my object therefore in agreeing to thy wish, is in the hope that it may be the means of drawing attention to what I believe is the best way of reaching the drunkard, and of enlisting the sober and religious in the Temperance enterprise.

For a long time past my feeling has been, that Temperance Societies are not effecting the good that they promised to do in their first establishment; the novelty and excitement has passed away, and except something extraordinary takes place at the meetings, they are generally poorly attended, and the class wanted are seldom present; this state of things has led to a change in the style of lecture,—the good sound statement of first principles has given place to orations, and musical entertainments, at least to a considerable extent. There is also reason to fear that the imitation of the unfortunate drunkard on the platform, the holding up to ridicule the inconsistencies of ministers and other good men, the harshness of some lecturers, and above all the want of the religious element in the working of societies, has kept many from uniting themselves with this important enterprise.

The Temperance society here has been in existence nearly thirty years, and has been worked with more or less vigour ever since, but of late years the lectures, except the musical ones, have been thinly attended; very few except members attended; and, although occasionally intemperate persons took the pledge, they generally fell away again to their old habits, partly for want of sympathy and counsel from older members, or from the temptations to drink with which they were surrounded. Like most other places, intoxicating drinks have made sad havoc in our little town; and it was very disheartening to find that after all the labour and exertion that had been made, the evil remained almost undiminished,—there were still many miserable homes, families were kept in great destitution, and many were rushing as it were headlong to ruin. Whilst deploring these facts, and feeling as it were powerless to stem this torrent of sin by the means that had been hitherto tried, and longing that something could be done to persuade them to see the folly and danger of this destructive habit, that excellent work of Julia B. Wightman's, "Haste to the Rescue," came in our way, and the reading of it satisfied us, that

the plan she adopted of visiting them at their own homes is the right one; that if they would not come to us, we must go to them. There is no doubt that the Christian efforts of the present day are tending in this direction. The Bible Missions in London and other large towns, mothers' meetings, Mrs. Bayley's work in Kensington, town missionaries, ragged schools, and Sunday schools, with the Divine blessing resting on all these various ways of reaching the poor and degraded, teach us to depend less upon lectures and ministers, and more on individual effort; for there is, no doubt, amongst Christian people, a danger of putting off their individual responsibilities of working in the great harvest field, by paying others to do the work which they are called upon to do. The present time is one of great indulgence; luxuries of every kind are so plentiful and cheap, that everything tends to make us desirous of sitting down and enjoying our creaturely comforts, and prevent many from carrying out in practice the dear Saviour's parable of the Marriage Supper, when he said to his servants, 'Go ye out into the highways and hedges, and compel them to come in.'

About fourteen months ago, our present Christian Temperance Association was set on foot, and was commenced by visiting the most intemperate at their own homes; a weekly meeting, on Thursday evenings, was started at the same time, to which they were invited, and which has been held, with only one intermission, until the present time. As the members increased in number, the town and village near were divided into districts, and as suitable persons offered, they were appointed visitors. Our population is about four thousand, and we have eight districts; the visitors form the managing body, with the president, who has the general oversight and visits in all the districts. About every six weeks, the visitors meet at the president's house, when the list of members is examined, and members' names added or struck out of the list. All the meetings are commenced with prayer and Scripture reading, and carried on in a devotional spirit, as we feel that without the Divine blessing, we cannot expect to succeed against this evil, so intimately connected as it is with the social customs, the appetites, and interests of society.

The society now numbers between 400 and 500 members. A considerable number have been reclaimed from their drinking habits, and are improving in circumstances and comfort; some of these, who never attended any place of instruction, attend most of our meetings, and we hope are beginning to think seriously on the importance of eternal things. A meeting has also been carried on for some months for this class, for Scripture reading and instruction on Sunday evenings, and it is deeply interesting to see many of them listening with interest to the blessed promises contained in the Scriptures, which to them has been so long a sealed book.

A Penny Savings' Bank has also been in operation about a year, in which there are or have been, about 60 depositors. A Sick Club too is also in progress, but has not yet received sufficient members for a commencement.

Endeavours are made to impress upon the members the importance of

personal effort, and of each member doing all he can to spread the principle amongst their friends and neighbours.

A pleasing case of this personal effort may be mentioned, as affording encouragement to anyone who thinks they do not possess any power in this direction. One of our members lives in a yard, containing seven or eight houses; he had been himself a very hard drinker, and had kept his family in very distressed circumstances; the change in the happiness of his own family is very great indeed, as he now stays at home and helps his wife with the children in the evenings; he can neither read nor write, but he feels anxious to extend the blessings which he himself enjoys to others. Both his next door neighbours were very intemperate, and one evening, having got one of them into his house, he sent over for the president to go and see him; he accordingly went, and after reading the Scriptures together, the importance of keeping the Divine laws, in connection with Temperance, was spoken of and enforced; the man seemed deeply impressed, and joined the society. A weekly meeting has been held in this cottage ever since, and many have joined them, including the other intemperate person, and instead of the court being frequently disturbed by drunken brawls, all is quiet and peace, owing in a considerable measure to this poor man's consistent conduct and influence, under what may be thought unfavourable circumstances.

As an encouragement to children, I know of a little boy, the son of a person who for many years has led an intemperate life, and in consequence plunged a nice kind wife and five children into great trouble and distress, but this little fellow having signed the Temperance pledge, kept to it unwaveringly, and for several years showed his father a good and consistent example, under no circumstances yeilding to temptation; his father took the pledge soon after we commenced, and no one can tell how happy the little fellow was in coming to our meetings with him, always looking so bright and cheerful. The expense of conducting the society has been very moderate; the Friends have kindly lent their meeting-house, which has saved the expense of a room, and the amount spent during the first twelve months was under five pounds, and this includes the purchase of several thousands tracts.

We are now extending our society into the small villages round us, and there is active temperance work going on in several of them. We have occasion to be thankful in the ground gained from the enemy, and desire to press on until all our neighbours give up the use of these destructive liquors. But there are two things especially that discourage the temperance reformer; one is the apathy of so many christian people, the other is, that some who take the pledge and keep it for a time, break down and bring disgrace upon the cause, by returning to their old habits; for of these many we feel deep sympathy and sorrow, for they would gladly get from under their bondage, but lack the power; the chain of intemperance has wound itself around their souls, so that they have no moral power left.

For the former, we can only pray that their eyes may be opened, to see intemperance and its causes in their true light, so that they may be enabled to give up their small portion of the cup, that deceives and is a

mocker, and throw all their influence into the scale of true sobriety, and come forward to the help of the Lord. From no field of labour is there so rich a reward as there is in this, not only in the immediate improvement in circumstances and home comforts, but also in that higher and nobler one, of seeing the once debased and besotted man, with clear head and sober thought, taking the first step on that ladder which reaches from the lower earth to a brighter and better world, where from turning from his wickedness in repentance, and with firm faith in the atonement made for his guilty soul by the dear Redeemer, he may be washed, purified, and prepared to enjoy with deep thankfulness, and to praise for ever the mercy of his God. I may conclude by adding that this consummation is the great end kept in view by us, in the meetings and work of our Christian Temperance Association.

I remain, with kind regards, thy sincere friend,

B. Smith.

JOEL STRATTON.

Hark! how the dismal funeral-bell
Gives to the air its solemn knell!
Yonder they stand! a mournful throng;
And raise to heaven their pious song
That tells of hope, in tones of sorrow,
Grief for to day, but joy tomorrow.
See! at the grave the hymn is done;
And all are looking up to one
Who, of the dead, prepares to tell
That which his soul remembers well.
Who is the speaker? John B. Gough.
Each from his head the hat puts off,
And, all, with reverent mind attend,
To Gough's eulogium of his friend.

"There in the grave reposes one
Whose earthly course was briefly run.
'Poor Joel Stratton!' some will say,
Your life, like our December day,
Gloomy, and cold, soon reached its end!
There lies my truest, kindest friend!
I was an outcast; none to me
Stretched out the hand of amity.
Contemned, despised by all, as one
Whose life of shame was nearly gone.
By all forsaken; given o'er
To sin and Satan; mercy's door
To me was 'shut and barred'; so they,

In their presumptuous thoughts, would say,
But Joel Stratton's faith gave power
In my life's sad, despairing hour;
His words of kindness reached my heart,
That anodyne, to ease the smart
Of burning conscience, by him given,
Lifted my soul from earth to heaven.
Thanks be to God! my heart must say,
While weeping o'er that lifeless clay,
That Joel Stratton's saving hand
Lifted me up; and if I stand
A man respected by this band
Of mourning friends,—if, through the land,
Thousands have listened to my voice;—
If I have made the hearts rejoice
Of wretched drundards, and their wives;
If hundreds have reformed their lives,
And wondering ask, with grateful heart,
'How Gough acquired the persuasive art?
What earthly spirit impulse gave?'
'Twas his, who lying in that grave,
His work being done, now speaks through me,
That I, for him, may counsel thee,
And say to all—work while you may!
Work while you can! Though short your day,
Like his, may be, the Master stands
To bless the labour of your hands.
Work on in faith! Count not the cost.
Resolve to seek and save the lost.
Then, when the summons comes 'to rest,'
You'll, too, be numbered with the blest."

JOHN P. PARKER.

AUTUMN LEAVES.

The spreading leaves beneath whose shade
Nature a summer bower had made,
In autumn droop to die and fade.
Their beauty charmed us, and we feel
A sadness o'er our spirits steal
As we behold Death set his seal.
But—bright the thought!—we lift our eyes
To where the forest kings arise
With stately forms to kiss the skies.

And there are records standing high,
Of autumn leaves once drifted by,
Sere and yellow it seemed, to die.

Thus human souls, as day by day
They feel 'tis sad to drift away,
And sometimes long for power to stay,

May learn that life is not in vain,
That when they know no care nor pain,
The good they do shall live again.

OUR INFLUENCE ON CHILDREN.

The child looks and listens, and whatsoever tone of feeling or manner of conduct is displayed around him sinks into his plastic, passive soul, and becomes a mould of his being ever after. His soul is a purely receptive nature, and that for a considerable period, without choice or selection. A little further on, he begins voluntarily to copy everything he sees. Thus we have a whole generation of future men, receiving from us their very beginnings, and the deepest impulses of their life and immortality. They watch us every moment, in the family, before the hearth, and at the table; and when we are meaning them no good or evil, when we are conscious of exerting no influence over them, they are drawing from us impressions and moulds of habit, which if wrong, no heavenly discipline can wholly remove; or if right, no bad associations utterly dissipate.

THE WORDS OF EXPERIENCE.

Sober Fishermen.—The Rev. Dr. Guthrie, in a lecture delivered at Thurso, after passing a high eulogium on the character and habits of Newhaven fisherman, said— I was over lately in Fife, at a place there they call Cellardyke—a little fisher town which stands facing the billows of the German Ocean. A finer population than that of Cellardyke I have not seen anywhere; they are fine stalwart fellows, and I may tell you that it is chiefly by the produce of their labours that Edinburgh and

lasgow and Dundee are supplied with fish. Well, I spoke to one of ese hardy fellows when there, and asked him all about the habits of the ace. "Oh, Sir," said he, "the habits of our people are greatly improved ithin the last ten or twelve years. I have seen the time when no boat ent off to sea—and they fished up the Dogger Bank—without two or ree bottles of whiskey on board—now, all that is changed. I have en the time when no boat was hauled up on the beach after the fishing ithout it costing so many shillings for whisky. Now, Sir," he said, ointing to the long row of boats, "do you see all these boats;"—there ere seventy-five of them all high and dry—"Well, Sir, would you lieve it, twelve years ago £25. worth of whisky was needed to run up ese boats, and now there they are, and it has not taken a single drop." ow, instead of the men taking whisky, they take coffee. They take a nd of machine with them, I don't know what you call it, but it is a offee-making machine, and they make their coffee at sea—they plough e deep, and they reap the deep, and they come home as sober as judges ay, and more sober than many judges used to be.

A Working-Man on Strikes.—If we really desire our position to elevated, we must examine the nature of the causes which produce the effects which are so bitterly complained of; and, if we do so in an partial manner, we shall find that they are not the alleged tyranny of s employer, nor the wrongheadedness of that one; nor because certain es are not conceded; nor because the hours of labour are not shortened, the request of the dissatisfied labourers; but because *the men are not e to themselves!* It is the intemperance, improvidence, and want of sight, on the part of so many of our brethren, which is the origin of our troubles. The histories of the hundreds of self-educated, and -made men, who have sprung from our ranks, and won for themselves our, fame, and fortune, all testify to the truth of my assertions. *They* er spent their time in "striking" and "debating," but they set nestly to work, to do their duty to themselves and to their neighbours; l to redeem the hours spent by others in the tap-room, or in question- e amusements. All the strikes in the world will not improve our ition, unless we also aid in the movement by the practice of *self-orm;* and when we do so, then strikes will be unnecessary. That n is a traitor to our order who states otherwise: and if you are cere in your professions, you would not, for one moment, hesitate to nounce the gin-shop, and the ale-house, as the principal source of our evances. At any rate, I know there is many a mother, many a wife, l many a sweetheart, has had bitter occasion to mourn the evil in- ences exercised by these accursed places, where so many of our brethren ste their time, strength, and money; and then charging their employ- with the effects of their own folly, plunge into the vortex of a strike, l drag hundreds with them to share the common ruin.—"*Strikes,*" *John Plummer.*

Long Life.—Dr. Elliotson, of London, says, in his work on Human ysiology,—The total abstinence from alcoholic drinks and other narcotic stances *will greatly augment health and lengthen life.* Plenty of

wholesome food and *fresh air* are the *best strengtheners*, and *rest*, when we are fatigued, is the *best restorer*.

GOOD DIGESTION.—Mr. EDWARD BAINES, editor of the *Leeds Mercury*, says,—Many of my friends thought I needed a little wine. I myself had the prejudice that it *helped digestion*. Well, I tried the experiment—first for a month, then for another month, till at length I learned to laugh at the prejudices of myself and my friends. I feel it my duty, having abstained for fifteen years, to state that during the whole time I have enjoyed good and vigorous health, and that I believe I have done more work, have had better spirits, *have taken my food with greater relish*, and have slept more tranquilly than I should have done if I had habitually taken wine or beer.

HARD WORK.—The REV. E. HITCHCOCK, Professor of Chemistry, &c., Amherst College, Massachusetts, says,—A few yearsa go, I was called to make a geological survey of the State of Massachusetts, which required about five thousand miles of travel, in an open waggon, at a rate not greater than from twenty to thirty miles per day, and very severe bodily exertion in climbing mountains, and in breaking, trimming and transporting more than five thousand rocks and minerals. I was usually employed from sunrise to ten o'clock at night, with little interruption. Yet, during all my wanderings I drank not one drop of alcohol. And I found myself more capable of exertion and fatigue than in former years, when I was in the occasional use of stimulating drinks.

PRACTICAL PAPERS, No. 15.

By Mr. G. M. MURPHY.

USEFUL HOLIDAYS.

One of the difficulties in the way of success, from which country societies especially suffer, is the want of a diversified advocacy. People soon grow tired of hearing the same arguments, and the same experiences, and unless "fresh blood" be introduced, interest soon flags, and the Temperance meeting place is deserted. How is this to be remedied? One way is by the union of local advocates, as is done in the Birmingham and Wolverhampton District Association, and in the Northamptonshire Temperance Union, and other localities, by which a continual interchange of speakers is planned and secured. Let societies group together for this purpose, and while establishing and carrying on their own efforts on a perfectly independent basis, joining societies around them for aggregate action; or, if this be impossible, affiliating with some such organisation as the United Kingdom Band of Hope Union, that, at as small an expense as is compatible with efficiency, they may have a continuous supply of earnest and truthful teetotal talk, from intelligent talkers.

Another way is, by the societies in question engaging independent advocates; but as sometimes the expense is a lion in the way, this plan is by some associations of feeble folk hardly ever attempted. Some societies in large towns, to their honour be it said, occasionally endeavour to remedy this, in their own localities, by engaging a clever advocate, and after a night or so in their own midst, send him on a roving commission into the villages around. Glorious work has thus been done; would that it were done upon a larger and more systematic scale! If we want the heart healthy, we must keep the limbs in motion, and if we want the town to be a stronghold of Teetotalism, the neighbourhood of the town must not be forgotten.

Individuals possessing the means, and the will, have sometimes rendered good service in this manner, and we think that in very few ways indeed could the stewardship of wealth be better employed than in the engagement of a man of popular address and holy sympathies, to go forth like an ancient prophet, denouncing the people's curse, and unfolding the standard of Christian Teetotalism as a remedy for intemperance; a man such as Peter the Hermit of crusading notoriety, might go forth awakening enthusiasm, and perhaps opposition, but in any case arousing from torpor and supineness thousands, who seeing and lamenting the evil, are, notwithstanding all that has been written, spoken, and done, strangers to the remedy. Have the Kenricks no successors? Have we no uncoronetted nobles, who will stand in the gap? Subscriptions to societies do not absolve personal responsibility, and individual superintendence and interest is ever more efficacious than a delegated authority. The society can accomplish that in which the individual would fail, and the individual can achieve what no society could accomplish. May God raise up many men of substance, who shall not only be alive to the evil against which we war, but determined on its abatement, and final overthrow.

We now come to the subject of the paper—"Useful Holidays." How many teetotal ministers, men of business, and others there are, who in the summer time journey forth in search of recreation, and change of scene, who might turn these periods of comparative repose to great service in the cause, by giving timely notice to the secretary of the association most interested in the particular locality to which he is journeying; or if he be a member of the United Kingdom Band of Hope Union, or other large society, (and if not he ought to be,) let him write to the secretaries of the societies in the various places he

intends visiting; the secretary will try to arrange for a few meetings, and he will thus be able not only to enjoy his ruralising, but to impart enjoyment, and perchance leave the stamp of the usefulness of his visit behind him in reclaimed drunkards and happy families, or in ruin prevented by the conviction of, and adherence to, Temperance principles, by some who otherwise might fall.

Perhaps, however, set engagements to any extent might interfere with that freedom from restraint which a man likes to feel when taking his country trip; if so, we say carry on a guerilla warfare against the drink, by fighting your own battles in your own way; fight as you will, only *fight*. The society of the town will gladly avail themselves of your aid; if no society exists in the town, get the bell-man to call a meeting on some well-known spot; the people in a country place are sure to come, if only to see a Londoner, or a stranger; but whatever the motive that brings them, when they come let them have an easily-understood dissertation upon Teetotalism, and generations yet unborn may bless you.

Meetings at stated times, and stated places, sometimes bring a stated audience; and then only by getting into an unwonted track you may create new interests, attract fresh faces, awaken dormant energies, and warm flagging hearts; but whether or no try, to do something. But some object, and say, "we go out of town to rest, not to work." To such we reply, if you esteem such holy exercise, *work*, stand aloof,—we neither admire nor covet your unwilling service. "But," says another, "I am no speaker;" then distribute tracts; they will speak where the voice of the advocate would never reach. Are you too poor to afford tracts, or too shy to give them away? then a temperance melody sung at home, or a conversation pleasantly conducted, may lead to results of a truly remarkable kind. A fond mother never tires of showing her children to her friends, nor ever neglects an opportunity of praising them. Inventors never tire of trumpeting forth the praises of their invention; the true missionary of the cross is always and everywhere a missionary; his heart is in his work. And so those who feel warmly on the Temperance question, will find a way of giving expression to their sentiments; only let their conversation be such as becometh the gravity of the work, and great good will surely follow.

Should there be a committee of poor men in the town or village where a well-to-do teetotal tourist is staying, an "invite" to such a committee to tea would be of mutual advantage. An

interchange of sentiment, a friendly grasp of the hand, and enquiries, and conversation, would be of great service on either side. Some of the noblest champions of truth and temperance are found standing almost alone in their protest against "spiritual wickedness in high places," and the intemperance of the masses. Badgered by brewing "elders," scouted by spirit-selling "deacons," much maligned by malt-making church and chapel-wardens, and just tolerated, and that's all, by ministers, who in some instances are kept under the thumb of such, and who, however willing they might be personally, the moment any movement is proposed really striking at the source of England's misery, are met with the cry, in effect, if not in words, "Sirs by this craft we get our wealth; great is bold Bacchus of Britain." A friendly greeting to men thus situated is worth more than gold; it encourages them to persevere, and above all, it teaches them they are not working unremembered and alone.

The railway train, the steam boat, and the pleasure party all present the holiday-maker with opportunities for usefulness, and thus an increase of pleasure, if he do but take advantage of them; and seeing the antagonism we meet with on every hand, from interest, appetite, prejudice, and custom, we should be earnest in season and out of season, that we may earn and obtain the Master's approval of "well done good and faithful servant," and go away to the grand holiday, which is eternal, and have no sin to grapple with, and no curse to conquer.

THE PRAYER OF THE DRUNKARD'S CHILD.

By John Plummer.

Oh! Thou who didst, with pitying smile,
  Look down on such as me,
With falt'ring lips, and tearful eyes,
  I raise my prayer to Thee!
For father at the alehouse stays,
  While mother weeps alone;
And little Charlie ever cries
  For bread, and there is none.
And people look upon me so,
  As something strange and wild:
Whene'er I pass, I hear them say:—
  "There goes the drunkard's child."

Oh! Thou whose every look is love,
  Compassion take on me:
A drunken outcast—poor and vile—
  Let not my father be;
But teach him, Lord, to dash aside
  The soul destroying chain,
Which binds him to the madd'ning drink,
  And evermore abstain.
Nor let his lips be once again
  With poison'd draughts defil'd;
And then no more will men with scorn
  Call me "The drunkard's child."

While brother Charlie food will have,
  And mother weep no more;
And father will be happy too,
  Nor seek the alehouse door.
Then I shall go each Sabbath morn
  Towards the house of prayer,
To bless the mercy and the love
  Which saved my heart from care:
And thank Thee, Lord, that Thou hast thus
  On me in kindness smiled,
Nor spurn'd the prayer which came to Thee,
  From one—a "Drunkard's child."

Domestic Messenger.

THE INSEPARABLE CONNECTION BETWEEN THE GENERAL USE OF ALCOHOLIC DRINKS AND JUVENILE DELINQUENCY.

By the Rev. E. W. THOMAS, *Secretary to the Reformatory and Preventive Institution*, 200, Euston Road.

Juvenile delinquency may be regarded as one of the great problems of the age, which a noble army of christian philanthropists are trying by the use of the most Godlike zeal and ingenuity to solve, and with a certain amount of encouragement; but it is limited, and sadly so, as all engaged must confess, and one of the greatest trials to the faith of these noble workers is, that while they are labouring for the temporal and eternal salvation of one generation of delinquent youths of both sexes, another is being reared for them, on whom it seems they are to continue their exertions in perpetuity, unless the primary causes of this moral evil can be more successfully grappled with. For more than twelve years I have been labouring hard in this department of christian philanthropy, in connection with ragged schools, and refuges, both for boys and girls, and reformatories for young women; I therefore rejoice at this opportunity of giving public expression to my experience, which has established the

conviction, that all who wish to succeed must trace bad effects down, down, even to the most remote causes, in order to secure anything like solid success.

It is not sufficient for us to adopt the sentimental, and sigh and mourn over the thousands of wrecks of youthful character, to tell them how much pity is lavished upon them, and to what position they may raise themselves in the future, by continuing in well doing; and in order to this, we may perfect all our remedial agencies, but it is not enough.

Is it not possible for us to find out the rocks or quicksands on which these frail barks strike? and if so, should we not labour on, in ever increasing zeal, for their removal? or if it is found we cannot sweep them out of existence, to earnestly strive to rear up the danger signal in the sight of all, both young and old, but especially the former, to save them from ruin.

One fact patent to all observers arrested my attention years ago, viz,—that as a rule, juvenile delinquents are produced by two or three sections of society,—the labouring, artizans, and small tradespeople. Now surely it cannot be argued that circumstances alone have scarcely anything to do with morality; ten thousand times over has vice reigned triumphant in the palace, and virtue in the cottage; but we have seen the reverse of this, thank God, in the case of virtue, in the life of our beloved Sovereign, and her late justly-revered Consort. But let us approach more closely to our subject. Is there any essential difference between the sons and daughters of those placed in easy circumstances, and those who have to fight their way out of the deepest obscurity on to the fair stage of human life? None whatever; all are alike in God's sight, all are "born in sin and shaped in iniquity,"—and yet, referring to the great body of what may be termed juvenile delinquents, in which are included fallen females, (and we have an aggregate of hundreds of thousands), three-fourths, or perhaps more, belong by birth and training to the classes already described. If further proof is required, I refer to the experience of personal observation, as seen in numerous instances. I have seen whole families grow up, almost without an exception, to be a comfort to their parents, in advances, in education, in business, morality and religion. I have also seen whole families grow up more and more currupt,—sons becoming idlers or thieves, and daughters taking to lives of shame and degradation. Now this state of things must result either from the will of God, the force of some dire necessity, or the neglect of parents. The first theory we dismiss at once, as we have higher views of the Almighty, of whom it is said, "He is no respecter of persons." Of the second we need not say much, for while here and there one may be kept down by the iron hand of nnrelenting poverty, upon the whole, the present generation offers a very fair field for the exercise of enterprise, even when the start is from the very base of the column of Fortune; it is therefore thought, as a rule, that juvenile delinquency is one of the fruits of parental mismanagement, and that all have more or less the remedies in their own hands. Not long since I heard a good visitor amongst our London poor say, that at one time he was called to visit a court in London

containing one hundred and twenty rooms, which were occupied by one hundred and eighteen families. Now it must be remembered, that this is not an isolated instance, for if it were, it might soon be swept out of existence, but there are hundreds and thousands of persons in London, and provincial towns and cities, cooped up in a similar manner,—one room to serve for cooking, washing, dressing, and sleeping purposes.

One moment's thought upon the subject, and the impossibility of right feelings being cultivated between parents and children, and growing sons and daughters, is altogether out of the question; and so we may reason here from analogy. In the natural world, we know that every seed brings forth its own kind; and so in the moral world, such a state is sowing to degeneracy in a physical and moral sense, and the result is degradation in all respects; and in these hot-beds the great bulk of our juvenile delinquents are reared, as the registries of our refuges, reformatories and prisons will prove. This leads to the consideration of another very important question,—Are these persons forced by dire necessity to drag out a weary existence, to their own and children's ruin, in such miserable hovels? It is answered, no, not as a rule; and this leads us to one great cause, the general use of alcoholic drinks and absolute intemperance, and that only in one aspect, as absorbing in a most injurious manner the income of the family, for which the whole have to suffer in various ways and degrees, viz.,—in the supply of wholesome and sufficient food. The truth will not be exceeded if it asserted, that thousands of children have to suffer more or less in this one thing, and not a few to a very painful degree. I have known instances in which the thirst for strong drink has almost entirely absorbed parental love.

Hundreds of times I have seen poor, puny little children hungering even for bread, when the money spent in the purchase of strong drink would have provided a liberal snpply ; and again and again I have seen young children pining for food where the hand of affliction has been laid on them, and father or mother, or both, debasing themselves worse than the brute beasts, in pandering to an unnatural appetite, and so forgetting one of the strongest instincts of human nature.

Now it must be remembered that want of any kind quickens to effort, in order to obtain a supply; it is that which sets the world in motion, morning after morning, and makes the hands and brains of millions active in pursuit of desired good; and so it is with the young, who are compelled by parental sin to provide for themselves; and how is this to be done? Of bodily strength they have but little; no knowledge of any particular handicraft; character is almost entirely out of the question; and penniless to boot, boys and girls go forth into the world, with more or less of hope, but what do they find? Struggling masses competing for fortune's favours, and so taken up with their pursuit, that they cannot find time to look on or consider the interest of any human being, except as their own gain is likely to be forwarded by it. Thousands more stand aloof, saying that caution forbids them helping unless a character can be procured, which many of these unfortunates never had the opportunity

of obtaining; and not a few will express themselves in sentimental sympathy of a few nicely arranged kind words, which contain all their entire stock of benevolence, which costs them nothing, at least beyond a few sighs, and certainly never satisfies the cravings of any poor hungry wretch.

Dwell on these facts, and imagine any poor hungry boy or girl standing thus perplexed, in these trying circumstances, the world screening itself in the folds of its own selfish interest, and the place called home a hovel, and the larder shelves bare of the common necessaries of life. But amidst all this, nature's cry for bread cannot be stifled; to such even the very workhouse relief is forbidden, because there are parents who ought to provide, and if not, it is no business of the Union authorities. At this moment the temptation to evil is presented, and for want of principle, and bread, but the latter more particularly, the first step in crime is taken; I say the first, for unfortunately when the hand is once soiled by crime, it seldom stops there, but goes on to entire ruin.

Who but the wilfully blind can fail to see the connection between our drinking customs and juvenile delinquency. But this is not all; it must be borne in mind that we live in an age where there is great truth in the saying, that "appearances are everything," yea, even with a boy or girl, when endeavouring to force their way out into the world; indeed it is a great recommendation, which we all feel, for we like to see those around us clean, tidy, and respectable, and I feel sure that such has a direct tendency to the cultivation of sound morals; but for the working-classes to accomplish this, great care need be taken, for out of limited incomes, if ten, twenty, or thirty per cent be taken for any one thing not essential to the wants of the family, the whole must be pinched in everthing else, even if the absorbing thing were ever so harmless, but in the case of strong drink, the more money spent in it, the more it demoralizes on the whole, and consequently the disadvantage of rags is increased in the case before us, because the worse the clothing, the lower the morals, and to this has to be added the want of proper food, and the whole is generally topped up with a plentiful supply of dirt.

I ask, then, how can such help themselves? They may be honest in intention, they may be energetic, they may have have good natural abilities, but withal as a rule, such will find themselves checked and hindered at every step, as millions have done, till at last discouraged, they have yielded to the force of an adverse current of evil, which promised immediate pleasure and profit, without the irksomeness of practical labour; and so again we see the connection between our drinking customs and juvenile delinquency.

Again, our lot is cast in a day when it is necessary for all, even the very poorest, to be better educated than our forefathers were, when, if I have been rightly informed, that certain worthy municipal functionaries were deemed educationally qualified for their office if they could count over a few horse shoes and hob nails without making a mistake; but such will not do in our day, the march of intellect has made very rapid strides, and all must know how to read, write, and cipher, at least if they would succeed.

Now as a rule, children are not fond of their books, and it is only as parents recognise and discharge their duty in this respect, that advances are made. Bnt what are the facts of the case? Again we are compelled to see, that just in proportion as our drinking customs prevail, so parents grow reckless upon this important part of their duty, and instead of asking how much practical instruction they can impart to their children by paying for their education, and furthering the same by watching over the progress by real interest, they grow in carlessness just as their love of drink increases.

Now we often find that crime and ignorance go hand in hand, though occasionally this is disputed by persons who affirm, that the progress of education is not in itself a sure antidote to crime, it only alters its character, often rendering it more subtle, and consequently more difficult of detection. This would be true to an almost unlimited extent, if we confined education to the mere development of the intellect, but we go further and combine the moral with the intellectual, and boldly maintain that this will both advance temporal interest, by increasing personal worth in the world, and govern the conduct in well-doing. But we may here draw from experience, as supplied by the managers of certified reformatories and prison registries, and we shall find that the great bulk of persons in confinement belong, most unmistakeably, to the class which may be described as the uneducated, and were it possible for us to investigate the habits of the parents of these persons, we should doubtless find, that if the money which they spent in the purchase of strong drinks had been applied in a proper proportion to the education of their children, they would not in all probability have drifted into crime; hence the connection between our drinking customs and juvenile delinquency.

But once more, we have to look at the inevitable effects of a fact frequently brought under own notice, viz,—that sixty thousand drunkards die annually in the United Kingdom. This statistic may or may not be quite correct, but one thing is certain, that our drinking customs are hurrying an awful aggregate into untimely graves. I think many more than is stated; however be that as it may, the fact is suggestive of a very serious consideration, for very many of these wretched victims are parents, and under the most favorable circumstances, lonely orphanage is a painful position for either a boy or girl to be thrust into, but how much more so to be left, as these drunkards leave their unhappy offspring, without any provision for their support, without friends to succour, and what is worse than all, no sound moral principles to sustain and guide through the intricacies of youth.

Situated thus, hundreds of thousands have had to begin life with fearful odds against their success in the world.

But some may say, orphanage is better than such parentage, which only demoralizes. Could we be quite sure that children so left, would have better influences secured to them by the State, or the liberailty of the christian public, we should be very ready to adopt this opinion, but such is not the case; the refuge provided for destitute children, as well as adults, by the State, is the "Union," where hard-fisted guardians meet,

ıd too often only concern themselves about supporting poor paupers, oung or old, at the smallest possible cost, and rendering the Union so estitute of all comfort as to induce all who can to avoid its shelter; con-equently, in most cases children over a certain age shrink from it, and o anything rather than accept its fare. But then others will say, there 'e our noble orphan asylums, which confer so much good on all who ıter their walls. Admitted, but their funds are far too limited to enable em to take above a favoured small minority, and even those, as a rule, 'e the children of parents who have been respectable, consequently ere is little or no hope for these hapless ones in that direction; what en is the real position of thousands of drunkards' orphans? They have face the world, and do the best they can for themselves, not having any ace beneath the blue vault of heaven that they can really call home, no other to contrive for their comfort in health, or minister to their ants in times of sickness—no father to labour for their support, or guide em by his paternal counsel. Is it to be wondered at that these young rsons should soon grow hardened under such circumstances, and come reckless about their future? That thousands should say, when shing into sin, "what does it matter, I have no one to care for me," d thus with little compunction of conscience, give themselves up to a reer of vice; I have known numerous instances of the kind, and were possible and necessary to collect all the evidence that the workers in e reformatory movement in London could produce, the evidence in favour the connection between our drinking customs and juvenile delinquency ould be overwhelming.

And now, in conclusion, I am conscious that I have not enlarged upon e subject as I might have done, and as it merits even demands. I uld have argued more fully, and brought forth many painful facts ıich have come under my notice, in illustration of each point; but I rbear, in compliance with the request of your committee, that I should epare a paper which might be read over in fifteen or twenty minutes; t most fervently do I hope that my hearers will open their eyes to one ain and palpable fact, that just in proportion as our drinking customs evail, juvenile delinquency will also prevail as one of its most natural ıits.

What is our duty then, under these circumstances? To labour on in the formatory movement as though human misery were our only source of nployment? To hug and sigh over it, as our pet hobby, and so to ıbituate ourselves as though its existence were essential to our pious e? So to spend our time, talents, and money, as to surround ourselves ith an atmosphere of moral impurity, the natural tendency to which, is to sturb and depress, except as occasional relief may come, in the case of me romantic recovery of an erring brother or sister? Not so, dear arers; let us labour heart and soul for the recovery of the outcast, garding the human body and soul of such priceless value, that no sacri-e can be too great for its salvation, as shown in the gift of God, in our ord Jesus Christ, but let us do more than this, and resolve that as we ofess to be endowed with reasoning powers, that we will use them in

the case before us, in tracing our way from effects to causes, and grappling with them boldly and prayerfully, in dependence upon the Lord God Almighty. Now I think that the only conclusion to the proposition that we started with is, that there is an inseparable conection between the general use of alcoholic drinks as beverages, and juvenile delinquency, which if true, and we are sincere in our wish to get rid of the latter, we must set to work and attack the former, and in proportion as we succeed in this, our path will be comparatively smooth in dealing with the latter.

But ere I close, I think I shall hear the whispering of an objection. I will anticipate it. Some exceedingly well-disposed person says, "is not God's grace sufficient to keep us at all times and under all circumstances?" Certainly it is; it is like its great author, Omnipotent. But what is His order and will, as expressed in his holy word? Let one sentence suffice, which I am sure we all reverence, "Lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil." You observe here, that the prayer is that we may be preserved from temptation itself, and in the case before us, intoxicating drinks serve as the great source of evil; we therefore labour and pray that a generation may arise, so trained as to resist, and that successfully, the great temptation of our national intemperance.

There is one very common but useful saying, in every-day use among us, viz,—that "Union is strength," and in most cases we find it to be strictly true, and among others, in the work in hand. Thank God we live in a day when not only hundreds, but thousands are united together, for the accomplishment of great, glorious, and good objects, destined to bless, in time and eternity, millions of the human race; and so in the opposition to our drinking customs, we have a determined phalanx set up, one in heart and purpose to expose their ravages, and save the victims of this worse than beastly propensity, and among them we recognize the "United Kingdom Band of Hope Union," which has our fervent prayers for success in the prosecution of its mission of mercy, to wither up the poisonous roots of this Upas tree of alcoholic beverages.

CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of the "Band of Hope Record."

Dear Sir,—In the August number of the *Band of Hope Record*, the following words occur, as having formed part of the remarks contained in a paper read by me at the Conference of the Band of Hope Union Northern Auxilliary:—"There was one thing however he did not like, and that was the fact of the agents of the Union setting themselves up as exponents of the Gospel." Now as it was far from my wish to express any opinion as tothe authority upon which the agents acted in preaching the Gospel, much less to do so in the offensive terms attributed to me, you will oblige me by giving the words as they stand written in my paper. I may here observe, that the mistake does not rest with you, but with the report in the Bishop Auckland paper from which you have taken them.

Having stated that in the rural districts most of the village schools were under the superintendence of the clergy, and expressed a fear lest our

ause might be impeded by an impression that it had a sectarian tendency, observed—" Hence also I cannot but think that our agents would do well o confine themselves to their proper work, and to abstain from the ractice of preaching, more especially in villages where their doing so ight provoke an unfriendly feeling to our cause. By exercising due rbearance in these matters, and a becoming courtesy in our proceedings, ere are few parishes, I am persuaded, in which we should experience y serious difficulty, while in the majority of cases we might hope to eet with a friendly welcome."

Whatever difference of opinion there may be upon the soundness of is advice, I am anxious that our friends should not think that I had ade use of words open to so offensive an interpretation as those conined in your report.

Yours faithfully,

East Cowton, August 13th, 1863. T. HOLME.

NEGLIGENT SECRETARIES.

To the Editor of the "BAND OF HOPE RECORD."

Sir,—I am one of those who try to do their best to render help to ome of the London societies, by giving an occasional address at the Band of Hope meetings. I consent each month to take appointments, ut very often have a walk of many miles for nothing, besides wasting ime. This is through the negligence of secretaries of societies. If I am nformed rightly, each London subscribing society to the Union is proided with a monthly speaker, and on the first of each month each society s informed who the speaker will be, and when he may be expected.

Considering that one of the chief wants of local societies is the services f those who can interest and instruct the children, and that most of your peakers are well qualified for this, I wonder so little care is taken to get good meeting, and thus bring about as large an amount of good as ossible. But I still more wonder that sometimes, when circumstances revent the meeting being held, that the secretary has not sufficient conideration for the comfort of speakers, to write intimating this fact.

During the past six weeks I have been to several meetings of the Jnion, some of them extremely interesting, and where I thought real ood was being done. I will however give you a few reports of meetings have been at, where, through want of exertion, forethought, interest, tc., I believe there might as well have been no meeting at all.

One night I went about twelve miles (there and back), and at time of ommencement found two children outside, and the door locked; half n hour later there were five; ten minutes later a gentleman came up, ut not the manager, and at three quarters of an hour after time I gave n address to fourteen; five minutes before time of closing, the secretary ame. Is this a model Band of Hope?

Another:—went six miles (there and back), found seven children. 'here was neither pledge book nor hymn book to be seen. This was in a eighbourhood abounding with children, who would count a real Band f Hope meeting a great treat. A friend of mine went a month before I id, and found a similar meeting. If I were secretary to a Band of Hope, nd could not do better than this, I should take it I was out of my phere, and might as well give up.

I went again about fourteen miles; found four children. How encouraging! I wondered how the conductor could look me in the face, and seem so delightfully agreeable!

Once more:—A Band of Hope in one of the most thickly-populated districts of London, begins at seven. (I mean it ought to do so). I got there at ten minutes past seven, and found two boys dancing in the pulpit. We had nine boys by eight o'clock, and gradually increased in number till half-past nine o'clock.

I went to a Band of Hope in Belgravia, where I expected to find things done aristocratically. Perhaps they are, but although the secretary knew I was going, there was no meeting, and the person who should have written to this effect, I suppose thought five minutes' time in writing a letter was worth more to him, than my travelling expences and losing three hours and a half.

There are several cases where I have been similarly treated; and I could tell you of six other cases where other friends have been served in the same way.

My only object in writing is, that secretaries may see the need of doing things in a more systematic and proper way. There are many other things I could mention as faults of our conductors. A friend told me the other day, that although he visits Bands of Hope far and near, he has never once been thanked, or offered his travelling expences.

I hope our friends will in future be more careful.

Yours truly, ONE OF THE SPEAKERS.

Annals of the United Kingdom Band of Hope Union.

LABOURS OF THE AGENTS.

Mr. W. B. AFFLECK has attended meetings at the following places, besides others of which we have not yet received a report:—Hurworth-on-Tees; Cockfield; Ingleton; Middlesborough; Gainford; Coxhoe; Silsdon; Bolton Wood; Bingley; Farm Hill. At these various meetings, Mr. Affleck has had an opportunity of addressing 8,300 persons on the principles of our movement.

Mr. W. BELL has attended meetings as follows:—Northampton; Wolverton; Harrold, Beds; Great Gedding; Wynwick Old Meston; Polebrooke; Washton; Luddenden Foot, Yorkshire; Gee Street, Goswell Street; Waterloo Street, Camberwell; Deverell Street, New Kent Road; Moor Street; and Whitfield Chapel, Wilson Street, Long Acre.

Mr. G. BLABY has attended and addressed the following Bands of Hope:—Amicable Row, Kent Street; Bloomsbury Refuge; Camden Town; Denmark Street, Soho, twice; Southville, Wandsworth; St. Clement's Danes; Banner of Peace, Paddington; Whitfield Chapel, Long Acre, twice; Peel Grove, Bethnal green; Calthorpe Street; Star of Temperance; Prospect Row, Walworth; Lansdowne Place; King Street, Long Acre; Kent Street; Barnsbury; St. Mathew's School, Old Pye Street; and Southgate; he has also taken part in three adult meetings, preached eight sermons, and addressed three Sunday schools.

Mr. F. SMITH has attended meetings as follows:—Old Ford Congregational Chapel; Union Hall, Bishopsgate; Spa Fields Sunday school, Clerkenwell; Lant Street, Borough; Cross Street, Blackfriars Road; Esher Street, Kennington; Haverstock Hill; Exeter Buildings, Chelsea; Northey Street, Limehouse; Fox and Knott Court, Holborn; Gee Street, Goswell Street; Deverell Street, New Kent Road; St. Paul's National School, Clerkenwell; Good Samaritan Temperance Hall; Star of Temperance, King Street, Long Acre; and Little Wild Street.

Kent Street.—On Wednesday, August 5th, the two Bands of Hope, holding their meetings in Kent street (one in Lansdowne place and the other in Amicable row,) went together to Shirley to enjoy the fresh air and beautiful scenery of that well known place for excursionists. They numbered in all, children and friends, about 240, and filled seven covered vans. Mr. G. M. Murphy, of Surrey chapel, accompanied the party, who all sat down in the afternoon to a bountiful tea, provided for them under the shade of an immense oak tree, for which the place is famous; the party then proceeded home in the vans, singing as they came, after having spent one of the happiest days in their lives.

Cape of Good Hope.—The annual meeting of the Cape Town Band of Hope was held in Sydney Street Chapel, on Wednesday, the 1st July. At five o'clock the children had tea; after which the public meeting was held. The Hon. S. Cawood, M.L.C., presided; and the meeting was addressed by the Rev. J. Cameron, and Messrs. W. Brittain, D. McKay, and J. Smithers. Several melodies were sung during the evening by Messrs. Easterbrook, Thomas, Hosking, and Lewis; and a portion of the Temperance Catechism was recited by some of the boys belonging to the Band of Hope. The report stated that 17 meetings had been held, and 65 signatures obtained. A number of medals, temperance publications, and tracts had been distributed; and a lending library had been opened. A branch had also been established at Rondebosch, under the presidency of the Rev. J. Cameron. The committee for the year were:—President, Mr. J. Filmer; Secretary, Mr. J. B. Smithers; Treasurer, Mr. J. Hosking; Messrs. J. Ball, T. Ball, W. Brittain, G. Brittain, Cornwell, W. Hosking, Josh. Hosking, Andrew Jackson, B. Lawrence, C. Lewis, G. Stubbs, T. J. Simly, T. A. Thorne, J. Wright, and W. Wells, jun. The collection at the close of the meeting amounted to £2. 1s. 1d. [We feel sure our readers will be delighted to hear of the continued prosperity, and the active and zealous workers there are, in Cape Colony. Some of our friends at home may not be aware that there are few English settlements in any part of the world, where Bands of Hope are not in existence, and where our melodies are not sung by youthful voices, striving to drive the curse of drink away, wherever its evils are found. We wish our friends in Cape Town a hearty God-speed!—*Ed.*]

Presentation to the Rev. C. Garrett, of Preston.—At a large public meeting, there has been presented to this eloquent advocate of Bands of Hope, a testimonial consisting of the following works, handsomely bound:—Knight's Pictorial Shakspeare, 8 vols.; Steir's Words of the Lord Jesus (translated from the German), 8 vols.; Lange's Theological and Homiletical Commentry on Matt., Mark, and Luke, 5 vols. (translated from the German); Kitto's Cyclopædia of Biblical Literature, 3 vols.; The Temperance Works of Dr. F. R. Lees, 4 vols.;—in all 28 volumes. The books bore the following inscription:—"Presented to the Rev. Chas. Garrett, by the Preston Wesleyan Band of Hope, and other temperance friends, on his removal from Preston, August, 1863, in testimony of their high regard for him, and in thankful acknowledgement of the great services rendered to the temperance cause by his eloquent and fearless, yet always temperate and Christian advocacy, resulting in the formation, during his residence amongst us, of a Wesleyan Band of Hope, embracing 1,000 members; with the prayer that his life may long be spared, and may still be successfully employed in elevating and blessing his fellow-men."

Wilton, near Salisbury.—The society here have had the pleasure of presenting to Lady Herbert, of Lea, a copy of the Report of the Proceedings of the International Temperance and Prohibition Convention,

which held their sittings in Hanover Square Rooms, London, in September last. Her ladyship very kindly accepted the volume, and entered into a long and interesting conversation with the deputation as to the progress of the temperance movement, and was much pleased to hear of its usefulness and success. The book is beautifully bound in morocco and gold, and was got up at the Alliance Office. The following inscription is on a tablet on the volume:—"Presented by the Wilton Total Abstinence Society to the Right Honorable Lady Herbert of Lea, as a token of their high respect for her general goodness and Christian benevolence, and in remembrance of the great and successful temperance *fête* held in Wilton Park, on Monday, June 29th, 1863, which was kindly granted to the above society for that purpose by her ladyship."

Crewe Band of Hope.—The monthly meeting of this society was held in the Town Hall, Crewe, on the 5th inst. The large room was densely crowded, and many could not obtain admission. The chair was occupied by Mr. D. Mann, president of the society, supported by N. Worsdell, Esq. superinteudent of goods department, London and North-Western Railway; Mr. Pottie, foreman millwright; Messrs. Griffiths, P. Jones, Skeldon, &c. The Tonic Sol-Fa Choir, under the able leadership of Mr. Skeldon, contributed largely to the entertainment. After interesting speeches from several gentlemen, Mr. Pottie took occasion to announce the intention of the Rechabite Society to establish a juvenile tent in Crewe, and recommended members of the Band of Hope to join it; thus holding out still greater inducements to remain true to their pledge. At the close of the meeting fifteen signed the pledge.

The Princess of Wales and "Love's Labour not Lost."—Her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales has been graciously pleased to accept of a neatly bound copy of the Rev. J. B. Kane's Temperance story, "Love's Labour not Lost." The following letter, received on Saturday, must be very gratifying to the committee of the Irish Temperance League:—"August 20.—Mrs. Bruce is desired by the Princess of Wales to thank Mr. Church and the committee of the Irish Temperance League for the book they have been so good as to send to her Royal Highness."

The Bedford Band of Hope.—This society, from its formation, has steadily increased in numbers, and a more extensive work could be accomplished if means were forthcoming for its support, but in this, as well as in a place of proper accommodation for meeting, we have been exceedingly straitened; our difficulty in not having a commodious place has passed away, the Lord has made our way clear, and we take courage. Financially we are at fault; up to the present time we have derived our main support from Joseph Tucker, Esq., Mrs. and Miss Tucker, to whose kindness we owe our annual festival; 500 children incur considerable expense on such an occasion. We meet once a week; our meetings are conducted as follows:—Opened with singing, reading the Scriptures, and prayer, after which short addresses, recitations, singing, &c. We owe the secret of our success to commending our cause to God in prayer. There is a scriptural bearing in all our meetings. The conduct of the children is uniformly good; we have little complaint to make. Our singing is conducted by one who well understands music, and our melodies are set to cheerful but chaste tunes; we endeavour to lead them in the pathway to all that is moral, and above all prayerfully direct them to the Lamb of God who taketh away the sins of the world,—to that Saviour who said, "Suffer these little ones to come unto me, for of such is the kingdom of heaven."

J. Bale, Printer, 78, Great Titchfield-street, Marylebone.

BAND OF HOPE RECORD.

BRITISH LEAGUE OF JUVENILE ABSTAINERS.

By the Rev. DAWSON BURNS.

This society, which from its name seems to have been at first intended to embrace the British Isles, was formed at Edinburgh, in October, 1846, and speedily secured an important position. Two thousand children joined its ranks in the course of a few months, and on July, 3rd, 1847, a grand fête was held, in which twelve thousand juveniles took part. Even this demonstration was surpassed on the 5th of July 1851, at a gathering in the Queen's Park, when about 70,000 persons, adults and juveniles, were estimated to be present, including delegations from the various juvenile societies of Scotland. The working of the Edinburgh movement is as follows:—The city is divided into districts of convenient size, and a meeting in each is held weekly under the charge of a paid agent, who is called the superintendent, commencing at 5.30 p.m. and closing at 6.30 p.m. Singing and prayer occupy 7½ minutes; reading a temperance lesson, 15 minutes; singing and addresses by the children, 15 minutes; address by the superintendent, marking the roll, and intimations, 15 minutes; singing and prayer, 7½ minutes; in all 60 minutes. The enrolment of new members takes place at the close of the meetings. The attendance has been regular, the improvement marked, and the results altogether most satisfactory. A reading or temperance lesson consists of four pages, commencing with an appropriate text of Scripture, then follows a simple description of intoxicating liquors, or of *alcohol* a *poison*, or of tobacco, snuff, opium, or of the physiological effects of these, or of the success of the Maine-law, or of the immorality of the Liquor-traffic, or of the duty of Abstinence, or of anecdotes, stories, facts, and testimonies bearing on the subject, concluding with a few questions. The reading having been placed in the hands of all in attendance, the best readers are selected, and in succession read aloud short sentences; while each child, paper in hand, follows the reader, prepared to answer any questions the superintendent may put. The text of Scripture is committed to memory. Temperance melodies were composed for the League in 1847, and the superintendent teaches the children to sing them to appropriate tunes. Two or three short addresses are delivered by the children; when careful preparation is

made, the effect is very perceptible upon their companions, and the news at home is no less beneficial upon parents. The superintendent's address is very brief, and may be said to be a commentary on the leading ideas of the reading of the children's addresses, and of the melodies sung, fastened upon the minds of the young by some observation or anecdote. There is a children's committee in each meeting, chosen by the children themselves, to assist the superintendent to visit absentees, to distribute notices through the district, and to aid in increasing the attendance, and securing the good conduct of all who are present. By arrangement with the directors and teachers of thirty-six schools, including some of the largest in the city, one hour each week, during the regular school hours, has been granted to the temperance superintendent for the purpose of imparting temperance instruction, by readings, melodies, and suitable addresses. Meetings are held for young men and women at a later hour of the evening, and have been carried on with much success, forming the connecting link between the children's and the adult meetings. They last for two hours, and the time is thus appropriated:—Prayer, 5 minutes; reading lesson and examination, 30 minutes; address by the superintendent, 15 minutes; melodies, 20 minutes; address and recitations, by young men; essays by young women, 45 minutes; prayer, 5 minutes; total, 120 minutes. To aid the young men and women in the selection of suitable subjects, a list of fifty-one subjects is printed, with notes, outlines, and references to authorities; and to give facilities for thorough preparation of essays, compositions, or addresses, free access is given to an excellent library of standard temperance literature. All the young men's essays, compositions, or addresses, must be delivered extempore; the young women's are read. Examinations take place regarding the attainments in temperance knowledge both of the children and the young men and women, and prizes are awarded to those who most distinguish themselves in proficiency; there are also written competitions on the readings, essays, and speeches, and honourable mention is made of those who, by regularity of attendance, good behaviour, and zeal in the cause, have merited it. There are four evening schools for young men, and one for young women, where all the ordinary branches of a good English education are imparted free of charge, under the care of thoroughly qualified teachers. One night each week is appropriated to the Temperance cause, thus combining reading, writing, arithmetic, grammar, geography,

composition, with Temperance as a branch of education in a regularly established series of evening schools, which have been conducted for a number of years, and largely availed of by those who desire to continue and extend the education they have obtained at the day schools. There are two or three teachers in each school, according as the attendance or other circumstances may require, and they, with the temperance superintendent, conduct the instruction given on the night devoted to Temperance. There are thus 20 children's meetings; 36 children's hours in day schools for temperance; four young men's meetings; one young women's meeting; 61 meetings in all held week after week, or 2,867 throughout the session of eleven months. At these meetings total abstinence from intoxicating liquors, tobacco, and opium, in every form and degree, is the temperance taught and enjoined. The extermination of the Liquor-traffic is inculcated, and, as a simple act of justice on the part of the Government to the people, it is demanded. The young are encouraged by every possible means to seek the entire overthrow of the drink-making, drink-selling, and drink-using system as a gigantic wrong. There is no pledge; each member of the society is such while he abstains, and ceases to be a member when he ceases to abstain. The following were the actual numbers present at one week's meetings in each of the months of the session of 1860-1:—September, 5,807; October, 6,585; November, 6,685; December, 7,072; January, 6,469; February, 6,689; March, 6,353; April, 5,776; May, 5,523; June, 6,110; July, 6,021; giving an average presence of 6,281 at each week's meetings. Making allowance for such irregularity of attendance as occurs in schools, there could not have been less than 8,000 children and young persons under this instruction during the session; and these, at the most moderate computation, could not fail in some degree to bring the principles they were taught under the notice of 30,000 persons. The meetings are all under the charge of *paid superintendents*, who meet weekly for the study of the subject to be taught in the meetings, and to interchange their views as to the best mode of illustrating the reading, essays, or compositions, and generally for taking counsel together as to the work. They have access to the library of temperance literature, and are encouraged to seek out whatever can promote the welfare of those committed to their care. They report weekly in writing whatever transpires of interest. There has been a regular monthly meeting for prayer, attended by the superintendents, teachers, the youth and

their friends. In the month of July there are two excursi to the country; and on the first of January the British Lea adds a special indoor festival, with an excellent supply of fr speeches by the young people, singing of temperance melod and performances by the band. The expenditure for the th years, ending with the 31st August, 1861, and exclusively p by John Hope, Esq., was £4,698. 18s. 2d., or an average £1,565. 6s. per annum. From 1847 to the present ti Mr. Hope's contributions to this one object have exceed £20,000.—*From the Temperance Dictionary.*

SIGN, JOHN.

By John Plummer.

Air—"*Nay, John.*"

Sign, John; Sign, John; Nay do not decline, John;
But boldly write your name in full, and drink no more of wine, John.
For a curse it ever proves
To all who love the glass, John:
The heart to sin it ever moves
And ruin brings to pass, John.
Bright and rosy it may look;
But, oh! it is a snare, John;
Which our Maker's holy Book,
Oft bids us to beware, John.
Chorus—Sign, John; Sign, John, &c.

See, John; See, John; I stand erect and free, John;
Yet ere I dared to sign the pledge, none viler were than me, John.
On the sloppy alehouse bench
I parted with my wealth, John;
Swilling drink from morn till night,
I quickly lost my health, John:
With it too, my place and work,
And reputation high, John;
Those who once would speak with me,
Would scornful hasten by, John.
Chorus—Sign, John; Sign, John, &c.

Then, John; Then, John; I cursed my fellow men, John;
And beat my wife, and kicked my child, for months a weary ten, Joh
Hating all, I hugg'd the glass,
My daily boast and pride, John,
'Till its stingings made me mad;
And then I should have died, John,
If my poor, devoted wife,
My bedside had forsook, John,
Nor soothed my wild and anxious fears,
With love's caressing look, John.
Chorus—Sign, John; Sign, John, &c.

Long, John; Long, John; the angel I did wrong, John,
Attended patiently on me, till I grew hale and strong, John.
Then, for her, the pledge I sign'd,
And learned to keep it too, John:
Happiness it brought to me,
And so it will to you, John:
Masters gave me work again:
Kind friends to me would speak, John;
And in my pleasure I forgot
Each former weary week, John.
CHORUS—Sign, John; Sign, John, &c.

Now, John; Now, John; unclouded is my brow, John;
I stand erect in liberty, nor more to drink I bow, John.
But poor drunkards help to save,
And lead them to the light, John.
Nor will I falter on my way,
Nor flinch from foes in fight, John.
For I know that God and truth
Are ever on our side, John:
That each future age will bless,
And think on us with pride, John.
CHORUS—Sign, John; Sign, John, &c.

THE OPEN AIR MISSION.

A more interesting Report, than that just issued by the committee of the Open Air mission, we never read. It is full of interest. It is crowded with startling facts. It is enough to make every christian man shudder and weep. That our readers may judge for themselves, we will furnish them with some extracts from its pages. The secretary, writing of the efforts made opposite the scaffold on which Joseph Brooks was executed, says:—

"Our operations consisted of tract distribution, preaching, reading aloud the Scriptures, and individual conversation. About fifty Christian men, and one or two women, were engaged in the work. Some were preaching on Sunday morning, the 26th; others on Sunday evening. A few gave the whole of the night to these self-denying labours, while the majority worked from six till eight o'clock on Monday morning. These devoted helpers consisted of one minister, the Rev. G. W. M'Cree, a few gentlemen and tradesmen, several city missionaries and evangelists, and a good number of working men. They came from Deptford, Bermondsey, Walworth, Southwark, Lambeth, Clapham, Wandsworth, Chelsea, Paddington, Marylebone, Islington, Kingsland, Hoxton, the various districts in the East End, and other outlying districts, as well as the nearer ones. They came together actuated by love to their Saviour and to the souls and bodies of men, knowing that no other reward awaited

them than the testimony of a good conscience, and the approval of the Master they delight to serve. Some of them would lose half a day's wages; but this they sacrificed cheerfully, remembering, as one of them observed, 'I didn't mind losing a great deal more when I was in the devil's service.' We had more preaching than I ever remember on a similar occasion, either in London or the country. There could not have been fewer than thirty addresses on Sunday evening and Monday morning. On Monday there was continuous preaching at four stations for nearly two hours. The principal one was in front of the drop, and consequently in the centre of the vast crowd. It was interesting to notice the style and manner of the different speakers. Some spoke chiefly in the words of Scripture, selecting simple and solemn passages; others began by relating some startling incident; while others read the confessions of criminals, on which they founded strong and telling appeals. Those who were most earnest and natural, using illustrations freely, gained the ears of the people most readily, while those who spoke in an assumed or affected tone did not succeed in this respect. The crowd probably numbered 15,000 persons at least. Although composed of the usual rough elements, it was a remarkably orderly one on the whole. *Many were under the influence of drink*, and some laughed and joked while the most solemn things were being spoken, uttering mock 'Amens' while prayer was being offered for the poor culprit, but the majority lent at least the outward ear, and some were moved to tears. I heard of only one preacher who was roughly handled by the crowd, and he appears to have been young and indiscreet."

What do our readers think of this picture of modern London? We quote from a statement made by the London City Missionary labouring in Cow Cross, Clerkenwell:—

"Broad Yard is called 'Hell' by many of the inhabitants of the place. In June, last year, there was a prize fight on that very spot, between two men living in the district, which lasted about two hours. Both men where stripped, and one was actually seconded by his father and his own sister. I saw this myself. The young woman is now converted and working for Christ, and the two men have become reformed. I have seen women lying in a row of five or six, with their heads to their houses, in a beastly state of intoxication, and the children dancing at their feet. But they still more defile themselves by what proceeds from their mouths. My Superintendent also one day witnessed a scene of this kind, with which, of course, he was filled with digust. It was in this court or yard that Mrs. T——, on Sunday, March 8th last, knelt down and openly called on God to paralyze her. She was very drunk at the time, and her prayer was answered in judgment. I visit her now in the workhouse, where she lies in a frightful state, with one arm withering and her power of speech gone. But, thank God, she is very penitent."

An agent of the Mission, writing from the Isle of Wight, says:—

"I don't remember visiting any fair or race before where so much drunkenness prevailed at that early hour among those returning. On

the course things were worse. Several fights were going on among drunken men while I was preaching. There were only six or eight places where drink was sold. The number of persons in attendance might be from 3,000 to 4,000. I don't know whether you or any of your townsmen can do anything towards the suppression of these races, but if you can I beseech you to set about it. Leaving religion out of the question, they ought to be suppressed on the ground of morality and order. It would be an act of real kindness to the people of the island to have them done away with, especially to the working classes. While races are held they will go, and as long as they go they will get drunk. Not only is drunkenness but immorality promoted by the races: immoral persons come and corrupt others, young women and young men lose their characters, working men take to drinking, and are often at it several days afterwards, and the fearful responsibility of much of this rests upon the heads of those who are instrumental in getting up the races, either by arranging for or subscribing money towards them. And let not the respectable persons who go and come, as they say, without getting any harm, think they are guiltless; by their presence they are sactioning what takes place."

Here is a scene from Peterborough fair:—

"The fair-field was visited on the morning of the third day, between half-past six and eight o'clock. Then the real fruits of the fair were seen. The dregs seemed to have settled down into one particular tent—a drinking booth, where from thirty to forty persons were found in different stages of drunkenness. If the respectable attendants of such gatherings—those who frequently bring their children and leave in good time, priding themselves upon their respectability and their good hours—could have spent a few minutes in this drinking booth, they would pause before they again patronized by their presence gatherings which are productive of such fearful evils. The occupants consisted chiefly of men, some drinking, others sleeping on the benches, some engaged in angry or senseless conversation, others walking backward and forward restlessly. One man was trying to stitch his coat together, which had been torn off his back in a drunken fray. Another was brought in almost senseless, having been set upon by a pugilist. He was laid on a bench, and some spirits poured into his mouth. He shook his head, and beckoned for something else. Water was then given to him. There was a vacant stare in his eyes, and his whole frame shook convulsively, and many expressed their fears that he would die. The pugilist was brought in by the collar and threatened with vengeance."

"But the most painful and affecting sight was that of several girls who seemed to have lost all sense of modesty and propriety. Probably the day before they were happy in the smile of their parents or employers; now they were ruined and blighted."

What do our readers think of these revelations? Surely temperance men will arise and work still more diligently in their great cause. We must work now—now, for the night cometh when no man can work.

DRINK NOT!

By J. P. Hutchinson, Darlington.

Air—"*Love Not!*"

Drink not; Drink not; but throw the bowl away;
Oh injure not the body God has given;
Improve thy mind, now in its healthful day,
And guard thy soul that it may live for heaven.
Drink not!

Drink not, oh father! for thy children's sake,
The blushing daughter sitting by thy side,
Oh! taste not that, you would not have *her* taste.
If he, thy son, thou would'st in safety guide,
Drink not!

Drink not, oh mother! let no thing impure
Pass o'er thy lips, from which nought vile should come;
Touch not the unclean thing. Oh! be thou sure
The serpent shall not enter in thy home.
Drink not!

Drink not! oh, drink not of the foaming glass,
That ever does the source of sorrow prove;
But live in soberness, till called to pass
Into the world of everlasting love.
Drink not!

"CAN NOTHING BE DONE?"

A SAD STORY.

In a room, whose furniture betrayed at once present poverty and past affluence, lay an emaciated young man, whose last sands seemed fast running out. His sister sat at the top of the bed, keeping his head in an easy posture. His mother was at his side, and two younger brothers were employed rubbing his legs to afford him ease. The face of the dying youth was like ivory. Great beads of sweat were upon his brow. His forehead was of the class from which phrenologists form high expectations. His eyes were illumined with a brillancy often observed to precede death, and at this time lustrous with tears. And altogether, there was a strange, restless, unsettled, and unearthly appearance about him. The minister, under whose care he had been when a boy, had just been engaged in commending his soul to God, and had risen from his knees, and was about to leave, when, shaking hands with him, he said,—

"O George, George, I am so glad that you are enabled to indulge hope in death; yet to this moment, I cannot conceive how, with all your good principles in early life, you could have been led astray as you have been."

peared grieved at the good man's reference; but he proceeded,—
l the young men I have ever known, you were the most promis-
the least likely to be led astray."
ɔression of agony seemed to pass over the face of the dying man.
were closed for a few moments; when, looking up to his sister
er, they understood him to express a wish that he should be
ɔ.
George!—no!" his mother said, "you are not able."
fy me; I am dying!" he said; "Mr. M'Naughton may do
ɔd by a knowledge of how I was led astray; and an hour longer
of life makes little difference to me now.
re long to tell you, Mr. M'Naughton," he said, "how I was
. Perhaps I read scripture less, and prayed less, and realized
e divine presence, after I left home than before. Many things
contributed to my first departure from rectitude; but my ruin,
ware, was effected through strong drink."
ɔw it, George,—I know it, and that principally surprises me;
efore you left home you were so rigid an abstainer. You have
ine in my house."
I was right at home," he said; "but from my earliest years,
wn and elsewhere, I have continually had temptations presented
induce me to use strong drink. Even in your own family, as
mentioned; and of course in others. The licence that a clergy-
in cases of this kind, his people will carry out to a far greater
n his example warrants. Abstinence in a minister will scarcely
all his people to be temperate; the use of strong drink at all
vast number of cases, be taken by them as a justification of
intemperance. At home, consequently I was constantly urged
s a favour; I was *laughed at* for not drinking, and sometimes
pon. My conduct was ascribed to my inability to use intoxi-
ik without becoming a drunkard,—to a desire to assume a posi-
ɔeriority over my equals,—to a mean desire to save money,—and
er motives of a similar, unworthy, and dishonourable character."
ou resisted all these!"
perhaps, as a stronghold resists for a time attacks made upon
which nevertheless weakens it, and prepares it for its ultimate

uld have had the opposite effect, George."
hat is the general view I daresay. I think it was my own; but
th evil, and exposure to evil counsels, does not leave the mind
. The man that has had the fewest temptations to a wrong
sented to him, in my opinion, is the least likely to yield to
asives when addressed to him on any new occasion. Practi-
ve found that, when my mind was *not inclined* to consent to
cements, they still haunted the memory afterwards, and exer-
judicial influence upon me; and when *inclined*, the temptation
lly the *occasion* of my consenting to evil. The many tempta-
e strong drink at home, and the known practice of the best

men there, I can assure you, often caused me to falter before I went to my new situation, and I solemnly believe, conduced to my ultimately abandoning my abstinence principles, and to my ruin. I blame no one, Mr. M'Naughton," he said, looking up to him. "It would ill become me to *blame*. I am myself the chief of sinners. In commencing the use of strong drink, at every step I violated my convictions of right, and silenced the voice of God within me. At the great judgment, I dare say nothing, but 'Unclean, unclean! God be merciful to me a sinner!' But, O, Mr. M'Naughton! *could nothing be done* to take these temptations out of the way of others?"

He became weak and fell back, but soon recovered, and would not be persuaded to cease speaking.

"When I went to M———," he said, "my temptations multiplied. Among the circle of my acquaintances not a single soul practised abstinence. It was never spoken about but for mockery. A scheme proposing to teach how man could be supported without food could scarcely have been treated with more scorn. Abstainers in Scotland occupy not only an easy, but an *honourable* position, compared with those in England. Every person in the office where I was, not only used intoxicating drink, but could not do without them, and both avowed this, and gloried in it! My practice alienated me from some of them, and lowered me, at *first*, in the estimate of all. As I rose in the office, I was sometimes at my master's table. My practice there made me singular. It was noticed, and, as I believed, not to my advantage. At least this was the conclusion at which I arrived, and I was *influenced* by it accordingly. Everywhere my conduct was the subject of wonder, ridicule, or censure. I became attached to a young lady, who herself and her relatives were very stern opponents to abstinence. No *demand* was made that I should surrender my *practice* but I knew well that it would seriously interfere with my success. I came to know that nothing else would do so. Personally, I had never experienced the misery of drunkenness, and could not *fully* estimate it. The cost of securing the advantages of temperance I was inclined to exaggerate. I gladdened my friends by abandoning my abstinence practice! I never viewed my temperance principles as wrong; but tried to convince myself that the world was not ready for their adoption, and that consequently it was about as vain to struggle for this, as to expect a crop by sowing in winter. I knew all the while the weakness of my own reasoning;—that the advance-guard of truth must ever expect to meet with an unprepared world; and that it was by the maintenance of what I was abandoning, that other generations would find the world better prepared for the reception of these principles. Indeed, the reasons which I assigned were more for my justification in the sight of others, than for pleading at the bar of conscience. Fearful have been the consequences to me of violating my convictions of right. But why should customs of this kind be allowed to continue to tempt individuals, some of whom are sure to be overcome by strong drink if they use it at all? For it, I had no inclination, and would have vastly preferred to live and die without it, *if this* could have been done without lowering my position in the estimate

of those around me. Why should Christian men allow the continuance of a state of society, in which a man must appear singular and unsocial, and lose *caste*, or expose himself to habits which will ruin him for time and eternity?

"At every table where I sat, intoxicating drinks in some shape were to be found. I could not use these in one place and not in another—I drank everywhere! I knew that a given per centage of those that used these drinks would be ruined by them; but supposed, as every one that uses them does, that I should prove an exception. I thought that my knowledge of the danger put me in a position of greater safety than those who were ignorant or sceptical about it. I thought as I knew the character of the stream, that I should certainly keep out of the rapids. My work was often very exhausting. I had frequently late hours. When I got home, I found myself much refreshed by wine. I used it—used it often; was often overcome by it before the public came to know anything about it. It became known at length, however, as drunkenness invariably does, and I lost my situation!"

He paused, as if unable to proceed further, but after a little resumed his narrative. "After I lost my situation, doors that were always before open to me were shut; and those whom I had abandoned my principles to please, ceased to notice or know me. How low I sunk I need not tell; but in my lowest state I still felt my degradation, and desired to escape from it! I got engaged as under-steward in a temperance vessel bound to India. I reformed—returned—got employment from my old masters, and was advanced from one place to another, till I had nearly reached my old situation."

"How, then, George, could you fall a second time?"

"Possibly I cannot tell you *how*. My resolutions were sincere, so far as a man can be a judge of his own sincerity; but I thought after a time that I might use a little without danger. I tried to do this, and succeeded. I tried again and again, and found I could take a little and stop at the right point. I knew that my friends around would not give me credit for being reformed, unless they saw that I could take a *little*. It was sad ignorance on their part, but great guilt on mine! The views of others ought to have been a very secondary matter with me, and sobriety everything. If abstinence had brought death, to die a sober man should been better—a thousand times better—than to live a drunkard! It is the curse of the intemperate man, that his reason becomes dimmed by the presence of intoxicating drinks, as the sky becomes dark by the withdrawal of the sun; and resolutions melt away as snow before the heat of summer. I began to use intoxicating drinks openly. I drank more and more. Reason and conscience lost their supremacy, and appetite again occupied he vacated place. I had no more power to resist this tyrant, than the paralyzed arm to obey the will!"

"Still, George, you were a man."

"I was,—I was,—a responsible man! I tried hard to think otherwise, and sometimes thought I had succeeded; but I never did. Still the appetite for intoxicating drinks raged, as you may conceive of the desire

for food to dominate in men long deprived of it. The sight of drink—the smell of it—even conversation about it—made the desire for it a species of madness. And drink in some shape or other was everywhere! Had I lived where all were abstainers around me, and the occasions which excited the appetite withdrawn, I might possibly have been saved. The world in which I was was different. I fell, and sunk deeper and deeper. I became a profligate, a cheat, a beggar, a criminal; and never reformed till in the cell of a prison, from which I have only been released to die. It was thus I fell. You are a man who may exercise influence upon influential men, to induce them to do something to remove temptations out of the way of the young—something to facilitate the reformation of the half million of miserable drunkards in our land, and to prevent them from being tempted again to return to their evil ways! Surely there are Christian men enough in this country to change the custom of continually using intoxicating drinks at our tables; and Christian principle enough to lead to the exercise of the amount of self-denial which may be necessary to secure such an increase to human happiness, and such a diminution of human misery, as would be effected by the abolition of drunkenness!"

He looked again at Mr. M'Naughton, and said,—

"Surely something more *could* be done!" These were his last words. He sunk down totally exhausted, and almost fainting. He never after recognized any of his relatives. His work was done. Death woke him next morning as the sun rose.

Reader! permit the writer to address the question to you which George put to his minister—"Can nothing more be done?"

THE WORDS OF A FRIEND.

ADDRESS read at the BAND of HOPE GALA at ASKE HALL, August 21st, 1863.

In the present aspect of the Temperance movement, the attention of its thoughtful promoters is fixed upon the efforts which are now being made to train up the rising generation in the principles and practice of teetotalism. There are two circumstances calculated to encourage our friends in the prosecution of this object. In the first place they have a material to work upon untainted by inveterate habits and craving appetite; and in the next place, as a general rule, parents, even those who are inaccessible to the appeals of temperance reformers, are too sensible of the dangers of the drinking system not to rejoice in seeing their children fenced in as it were from its besetting allurements. Encouraged by these favourable circumstances, and impressed with the vast importance of securing the adhesion of the young, Bands of Hope are now regarded as a necessary adjunct to every temperance association, without which it would not be complete. Isolated, however, from each other, and conducted upon no regular system, it was apparent that their efficiency was greatly impeded, and that a closer co-operation and a special organization were necessary in order to the full development of their power. With a view to accom-

plish this object, the Band of Hope Union was established in London, in 1855, since which time it has done good service to the cause. A deputation from this society, in the person of its zealous and talented hon. sec., the Rev. G. W. McCree, met several friends of the movement, chiefly from the rural districts at Darlington, on the 24th of June, 1862, when our Band of Hope Union Northern Auxiliary was formed under the presidency of G. A. Robinson, Esq., of Reeth. The objects contemplated by this society, like those of the parent society, were:—1. To form new bands of hope. 2. To assist bands of hope already in existence. 3. To employ agents qualified to interest the young, and to organise, on a right basis, new bands of hope. 4. To circulate approved publications. 5. To employ authors of acknowledged talent in the production of works adapted to the present state of the movement. Till we have more ample funds it is obvious that our efforts must be confined to the first four of these objects. It is much to be regretted that in consequence of some misunderstanding, the society was not so fortunate at its commencement as to meet with the countenance and support of any influential body of temperance men. Notwithstanding this discouragement, its friends felt it to be their duty to prosecute the work upon which they had entered, leaving the issue to Him under whose blessing they had determined to act; and they have now the satisfaction of thinking that the numerous associations which have affiliated with it, are an unmistakeable evidence of the deepfelt necessity of such an organization, especially in the rural districts, and at the same time a gratifying testimony of the confidence which has been placed in the conductors of the society. At the first annual conference, held at Bishop Auckland, on the 16th of June last, reports from the several affiliated associations gave an encouraging view of the healthy working of the society, while the proceedings of the conference were marked by a spirit of harmony, and by a determination to carry on the work with increased zeal. To the deep regret, however, of the assembled delegates, their president signified his intention of resigning his office in consequence of the unsatisfactory state of his health. His resignation was accepted with great reluctance, and, in the absence of a more influential individual, I was requested to fill the responsible post. Feeling it to be my duty to place myself at the service of the conference, I accepted the honourable position in a deep sense of my deficiency, but, with a determination to use my best exertions to co-operate with the friends of the society in promoting the interests and usefulness of our important mission

The Band of Hope Union is based on the principle of a catholic comprehensiveness. While each separate denomination of christians may feel it desirable to organize a Band of Hope within its own fold, the common weal and safety seem to require that there should be a general association in which the several bands might be united to each other, and that from time to time they might meet together to present a consolidated front against the inroads of a common enemy that makes no distinction of rank or sect, but introduces wherever he prevails immorality, degradation, and misery. Against such an enemy, christians may well recognise

an opportunity where, without any compromise of principle, they may join together in order to accomplish a victory that it would not be possible to achieve by their separate and disunited exertions. The more frequently they are brought together to promote some common good, the more likely are they to be disabused of their prejudices, and to acknowledge in each other the lineaments of a common fatherhood, and of experiencing towards each other sentiments of courtesy and brotherly good will.

I have already mentioned that our society, at its commencement, had failed, from some misapprehension, to receive the support of those whose countenance might have obtained for it a cordial welcome amongst Temperance men, as being prepared to occupy a portion in the field, which seemed to be in danger of running to waste from the absence of adequate means to cultivate it. Now, if we would hope to allay any unfavourable impressions which we may have had the misfortune to incur, and if we would win the confidence of our temperance friends, it is evident that in the prosecution of our work we must show that we are influenced by no party feelings or jealousy, but on the contrary, that it is our desire not only to act in harmony with existing Temperance societies, such as the British Temperance League, the Northern Temperance League, and the United Kingdom Alliance, but whenever the opportunity presents itself, to co-operate with them in their work, and promote their interests; for assuredly the well-being and the success of all are inseparably linked together. This seems to be a point misunderstood, or too much overlooked by Temperance men. A sort of jealousy, it is to be feared, prevails amongst the different societies, as if the success of one interfered with the prosperity of another, and, as if the funds of one society could not be increased but at the expense of another. The reverse of this is proved to be the fact by the testimony of experience in the case of other philanthropic institutions. Look, for instance, to the two great missionary societies in the Established Church: the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Lands, and the Church Missionary Society. When the latter society, embracing a different field of labour was formed, an outcry was raised that it would cripple and embarrass the funds and the usefulness of the old society. But what has been the result? Both the societies are flourishing, and in many places working side by side, while the funds for missions have been increasing tenfold. May we not hope that something like this will be the case with the increase of temperance organizations, where there is a deep-felt need of them? There has not yet been any extraordinary strain upon the generosity of the temperance public. There is a mine still to be worked; there are stores still to be unlocked, which are in reserve for those who, with well-directed zeal, are prepared to enter upon some new field of usefulness. If we wish the Temperance cause to be developed in its full strength, we must have associations adapted to *every phase* of its requirements. Moral suasion societies for adults; bands of hope for the young; the United Kingdom Alliance to destroy a traffic which would neutralize and frustrate the labours of the other two, each society devoting its energies to its special work, none of them ignoring, much less thwart-

ing the others; but on the contrary, each cherishing and helping each where opportunity offers, as brother workers in the same blessed cause. With regard to the future position and prospects of our society, we shall act most wisely if we leave these in the hands of Him who will not fail us in our work of love, if we have an eye to His glory, and labour on in a dependence upon His guidance and help. Duty is ours. Events belong to Him. Let us then go on prudently, zealously, trustfully, at the same time in a spirit of loving forbearance towards those who cannot or do not agree with us in our temperance views. Let us concentrate our efforts on the distinctive work of our society. The more strictly we direct our *own* attention, and the more earnestly we direct the attention of *our agents* to the work of organizing and assisting Bands of Hope, the more efficiently shall we be carrying out our mission; the more certainly shall we secure the confidence of our temperance brethren, and the deeper and surer shall we be laying the foundations of our society. This, however, is a work in which both we and our agents have had little experience, and we may be well excused if our first efforts have been marked with much imperfection: but I have such faith in the public, that if they see that we are honestly endeavouring to do our best, they will extend to us a large measure of indulgence. The great thing in order to accomplish our object will be to keep our eye steadily upon our *special* work, and to request our friends to favour us with any information and advice which they may think useful.

Let it be our great aim to raise our Bands of Hope to a *good position* with the *public outside.* As far as can be done without injury to principle, we should also strive to *popularise* and elevate the movement both with the parents and friends of the children, and with the public at large, but more especially with the children themselves. This is a very important point, and requires careful and delicate attention. If our Bands of Hope lose their prestige with the public, it is to be feared that the movement would prove a comparative failure, or at all events, would not yield the abundant harvest of which it now gives so cheering a prospect. By thus persevering in our labour of love, with a view to promote the welfare and happiness of the rising generation, and in a dependence upon God's blessing, we may hope that our labour will not be in vain, but that it will be honoured by God, and that in due time we shall be permitted to reap an abundant harvest in the affection and exemplary conduct of those whom we are seeking to guard against the besetting snares of the drinking system, and to train up in the paths which will lead to respectability and comfort in life, and, by divine help, to peace in death, and to inconceivable happiness in eternity through Jesus Christ our Lord.

T. Holme.

THE REFORMATION OF ST. GILES'S.

By ONE WHO KNOWS IT.

Probably no parish in the metropolis has had a more infamous reputation than St. Giles's-in-the-Fields. For more than a

century it has been the reproach of London; it has been regarded as the dirtiest, most dangerous, and most degraded locality in England. No opprobrious term has been thought too harsh to apply to it. "As bad as St. Giles's," is a proverbial expression, ready for the lips, whenever a pithy sentence is wanted to fling at some hateful place or people. It may be proved, however, that the parish of St. Giles does not now deserve its traditional reputation. We do not wish to paint it in roseate lines, and to affirm that its moral transformation is complete; but we believe that its intellectual, sanitary, and moral progress will be found to equal, and in some cases, to surpass that of more highly favoured metropolitan parishes. It is vastly more clean than it was; its interlacing thoroughfares and alleys are quite as safe as those of Lambeth, Somers Town, Westminster, and Shoreditch. Drinking fountains asuage the thirst of its population; Day, Sunday, and Ragged Schools, Lending Libraries, Penny Banks, and Provident Funds, Mission Halls, Temperance Societies, and Bands of Hope, Baths and Washouses, Singing Classes, Weekly Lectures, Model Lodging Houses, Mothers' Meetings, and other elevating agencies are in active operation, and rapidly moulding the daily life of the population, into higher and more beautiful forms. This change for the better must be ascribed to a variety of influences. The construction of New Oxford street, although fraught at first with much inconvenience and misery to many poor families, ultimately produced a beneficial effect, and dispersed hordes of thieves, beggars, impostors, and ruffians. Church lane remains in its primitive condition, and those who wish to know what Old St. Giles's was, may visit it, and will see at once what a wonderful improvement must have taken place in the parish. Church lane continues to breed filth, disease, and crime. Were the parochial authorities to do their duty, it would be rased to the ground, and its infamous houses entirely emptied of their present occupants. Few parishes in London are more favoured in the matter of ragged schools and refuges, than St. Giles's. A visit to the Irish Free School, in Charles street, Drury lane, the Irish Free School in George street, and the School and Refuges in Broad street, Little Denmark street, and Great Queen street, will convince any thoughtful person that the children of the poor and needy have troops of wise and kind friends, and are carefully instructed in everything which pertains to a virtuous life. The Seventeenth Annual Report of the St. Giles's and St. George's Bloomsbury, Refuges for

Homeless and Destitute Children, and Ragged and Industrial Schools, evinces the active operation of extraordinary efforts to benefit the poor of the parish.

During the last year, the average weekly number of inmates in the Boys' Refuge, 8, Great Queen street, has been 110. In addition to these taken from St. Giles's, and its neighbourhood, several were born in Scotland, nine in Ireland, two in France, one in Italy, one in Antigua, others in the provinces, and not a few in different parts of London; 179 boys, in the Refuge at one time were disposed of in the following manner:—1 entered the Royal Navy; 10 emigrated to South Africa; 9 emigrated to Canada; 2 emigrated to New Zealand; 6 entered the merchant service; 26 were sent to situations in London and the country; 12 were restored to parents and friends; 1 was sent to another institution; 8 left of their own accord; 1 was sent to the infirmary, and 102 remained in the Refuge. These boys are well fed, well clothed, and attend school, but they are also taught to work hard, and the institution is in some respects self-supporting. During one year, the boys made 1289 pairs of new boots and shoes, and repaired 1369 pairs. They made 366 new articles of clothing and repaired 1776 articles. They also made 31,000 bundles of fire wood, which were sold for the benefit of the institution. Nothing can be more satisfactory than the fact that the profits of their work more than defrayed the outlay for materials, and the salaries of the superintendent, industrial teachers, and schoolmasters. 118 girls in the Refuges at Broad street and Acton were disposed of in the following manner:—21 were sent to domestic service; 23 were restored to their friends, or left of their own accord; 1 emigrated to New Zealand; 1 went to Tasmania; 2 died; and 70 remained in the Refuges. The operations conducted at 19, Broad street, are most varied and useful. The large and handsome building was intended for a gin palace, but having been purchased by the committee, it is now the centre of the following operations:—A Girls' Day school and Night school, an Infant Day School, Sunday Night Schools for Boys, Girls' and Infants, a Mothers' Meeting, weekly Lectures to Working Men, Working Men's Benefit Club, Provident and Clothing Club, and a Penny Bank. The Lectures to Working Men are well attended, and are on interesting subjects, such as—the old Houses of Parliament—Education and Crime—London, past and present—China—Literature of Labour—Sir Walter Scott—Beauties of Temperance Song—the Prisoners of the Tower—Pilgrim's Progress—

Flowers—Civil War in America—the Poetry of Common Things—and an Hour with our Great Grandfathers. Such efforts to enlighteu working men must produce immense good.

For many years past, the baths and wash-houses in Endell street have been very highly appreciated by the population. In one week in winter, namely, that ending January 24th, there were no fewer than 711 washers; 408 who took swimming baths, and 2283 private bathers. A powerful agency for good has been found in the Bloomsbury Chapel Domestic Mission, which employs two missionaries, and has connected with it about 30 visitors of the poor. Its operations comprise religious services in the Bloomsbury Chapel Mission Hall, Moor street, Five Dials; open air preaching on the Seven Dials; Household Visitation, Domestic Prayer Meetings Lectures to Working Men, Sunday School, Evening School, two Mothers' Meetings, a lending Library, a Bible and Book Society, and a Penny Bank. For the temporal relief of the sick poor, the Rev. W. Brock's congregation have distributed, during the last year, 1760lbs of meat; 1105 loaves of bread; 24 tons of coals, and an abundant supply of soup, tea, sugar, medicine, and blankets. Similar gifts have proceeded from the congregation of the Rev. A. Thorold, the Rector of St. Giles's; the Rev. Mr. Dibdin, minister of West street Epispocal Chapel; and the Rev. S. Garratt, of Trinity Church, Little Queen street. From all the chapels and churches in the parish there are sent forth visitors to the poor, and numerous city missionaries and scripture readers have long laboured for the spiritual welfare of the populations.

Drunkenness is the chief bane of St. Giles's, and it is probable that a thousand pounds per week, or fifty-two thousand pounds per year, at least, are spent by the people in intoxicating drink. In the region known as Seven Dials, and its contiguous streets, there are four Day and Sunday schools, three places of worship, three newspaper shops, ten bakers' shops, and *twenty-six places where intoxicating drinks are sold.* The Temperance Societies, however, have not been idle, and have succeeded in inducing a considerable number of persons to abstain from inebriating liquors. Some of the most notorious drunkards have been reformed, and their homes are now clean, well furnished, and happy.

Should the moral improvement of St. Giles's go on for the next twenty-five years as it is doing at present, it will become a model parish, and no longer deserving of an infamous reputation. As it is, we believe that it would stand well in a com-

parison with any other parish in the country inhabited by a dense population, and that it contains at this moment as considerable a proportion of honest, sober, hardworking men, virtuous wives, and happy children, as could be found in parishes with a higher fame.

PRIZE ESSAYS.

We would strongly urge the conductors of Bands of Hope to induce their young friends to write papers on appropriate topics. This is done with great advantage at Frome, and also in other towns, and, would, we have no doubt prove both useful and attractive when properly presented to members of our societies. We appeud the Frome list of essays for the present year:—

Grade I. Open to the competition of members of the society of any age. Adjudicator: The Hon. and Rev. E. Talbot, Evercreech. Subject—"Home—its Endearments, its Influence, and its Blight." First prize, value £1, William John Harvey. Second Prize, value 15s., Ellis Chapman. Third Prize, value 10s., Frank Pickford.

Grade II. Open to the competition of members of the society not above the age of sixteen. Adjudicator: The Rev. T. G. Rooke, B.A. Subject—"The Habits that Contribute to the Health of the Body, the Maintenance of the Reputation, and the Usefulness of the Life." First Prize, value 15s., Frederick Holiday. Second Prize, value 10s., Elizabeth Palmer. Third Prize, value 5s., Arthur Gregory.

Grade III. Open to the competition of members of the society not above the age of twelve years. Adjudicator: the Rev. E. Edwards. Subject—"Scripture Texts on the Evils of Drunkenness, and the Scripture Examples of Good Men who practised Total Abstinence." First Prize, value 7 . 6d , Walter Sims. Second Prize, value 5s., Emily Gage. Third Prize, value 2s. 6d., James Anderson.

LITERATURE.

The Sabbath School. By James I. HILLOCKS. W. Tweedie, Strand.—We have great pleasure in recommending anything from the pen of Mr. Hillocks. He is a sensible writer, and a zealous friend of the working classes. This excellent volume has been presented to, and accepted by, the Queen. The correspondence will no doubt interest our readers. The following is a copy:—

"TO HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN.

"May it please your gracious Majesty to believe it is with the combination of a fear of being considered presuming and a feeling of gratitude, I forward with this, by post, a copy of my *Sunday School from a Practical Point of View*, just published.

"The Preface contains the reason why I have written the book, and I forward it to your Majesty, trusting it will be accepted as an humble effort from the pen that wrote *Life Story*, the Autobiography which your Majesty was graciously pleased to acknowledge, and which acknowledg-

was the son of a butcher? a Thomas Moore, who was the son of a grocer? and a Rosseau, who was the son of a watchmaker? Was it this sentimental sickening belief in luck? No, no, it was nothing short of the luck of hard working, hard plodding, and hard toiling; it was their entering upon the Life Battle with an invincible energy, and a bravery of soul that placed upon their heads the victor's crown. Luck is to be found in working, and waiting." There's good sense and lively writing, and a fair specimen of the whole book.

Hymns and Sacred Poetry. By the Rev. T. HOLME, and Rev. J. HOLME. London: Hamilton, Adams, & Co.—Every temperance speaker should make himself familiar with good poetry. A line, a verse, or a complete poem is a great adornment to a speech, and will frequently attract and impress, when nothing else will. This small volume will prove valuable to our fellow-workers. The Rev. T. Holme, of East Cowton, has contributed a number of useful temperance compositions. In one of these we have a prayer for our cause, which we append as a specimen of the whole:—

"Bless gracious Lord! the temperance cause;
And through this favoured land,
By trophies won from drink's vile power,
Uphold and own our band.

Bless gracious Lord! the temperance cause;
And with thy mighty sway
Dispose our senate and the Crown
To cheer us on our way.

Bless gracious Lord! the temperance cause;
Thy slumbering church awake
In this our war with Britain's curse,
The fore front rank to take.

Bless gracious Lord! the temperance cause;
Be Thou our guide and friend,
Thine be the glory of the work,
Thy love our aim and end."

CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of the "BAND OF HOPE RECORD."

Exchange Buildings, Northampton, 21st Sept. 1863.

Dear Sir,—We feel much obliged for the gratuitous services of Mr. Blaby, which you were kind enough to place at our disposal for a fortnight. During that time he preached twice on one Sunday at the Independent Chapel, Stony Stratford, and addressed the Sunday Schools of the Independent and Baptist congregations; he also preached on another Sunday at the Reform Methodist Chapel, Wellingborough, to large congregations; he also lectured at Stony Stratford, Blisworth Gardens, Draughton, Harrington, Wellingborough, Finedon, Ringstead, Warrington, Rounds, and Wollaston, at most of which he had large and enthusiastic gatherings, and not a few expressed an earnest desire soon to see him again. His audiences numbered over 3000 souls. I am glad to say that the cause

in this county is now in a very hopeful state, and has received a great impetus from the labours of Messrs. Bell, Murphy, and Blaby sent us by your Union. We are counting the time for the return of Mr. Bell, next month, when he will again be with us three months.

I remain, yours truly,

JOHN RUTHERFORD,

Hon. Sec. of the Northamptonshire Temperance Union.

Whitechapel, Sept. 4th, 1863

Dear Sir,—I should have written to you before this concerning the services of Mr. Bell, but I have had a severe cold and sore throat ever since Tuesday last, and have not cared to move or do anything since. But as regards Mr. Bell he was very highly appreciated both by the young and the adult audiences, which is very seldom the case in the same person. His closing sentences were given with great pathos and power, and will not soon be forgotten by those who had the privilege of hearing him. Hoping to hear him again before long, and that his labours may be abundantly blest,

I remain, yours respectfully,

H. H. TIPPER.

Annals of the United Kingdom Band of Hope Union.

LABOURS OF THE AGENTS.

Mr. W. B. AFFLECK writes as follows:—Since I sent my last report I have lectured at the following places:—Stopper lane; Sawley; Guisburn; Horton; Selside; Settle, also preached three times; Buckden; Starbottom; Kettlewell; Hebden; Batley, three times. The meetings have all been large and successful, and 150 signatures have been taken.

Mr. W. BELL has attended meetings as follows:—St. Matthew's School, Old Pye street, Westminster; Shadwell; Peel Grove, Bethnal Green; Lansdowne Place, and Deverell Street, Old Kent Road; Bloomsbury Refuge; George Yard, Whitechapel; Union Hall, Bishopsgate; Old Windsor; Reading; Romsey; Frome; Hayle, for a week; St Ives, for a week; and Mere, Wiltshire.

During the month Mr. G. BLABY has attended and addressed the following meetings:—Spa Fields, twice; Denmark Street; Earl Street; London Road; Lant Street, Borough; Collier's Rents, Little Denmark Street; Surrey Chapel; Bloomsbury Refuge; Whitfield Chapel; Southgate; and the following places in connection with the Northampton Temperance Union:—Stony Stratford; Blisworth gardens; Draughton; Harrington; Wellingborough; Finedon; Ringstead; Warmington; Rounds; and Woolaston. He has also preached eight sermons, and addressed four Sunday schools.

Mr. F. SMITH has attended meetings as under:—Vauxhall Walk; Grange Road, Bermondsey; Waterloo Street, Camberwell; Moor Street, *Five Dials*; St. James's Walk, Clerkenwell; Plough Yard, Lincoln's-

inn-Fields; Windsor Street, Islington; Tottenham; Peel Grove, Bethnal Green; Little Denmark Street, St. Giles's; Prospect Row; Vauxhall Walk Wesleyan Sunday School; Salem Chapel, Bow Road; William Street, Poplar; Pond Place, Chelsea.

NEW AGENT.—Many of the Societies where Mr. WILLIAM LAY has kindly attended as an honorary deputation, will be glad to learn that the Committee of the Union have made arrangements with him, so as have at their disposal the whole of his evenings for attending meetings, &c.

MR. JOHN S. STURGES writes as follows:—Mr. Udall gave a capital address; I was especially pleased with his closing remarks. Alas! how many there are who think that total abstinence is saving, *i.e.* all we need to gain admittance into heaven; I fear that many of these will be found at last with the poor drunkard. Will you please thank Mr. Udall, and tell him, that I hope as often as he holds up the temperance cause, so often may he hold up the banner of the cross; this is often overlooked. We hope to have a prosperous time during the winter season; if God smiles upon us who can be against us? [Mr. Udall had kindly consented to address any Bands of Hope in the towns he might visit during his holidays. We wish more of our London friends would make a point of giving the Country Bands of Hope the advantage of their assistance whilst away on their holidays.—ED.]

BRIDGNORTH.—On Thursday, 20th of August, Mr. J. Child, an honorary deputation of the United Kingdom Band of Hope Union, delivered a very interesting lecture in the Wesley School Room, on "Self denial *v.* Moderation," and "Total Abstinence *v.* Intemperance." His earnest efforts to interest and instruct were seconded by Messrs. Smallwood and Knot; with the result that a Band of Hope for Bridgnorth will open its books for the names of its friends on Thursday, the 3rd of next month, at the above-named time and place. It requires but little attention to be convinced of the utility of securing the adhesion of our young inhabitants to principles which will ensure sobriety, and a great amount of good order not otherwise attainable.

UNION HALL TEMPERANCE SOCIETY.—At the meeting of this society, held on Monday evening, Sept. 1st, at the hall in Artillery street, Bishopsgate, a lecture was delivered by Mr. W. Bell, a sturdy Yorkshireman, before an attentive and tolerably numerous audience of working people, some of whom appeared as though the adoption of teetotalism would greatly mend their condition. Mr. W. Rains having offered a very appropriate prayer, Mr. Rowden, the Vice-president, took the chair, and in a few words introduced Mr. W. Bell, who soon made himself quite at home with his audience. His address was interesting and edifying, and told upon the audience. Mr. Bell is not a half-and-half teetotaller, if such an expression may be used. He does not play fast and loose with publicans and gin-spinners, but boldly denounces them as the greatest enemies of the working classes; as people whose trade is alike cursed by God and man. But whilst the lecturer spoke in strong terms against those who live by the vices of the people, his manner and his words proved

that his disposition is well-inclined towards all God's creatures, and he is not only very hopeful respecting the ultimate triumph of the cause he advocates, but believes that that triumph will be brought about chiefly by the multiplication of Bands of Hope, and the spread of religious truth. Fourteen persons have signed the pledge at Union Hall within the last fortnight, and a great many have done the same during the last few months.

THE ALBERT TEMPERANCE HALL AND HAVERSTOCK EDUCATIONAL INSTITUTE.—On Saturday, September, 19, the foundation stone of this hall was laid by George Cruickshank, Esq., in the presence of a large number of people. The proceedings were commenced by Mr. Dibley, who, after some introductory remarks, read a statement to the effect that the site of the hall was originally intended for a gin palace, on account of its prominent situation. The building would consist of two halls—one 60 feet long, 30 feet wide, and 22 feet high; another, 33 feet by 22 feet—and two committee-rooms. Mr. Cruickshank then proceeded to lay the foundation stone, beneath which were deposited, in an air-tight case, some coins, and packets of temperance tracts and newspapers; the stone having been lowered, the foreman of the works, Mr. James Kiddle applied the plumb, the stone was declared well set amid three cheers, the brass band of the Havelock Rifles playing the National Anthem, to which air the assembly sang an inaugural ode. The Rev. J. Burns, D.D., in a few remarks congratulated all present on the event, observing that the best charity was that which enabled a man to help himself, and that the principles to be inculcated in that hall should be taught in every church, chapel, and meeting house in the land; concluding by reading a tail-piece he had composed for the occasion. The other speakers were J. R. Taylor, Esq., the Rev, Dawson Burns, F. Braby, Esq., Mr. Horner, and Mr. Noble. A substantial tea was provided in a marquee erected for the occasion, to which at half-past five upwards of 400 ladies and gentlemen sat down. A vote of thanks to Mr. G. Cruickshank closed the proceedings.

OBITUARY.

Died, at Bishop Auckland, on the 28th of August, 1863, Hannah Blair, after a protracted and painful affliction, which was borne with christian fortitude and patience. She was a consistent member of the Bishop Auckland Band of Hope, from its commencement to her translation to our Father's heavenly mansion. The last hymn she sung before her quiet sleep, was one of our favourite hymns, often sung at the Band of Hope meetings, viz., "There is sweet rest in Heaven"; and the last audible sentences she uttered, were words of dying love to her dear companions in arms, "The cold-water corps," exhorting them to remain faithful to the improvement of all their good graces, and to meet her in heaven. I watched her eye light up with hope, just as she entered "the valley of the shadow of death, and she feared no evil." W. B. AFFLECK.

J. BALE, Printer, 78, Great Titchfield-street, Marylebone.

BAND OF HOPE RECORD.

WHY SOME CHILDREN DO NOT JOIN THE BAND OF HOPE.

By JOHN PLUMMER.

The importance of Bands of Hope as a means of training the new generation in habits of temperance, has been fully recognised, even by many whose opinions are not, on the whole, favourable to the temperance cause. It is, comparatively speaking, so much easier in this way to *prevent* people from becoming addicted in after years to habits of intemperance, than to *reclaim* them from those habits when once contracted, that it is easy to perceive how, as knowledge and intellectual enlightenment increases amongst the industrial classes, the imperative necessity which exists for the establishment and efficient support of Bands of Hope will no longer be questioned. It is indeed a most encouraging thing that they should have made the progress exhibited during the last few years, especially if we consider the many difficulties which have hitherto impeded the labours of those who have been mainly instrumental in their formation. As a rule, the children are willing, nay, anxious, to come to Band of Hope meetings when properly conducted, but there are reasons why they do not. I am speaking of those who *would*, but *cannot* attend. This is a class which may be numbered by thousands, particularly in the manufacturing districts. There are also thousands of others who would attend but for the adverse influences to which they are exposed during the day. The nature of the obstacles thus indicated are revealed in the recently published Report of the Children's Employment Commission, from which we learn that immense numbers of children are sent to labour in workshops and factories at the age of seven, six, five, and even of four years.

These children are employed from *nine to fourteen hours per day*, and are frequently, if not generally, the offspring of intemperate parents. The long hours of labour which they are compelled to undergo, precludes them from attending Band of Hope meetings, in fact, it destroys all chance of their attending any educational institution, whether it be a school, a Band of Hope class, or anything else. Consequently, they are left entirely unprotected, to the mischievious influence of workshop drinking customs, and of the irregular habits of the adults.

The evil of this state of things is acknowledged by every intelligent person who is acquainted with it. The children grow up in habits of ignorance, vice, and intemperance; and become in their turn the parents of children who, unless a saving hand be interposed, must inevitably be exposed to the same evil influences which tended to keep *their* parents in a state of poverty and degradation.

It is found that in nine cases out of ten, the parents expend more money weekly in beer and gin than is obtained by the labour of their helpless young. Not only do the parents destroy their own comfort and happiness, but likewise that of their children. No wonder, considering these things, that our Bands of Hope are not more successful; but who is to blame? clearly the parents. But then, they are not always aware of the full extent of the mischief which is committed by them. They were treated in the same way in *their* infancy; they have been exposed to the same influences, and their present state of apathy and ignorance is the result. The conduct of the parents is the effect of their defective moral training, rather than the result of natural viciousness, and it is not impossible that to some extent it might be partly overcome by the action of two agencies. The first of these would be the legislative prohibition of child-labour under a certain age; the second, a well organised system of house to house visitation, for the purpose of inducing the heads of families to allow their children to attend Bands of Hope. It is impossible to over-estimate the value of the house-visitation system; if well carried out it is one of the most effective weapons which can be used by associations like that of the Band of Hope, but, unfortunately, the want of funds and workers must tend to prevent it from becoming properly developed—at least for some time to come. Still, our efforts must not be relaxed. The very knowledge that thousands of children are being trained to the love of alcoholic liquors, and removed from the influence of Bands of Hope and Temperance societies, renders it imperative on our part to do our utmost to meet the evil, and to lesson the amount of shame and degradation which clings to the social history of our country.

UNCLE TRUE AND HIS JOG TO JERSEY.

There are few things more agreeable than a country jaunt, and the pleasure of this is considerably augmented if there be agreeable company.—

"Over the hills and far away,
Is a very pleasant time to play."

And a very happy thing to realise when an August sun sheds his mellow light on the landscape. 'Tis then that nature appears more than usually lavish of her favours to man. The hill and valleys clad with waving corn, while here and there the busy husbandman has gone in with sickle and is either cutting, or has left it in shears and shocks. The season has not so far advanced as to divest the trees of their beauty; the gardens are still luxuriant, while orchards smile with their load of ruddy fruit, —the promise of apple dumplings, if such an unpoetic idea may be put in print. But this paper is to be one on a trip to Jersey! so if you please we must just inform you that being a very social being, Uncle True preferred to go in company, and solicited the society of friends. You will not, of course, understand by this that he wrote to the Quakers, but simply sought among personal acquaintances to make a little party; the result of this was, that a party of seven was arranged.

It is needless to describe a railway journey now a day; suffice it to say ours was of the ordinary character, no incidents worth recording, and we were like most travellers glad when we reached the terminus. Our plan was first to visit the Isle of Wight for a day or two, and then go off to Jersey.

Many of the readers of the *Record* have probably never seen the Isle of Wight. If not, we say when you get a holiday don't fail to go; it is a charming place,—lovely walks or drives—fine old ruins—scenery romantic, poetic, rural and grand; and some of the neatest cleanest little villages in England, while the charming villas and gentlemanly residences in the vicinity of the sea-side towns, and the thoroughly English farms scattered over the island, together with the bold cliffs, the lofty downs, the wildness here, and the culture there, render it a spot unsurpassed for spending a holiday.

Uncle True and his friends spent a most agreeable time here, and in fact almost regretted leaving; but the destination was Jersey, so having had as much of the island as gave an appetite for a great deal more, Southampton was again sought with a view to the start for Jersey. Southampton reached, Flower's Temperance Hotel furnished an excellent post at which to put up for a little, to refresh ourselves before our voyage.

It may be as well here to describe our party, which consisted of U. T. and his better half—Mr. D. and his better half,—with three single young ladies. You may therefore see that U. T. and Mr. D. had enough to look after. Berths had been secured before we went on board, and when therefore we shipped ourselves, all we had to do was to look out for our comforts, and there appeared to be reason enough for this; the night was anything but promising; there had been heavy rain during the day, and before we started out of dock the rain came on again, and when darkness was setting in one of the men intimated we might expect a nasty night, and soon we were all ordered below. But it would be useless to describe the tediousness of that night. Most of the party were unwell; we were very glad when "Ease her," and "Stop her," saluted our ears in the morning, and were not long in finding our way off the boat. Fortunately a kind friend had been secured, who piloted us into comfortable quarters,

at No. 40, Belmont Road St. Helliers, where we found economy and comfort combined.

The first day or two at the Island we had wet, but when it was fine, and we had an opportunity of getting out, we well explored the place, and found indeed many beauties, and much to deeply interest. The Island is very picturesque; there are magnificient bays, many curiosities, and much hospitality; in the interior simple and primitive habits. The Island is exceedingly fertile, the finest orchards abounding everywhere, and the fruit trees absolutely bending and breaking down under their load of fruit.

Our Temperance friends had made arrangements for our holding Temperance meetings during our stay; we did not witness such activity on the part of some of the friends as we could have wished, still some nobly exerted themselves, and we had an excellent meeting of the Band of Hope, and one very fair adult meeting. The Temperance friends were exceedingly kind; the work appears to be in the hands of a few working men chiefly. We made about a nine days' stay, and if it were not for that hundred miles of sea between England and there, we should feel very much disposed to go again.

The voyage home was much better than the one out, but we were very glad to land at Southampton. Here after a short stay, and a visit to Netley Abbey, where we rambled about for a short time, much to our delight, we sought the bosom of home and friends in noisy, smoky, but still fine old London.

UNCLE TRUE.

OUR FEMALE ALLIES.

By E. J. OLIVER.

"Two heads are better than one," is an old saying which our grandmothers have been at great pains to instil into our more youthful minds; and by the same rule, we see no reason why four should not be better than two—eight better than four—and so on *ad libitum*. But here grandmother informs us, with wondrous sagacity, that "Too many cooks spoil the broth." But this is not always the case. It is our opinion, and one which we hold to be incontrovertible, that a good cause cannot have too many helpers. But it is a vital necessity that those helpers should be really and truly such, not merely in name, but in deed also—not putting their shoulders to the top of the wheel, while they put their feet on the spokes at the bottom, and so while seeming to assist in pushing forward the cause, actually retarding its progress. We strongly suspect that these were the kind of cooks the old lady must have had in her eye when she was so anxious about the broth. Be that as it may, no ancient sayings will convince us that the proverb first quoted is not one of the truest in our language. It is recognised and acted upon, not only in the affairs of private life, but in the councils of nations, the investigations of philosophers, and the pursuits of scientific men. Above all, it is a truth that should not be lost sight of in any cause having for its object the moral elevation of the

young. That the Band of Hope movement is a good and great cause, few will deny. Its promoters have established an institution, the power of which shall be felt throughout the land. They have organised a standing army of young and energetic spirits, prepared to abide by their principles come what may against them. This result has been attained by hard and persevering labour, by much self-denial, by much anxious care and thought, and with much expenditure of valuable time and money. But what has done more than any of these things to contribute to our success, and what has been most overlooked, is the influence of the ladies who have given their aid to the movement. Our object in writing this paper is to urge the Conductors of Bands of Hope, who have not yet availed themselves of female assistance, to do so without delay. Let it not be supposed that we would ignore the masculine element altogether, or even assign it a subordinate position. Not so. Our purpose is simply to advocate the more general recognition of the ladies as our valuable and indispensable allies. Unostentaniously and quietly, without seeking or caring for applause, content to remain unnoticed in the background, while others receive the credit of the work, the ladies connected with the Band of Hope movement have laboured untiringly in the great cause. Few of them, it is true, have mounted the platform and pleaded with burning eloquence the cause of the drunkard's child, but by many a fireside hearth, in many a poor and lowly cot, in the highways and byeways of the great city, in the school and the factory, have they spread the truths of Temperance, and spoken words of love and comfort to fainting and despondent hearts. As visitors to the homes of the children, they have not only gained the affections of the little ones of the household, but they have led drunken parents to see the folly of their course, and to the gentle enquiry, "Will you sign the pledge?" they have given a cheerful assent, and faithfully kept their word. The influence of a true-hearted woman in such a cause as this is beyond calculation. In the care and instruction of the young she is in her proper sphere. Softly and melodiously do the words of love and wisdom fall from her lips into the pliant and yielding hearts already prepared to receive them. She comprehends in a moment the wants and difficulties of the young—their character, temperament and capacities—in short, she is in all respects fully qualified to instruct the youth of both sexes, not only in those Temperance principles which, next to our holy faith, we love so dearly, but also in those matters of love and kindness one to another which we of the opposite sex too often forget to inculcate.

We hope to see the day when every Committee of every Band of Hope shall combine the feminine in equal proportions with the masculine element. We shall then hear no complaints of non-success. Societies will not then be started to struggle for a short time, and then expire without a sign. But thus working together our Societies shall prosper, and in time overthrow the kingdom of drunkenness.

Let us ask those ladies whose sympathies we already have, but who, from timidity or other causes, have not yet become "workers with us," to join our ranks at once. It is true your names may not be inscribed on the roll of fame, nor any marble monument be erected to do you honour.

But better than all this, happy mothers of happy children will raise their hands to bless you, and mingle your name in their prayers, while, better still, the Divine Father will behold your self-denying work. His arm will be always ready for you to lean upon in the hour of your weariness, and when your labour is done, and you leave the work for other hands to carry on, His voice will welcome you into everlasting habitations.

THE GREAT CURSE OF ENGLAND.

A TEMPERANCE DISCOURSE.

By the Rev. G. W. McCREE.

"Now the works of the flesh are manifest, which are these; adultery, fornication, uncleanness, lasciviousness, idolatry, witchcraft, hatred, variance, emulations, wrath, strife, seditions, heresies, envyings, murders, drunkenness, revellings, and such like: of the which I tell you before, as I have also told you in time past, that they which do such things shall not inherit the kingdom of God."—Gal. v. 19—21.

You have perhaps seen a field overgrown with thorns and thistles—a barren, rough, and noxious wilderness.

You have, perhaps, seen a sea-shore strewn with the fragments of a wreck—broken timbers, torn sails, and dead bodies exposed on the sands, and scattered on the rocks, and blackened by the sun.

You have perhaps seen a city desolated by a plague—houses closed, mourners weeping, and graves opened for the reception of the dead.

But no barren field, nor wrecked ship, nor desolated city can present such lamentable, such revolting, such disastrous, or such appalling scenes as are witnessed daily in England in connection with, and springing from, our national curse—Drunkenness.

That I may justify this statement let me ask you to give your thoughtful attention to—

1. THE MORAL POSITION OF DRUNKENNESS.—See where God has placed it. Not, mark, where man places it. Many persons speak of personal intemperance as "an unfortunate propensity"; as a "little weakness"; as "fondness for company"; as a "failing"; as "indiscretion"; and, as "gaiety of life." Be not deceived. Drunkenness is much more than all that. It is a folly, a profligate habit, a foul transgression of physical laws, an offence against decency and virtue, and a SIN—a great sin before God. Look at the text, and see where God places the drunkard and drunkenness. Just where God places "adultery and murder," there does He place drunkenness. Human law and human opinion does not put it in the catalogue of sins which expose us to the wrath of God, and the loss of everlasting happiness, but the Divine Word teaches us that every drunkard is

in the sight of God guilty, condemned, miserable, and lost. And that is the view of drunkenness which I wish you to take. It is a wasteful folly. It is a degrading pleasure. It is a brutalizing vice. It is a disgusting indulgence. It is a gross and damning sin, and, "they which do such things shall not inherit the kingdom of God."

Let me now ask you to give your thoughtful attention to—

2. THE CHARACTERISTICS OF DRUNKENNESS.—Probably no sin presents so many melancholy and frightful aspects as that now before us. It is an evil tree with mighty boughs stretching far and wide, and thickly laden with much evil fruit.

1. *There, for example, is Physical Disease.*—God has so organized the human body, that when placed in suitable conditions, and adequately supplied with fresh air, wholesome food, proper warmth, and harmless liquids, and not allowed to rust in idleness, it becomes and continues healthy, strong, and beautiful. But look at what intemperate habits do for the body—the body which God framed in wisdom and love, and intended for a monument of power—an exhibition of goodness—and an illustration of symmetry and grace. The Rev. Dawson Burns, in a carefully prepared paper, entitled "The Vital Statistics of Strong Drink," shows the annual loss of life in the United Kingdom as follows:—

By Intemperance directly	27,050
By disease, accidents, &c. induced by Intemperance ...	20,251
By limited drinking	6,962

Thus finding a total of 54,263 persons whose health, bodies, and lives have fallen a miserable sacrifice to strong drink. Look, I say, at the habitual drunkard, and see what a curse has fallen upon his body—a blotched face, a blood-shot eye, a palsied hand, a diseased heart, a trembling footstep, and a form prematurely bent towards the earth and the grave. And mark the fell diseases which, like raging foes, follow in the track of the drunkard. There is paralysis. There is fever. There is consumption. There is asthma. There is cholera. Intemperance predisposes a man to all these, and many have been stricken down by them who might have been living to this day; but they drank of the sparkling cup, and found it filled with a fatal draught. They drank—turned weak, and sick, and pale—lay down—fought hard with death—lost the battle, and died. And thus does drunkenness enlarge the dominion of the grave, and multiply the congregation of the dead.

2. *There, for example, is Mental Disease.*—The mind is the

glory of man. With it he counts the stars, and measures wide—wide seas. With it he discerns between good and evil. With it he thinks, loves, hopes, and worships. And yet he suffers this magnificent possession to become the prey of drunkenness. Consider the various forms of mental malady induced by intemperance. There are two of them of which I wish to remind you, namely,—Idiocy and Frenzy.

1. WHAT A DISTRESSING THING IS IDIOCY!—The mind is then a cold, stagnant, dreary blank. No glorious thoughts, no mighty inventions, no sublime poetry flow from it then. An idiot! We shudder at the word. Now, drunkenness often produces idocy. Dr. Howe, in his able Reports on Idiocy, informs us that out of 300 idiots whose history he could learn, 143 had intemperate parents, and he mentions one drunkard who had seven children, and all of them were idiots! The historian of a sober generation would not have to record such a scandalous fact. And,

2. WHAT A DESTRUCTIVE THING IS FRENZY!—When excited and even maddened by drink, what fearful things men do. They will then swear, outrage public decency, steal their neighbours' goods, rush into awful danger, and perpetrate even murder itself. Take a case in point. A young working man went to spend the day at Rotherham fair. Some friends and he went into a public house to partake of a social glass. They took one—two—three and more. Night came, and he commenced his journey home. He was mad—mad with drink. He sang, jumped, danced, and swore. He met with a young woman, sprang upon her, bore her to the ground, knelt upon her breast, and then drawing his knife he cut her white throat from ear to ear. He rose. She lay at his feet a pale and bloody corpse. He was tried—condemned—sentenced—executed. And now listen to this. A christian man went to the prison and saw him. He said, "How ever could you do such a sad thing as take away the young woman's life?" "I cannot tell, Sir," he replied; "I have a perfect remembrance of being in the public house, but from that time to my coming to my senses in the lock-up, I have no knowledge of what I did or where I was." "How long," asked the visitor, "had you been a hard drinker?" "I was not a drunkard, Sir; I took very little liquor indeed in a general way, and therefore what I took at the fair had such a sad effect upon me." "Ah! my friend," replied the visitor, "what sorrow you would have avoided had you been an abstainer from all intoxicating drinks. I am thankful to say that I have never

tasted them for many years past, and I recommend every one to adopt my example." The poor murderer pressed his hand to his head, burst into tears, and wept bitterly. Had that young man been taught by his parents to shun the drunkard's drink, he might have lived and died a christian man. As it was he was hanged like a dog. "He that hath ears to hear let him hear."

3. *There, for example, is Social Disorder.*—Let it be granted that there are many causes of social disorder, it is still true that its chief cause is drunkenness. The profanity, the quarrels, the fights, the robberies, the disturbances, and the murders which disgrace and shock the land, flow mainly from the drinking customs which prevail around us. That it is so is proved by the records of our newspapers, and the testimony of our judges. Look at the hideous facts recorded in our newspapers. From about 20 of them, in 52 weeks, there was obtained a list of outrages and crimes. Here it is:—

Seven hundred and eleven brawls or violent ASSAULTS, including many cases of stabbing, cutting, and wounding;

Two hundred and ninety-four ROBBERIES by or upon drunken persons;

Two hundred and thirty-seven cases of *atrocious* CRUELTY *upon wives or children;*

One hundred and sixty-six cases of *serious* ACCIDENT or striking *bodily peril;*

One hundred and sixty-two actual or attempted SUICIDES.

Five hundred and twenty premature DEATHS, generally with horrible accessories; and

One hundred and twenty-one MANSLAUGHTERS *and* MURDERS.

With regard to the sentiments of our Judges, I will content myself with quoting the testimony of Baron Platt, who, at the Newcastle summer Assizes of 1855, observed:—

"It is the practice of gangs of thieves to infest the public houses and beershops of this town on a Saturday night, and to take the opportunity of throwing themselves into the society of industrious men, who come there *intending* to drink a *glass* of beer, but *ending*, very likely, in *intoxication.* The thieves watch them to the public houses. They go thither, perhaps, without them, but they fall into their company; and the unfortunate man, if he happen to take a glass too much that night, is sure to be dragged to one of the arches, not far distant from the spot where I am, and there he is knocked down, throttled, his life put in peril, and his purse endangered. It does seem that you will find by the calendar, that *drunkenness is at the bottom of one-half of this mischief.* Thieves would go home without their plunder if men would keep sober: but we find either that the thieves themselves make themselves desperate by *inspiriting themselves with drink*, or else the unfortunate man who has the plunder to be taken from him, makes himself a victim by his conduct on the Saturday night. It is grievous conduct; but DRUNKENNESS HERE, AS IT IS ALMOST ALL OVER THE KINGDOM, IS THE VICE OF THE PEOPLE."

Need I add a word to these facts and this testimony? No, they clearly prove how great is the social disorder which springs from drunkenness.

4. *There, for example, is Domestic Misery.*—We sing of "Sweet Home." And home ought and might be sweet, bright, and happy. Every home might be marked by cleanliness, order, love, and religion, and where these are you may sing—"There is no place like home." But where drunkenness is—what then? Poverty, scolding, jealousy, ignorance, dirt, profligacy, blows, misery, and death. The facts of every day prove this, and they prove also that juvenile delinquency is generally the poisonous fruit of parental drunkenness. Sir A. Alison, speaking of the records of the Glasgow House of Refuge, says:

"These highly curious annals of crime show, in the clearest manner, the fatal influence of the drinking of whisky upon the lowest classes of the people; for out of 234 boys, who at present are in the institution, it appears from their own account that the drunkenness of their parents stood thus:—

Had drunken fathers	72
Drunken mothers	62
Both fathers and mothers drunken	69

So that upwards of two-thirds of the whole boys in the institution have been precipitated into crime, through the habits of intoxication of one or both of their parents."

And the Rev. John Clay, of Preston gaol, quotes thus from the confession of a child:—

"My mother is dead: my father often got drunk: he used to lick us with a rope: he used to bring women into the house—drinking—on Saturday nights. I have broken into two houses. I got in [on the last occasion] through the back door, about twelve at night. I went upstairs into the man's bedroom, and took 13s. 6d. from his pocket. *I bought something to eat with the money.* I slept out every night. I have four sisters and a brother; and I am the youngest but one. Is aged nine."

Have I an intemperate father or mother here? O think of your sons and daughters—think of your little children, and forsake your folly and sin lest they should rise up in the day of judgment and condemn you. Let your home be made "sweet" by the abiding influences of a sober, affectionate and holy life.

5. *And there, for example, is Premature Death.*—How often does the drunkard inflict sudden and premature death upon either himself or others. "Come, Sir," said a woman to me one night, "and see my husband—he is dying." I went. He was still a young man, but he died—died in consequence of his irregular habits. In his case death—premature death fell upon himself, but sometimes, nay, often, the drunkard brings "sudden destruction" upon the innocent, the worthy, and, the happy.

Not far from where I stand, you might have seen a widow and her three fatherless children. "What," she used to say, "shall I do for my poor boys?" The answer came. A relative in America sent a kind letter inviting her to come to his home, and assured her that she and her children would then do well. Some religious friends found her the passage money, and, full of hope, the widow and her boys set sail. A sister and her child went with them. All seemed bright and safe, when, alas! the captain of the ship got drunk—the ship was wrecked, and the widow, her sister, and their children went down into the deep, and are buried there until the sea shall give up its dead. And thus it is that drunkenness plays into the hand of death, and crowds with victims the yawning grave. Surely it is wise not to touch the drunkard's drink.

Let me, in conclusion, ask your thoughtful attention to—

3. The Awful Penalty of Drunkenness.—"No drunkard shall enter the kingdom of heaven." Such is the verdict of Holy Scripture. How can one who has defiled his body, wasted his time, squandered his money, blighted his moral beauty, seared his conscience, destroyed his usefulness, and forgotten his God, expect to enter the kingdom of heaven? How can a woman, whose life has been rendered vile by drunken habits, hope to dwell in honour and joy above the skies? Is there a crown of life for the drunkard? No! Is there a white robe for the drunkard? No! Is there a throne of brightness for the drunkard? Is there even a hiding-place in heaven for the drunkard? No! What then? Outer darkness—weeping—wailing—gnashing of teeth—fiery indignation—everlasting burnings—woe, darkness, and hell—the smoke of torment which ascendeth for ever and ever. When he dieth let him say—Farewell sun, and moon, and stars! Farewell fragrant flowers, and sunny hills, and waving trees, and singing of birds! Farewell hope, and love, and life! Farewell men and women, and little children, and tender friends, and holy angels! Farewell earth, and sea, and rolling clouds! I die—I perish—for "no drunkard shall enter the kingdom of heaven."

There may be drunkards here! O, my friends! do turn, this day, unto God! Behold! He will look well-pleased upon your repentance—on your confession to Him of your sins; and when you ask for mercy, and peace, and heaven, in the name of our Lord Jesus Christ. Go unto Him even, unto God at once, and entreat Him to enable you to lead a sober, honest, useful, religious life. Amen.

CHARLIE AND THE ROBIN'S SONG.

One Summer morning, early,
  When the dew was bright to see,
Our dark-eyed little Charlie
  Stood by his mother's knee.
And he heard a robin singing
  In a tree so tall and high,
On the topmost bough 'twas swinging,
  Away up in the sky.

"Mamma, the robin's praying,
  In the very tree-top there;
'Glory! Glory!' it is saying,
  And that is all its prayer.
But God will surely hear him,
  And the angels standing by,
For God is very near him,
  Away up in the sky."

"My child! God is no nearer
  To robin on the tree,
And does not hear him clearer
  Than he does you and me.
For he hears the angels harping,
  In sun-bright glory drest,
And the little birdlings chirping,
  Down in their leafy nest."

"Mamma, if you should hide me
  Away down in the dark,
And leave no lamp beside me,
  Would God then have to hark?
And if I whisper lowly,
  All covered in my bed,
Do you think that Jesus holy
  Would know what 'twas I said?"

"My darling little lisper,
  God's light is never dim;
The very lowest whisper
  Is always close to him."

NEVER GIVE UP!

up! it is wiser and better,
to hope, than once to despair!
off the load of Doubt's heavy fetter,
break the dark spell of tyrannical care:
er give up! or the burthen may sink you—
Providence kindly has mingled the cup,
and in all trials or troubles bethink you,
The watchword of life must be—Never give up!

Never give up! there are chances and changes
Helping the hopeful a hundred to one,
And through the chaos high wisdom arranges,
Ever success—if you'll only hope on;
Never give up! for the wisest is boldest,
Knowing that Providence mingles the cup,
And of all maxims the best as the oldest,
Is the true watchword of—Never give up!

Never give up! though the grape-shot may rattle,
Or the full thunder cloud over you burst;
Stand like a rock, and the storm or the battle,
Little shall harm you, though doing their worst.
Never give up! if adversity presses,
Providence wisely has mingled the cup,
And the best counsel in all your distresses,
Is the stout watchword—Never give up!

CHILDREN'S EMPLOYMENTS.

For the most part, the employment of children in particular trades is a matter of accident. That is to say, parents more frequently than otherwise, are guided in the selection of employment for their children, by the vicinity of the work to their houses, the remuneration which may be received, the fact that the parents, or some relations, are already engaged in the trade, and other circumstances of that description. A number, undoubtedly, have regard to their child's inclination. But very few, we think, sit down to a deliberate enquiry into the healthiness or suitability of the employments which are presented.

The Lucifer Match Manufacture seems to us so very objectionable, that we should think no parent or guardian would ever consent to his child or ward being put to it. It is of quite modern date. It originated in 1833, when the discovery was

made of applying phosphorus to matches. A large number of children and young persons from the first were engaged. Little capital, comparatively, was required for the manufacture, and hence great irregularities occurred. Frequent night work prevailed. Children were sent to the work so young, that they were deprived of all opportunities of education. It was not till 1845 that medical attention was distinctly called to a disease incident to the trade. That disease is "necrosis of the jaw," or "the phosphorous disease"—so painful, hideous, and loathsome, as to call for the utter extermination of the manufacture, or for such strict, thorough, and extensive regulation, under severe statutory penalties, as shall put down all but properly constructed works. Dr Henry Letheby says—

"All these are dangerous processes, on account of the children and young persons employed being exposed to an atmosphere charged with phosphorus. It caused irritation, cough, and in numerous instances it accelerated, if it did not produce phithisis (consumption). The irritation in the alimentary canal was characterised by purging, griping, and loss of appetite. The second class of effects followed on these; great prostration of vital power, loss of appetite, and general wasting. The third class manifested itself by pain in the jaw resembling toothache, afterwards inflamation of the jaw, with abscesses of the gums, and finally death of the jaw took place. There is a case of this kind in the London Hospital at the present time. It is that of a man *whose jaw was removed* a few days ago. After the removal of the jaw he nearly died from secondary hæmorrhage."

There are about 1800 children, employed by the recognised firms in the trade, and even as to the largest and best conducted establishments, it is reported that circumstances and arrangements were observed, against which specific regulations enforced by law would be the only security. No parent who has the least affection for his offspring, will send his child to a Match Factory until that security is afforded.

PRACTICAL PAPERS, No. 15.

By Mr. G. M. MURPHY.

STATISTICS.

Statistics in general are usually voted not only "a bore," but like the bones in Ezekiel's vision, "very dry." Some go so far as to say that the subject is positively wicked, adducing for illustration the example of David; but such objectors forget that it was not merely for numbering the people that the king and his nation were punished, but for the impure motive which prompted the deed. In point of fact the numbering of Israel

was not only commended but commanded, and rules laid down regulating the census. (Ex. xxx. 12.; Num. i. 2., &c. &c.)

Figures, indicative of social or political progress, or retrogression, are of the utmost importance to the merchant and the statesman, nor are moral calculations one whit less valuable to the philanthropist and christian reformer. It is true that the returns of the latter must, in the nature of the case, be incomplete and sometimes illusory, from the very fact that it has to do with mental and spiritual interests, whereas the former simply deals with what is material and tangible, and can therefore balance ledgers to a unit, a sovereign, or a pound. Nevertheless moral statistics cannot be, and must not be, despised or ignored.

To temperance reformers statistics are especially valuable, and while, perhaps, they would be more admired by a meeting, if we could set them to music and sing them, yet, as this is impossible, we must bring them forward in the good old way. The propounder of statistics, should, however, be well aware of the foundation on which his figures rest, and divest them of formality as much as possible when introducing them into an address.

Our present paper will comprise a few important statistics which may be used *ad libitum* by speakers, for the information of friends; but both time and space forbid extended comment on the facts. And here we would gratefully acknowledge our indebtedness to *Tweedie's Almanack*, for its annual digest of parliamentary documents, containing the statistical information of most value to the teetotaller and Band of Hope advocate; these returns alone are worth more than the cost of the whole.

The statistics of the census of 1861 give the following as the numerical state of the country:—

Country.	Houses.			Population.		
	Inhabited.	Uninhabited.	Building.	Males.	Females.	Total.
England and Wales	3,739,505	184,694	27,305	9,776,259	10,289,965	20,066,224
Scotland	393,220	13,220	3,224	1,449,848	1,612,446	3,062,294
Ireland (unrevised)	993,233	39,984	3,047	2,804,961	2,059,582	5,764,543
Isle of Man and Channel Islands	23,012	1,309	170	66,140	77,307	143,447
	5,148,970	239,207	33,746	14,097,208	14,939,300	29,036,508

Of the 29,036,508 persons in Great Britain nearly one-tenth, or 2,803,989, are to be found in the metropolitan district. If it be true, as is commonly supposed, that the money spent in intoxicating liquors, and the time lost in spending it, represents

£100,000,000 per annum, this would be about £3. 10s. a head for each individual yearly.

In the decade England and Wales have increased in inhabitants 2,138,615. In 1851, the quantity of spirits charged duty for the United Kingdom was 28,760,224 gallons; while in 1861 the quantity returned as for home consumption of British and Foreign spirits, is 24,668,098 gallons. If these Governmental returns are correct, we have a decreased consumption of spirits with an increase of population, which is an encouraging fact to the friends of Temperance.

Another encouraging fact to the friends of the people must be the increasing consumption of the non-intoxicants; the importations of these show the following astounding figures:—

	Tea.	Coffee.	Cocoa.	Total.
1861—	96,577,382 lbs.	83,532,525 lbs.	9,080,288 lbs.	189,190,195 lbs.

To sweeten the decoctions extracted from the foregoing, and other purposes, 1,164,880,160 lbs. of raw sugar was introduced into the country.

It may be safely affirmed, that notwithstanding the vast consumption of unintoxicating liquids to be inferred from these figures, the criminal returns are not swelled from *their* use; but who would dare assert this of the consumption of spirits, beer, and wines? The *Birmingham Daily Post* of August 20th, in an article on the judicial statistics for 1863, contains the following table in reference to the eleven largest cities and towns in England, and upon which we may remark how different might have been the moral condition of these centres of industry but for the drink! There are eleven places in England containing populations of more than 100,000. Arranged in order of population these are as follows:—

	Name of Place.	Population.
1.	Metropolitan District (Postal)	3,104,923
2.	Liverpool	443,938
3.	Manchester	338,772
4.	Birmingham	296,078
5.	Leeds	207,165
6.	Sheffield	185,172
7.	Bristol	154,093
8.	London (City)	112,063
9.	Newcastle-on-Tyne	109,108
10.	Bradford (Yorkshire)	106,218
11.	Salford	102,449

The number of police officers in these districts are as follows, and it should be borne in mind that but for the drink the great majority might be much more advantageously employed:—

Place.	Number of Constables.	Total Cost.	Received from Government.
Birmingham ...	... 377 ...	£24,900 ...	£5,414
Metropolitan District	... 6,566 ...	489,590 ...	141,322
Liverpool ...	... 1,002 ...	71,480 ...	15,992
Manchester ...	... 671 ...	41,330 ...	9,211
*London (City)	... 628 ...	50,296 ...	—
Bristol	... 303 ...	18,248 ...	4,081
Leeds	... 228 ...	14,055 ...	3,104
Sheffield	... 191 ...	11,372 ...	2,693
Newcastle ...	... 140 ...	10,538 ...	2,151
Salford	... 104 ...	7,221 ...	1,648
Bradford ...	... 119 ...	7,131 ...	1,733

* The city of London receives no aid from Government towards the cost of its police force.

The moral state of these localities, as reported upon by the officers enumerated, is placed broadly before us; a gloomy catalogue indeed it is:—

	Known thieves.	Receivers.	Prostitutes.	Suspected Persons.	Vagrants.	Total.
Birmingham ...	923 ...	191 ...	428 ...	883 ...	1,652 ...	4,077
Bristol	172 ...	35 ...	395 ...	101 ...	290 ...	974
Liverpool ...	340 ...	65 ...	2,151 ...	94 ...	340 ...	2,989
Manchester ...	685 ...	247 ...	1,024 ...	235 ...	517 ...	2,731
Salford	209 ...	64 ...	119 ...	147 ...	12 ...	541
London (City) ...	53 ...	12 ...	48 ...	37 ...	64 ...	214
Metrop. District...	2,584 ...	267 ...	5,747 ...	1,864 ...	1,412 ...	11,863
Newcastle ...	142 ...	37 ...	364 ...	119 ...	146 ...	808
Bradford ...	91 ...	5 ...	151 ...	141 ...	491 ...	779
Leeds	294 ...	62 ...	340 ...	315 ...	837 ...	1,848
Sheffield ...	104 ...	78 ...	170 ...	72 ...	165 ...	549

A popular writer has said that "gaols are monuments of neglected duty;" and if this be correct, and I am hardly prepared to question it, what can be the fact with these poor wretches? Their hands against every man, and every man's hand against them. The account of their haunts is as follows:—

Houses of Bad Character Resorted to by the Criminal Classes.

	Receiving Houses.	Public Houses, &c.	Brothels.	Tramps' Lodgings.	Total.
Birmingham ...	191 ...	228 ...	184 ...	236 ...	839
Bristol	28 ...	82 ...	158 ...	27 ...	290
Liverpool ...	58 ...	413 ...	912 ...	184 ...	1,567
Manchester ...	208 ...	229 ...	425 ...	370 ...	1,232
Salford	40 ...	64 ...	16 ...	23 ...	143
London (City) ...	11 ...	43 ...	9 ...	14 ...	77
Metrop. District ...	188 ...	493 ...	1,535 ...	379 ...	2,595
Newcastle ...	37 ...	78 ...	77 ...	53 ...	245
Bradford (Y.) ...	5 ...	20 ...	58 ...	45 ...	128
Leeds	62 ...	100 ...	47 ...	40 ...	249
Sheffield	31 ...	56 ...	96 ...	18 ...	201

Public houses stand out alarmingly conspicuous here, notwithstanding the extreme respectability of "the trade," and no one who is at all cognisant of the facts but must be well aware that the above is an under-statement rather than an over. Mr. Alderman Wire, in his evidence before the parliamentary committee of 1854, acknowledged to 1000 out of the 6000 publicans of London being men of exceptional character; While Mr. Bishop, the beer-sellers' solicitor, said that 5000 out of the 6000 was nearer the mark, and on being re-called by the committee, both reiterated their statements. It would be erring entirely on the side of charity to "split the difference" between these "honourable" witnesses; the wickedness of licensing, approving of, and supporting such a traffic, must thus be painfully apparent.

The next return shows the number of indictable offences, and cases that the magistrates dealt with summarily, during the year, towns being arranged according to their moral aspect. It would be interesting to have the correct number of public houses and beer-shops in each place, in order to show how the number of drinking places influence the criminal returns:—

	Offences, indict. & minor.	Total.	Population	Proportion. (about)
1. Bradford ...	247			
„	1,499 ...	1,746 ...	106,218 ...	1 in 61
2. Sheffield ...	450			
„	4,325 ...	4,775 ...	185,172 ...	1 in 38½
3. Birmingham ...	863			
„	6,923 ...	7,786 ..	296,078 ...	1 in 38
4. Leeds	800			
„	5,351 ...	6,151 ...	207.165 ...	1 in 33½
5. Newcastle ...	421			
„	2,879 ...	3,300 ...	109,108 ...	1 in 33
6. Salford ...	1,129			
„	1,947 ...	3,076 ...	102,449 ...	1 in 33
7. Bristol	236			
„	4,517 ...	4,843 ...	154,093 ...	1 in 32
8. Metropolitan Dis.	12,230			
„	84,356 ...	96,586 ...	3,104,923 ...	1 in 31
9. Manchester ...	6,430			
„	10,375 ...	16,805 ...	338,772 ...	1 in 20
10. London (City) ...	1,059			
„	6,914 ...	7,973 ...	112,063 ...	1 in 14
11. Liverpool ...	4,034			
„	34,645 ...	38,679 ...	449,938 ...	1 in 11

The more serious of these offences are thus classified :—

	Burglaries.	Breaking into shops, &c.	Highway Robbery.	Larceny.	Offences agst. person.
mingham	167	99	80	312	30
stol	39	25	1	157	8
erpool	89	179	—	3,061	218
nchester	524	553	128	4,501	91
ford	20	40	4	963	10
ıdon and Metropolitan district	349	108	81	9,598	465
vcastle	9	19	5	348	17
dford	3	20	4	173	5
ds	46	81	19	554	19
ffield	44	37	6	261	18
	1,290	1,161	278	1,9928	881

The cases which we may fairly attribute uniformly to the nk are given below, and while it does not give in any way adequate return of the drunkenness and violence arising m the use of intoxicating liquors, it is sufficiently awful.

	Drunken cases.	* Assaults.
Bristol	599	1,717
Liverpool	12,076	3,383
Manchester	3,373	2,184
Salford	603	425
London	353	896
Metropolitan District	20,294	16,456
Newcastle	824	792
Bradford	163	419
Leeds	1,475	1,330
Sheffield	890	753
Birmingham	1,266	813

An aggregate of 71,084 in a population of 5,159,979 persons, one drunken criminal to every 72 inhabitants, which would e for the entire population 403,285 violently-disposed and emperate persons; but it is well known that scarce one in y persons who get drunk are taken into custody, and men l women who add to their drunkenness brutality, are frently tolerated for months, and even years, before they are ught before the bench; and what a fearful view of the valence of intemperance is here! The unknown abominations the drink are possibly and probably even worse than its olicly exposed villanies. Thank God for the temperance vement, even though it were but for a protest against this noralizing and devilish drink! Had no drunkard ever been laimed,—had no child ever been forewarned of the danger,— l no political protest ever been made against the intoxicating , by the temperance reformer, I would still bless God for

the noble band who have wept and prayed for the arrest of the mighty woe; but when I remember the noble stand taken by multitudes who will give themselves no rest until the evil is known and acknowledged, and the remedy seen and embraced, I would in the name of the myriads of drink-stricken and perishing souls, say to such,—Brethren and sisters, labour on! Though we may not be saved from the gulf into which we are fast plunging, for the sake of those who are not in such imminent peril, labour on! For the sake of the peace of families, labour on! For the sake of the church of God, labour on! For the sake of the dear children, labour on! For the sake of your country, labour on! And if you should not live to see the victory, be true! you'll miss not the rest and the reward.

Annals of the United Kingdom Band of Hope Union.

LABOURS OF THE AGENTS.

Mr. W. B. Affleck has lectured and preached at the following places since our last report:—Farm Hill; Cononley; Cross Hills; Birkenshaw; Kettlewell; Colne; Lisburn; Stopper Lane; Sawley; Yeadon; Guiseley; Rothwell; Desborough, &c. Many of these places were attended more than once. The total number addressed in the four weeks amounted to 8,050.

Mr. William Bell is again engaged by the Northamptonshire Union for three months. He is now lecturing in connection with the Societies belonging to the Union, and from various reports, is giving great satisfaction, whilst numbers are being added to the different societies.

During the month, Mr. G. Blaby has attended and addressed the following meetings:—Bloomsbury Refuge, twice; Denmark Street, three times; Fetter Lane, twice; Union Hall, Bishopsgate; Whitfield Chapel; Broadway, Westminster; Neckinger Road, Bermondsey; Fox and Knot Court; Carr Street, Limehouse; Adam Street, Manchester Square; Salem Chapel, Bow Road; St. Paul's, Clerkenwell; Hayes; Old Ford; Nunhead; Shadwell; and Tottenham. He has also preached eight sermons, and addressed three sunday schools.

Mr. F. Smith has lectured, and addressed Bands of Hope as follows:—Nunhead Green; Forest Hill, twice; Shadwell; Spa Fields; Deverell Street; Lansdowne Place; Ogle Mews, Tottenham Court Road; Three Colt Lane, Mile End; Bloomsbury Chapel, Sunday School; Angel Alley, Bishopsgate; Whitecross Place, Finsbury; George Street, Lambeth; Wandsworth; Hayes, Middlesex; Crayford, Kent; Amicable Row, Kent Street; Slough, Bucks; Herne Bay, Kent.

United Kingdom Band of Hope Union.—The autumnal soirée of the United Kingdom Band of Hope Union was held on Wednesday evening, Oct. 21st, in the large saloon of Shirley's Hotel, Queen square, Bloomsbury, which was filled with ladies and gentlemen interested in the

operations of the Union. The Rev. G. W. M'Cree made a statement respecting the present and prospective operations of the Union, and gave an interesting account of the three weeks' tour he had just concluded in Devon and Cornwall, where he had held seventeen numerously-attended meetings, and found the cause in a healthy and hopeful condition. Mr. M'Cree stated that the executive of the Union intended to appoint, as soon as they could find a suitable person, an agent who would devote his entire time to the promotion of temperance in connection with Sunday schools. Mr. W. J. Haynes passed a high eulogium on the character and labours of their honorary secretary, Mr. M'Cree, and presented that gentleman, in the name of a few friends of the Union, with a gold pencil-case, and a purse containing 75 sovereigns. Mr. M'Cree suitably and feelingly acknowledged the gift of his friends, which he said was entirely unanticipated; and the meeting afterwards was addressed by Messrs. Shirley, Dunn, Tweedie, Rae, Campbell, Murphy, and the Rev. J. Clifford. There was some excelleut music by Mr. and Mrs. Fletcher, Messrs. Thwaites, sen. and jun., and others; and the proceedings, which were of the most interesting and agreeable character, were brought to a close about half-past ten o'clock by the usual vote of thanks.—*Morning Star.*

The Band of Hope Movement in Plymouth.—A number of ladies and gentlemen met in the chess-room of the Mechanics' Institute, Plymouth, on Tuesday Oct. 6th, to consider the best means of forwarding the Band of Hope movement in this town; Samuel Eliott, Esq., in the chair. After tea the Rev. G. W. M'Cree (of London), the secretary of the Band of Hope Union and the editor of a large amount of temperance literature, gave an interesting account of the rise, progress, and present state of the Union. On the conclusion of his address, a conversation ensued. Various suggestions were made, and a resolution carried in favour of inviting Sunday-school superintendents and teachers to a tea and *conversazione* as soon as arrangements could be made for that purpose. The object of the *conversazione* will be to discuss the propriety of forming Bands of Hope in Sabbath-schools, as a means of protecting the children from the baneful influence of strong drink, public houses, and their associate evils. The object is one which commends itself to the support of all who interest themselves in the education of the young. It is to be hoped that whenever this *conversazione* is held, all the schools in the town will be well represented, and that a thoroughly free interchange of opinion will take place on this very interesting and important subject.

Band of Hope Festival.—The seventh annual festival of the Highworth Band of Hope, or Juvenile Temperance Society, was celebrated in the British School Room on Friday, Oct. 9, when about 80 children were regaled with an ample supply of tea, cake, and bread and butter. This important operation concluded, a most agreeable evening was spent under the efficient superintendence of Mr. John Reynolds, who seems to possess the happy but comparatively rare quality of being able to sustain the interest of children, and at the same time blending instruction and wholesome advice with amusement. We cannot speak too highly of Mr.

Reynolds's unwearied exertions in behalf of the Band of Hope, as he never grudges time, labour, or expense in promoting its welfare. During the evening several temperance hymns and melodies were sung to the accompaniment of an harmonium, kindly lent by Mr. Reynolds, and most ably presided at by Miss Amelia Smith and Mr. George Rogers, the organist of our parish church, who also executed several admirable voluntaries. Appropriate recitations were also delivered by various members of the youthful band, and reward books were distributed to those who have most distinguished themselves as reciters during the past year. At the close of the meeting the National Anthem was most heartily sung, and the proceedings terminated with deafening cheers for the Ladies' Committee in general and for Miss Smith and Messrs. Reynolds and Rogers in particular, all of which we may add, were thoroughly deserved. We must not omit this opportunity of thanking those kind friends who have so liberally assisted us by their contributions, thus enabling us to provide innocent enjoyment for so many, and encouraging them to stand fast to their principles. We feel that our cause is a good one, and we therefore the more boldly ask not only for a continuance of pecuniary support, (grateful as we are for that) but also for sympathy, for next to the assurance of God's favour, nothing is so cheering as the approval of earthly friends, and, on the contrary, nothing so depressing as the being regarded with coldness and indifference by those to whom we naturally look for support and co-operation.

Kettlewell Band of Hope and Total Abstinence Society.—The members of the above society having had their esteemed friend, Mr. W. B. Affleck, agent for the Northern Auxiliary, once more labouring amongst them, have held a series of meetings at the undermentioned places:—In the Wesleyan Chapel, Buckden, on Monday the 14th ult., a meeting was held, presided over by Mr. T. Milner, after whose excellent introductory speech, several temperance melodies were sung by the lecturer, interspersed with recitations by his son, which had a good effect upon the audience. Then a very soul-stirring lecture was delivered by Mr. Affleck.—On Tuesday evening the 15th ult., a meeting was held in the School-room, Starbotton, presided over by Mr. R Calvert, when melodies and pieces were again sung and recited by the father and son, after which the lecturer again gave an address, being at times very serious but plain and pointed, and bringing important truths very closely home to his hearers. At the close of the meeting a number of young persons signed the pledge, which gave proof of the effect of his address.—On Wednesday evening the 16th ult., a meeting was again held in the Wesleyan Chapel, Kettlewell, presided over by Mr. R. Wiseman, president of the above society, when singing and reciting were again introduced with greater energy and more lively influence, the son being greatly applauded. During the meeting addresses were delivered by Messrs. R. Calvert, T. Milner, R. Hardacre, and W. B. Affleck. The lecturer not only spoke of the duty of abstaining from the use of intoxicating drinks, but also advocated total prohibition of their sale as beverages. He compared intemperance to a mighty river, whose source is in the sale

of drinks, which create intemperance, and contended that the easiest way was to stop the fountain, then the river would cease to flow. At the close of the meeting a number joined the Band of Hope. This meeting ended for the present the labours of our excellent friend, who has displayed more than his former eloquence and zeal. A meeting was held in the Wesleyan Chapel, Kettlewell, on Saturday, September 26th, presided over by Mr. Thomas Milner, when several temperance melodies and excellent pieces were sung by Mr. W. B. Affleck, Mr. James Affleck, of Bishop Auckland, and Miss Baldwin, of Kildwick, who gave great satisfaction to the audience (numbering upwards of 300 persons). During the meeting addresses were delivered by Messrs, John Pratt, James Affleck, and our highly-esteemed friend, W. B. Affleck, who spoke at great length on the evils of intemperance. The meeting was concluded at a rather late hour, by singing the doxology and pronouncing the benediction.

THE REV. G. W. M'CREE'S TOUR.

At the request of the Committee, Mr. M'Cree consented to hold a series of meetings in Berks, Somerset, Devon, &c., and to meet for social intercourse and conference the leading friends of the movement. We present a brief summary of his labours:—

Reading.—Mr. M'Cree had interviews with several influential supporters of Bands of Hope, and lectured to a crowded audience in the public rooms.

Bath.—About forty ladies and gentlemen, eminent for their attachment to the temperance cause, met Mr. M'Cree at tea at the Guildhall. A large public meeting subsequently took place, presided over by J. H. Cotterell, Esq.

Bristol.—Henry Wethered, Esq. presided at a conference, preceded by a tea at which about eighty ladies and gentlemen were present. The conference was of a prolonged and interesting character. The company then adjourned to the Broadmead Rooms, when about 1200 persons gave a cordial reception to Mr. M'Cree, who delivered his lecture on "Day and Night in St. Giles's." Robert Charlton, Esq. presided, and the platform was filled with ministers, influential citizens, and ten students from the Baptist College. The daily papers gave copious reports of the conference and lecture.

Frome.—Mr. M'Cree spent three days in this town, during which he had interviews with all the active friends, lectnred to a large audience, preached to an overflowing congregation, in the Rev. J. Burton's Chapel, and conducted a devotional service in the Mechanics' Hall, which could not contain the people who desired to attend.

Bridgwater.—F. J. Thompson, Esq., of Hamp Green, kindly entertained Mr. M'Cree at his house, and presided at a conference with the committee of the Bridgwater Temperance Society. Mr. M'Cree lectured on "Parents and Children," in the Independent Chapel, which was crowded in every part.

Plymouth.—Samuel Elliott, Esq., of Trafalgar House, presided at a conference in the chess room of the Mechanics' Institution, at which about

fifty well-known supporters of the movement were present, and at which much information was afforded by the various speakers. The conference resolved to invite all the Sunday school teachers in Plymouth to a social meeting, in order that the claims of Bands of Hope might be brought before them, and cordially invited Mr. M'Cree to revisit Plymouth on that occasion. Mr. M'Cree afterwards addressed a public meeting, at which six hundred persons were present, all of whom paid for admission.

LISKEARD.—Tho committee met Mr. M'Cree for conference, and he afterwards lectured in the Temperance Hall to a large audience, all of whom were charged for admission.

ST. IVES, CORNWALL.—A tea and conference took place in the school room of the Methodist New Connexion Chapel, succeeded by a public meeting in the Chapel. The meeting was very effective and enthusiastic.

HAYLE.—Some friends met Mr. M'Cree at Mr. Wyatt's, and then adjourned to the Methodist New Connexion Chapel, when the Rev. John Butterworth presided. The audience filled every part of the large building, and manifested intense sympathy with the object of the meeting. The Band of Hope here comprises 500 members.

MERE, WILTS.—Charles Jupe, Esq. hospitably entertained Mr. M'Cree at his house, where some active and liberal snpporters of Bands of Hope met him for mutual counsel. The meeting was held in a spacious and beautiful hall recently erected by John Rutter, Esq., which was filled in every part. During some parts of this meeting, the audience were completely subdued by their feelings, especially during the singing of a christian melody.

POOLE, DORSET.—About 200 friends drank tea in the Temperance Hall, and a conference between Mr. M'Cree, the committee, conductors of the Bands of Hope, and other friends, took place in one of the smaller rooms. The meeting was presided over by John Harker, Esq. The audience was so large, that many of them had to stand all the time.

CHRISTCHURCH, HANTS.—Mr. E. Lane took the chair at a most excellent meeting held in the school room of the Independent Chapel.

WINCHESTER.—A large and highly respectable audience assembled in the British Hall, presided over by Mr. J. Roberts, and listened with profound attention and sympathy to Mr. M'Cree's address.

This meeting concluded Mr. M'Cree's tour, which had occupied him from Monday, September 28th, to Thursday Oct. 15.

LITERATURE.

The Temperance Dictionary. By the Rev. DAWSON BURNS. Designed to present a Condensed Record of Facts and Arguments, in alphabetical order, on Topics relevant to the Temperance Movement; embracing References Historical, Biblical, Biographical, Scientific, Philological, Statistical, &c. &c. Nos. 1 to 28. London: J. Caudwell, 335, Strand, W.C.—This admirable work is issued in Penny Numbers, and should form a part of every library. When finished it will be the most complete exhibition of the Temperance movement in our language. We wish Mr. Burns every success in his enterprize, and trust that his work will remain as a memorial unto all generations.

J. BALE, Printer, 78, Great Titchfield-street, Marylebone.

BAND OF HOPE RECORD.

THE MEMORY OF FORMER SINS.

Now many years since, a large steam vessel crossing the Atlantic Ocean was caught in a fearful storm and wrecked. All on board perished, except a few, who, clinging to portions of the wreck, were rescued by a passing vessel, and brought safely to land. One of the survivors relates that during the time he was thus floating on the water, lashed to a spar, now engulphed in the roaring waves, then violently cast to the surface, expecting every moment to be his last, there seemed continually ringing in his ears the inquiry, "Tom, did you steal sister's grapes?" The hurricane raged around him, the wind howling in fearful blasts, which blended with crashing peals of thunder; but, loud and clear above the tumult of the storm, again he heard a well known voice inquire, "Tom, did you steal sister's grapes?" He had heard that question before, but many years had passed since then. He had grown to man's estate, travelled over many lands, and had passed through strange adventures and vicissitudes, and amidst the change and turmoil of active life had entirely forgotten it; but now that he was upon the very verge of eternity his senses were absorbed in the thrilling reminiscences awakened by this appeal. The words recalled with all the vividness of yesterday, the incident which occasioned them. Whilst yet a lad, his sister was very ill, and a neighbour sent some grapes to cool and moisten her feverish lips. These his mother put aside for use during the weary watches of the night; but the boy, though well acquainted with the purpose for which they were sent, stole, and ate them. They were not missed until required late in the evening; and then his mother coming to his bed-side, and in tones of tender rebuke asked, "Tom, did you steal sister's grapes?" As he opened his eyes the light of the candle shining on her face, he saw the tears trickling down her cheeks; he lay expecting further reproach, but, without another word she sorrowfully retired. And now, with nothing in the circumstances by which he was surrounded to recall it—alone—buffetted hither and thither on the waves of the Atlantic, this sin of his boyhood was rising up in judgment against him.

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s we say it over! How the fire
.tle lamp, with its clear light, stands
..things are set, baby is asleep in the cra-
quietly about the room, or peep behind the
. night to watch for father, who, afar off, follows
. lamp with thankful, longing heart, and loving
..tle woman who has so much to do with making
. ..ame, stands by the table cutting with her own kind
.. supply of plain wholesome food for the evening meal;
.. .s opened, and in walks the happy owner of so many
.. ..sses, and greetings, and fond enquiries fall on our ear.
.. .other picture of a home, there is sickness in this second
.. .. .e girl lies stretched on a low bed, her small thin hands
.. .. .g with a few toys on the covering, her whole appearance
.. .. .. and orderly. Moving gently around her, caring for every
.. .. .ing each roughness in the pillows, administering every pos-
.. .. .ation, is her widowed mother, forgetful of self, exhibiting
.. .. .e qualities so wonderfully conspicuous in the character of a
.. .. .ent, she devotes herself entirely to her child; no moan passes
.. .. .ed from the fevered lips, none of the restless tossing of disease is
.. .. .ed, no cry is unanswered. In their little lonely dwelling, God
.. .. *Home*; for love, that sunshine of the heart, His own chief attribute
.. .. .thout which no house, however grand and splendid, can be a true
.. .. .ome, lightens the suffering, softens the hardships, and irradiates the
.. .. .other and her sick child with its glorious beauty.

Another picture:—A lawn smooth and soft, with its carpet of green grass, studded with fair white daisies, golden eyed; and on it a group of three, a young couple and their first-born child. How merrily their laughter rings out at the pranks of the wee boy beside them! how gaily the father tosses him in his arms! how playfully the young mother twines the daisy chains with her jewelled fingers to throw around his fat white neck; and how, as her eyes wander over hill and dale, the stately elms, the murmuring river silvered by the sunlight, and the old ancestral mansion with its towers and turrets, now so joyous with the young fresh life that finds in it a *Home*, does her heart swell with gratitude for the blissful happiness of her career. What dark tints strong drink would *cast over* all these pleasant pictures, if it once entered and obtained the

these sweet homes. How comfort, and contentment, and
'ee, terrified, from the gentle mother and her children, if
ı empty board for a drunken husband and father! how,
'rry faces pressed against the window panes, there
ws, aud sullen mouths, and scared eyes, and as the
ıer, little bare feet would hasten to the worn, and
and hide around her sheltering form, with
ın of dread. Alas! for the father whose chil-
Alas! for the children who have no love and
! he who should be to them by turns counsellor,
ıotector, deliverer, playmate, helper, guardian, as they

ı the home made so sacred by love, where the little sick girl lies
ed and cared for so tenderly, there would be, if that good mother once gave her attention to the poisonous cup, instead of to her daughter, only wretchedness, squalor, and misery, neglected disease, a lonely, destitute, unhappy child, and a mother she dreaded to see enter, lest her pillow should be pawned for more drink, and her clothes torn off her for the same cruel destiny. This is not exaggeration. Many a parent, made fiend-like and unnatural by the bottle, has taken away the few comforts of a dying child for yet another dram, and left them deprived of warmth and sustenance, and unwatched in their last agony, save by the pitying Father who made them, and without whom "not a sparrow falls to the ground." Oh! cursed be the system that can produce such terrible results as these!

And even in that magnificent home, where wealth, and luxury, and love seemed to dispute the honour of possession, where happy hearts, and boundless affection, heightened each charm of natural loveliness in the scene around, alcohol would work a withering, blighting change. Let that beautiful child, heir to these vast domains,—heir too to what is worth so much more than mere worldly goods, the love of his parents and his God,—but become a slave to strong drink, and hope and joy would be alike banished. How many a youth so circumstanced, with power for good so largely bestowed, has become a curse instead of a blessing! Safely guided, perhaps, through the dangers of infancy, and childhood, and even boyhood, the fair bark has made shipwreck, amidst the temptations of his early manhood. Sent to college, he has been led astray, victimised, and too often utterly destroyed through the enticements and allurements of the dissolute and dissipated around him, who have trod the paths of vice and immorality, and yielded themselves up to degradation and infamy, for the sake of its transient pleasures or fleeting joys.

Little hands, playing with sweet flowers,—little lips, answering smile with smile,—baby voice echoing glad laughter,—baby eyes, opening wide with astonishment at all the beauties of a glorious world,—alas! that ever you should lose your loveliness!—that ever proud parents should hide their faces with shame at the mention of their son, their once idolized boy playing beside them on the green lawn, in the dear old home, now let to strangers in order to pay disgraceful debts.

What fond mother, as she gazes on the pretty baby in the cradle, the

sweet child at her knee, the tall youth at the fireside, could bear to believe that he would one day be a drunkard? Is there anything too great to be sacrificed,—any fashion too powerful to be broken through,—any singularity to be deemed worthy a thought, when the interests of your child are at stake? when by sacrificing (if it be a sacrifice,) your own glass of wine,—by being unfashionable in the one respect of not giving to your friends the alcoholic liquors that are placed on other boards,—by manifesting singularity in throwing in your lot with those fanatics, the teetotallers, you may remove one stumbling block from your child's pathway to heaven,—one temptation that might induce him to turn aside to hell.

There is no influence in our land more potent to destroy the happiness of little children, than strong drink,—none which so curses their young life,—which so often deprives them of the comforts of home. Home is essentially the place where little children should be, not out as we so often see the drunkard's child, wandering along the gutter, seeking for amusement in the mud-heaps and dust-bins; finding their food by pilfering, and their destination in the lock-up. Oh! when we think of our own wee pets, so happily nurtured, so tenderly cared for, so daintily fed, so comfortably clothed, so carefully instructed, and then turn to the little lone wanderers driven from out the mean, unhappy, comfortless dwellings that never have been *homes* to them at all, do not our hearts ache, our lips and pens grow eloquent with the sorrows of these poor ragged, hungry darlings, who are homeless in this great wide world, yet for whom, as much as for the richest, healthiest, happiest child on the earth, the Saviour said, "Suffer the little children to come unto me."

Any cause that has the children at heart must be dear to true men and women; for do we not all of us naturally love the dear little ones? and to some of us with whom this love is almost a passion, is not their distress mirrored in our own, their sorrows in our grief? We cannot forget their tears, and the wail of their agony sounds perpetually in our ears. Teetotalism, by the blessing of God, has done much to make homes happy, to render them fit abodes for precious children; it has, by its Bands of Hope, prevented very many from falling. Hundreds and thousands, to whom the world will soon be looking for the maintenance of its stability, its honour, and its religion, are now growing up amongst our ranks, as our juvenile abstainers.

Our homes should be the nurseries of our children, the abiding-places of loving hearts, the type on earth of the everlasting home that awaits the good beyond the portals of death and the grave; and lest the tyrant, intoxicating drink, should mar their blessedness and peace, let us each resolve to introduce no such mocker into our midst, that our children may ever dwell in safety, unassailed henceforth by the insidious tempter in their father's house, and turn with the trustfulness and faith that children so largely possess, to God-fearing, sober, loving parents, in "Home, sweet Home."

M. A. Paull.

Plymouth.

HINTS TO MOTHERS.

John and Mary and Fanny were all in a pet together, and there seemed a fair prospect of the baby's being awakened to add his music by way of chorus. Now what do you think mother did? Punish each of the little offenders for their fretfulness, this oppressive summer day, when she found it so hard to preserve her own temper unruffled? She took a different expedient.

"Come here, Fanny," she said to the youngest, "and let mother tell you a funny story she read the other day." Of course all were by her side directly.

"A lady who lived on a farm," she began as she softly jogged the cradle, "baked a very large loaf of bread one day, and as she took it down after a few days, to cut up for the table, she found a curious little hole on one side: she cut round it and followed it up to the middle of the loaf, and what do you think she found?"

The little ones exhausted their ingenuity in guessing, when mother said at last,

"She found an old mouse and five young mice."

O how the children laughed at the idea of a mouse's nest in a loaf of bread!

"She had taken a leaf of an old copy-book and nibbled it up to make their bed of," said mother, "and there was no fear of their being hungry, they had only to turn about and eat up their house."

The fretfulness was all gone, and the children went out in the garden to play as happy as could be. What a wonderful thing tact is, especially for a mother! Every mother should cultivate the habit of telling little amusing stories to her children, or those calculated to awaken tender, sweet emotions. Though they may be ever so simple, children delight in them, if they are told with a pleasaut voice, and interesting manner. It will save you hours of valuable time, often, and will be a blessing to your own heart as well as your children, giving them food for pleasant thoughts and conversation. Tell a story the next time the little company get "so cross you do not know what to do with them," and see if it does not answer a world better than a sharp reproof.

FROM LONDON TO THE LAND'S END, AND BACK AGAIN.

By the Rev. G. W. McCREE.

On Monday morning, September the 28th, I left London to visit a number of towns in the West of England, on behalf of the United Kingdom Band of Hope Union. The objects of my journey were as follows:—To investigate the condition of the Band of Hope movement; to hold conferences with the active promoters of Bands of Hope in the various towns; and to address public meetings on the physical, domestic, sanitary, and religious condition of the poor, and to stimulate ministers, Sunday-school teachers, and the Christian public generally, to greater efforts on behalf of total abstinence. In the pursuit of this mission I first visited Reading. One of the first objects which strikes the eye in this town is a handsome drinking fountain, erected at the expense of W. Palmer, Esq., who is extensively known as the manufacturer of Huntley and Palmer's biscuits. He is a consistent and liberal supporter of the temperance movement, and a man of great personal worth. There is a good temperance hall in connection with a Temperance Coffee-house. I was glad to find here a large and well selected library, with a separate shelf for temperance works, and I was equally glad to find that all the books were in great demand. I saw numbers of intelligent young men, coming for them and evidently able to appreciate the merits of the respective volumes which they took away. Surely every temperance society might have a lending library; the perusal of good books prevents the waste of leisure hours, and the study of temperance literature would keep hundreds from violating the pledge. From Reading, I went to Bath. I had the pleasure of being entertained in the house of J. H. Cotterell, Esq., who has long been known as a disinterested and zealous advocate of every branch of the temperance enterprise. About forty friends met me at tea at the Guildhall, when Mrs. Cotterell kindly presided, and hospitably entertained the company. I then made a statement relative to the rise, progress, and present position of the Band of Hope movement throughout the country, and also gave some practical information as to the best mode of conducting Bands of Hope. A free conversation then took place in reference to various practical matters affecting the order and usefulness of juvenile gatherings. After the conference, I lectured to a crowded audience in the Guildhall, on "Lights and Shadows of Life in London."

I was glad to find that a clergyman, the Rev. J. Fleming, has established "Penny Readings," which have proved a great success. He is himself a splendid reader, and has trained a number of working-men to read aloud with fluency and force. His meetings are always crowded, and appear to be effecting much good.

I went to see the chapel in which the Rev. Wm. Jay preached for so many years, and I did not forget that he said, "The subject of teetotalism I have examined physically, and morally, and Christianly, and after all my reading and reflection, and observation, and experience, I have reached

a very firm and powerful conviction that, next to the glorious gospel, God could not bless the human race so much as by the abolition of all intoxicating spirits." I heard him preach his last sermon in Surrey Chapel.

"He seemed in years, yet in his years were seen,
A vernal vigour, and autumnal green."

The good man is gone, but his name is fragrant in Bath even unto this day.

During my stay in this interesting city, I visited a home for young girls, situated near the Victoria Park. It contains 16 inmates, and is supported by a number of benevolent ladies. Every girl is the offspring of intemperate parents, and the object of the institution is to remove them from the influence of wretched homes, and to prepare them for domestic service. All the girls signed the pledge after my lecture in the Guildhall.

Bristol was the next place on my route. It is neither a clean nor a beautiful city, and seems to be infested with a large number of low, dirty, wretched public-houses. I was also grieved to see a large number of abandoned women, in gay and flaunting garments, walking up and down opposite some of these houses. It was one of the most painful sights which I witnessed during my journey. About 80 ladies and gentlemen met me at tea. Among those who were present I had the pleasure of being introduced to the Revs. W. Rose, J. Edwards, Jenkin, Poole, W. Hill, Rowe, and J. Cort; also to Robert Charlton, Esq., a well-known philanthrophic member of the Society of Friends: Henry Wethered, Esq., of Devon House, King's Down Parade, and the President of the Bristol Band of Hope Union; F. V. Jacques, Esq., President of the West of England Temperance Association; G. Thornton, Esq., Sec. of the West of England Temperance Association; J. T. Grace, Esq.; — Clarke, Esq. H. J. Brown, Esq.; S. Capper, Esq.; W. L. Harris, Esq.; and ten students from the Baptist College. The conference was presided over by Henry Wethered, Esq., and afforded an opportunity for the communication of valuable information as to the state of the Band of Hope movement in Bristol. My own statement as to the progress of the movement in London, the publications of the United Kingdom Band of Hope Union, and the labours of its agents was most courteously received. After the conference, we adjourned to the Broadmead Rooms, which are the largest in the city, where I delivered a lecture on "Day and Night in St. Giles, London." The audience filled every part of the building, and were kind enough to give me a hearty welcome. Three reporters were present, and the daily papers gave copious reports of the lecture. The Bristol and West of England Temperance Association, formed June 19th, 1837, is active and useful. The "Western Temperance Herald" is the monthly organ of the Association, and the affiliated societies number fifty-nine. The secretary and editor is Mr. John G. Thornton, Redland, Bristol. I was entertained at the house of Mr. Wethered, the partner of Handel Cossham, Esq., who unfortunately was absent from Bristol, and could not attend our meetings.

When I was at Bristol, I felt much interested in the mission to the

navvies, who are constructing the South Wales Union Railway. A few gentlemen formed themselves into a committee in the early part of 1861, and commenced their good work by inviting the navvies and their wives to a tea meeting. It was then agreed to begin an evening school for them; and shortly afterwards, a wooden house was erected on the works at Narrow-way hill for the sale of cocoa: at the request of the navvies, a school was also opened in connection with it; as also prayer meetings on Sunday morning, and one evening in the week. These meetings were often largely attended, and the room filled to overflowing. Besides these agencies, special preaching services were held along the line two or three times every Sunday, and a missionary was employed to distribute tracts, and to carry cocoa round amongst them two or three times during every week day. The amonnt of cocoa sold during the past year has been 2,644 gallons, and the total amount since the commencement 5,266 gallons. Through these and other agencies, many of the navvies were induced to sign the pledge; and not a few comfortable homes were thus made, and temperance proved to be the handmaid of religion. Some of the men have kept all the tracts given to them, and had them bound together to read in other parts of the country, where, as one of them said, "There won't be none of you gentlemen to look after us chaps." In the early part of the mission, obscene and blasphemous language was heard along the work; but in a short time scarcely an oath or an impure expression was used. When a fresh navvie came to work, and employed such objectionable language, he was soon corrected by some of his companions. "Jack, thee be'st come to the wrong shop for that," or, "Hold on there, we can do without that." It is a remarkable fact, and worthy of universal publication, that, although for the last three years, five hundred of these men have been working in the neighbourhood, not a single case has in any way come under the notice of the police. A very interesting meeting of the navvies and their wives, was held at the Broadmead Rooms, when together with the "Sewer Navvies," they partook of tea at the special request and expense of Mr. Robert Charlton. Six hundred and forty of them were present; and the impressive addresses which were delivered by various friends appear to have attracted the attention and touched the hearts of all who were present. The expenses of the mission for one year, "including a cork leg for one of the men," amounted to £219. 8s. 7d. The history of one of the men is very interesting. He was known as a rough, swearing, drinking man, always poor, and his family was in a wretched condition. He was invited to attend the religious services, but he used to say, "Not this time, perhaps next week;" or, "My boots ar'nt cleaned, and it's too late to clean 'em now;" or, "My missus ain't washed my slop, and so I can't come to-night." It was found, however, that his real excuse was, that he had not a *black* coat, whereupon, one of his visitors offered to lend him *his* black coat if he would only go. He answered, in a peculiarly decisive way, "I'll come, and will be there this evening." But he came in his slop, having, as might have been expected, declined the offer of the black coat. Having signed the pledge, he soon managed to purchase a black coat, trousers,

and waistcoat, attended the temperance meetings and religious services, and both he and his wife have become converts to Christ, and are journeying towards the city which hath foundations, whose builder and maker is God.

Such missions as these are essential to the reformation, health, social order, and future welfare, of this important class of men. But for them our magnificent railway system would not have existed; their labours have added immensely to the wealth, safety, and enjoyment of all classes, and to them, therefore, we owe a debt which should be discharged with a cheerful heart. We would especially commend both the navvies and their wives to the attention of Christian abstainers. Under the influence of kindness the rough navvie becomes as a child, the baser parts of his nature are purified, and the nobleness of the man is developed. Why then should he be allowed to become the prey of drunkenness, debt, disease, and death?

At Frome I had the pleasure of being entertained at the house of Mr. W. B. Harvey. He is an active and successful promoter of Bands of Hope. In the town and its immediate neighbourhood, there are above 200 children and young people who have signed the pledge, and, so far as can be ascertained, have been faithful to its obligations. A system of visitation has been instituted and carefully developed, which brings the habits of every child under the benevolent observation of a suitable visitor. If therefore any child should happen to be sick, or enduring severe temptation, or should it have violated the pledge, proper steps can be immediately taken for its comfort or restoration. I am persuaded that until a similar system be established in connection with every Band of Hope, much of what we do will fail to produce permanent results. When a child is sick, the medical man, the parent, or some meddlesome neighbour, often presents wine or brandy, and the child is thus made to like wine and stroug drink, and in such a case it is almost impossible to retain it in the Band of Hope. Children are often, also, severely tempted by parents, relatives, employers, and mischievous persons, and in such a case an opportune visit by a firm and loving friend, will probably prevent the child from becoming unfaithful to its pledge. Besides, the visitor, if diligent and thoughtful, and comprehensive in his efforts to do good, will, in a large number of instances, induce the parents of the child to abstain, and thus, double good is effected.

During my stay in Frome, I delivered a public lecture, preached to a large congregation in the Rev. J. Burton's chapel, and conducted a devotional service on the Sunday evening in the Mechanics' Hall, which was filled to overflowing. The services of Sunday, Oct. 4th, will I trust, be long remembered by some who then heard the everlasting gospel.

Sitting in the parlour of my friend Mr. Harvey, I composed a poetic trifle on "Beautiful Things," to the air of "Beautiful Star." Here are the words:—

Beautiful morn! with golden light,
Filling the world with beams so bright,
Calling to early prayer and praise,—
Now to God my song I raise.
Beautiful Morn!

Beautiful child! Thou art my love,
Sweet and gentle as a dove,
Honour and peace shall be with thee,
Years of plenty thou shalt see.
Beautiful Child!

Beautiful Stars! Lamps of the sky,
Shining in darken'd clouds on high,
Telling of power and love divine,
As o'er the earth ye sweetly shine.
Beautiful Stars!

Beautiful Home! Home far above,
Glowing with light, and full of love,
The smile of God is there for aye,
And chaseth falling tears away.
Beautiful Home!

I next went to Bridgwater, where I was welcomed to the house of Mr. F. J. Thompson, of Hamp Green. One of the first sights I witnessed produced a painful impression on my mind. A fair had been held in the town, and I saw a number of young people of both sexes, assembled in and before the tap-room of an inn. Their behaviour was disgusting, and evinced a deplorably low moral condition. The committee of the society were kind enough to entertain me at tea, and we had a long and interesting conversation on the movement, which I think is in a healthy state. The Independent chapel was lent to us for the first time for a temperance meeting. The subject of my lecture was "Parents and Children." We had a large audience, and for nearly two hours the attention was unabated. I was glad to find two booksellers in this town who give great attention to the sale of temperance literature. The ministers of the Gospel, I am sorry to say, do not seem to do much for the promotion of our good cause. When will the servants of the Most High come up to the help of the Lord, to the help of the Lord against the mighty?

My visit to Plymouth presented some features of remarkable interest. I was met at the railway station by Mr. W. Saunders, and Mr. Richard N. Bailey, of London. Mr. Bailey is a most useful and popular advocate, and his history is given in No. 329 of the Ipswich Temperance Tracts. He is now holding a series of meetings in Plymouth, Devonport, Stonehouse, &c., and appears to have been made the means of turning many to righteousness. Hundreds of the worst and roughest of the population cheerfully pay their admission money, to hear him lecture on temperance. The evening before I arrived, he had addressed a large and enthusiastic meeting, when £7. was taken in twopences, besides what was taken for reserved seats. He has had some meetings with the navvies employed on the fortifications, and induced some of them to sign the pledge. He had also been preaching the Gospel in one of the largest chapels in the town, where an overwhelming congregation of the common people heard him gladly. Samuel Elliott, Esq., of Trafalgar House, favoured me with a hospitable welcome, and also presided at the conference, which

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ial meetings for promoting temperance principles. After
e we had a large meeting in the Mechanics' Hall, when, as
nost wisely, charges were made for admission. Why not charge
requently? Good meetings are often secured *because* a charge is
de, and the "free admission" system is one which has been greatly
abused. The *Western Daily Mercury* gave a copious report of my
address, and also of the conference.

During my stay in Plymouth, I made some inquiries as to the prevalence of immorality. Wherever large numbers of soldiers and sailors congregate, we invariably find glaring profligacy; but I was scarcely prepared for the statement, that in Plymouth, Devonport, and Shorthouse, there are 3,000 fallen women! What waste, disease, moral ruin, miserable hearts, and desolated homes must be produced by such an amount of immorality. Truly we need a REFORMATION. Who will arise and lead us? We need a Moses, a Paul, a Luther, a Knox, a Howard, or a Chalmers in every town, to overthrow the altars of Satan. Alas! many ministers will not move a finger against them. Leaving Plymouth on October 7th, I crossed Isambard Brunel's splendid bridge, at Saltash, entered Cornwall, and arriving at Liskeard, was welcomed to the beautiful villa of Miss Elliott. There is here a very good temperance hall, and an excellent society. Two of the most influential friends drank tea with me at Miss Elliott's; and we then adjourned to the hall, where I met the committee and friends for conference. Very eager were they for information about Bands of Hope, and the best mode of conducting them. This is one of the chief problems which temperance men have to solve. *How can we gain the young? How can we interest the young? How can we keep the young?* Who will answer these questions in a satisfactory manner? The friends at Liskeard have found a small ticket, entitled "Reward of Merit," to have a good influence. A badly conducted child does not, of course, get one. A good child does; and in time a tea is given, when holders of the marks of honour are entitled to attend. Where a Band of Hope contains many unruly members, this ticket might prove to be of much use.

No sooner do you enter Cornwall than the name of James Teare is found to be a household word. He was the pioneer of the movement in rough places. Through good report and evil report he pleaded our cause, and did so with such success, that thousands flocked to the temperance standard and enlisted for life. James Teare's converts may be found to

this day, and staunch and true men they are. Honour, then, to a good man for noble work, nobly done.

I must not, however, forget Liskeard. After the conference, the people came in and filled the hall. Mr. Elliott presided. Here again the audience all paid for admission. Not did this exclude the working classes, for they cheerfully paid too, and walked off to their seats. We had an excellent meeting.

My next place was St. Ives, a fishing town on the coast. I rode from Hayle in a fly, kindly engaged for me by Mr. Daniel, and got to my home in time for tea. I then went to the New Connection Methodist Chapel, where I met a number of fellow-workers, and enjoyed most profitable intercourse with them. I gave them an account of the proceedings of the United Kingdom Band of Hope Union, and they in return told me of their own doings. From what I saw I think that teetotalism must have wrought moral miracles in St. Ives. It is the seat of the pilchard fishery, and as a single seine will bring to shore 1,500 hogsheads of fish, it is evident that unless checked by the restraints of total abstinence, such sudden wealth would certainly lead the fishermen to indulge in alcoholic excesses. This was formerly the case. It was customary to give two drams per day to every man, woman, girl, and child engaged in selling and packing the pilchards. Great evils occurred from this foolish practice. James Teare's mission led to its abolition. Money, coffee, &c., have long been given instead of spirits, and with decided physical, moral, and pecuniary advantage to every one concerned

One fact will demonstrate the great prevalence of total abstinence in St. Ives. After the conference, I lectured in the chapel, a large building. Four hundred persons are in connection with the Christian society which assembles within its walls, and *all of them are pledged abstainers.* I do not know of another instance of the kind out of Cornwall.

On Friday, October 9th, I visited the Logan Rock and the Land's End; thus realizing one of the dreams of my youth. I went in an open carriage from St. Ives by way of Hayle, Marazion, Penzance, and St. Biryans. It was a charming ride. The sun lit up St. Ives Bay, glowed on the tinted foliage, brightened the faces of little children as they went to school, and shone gloriously on all the hills. I had a fine view of St. Michael's Mount, and the great bay full of tossing waves. Through Penzance and away up hill and down hill until I arrived at the Logan Rock Inn! Off to the Logan! There it is, a great pile of rocks rising from a jutting cliff, and the famous rock itself—eighty tons weight; on to the summit, up goes the guide, and I follow him. By and bye I pass him, and he looks at me with surprise and exclaims, "Sir! are you a sailor?" He did'nt know I was a PARSON! Nor did I look like one just then. A black tie, turn-down collar, tweed cap, rough blue overcoat, with an orange silk handkerchief streaming from the breast pocket, and a face brown with robust health, did not make me look like "one of the cloth." Away we went again up the rocks, until I stood at the top, with my back to the Logan. Glorious scene! Lands, rocks, clouds, blue waters, and distant horizon bathed in sunlight. "This is beautiful, sir," said the guide, as he saw

my emotion and delight. "Yes my friend," I answered, "it is, but,—GOD'S LOVE IS BETTER THAN ALL." Then he found out I was a parson! The great rock is so exactly poised that you can move it with your shoulders. This I did. Henceforth, when any moderate drinker calls me "a weak brother," I shall tell him I can move a stone eighty tons weight! This fact will convince him of his mistake.

Off to the Laud's End. As we drew near to it, wild flowers, fruit trees, and dense herbage disappear, and I see nothing but bare fields, sombre whins, rough stone walls, and, then a wild, desolate, rocky point of land. I leap from my carriage, rush past the inn, and away down the slope, and then perched upon a rock, I survey, with rapture, the sublime scenery of the Land's End. Mighty rocks, beetling cliffs, foaming waters, white-sailed ships, distant headlands, and far-stretching hills, form a panorama of sublime grandeur. Alone, I long for some one to rejoice with me. One who would know better than any other what rapture I feel in the contemplation of this scene, is not here; I therefore sit down on a rock, and write a letter to her, and thus make another partaker of my joy. But I mnst not linger. I returned to the inn, and dined, and then went to the Land's End, a point of the cliff which projects into the Atlantic like the prow of a mighty ship. I crept along it on my breast; far down on either side, the stormy sea, and laid my hand on the extreme point of Britain. Here, so saith tradition, Wesley stood when he wrote his hymn:—

Lo! on a narrow neck of land,
'Twixt two unbound'd seas I stand,
  Secure, insensible!
A point of time, a moment's space,
Removes me to yon heavenly place,
  Or, shuts me up in hell.

See! here comes a storm! In a moment the sun, the light-house, the Brisons, Cape Cornwall, the gallant ships, and the distant purple hills were blotted out, and the Storm King, arrayed in dark clouds, came flying on the wings of the wind. I fled for shelter, and, as I viewed the tempest, cried from the depths of my heart:—

Jesus! lover of my soul,
  Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the billows near me roll;
  While the tempest stlll is high;
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
  Till the storm of life is past;
Safe into the haven guide,
  O receive my soul at last.

But I must leave the Land's End, and hasten to Penzance. I there took the five o'clock train, and went on to Hayle, where I lectured to a large audience in the Methodist Chapel, the Rev. Mr. Butterworth presiding. On the Saturday I proceeded to Bridgwater, where I preached on the Sunday. From thence I went to Mere, in Wiltshire, to the house of Charles Jupe, Esq., where I met with Mr. and Mrs. Jupe, Mr. J. Jupe,

Mr. and Mrs. Rutter, Miss Gilpin, and Mr. Goldsborough—all of them earnest workers in the good cause. The new lecture hall, built by Mr. Rutter, was crowded to the door, and I lectured for more than an hour.

Poole was my next place. Two hundred of the friends took tea, and I then met some of them for conference respecting Bands of Hope, after which I lectured. John Harker, Esq., presided. In the morning, I had the pleasure of meeting with Mr. Rees, better known as Cheap John. Mr. R. had his splendid waggon, which cost £700, with him and was doing a good business every night. I then started for Bournemouth, "the Madeira of England," where I spent a pleasant hour, and then proceeded to Christchurch, where I mounted the church tower, and surveyed the Solent, the Needles, and the Isle of Wight. I then took tea at Mr. Josling's comfortable Temperance Hotel, and lectured in the school room of the Independent Chapel. Mr. Lane presided, and the mayor was present. A more lively, appreciative audience I never addressed. Then came the last day but one of my holiday. Away I went by railway to Southampton, where I hired a fly, and drove through the town, saw the beautiful statue to Dr. Watts, visited the docks, went over the Ripon, one of the splendid steamers of the Peninsular and Oriental Company, dined at Flower's Hotel, and then took the railway for Winchester, where, after attending divine service in the Cathedral, I drank tea at the Rev. W. Thorn's, and afterwards lectured in the British Hall. We had a very good meeting, and I was glad to find temperance publications were sold at the close.

On the next morning, Friday, October 17, I arrived in London, ruddy with health, and thankful to God for a pleasant jonrney from London to the Land's End, and Back Again.

THE GREAT CURSE.

In the year ending at Michaelmas last 94,908 persons—260 a day—were proceeded against before justices in England for drunkenness, or for being drunk and disorderly, and 63,255 of them were convicted. The great majority were only fined, but above 7,000 were committed to prison. The returns show a great increase over the previous year, for only 82,196 were then charged with drunkenness, and only 54,123 convicted. Of the persons thus charged in the last year 22,560 were females, and more than 10,000 women were convicted for being drunk. Coroners' inquests in the year 1862 found 211 verdicts of deaths from excessive drinking; 145 men and 66 women thus ended their days.

TEMPERANCE GLEANINGS.

Doubtful Advice.—At a public-house near Grantham, where London porter is sold, the landlord has for his sign a figure of Britannia in a re-

clining posture, as if greatly fatigued. Underneath is the inscription, "Pray, stop, and sup-porter."

A Good Old Age.—William Hutton, of Birmingham, says in one of his works:—"The reader will be surprised when I tell him that during my stay in Scarbro' I never tasted porter, ale, tea, coffee, wine, or any kind of liquors, and yet, at four-score, I can with ease walk thirty miles a day." The excesses of youth are drafts upon old age, payable thirty years after date, with interest.

Fatal Folly.—A man has been killed at Rochdale through drinking rum for a wager.

Pauperism.—A gentleman said, at a meeting of the Town Council, October 23, 1849,—'There are *thirty-four parishes in Scotland, without a public-house*, and the effect upon the parishioners is, that they have not a penny of poor's rate in one of them. Before I came to Edinburgh, I have lived eight years in a parish where there was no public-house, and *during all that period I never saw a person the worse for drink*. There were no poor's rates in the parish *then*; but *now* there are five public-houses, and a poor's rate of 1s. 8d. in the pound.' At a meeting of the Parochial Board, Nov. 2, 1849, Mr. Blackadder, Ex-Lord Provost, said:—'As to the causes of the pauperism, first among the grizzly throng I would place drunkenness. I verily believe that, out of 2,700 paupers, 2,000 were made so by drink: so that we are, in fact, not so much supporting the poor, *as we are supporting the public-houses*.'

CORRESPONDENCE.

OUR FEMALE ALLIES.

To the Editor of the "Band of Hope Record."

Sir,—I have read with interest the article in your last impression on the above topic, by Mr. Oliver. There is a manifest dislike in some places, to admit ladies on our Committees. Why it is so I cannot imagine. I hope Mr. Oliver's article will tend to break down all obstacles in the way of their labours being appreciated. Our society here has been established for upwards of ten years, and from its commencement ladies have formed part of our Committee, and I can say that they have worked with great earnestness in furthering our noble cause. They have attended our committee meetings as regularly, if not more so, than the gentlemen. We distribute tracts in connection with our society, in which labour they take a very prominent part; in collecting subscriptions they are always foremost, and on our festival days they toil most assiduously, in helping to supply the wants of the little ones. The success of our society is indeed greatly owing to the female portion of our committee, which number about thirty; although it is large, I am glad to say it does not hinder us from working harmoniously together. Should any member of it leave, we fill the vacany from the elder Members of our Band of Hope.

I am Sir, yours sincerely,

N. H. Biggleston, *Secretary*.

Hayle, Cornwall, Nov. 5th, 1863.

To the Editor of the "BAND OF HOPE RECORD."

Rochdale Sunday School Band of Hope Union,
November 17th, 1863.

Sir,—I am very much obliged for the addresses you have sent me, and also for the copy of the report, and the samples of your publications. Your cards are used by most of our Societies, as are also your hymn books, and when visiting the various Bands of Hope, either in town or country, connected with us, if they have not got them, I advise them to do so. I am trying to persuade each of our Committee to take one copy of our *Record* a month at least.

I am of opinion, that if you could make your Union more like the Sunday School Union, so that our Town and District Unions could be connected, it would be better; then we could feel that there was a bond amongst us. I also think we could help each other better by being brought into closer sympathy.

I remain, yours truly,
THOMAS THORLEY, *Secretary*.

[We shall feel glad to have suggestive letters from our readers; let them write to us, and we will be glad to hear from them. ED.]

To the Editor of the "BAND OF RECORD."

1, Surrey Buildings, Old Kent Road,
18th November, 1863.

Dear Sir,—I visited the Band of Hope in Clifton street, Wandsworth road, and a very pleasant evening I spent. There were about 130 to 150 children, and the platform was filled with speakers who kindly gave way to me on my prssenting my card, which was as follows:—

"Mr. WILLIAM H. ELLIOT,
Honorary Speaker,
From the United Kingdom Band of Hope Union."

I may state that I purpose always presenting a similar card when I go out. I may also state that I found the friends very warm hearted, and to have the happy art of making strangers feel at home. At the close of the meeting, the chairman, Mr. Hunt, asked me to come again, and so did several other friends who were present. Mr. Hunt further asked me if I would wait a little for him, when he would have great pleasure in having my company to his home, to spend the remainder of the evening, but as it was getting late, I had to forego that pleasure.

I tell you these facts in order that you may know what kind persons they are. I shall be most happy to pay them another visit, when you may want another speaker to go there.

Yours faithfully,
W. H. ELLIOT.

[We think this a very pleasing letter—a credit to Mr. Elliot, Mr. Hunt, and all concerned. ED.]

Annals of the United Kingdom Band of Hope Union.

LAMBETH BATHS.—Our next number will contain a full account of the great Meetings held on Friday evenings. In the meantime we quote the following from the *Morning Star* of Nov. 14th:—

"Last night a grand demonstration of the children belonging to the various Bands of Hope, Sunday schools, day, and ragged schools, took place at the Lambeth Baths, New Cut, under the auspices of the United Kingdom Band of Hope Union. The meeting was the first of a series of similar gatherings to be held weekly during the ensuing winter, to which the children attending the several schools, &c., in the South of London will have gratuitous admission. On this occasion the chair was occupied by W. West, Esq., and a most interesting lecture was delivered by Stephen Shirley, Esq., illustrated by a splendid series of dissolving views, which appeared to afford immense gratification to the vast concourse of juveniles who were present, which on a moderate calculation we should place at nearly 3,000. The proceedings were enlivened by singing temperance and other hymns, and also recitations, in which the children joined with that hearty gusto indicative of thorough enjoyment, which must have given great satisfaction to Mr. M. W. Dunn and the committee of gentlemen who have the management of these gatherings."

LABOURS OF THE AGENTS.

During the past month, Mr. W. B. AFFLECK has been lecturing and preaching to crowded and enthusiastic audiences, in connection with the Northern Auxillary.

Mr. W. BELL is still engaged by the Northampton Temperance Union; he is now lecturing in connection with the societies belonging to the Union, and from various reports he is giving great satisfaction, while numbers are being added to the different societies.

Mr. WILLIAM LAY has commenced his labours, and attended the following meetings:—Old Ford; Forest Hill; Earl Street, London Road; Bloomsbury Refuge; Balls Pond; Walthamstow; Shadwell; Lambeth Baths: Working Men's Club, Westminster; Laystall Street; Mill Pond Bridge, Rotherhithe; Mission Hall, Five Dials; Whitfield Chapel; Offord Road Sunday School; St. James's, Aldgate; and Eden Street, Hampstead Road.

During the past month, Mr. F. SMITH has given lectures as under:—Maidstone; Whitstable; East Grinstead; Romsey; Christchurch; Weymouth; Bristol; Stow-on-the-Wold; Wolverhampton; Newtown; Preston; Belfast; Dromore, Co. Down; Bessbrook, near Newry; Crumlin; and Larne. The lectures have been illustrated by the Union Dissolving Views, have been well attended, and in most cases given very general satisfaction.

During the month, Mr. G. BLABY has attended and addressed the following meetings:—Denmark Street, twice; Lambeth Baths, twice;

Working Men's Club, Westminster, twice; St. Paul's, Clerkenwell; Mission Hall, Five Dials; Whitfield Chapel, Long Acre; Ogle Mews; St. Matthew's School, St. George's-in-the-East; Southville, Wandsworth Road; Esher Street, Kennington; Barbican Chapel; Surrey Chapel; Dagleish Place; Limehouse; Exeter Buildings, Chelsea; Lant Street, Borough; Cross Street, Blackfriars; One Tun, Westminster; Kentish Town; Commercial Road; and Vauxhall Walk. He has also taken part in four adult meetings, preached six sermons, and addressed three sunday schools.

CONTINENTAL CONGRESS.—We are sorry that a notice of this important gathering did not appear in the *Band of Record* for November. We hasten to supply the omission. Harper Twelvetrees, Esq., and the Rev. T. W. Matthews, of Boston, represented the United Kingdom Band of Hope Union, and Messrs. Taylor and Rae, the National Temperance League.

The proceedings of this gathering of the friends of temperance from Holland, Sweden, Norway, Denmark, England, Russia, Germany, Switzerland and Prussia, commenced Sept. 29, at 9 o'clock, by a sermon in the Egidien Church, Hanover; after which the members of congress, numbering about 300, adjourned to the hall of the Lyceum, when Paster Böotcher, of the Kirchrode, was elected chairman of the congress. The delegates from distant parts were then welcomed, and the English representatives (the Rev. T. W. Matthews, of Boston, Messrs. Harper Twelvetrees, R. Rae, and Joseph Taylor of London,) invited to the platform. Their excellencies the ministers of state were present; also the chamberlain to his Majesty the King of Hanover; Baron de Lynden, chamberlain to his Majesty the King of the Netherlands; Lord de Borries, late Minister of the Interior; his Excellency the State Minister of Oldenburg; Baron von Geld, Potsdam; Dr. Filly, member of the Hamburgh Chamber of Deputies; Professor Stolz, of Baden; and numerous distinguished gentlemen, with a great number of pastors and Roman Catholic clergymen from all parts of the continent. Reports were then presented by the delegates, and the progress and position of the temperance movement in different countries were reviewed, which occupied the whole of the first day's sittings. On Wednesday, September 30, the proceedings were devoted to discussions and resolutions bearing on the social and sanitary aspect of the question, as to pauperism, lunacy, taxation, disease, &c. On Thursday, October 1—the last day—the attention of the congress was directed to the various matters by which the temperance movement might be promoted—to the position of the legislature in reference to distilled spirits in the individual states, and the principle on which their action has been, or should be governed—and to a review of the different measures of the governments, with the results of such legislative action, and regulative arrangements. In the course of this day's sittings a resolution, introduced by the English delegates, and supported by his Excellency the Minister of Justice, was adopted—viz., that the congress

considers it desirable to reconsider the basis of their operations, with the view of practising and advocating abstinence from all intoxicating drinks, in addition to distilled liquors.

Anchor Band of Hope, Camberwell.—A meeting of rather more than ordinary interest was held on Monday, Nov. 9, at Waterloo street School-room. Invitations had previously been given to above one hundred young people connected with the society, or having been once members of it, their eligibility generally consisting in being or having been in place, and thus having entered, more or less, into the temptations incidental to this position. A goodly number of these, therefore, assembled on the appointed evening, and, after having been regaled with tea and its usual accompaniments, an interesting meeting was held, which was addressed first in a suitable manner by the Rev. Mr. Rowe, afterwards at some length by Mr. Caines, and Mr. Samuel Steele, from the United Kingdom Band of Hope Union. The speeches were interspersed with songs, and a few recitations were also given, which helped to enliven the proceedings. The Committee sincerely hope that this meeting may have strengthened the members in their resolution of total abstinence, and that it may also induce those who had not remained firm to it to re-consider the matter, and again join the ranks of so glorious a cause.

Nottingham Sunday School Band of Hope Association.—The fourth annual meeting was held in the Mechanics' Hall, on Nov. 2. The object of the association is to assist the teachers of Sunday Schools in encouraging the young in the principle and practice of abstinence from intoxicating drinks and tobacco. After tea George Herbert, Esq., F.C.P., took the chair. Addresses in advocacy of the movement were delivered by Rev. C. Burrows, of Lenton; Rev. A. B. Marshall, of Parliament street Chapel; Rev. C. J. Trevaile, of Shakespeare street Chapel; Mr. W. Richardson; Mr. W. Mart, of Derby; and Mr. J. Harrap, of Leicester. Mr. R. Mellows, the secretary, gave an account of the position of the cause in the societies connected with Stony street, Colwick street, Leen side Mission, Circus street, Shakespeare street, St. James's street, the Baptist Schools at Daybrook, Hyson Green, Basford, Lenton, and Carrington; Lenton Primitive, Hyson Green Free Church, Arkwright street, &c. Mr. W. Johnstone, the treasurer, read the cash account, which showed £11. 5s 0d. in hand, although no subscriptions had been received. Prizes consisting of good books, such as the *British Workman*, 8 vols., "The Land and the Book," by Dr. Thomson, "The Shepherd King of Israel," "Kester Lane, a tale of Nottingham Life," by the Rev. C. J. C. Street, a Nottingham man, &c. The prize "For repeating in the best manner, the greatest number of complete passages of scripture, showing the evils connected with the use of intoxicating drinks, and the benefits of abstinence therefrom," 10s., was obtained by Kate Cross; and two prizes of 5s. each, by F. Townroe and Ebenezer Stevenson. Four prizes of 10s., 7s. 6d., 5s., and 2s. 6d. respectively, for selling the greatest number of temperance publications, were awarded to Thomas J. Lawrence, number sold, 3,579; Samuel

Birmingham, 2,050; Arthur Ward, 1,031; Walter Sheppard, 577. Children from various schools gave recitations of a moral and religious character. The audience were apparently highly pleased with the cause and its advocates, and concluded with a vote of thanks to the Chairman.—*Nottingham Daily Express.*

Bridport Band of Hope.—Mr. S. Insull gave a lecture in the School-room connected with the Independent Chapel, on Friday Evening, November 13th, to a large audience, composed principally of young people. The subject was "Home, what it was, and what it became," shewing the blessings of Temperance; a series of dissolving views were exhibited to illustrate the lecture, which was highly interesting to those present. Mr. Insull agreeably diversified the entertainment by singing several melodies. The committee of the Band of Hope are worthy of hearty commendation, for providing for the young people so excellent in every respect an entertainment, and we hope others of a similar character will follow in the coming winter months.—*The Bridport News and Advertiser.*

St. George's Band of Hope, Brandon Hill, Bristol.—Miss E. S. Price, writes:—Again have we had the pleasure of receiving Mr. F. Smith amongst us, with his interesting dissolving views. On November 12th, he gave us two exhibitions; the first at half-past five, especially for the young, was the series, "Lights of the World," and again at eight, those entitled, "London, Past and Present," particularly for the profit and pleasure of the parents and friends of the Band of Hope children. The adults are not able to determine which they admired the most of the views, but we dare say Mr. Smith with his knowledge of children's nature, will not be surprised to hear that the juveniles pronounce emphatically for "Betty and the Bear," or for one or other of his comic pictures. The acclamations and clapping of the young people, on first sight of Mr. Smith, evinced that he was recognised as a welcome *old* friend. And so he is; for the last three years, he has paid us a yearly visit, which visit is always regarded by superintendent and children as an epoch in their Band of Hope annals. Mr. Smith's descriptive lectures were much liked, abounding as they did, in pleasant illustrations, and *little bits of* moral, and christian sentiment takingly dealt out. Our Band of Hope is now two years and a half old, has grown in numbers and popularity, and is now become a recognised institution in "our parish." Since January of the present year, 160 members have joined; and by Cristmas will have paid into the Penny Bank in connexion with it, upwards of £40. Many of our little ones have proved in their neighbourhood, young Temperance missionaries; and those interested in them trust and pray, that from amongst them may rise a band of sober, godly, christian men and women, whose lives may adorn the doctrine of their God and Saviour, in all things.

J. Bale, Printer, 78, Great Titchfield-street, Marylebone.

THE

BAND OF HOPE RECORD.

Vol. IV.

JANUARY TO DECEMBER, 1864.

Edited by

THE REV. G. W. M'CREE.

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BAND OF HOPE RECORD.

A PLEA FOR BAND OF HOPE LIBRARIES.

By E. J. OLIVER.

"Knowledge," saith the wise man, "is power," and as individuals or communities grow in knowledge, so does their power increase in an equal proportion. It is no argument against knowledge that many of its possessors have used it for a bad purpose, or that its power for evil is equal to its power for good. Fire, when used aright, is one of the great blessings of civilization, and no sensible person would say, that because of the frightful consequences that have at times resulted from it, we should cease to make it minister to our requirements.

The alphabet once mastered, a prospect boundless as the mighty ocean, lies before us. Step by step we climb the hill, and every time we advance, the beauty of the view increases. Temptingly hangs the rich fruit on the surrounding trees, lovely are the flowers, and delightful the fragrance they exhale. Is it to be wondered at, that we should pluck those nearest to our hand, nor stay to enquire too curiously as to their ultimate effect. With our minds informed, and our eyesight dazzled by the loveliness of the scene, we seek not for wisdom, but only crave for food wherewith to satisfy our newly awakened desires. Of quantity there is no lack—turn which way we will, we have but to put forth our hand, and take of the abundance so lavishly provided. But quantity is one thing, and quality is another. As at this period we are incapable of judging for ourselves, it is needful that those who have travelled in the same path, and gained experience, should point out that which shall be for our advantage, and whlle gratifying the taste, form and improve the mind.

The quantity of worthless periodicals that issue from the press, is truly alarming; and not only are most of them of a foolish and trifling nature, but many are positively vicious, and full of impurities clothed in fascinating forms; thus, insidiously undermining all pure thought and feeling. Boys and girls *will* read, and halfpenny journals and low novels in penny numbers, are unfortunately too often the companions of their leisure hours. Do they gain knowledge by the perusal of such works? Yes,

and the Protestant Dean of St. Patrick's are its honorary secretaries. His last labour of love in this direction, and one of which he is himself the architect—is a "night asylum for females." It is situated in the Liberty—one of the poorest districts in Dublin; and many hundreds of destitute women receive shelter there every week. The institution is on a large scale, and was built many years ago, by a wealthy benevolent citizen, as a drying house for the poor weavers, who were then a numerous body in the district referred to.

Father Spratt, by appeals to the people, has succeeded in obtaining voluntary contributions to sustain this charity; and when the funds admit of it, the inmates are given a breakfast of bread and milk, before they leave the institution in the morning. A night's shelter, is however its main object.

The useful labours of the Very Rev. Dr. Spratt, have culminated the last three and twenty years, in the great cause of Teetotalism. Daily he is to be found at his post, at the Chapel house in Aungier street, administering the "Pledge" to all comers; and every Sunday evening, during that long period of his life, with very few exceptions indeed, he has, to the knowledge of the writer of this memoir, attended in the Old Chapel in Cuffe lane, now and for many years a temperance hall, exhorting the people, and encouraging them to shake off their drinking habits, which have been their ruin for many generations, and the curse of old Ireland for ages. Thousands cheerfully respond to his appeals.

In this labour of love, Father Spratt has been most successful; and although 1,100 public-houses in his beloved native city counteract his labours in this work of mercy, yet thousands of his fellow-citizens are annually rescued by him from those traps which lead myriads into sin and misery, and have reason to bless him, and do bless him, for their deliverance from the foulest degradation to which man is subjected, and from which he must be saved before his feet can ever be placed on the rock of prosperity and happiness. It is in vain that ministers preach, and that other benevolent men labour, in the cause of our down-trodden humanity, while the drink demon is abroad to counteract this work by sowing tares among the good seed they are scattering abroad.

Of late years Father Spratt confined his advocacy of teetotalism almost entirely to Dublin; but he has frequently visited many of our provincial towns, and is ready to do so again whenever invited by proper authority.

He more than once visited Drogheda, and Armagh, and Belfast. In this latter town he received, a few years since, a complete ovation—all its inhabitants turning out to hail his arrival. He held an open-air meeting in the neighbouring town—Holywood—and for two days in succession he gave the "Pledge" in Belfast to many hundreds, in a large unfinished factory yard that was lent for the occasion.

In concluding this short and inadequate memoir, of a worthy and most excellent citizen, and a zealous and beloved Catholic priest, we would observe, that although much remains to be done before the great masses of the people of Ireland can be placed in a condition of happiness and comfort, yet that much was done by the late Father Matthew—our great

pioneer in the Temperance reform—who laid a good foundation, which is still firmly held to by multitudes, and that much is still being done by Father Spratt in Dublin, who is unceasing in his efforts to establish the love of perfect sobriety in the hearts of his fellow citizens.

In the provinces, especially in Ulster, a revival of teetotalism is apparent. The clergy of the Presbyterian Church, in that quarter, have, in large numbers, given in their adhesion to its principles; many of the laity earnestly giving them their cordial assistance. In the capital, also, many Protestants are earnestly and successfully engaged in this good work.

In Cork, too, we learn the cause has lately received a fresh impulse: and that large meetings are held, at which considerable numbers join the ranks of teetotalism. The people are really anxious to be helped to get rid of their drinking customs; and they would rejoice to have the temptation of the public-house taken away from them by legislative enactment, which great benefit to the nation, it is to be hoped, the "United Kingdom Alliance for the Suppression of the Traffic in Intoxicating Liquors"—(of which association Father Spratt is a member)—will soon succeed in having placed upon our statute book.

A DEAD YEAR.

I took a year out of my life and story—
A dead year, and said, "I will hew thee a tomb!
'All the kings of the nations lie in glory;'
Cased in cedar, and shut in a sacred gloom;
Swathed in linen and precious unguents old;
Painted with cinnaber, and rich with gold.

"Silent they rest in solemn salvatory,
Sealed from the moth and the owl and the flitter-mouse—
Each with his name on his brow.
'All the kings of the nations lie in glory,
Every one in his own house;'
Then why not thou?

"Year," I said, "thou shalt not lack
Bribes to bar thy coming back;
Doth old Egypt wear her best
In the chambers of her rest?
Doth she take to her last bed
Beaten gold, and glorious red?
Envy not! for thou shalt wear
In the dark a shroud as fair;
Golden with the sunny ray
Thou withdrawest from my day;

Wrought upon with colours fine,
Stolen from this life of mine;
Like the dusty Lybian kings,
Lie with two wide-open wings
On the breast, as if to say,
On these wings hope flew away.
And so housed, and thus adorned,
Not forgotten, but not scorned,
Let the dark for evermore
Close thee when I close the door!
And the dust for ages fall
In the creases of thy pall;
And no voice nor visit rude
Break thy sealed solitude."

I took the year out of my life and story—
The dead year, and said, "I have hewed thee a tomb!
'All the kings of the nations lie in glory;'
Cased in cedar and shut in sacred gloom;
But for the sword, and the sceptre, and diadem,
Sure thou didst reign like them."
So I laid her with those tyrants old and hoary,
According to my vow;
For I said, "The kings of the nations lie in glory,
And so shalt thou."

JEAN INGELOW.

THE SALTMARKET DANCING SCHOOLS.

(From Memoir of a Female Convict, by a Prison Matron.)

Entrance to these dancing "skeels" is generally by an unlighted close, up a common stair to a large room on the first floor. The door of this room—on which "DANCING HERE" is legibly inscribed—is kept by a scowling individual—probably the proprietor of the establishment—who receives the pennies of his young patrons, unlocks the door, admits them, and locks them in. In this room, lighted by gas or candles according to the taste or means of the proprietors, a hundred or a hundred and fifty are speedily assembled—ranged around the room on forms placed against the wall. They are of all ages, from the boy and girl of seven or eight years old, to the men and women of two or three and twenty, but the majority are girls and boys averaging from twelve to fifteen years. The boys are chiefly apprentices or young thieves; the girls are of the usual poor class—more than usually poor perhaps—three-fourths of them without shoes and stockings, and all of them bonnetless, as is usual amongst the

Scotch girls. The boys are several degrees removed from clean, but the "lassies," as they are generally termed, are, without an exception, bright-faced, glossy-haired damsels, who have evidently been at no ordinary pains to render themselves attractive and presentable. Here and there is evident a little effort at finery in the shape of a pair of ear-rings, or a necklace of sham coral, and their poor and scanty garments are in many cases destitute of any signs of raggedness. The master of the ceremonies, carrying a fiddle or kit under his arm—occasionally bag-pipes sre substituted for the violin—calls out the dance: in all cases a Scotch dance of the simplest character is chosen; the dancers are arranged, music is struck up, and the festivity begins with a hideous clatter of thick soles and heels from the masculine portion, and a soft pattering of naked feet from the majority of the feminine. There is much setting to partners, and an infinitude of solo performances, winding up with the usual twirling and twisting common to Scotch dances in general, and in the midst of all this heat and dust and bustle, the man sits perched above his scholars fiddling rapidly, and glaring at them like the evil genius of the place. They are all known to him—every face is familiar. To the elder girls who may have encouraged strangers there, he is friendly, and fatherly, and watchful; he knows that before the evening is out the strangers will probably be robbed, and there will be an uproar, and it may be necessary for some kind friend to turn the gas out or knock the candles over, and leave the entire company to grope their way down the common stair into the close—or the man at the door, who is a prize-fighter by profession, will be called in to keep order, silence the remonstrants, or turn them out of the room. As a rule, the proprietor objects to robbery in the "skeel" itself, and has a room on the other side of the landing, where such things may be conducted with greater ease, and save the "skeel" from falling into disrepute. Night after night, in these Scotch cities, still goes on this hideous revelry; still are attracted boys and girls from their homes, still are engulphed the heedless youth of both sexes. Many innocent children of poor, even respectable parents, are lured hither to imbibe a love for dancing and bad company. The apprentice robs to get here, the girl begs in the street, or thieves her way to admittance; step by step to ruin surely and swiftly proceed these untaught, uncared-for children, and they are past hope, and have left all childhood behind them, at an age that is horrible to dwell upon.

HAPPY HOMES.

Happy the home, when God is there,
And love fills every breast;
Where one their wish, and one their prayer,
And one their heav'nly rest.

Happy the home, where Jesu's Name
Is sweet to every ear;
Where children early lisp His fame,
And parents hold Him dear.

Happy the home, where prayer is heard,
And praise is wont to rise:
Where parents love the sacred Word,
And live but for the skies.

Lord! let us in our homes agree,
This blessed peace to gain:
Unite our hearts in love to Thee,
And love to all will reign.

AFFECTION.

We sometimes meet with men who seem to think that any indulgence in an affectionate feeling is a weakness. They will return from a journey and greet their families with a distant dignity, and move among their children with the cold and lofty splendour of an iceberg surrounded by its broken fragments. There is hardly a more unnatural sight on earth than one of those families without a heart. A father had better extinguish a boy's eyes than take away his heart. Who that has experienced the joys of friendship, and values sympathy and affection, would not rather lose all that is beautiful in nature's scenery than be robbed of the hidden treasures of his heart? Cherish, then, reader, your heart's best affections. Indulge in the warm, and gushing, and inspiring emotion of filial, parental, and fraternal love. Think it not a weakness. God is love; love God, everybody, and everything that is lovely. Teach your children to love; to love the rose, the robin; to love their parents; to love their God. Let it be the studied object of their domestic culture to give them warm hearts, ardent affections. Bind your whole family together by these strong cords. You cannot make them too strong. Depend upon it that you will be both happier and better if you bind those who are yours around you by the bonds of family affection.

THE FALL OF THE MIGHTY.

By NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE, Author of "Our Old Home."

A parcel of letters had been accumulating at the Consulate for two or three weeks, directed to a certain Doctor of Divinity, who had left America by a sailing-packet and was still upon the sea. In due time the vessel arrived, and the reverend doctor paid me a visit. He was a fine-looking middle-aged gentleman, a perfect model of clerical propriety, scholar-like, yet with the air of a man of the world rather than a student, though overspread with the graceful sanctity of a popular metropolitan divine, a part of whose duty it might be to exemplify the natural accordance between Christianity and good-breeding. He seemed a little excited, as an American is apt to be on first arriving in England, but conversed with intelligence as well as animation, making himself so agreeable that his visit stood out in considerable relief from the monotony of my daily common-place. As I learned from authentic sources, he was somewhat distinguished in his own region for fervor and eloquence in the pulpit, but was now compelled to relinquish it temporarily for the purpose of renovating his impaired health by an extensive tour in Europe. Promising to dine with me, he took up his bundle of letters and went away.

The doctor, however, failed to make his appearance at dinner-time, or to apologise the next day for his absence; and in the course of a day or two more, I forgot all about him, concluding that he must have set forth on his continental travels, the plan of which he had sketched out at our interview. But, by-and-by, I received a call from the master of the vessel in which he had arrived. He was in some alarm about his passenger, whose luggage remained on shipboard, but of whom nothing had been heard or seen since the moment of his departure from the Consulate. We conferred together, the captain and I, about the expediency of setting the police on the traces (if any were to be found) of our vanished friend; but it struck me that the good captain was singularly reticent, and that there was something a little mysterious in a few points that he hinted at, rather than expressed; so that, scrutinizing the affair carefully, I surmised that the intimacy of life on shipboard might have taught him more about the reverend gentleman than, for some reason or other, he deemed it prudent to reveal. At home in our native country, I would have looked to the doctor's personal safety, and left his reputation to take care of itself, knowing that the good fame of a thousand saintly clergymen would amply dazzle out any lamentable spot on a single brother's character. But in scornful and invidious England, on the idea that the credit of the sacred office was measurably intrusted to my discretion, I could not endure, for the sake of American Doctors of Divinity generally, that this particular doctor should cut an ignoble figure in the police reports of the English newspapers, except at the last necessity. The clerical body, I flatter myself, will acknowledge that I acted on their own principle. Besides, it was now too late; the mischief and violence, if any had been impending, were not of a kind which it requires the better part of a week to perpetrate; and to sum up the entire matter, I felt certain from a good deal of somewhat similar experience, that, if the missing doctor still

breathed this vital air, he would turn up at the Consulate as soon as his money should be stolen or spent.

Precisely a week after this reverend person's disappearance, there came to my office a tall, middle-aged gentleman, in a blue military surtout, braided at the seams, but out at elbows, and as shabby as if the wearer had been bivouacking in it throughout a Crimean campaign. It was buttoned up to the very chin, except where three or four of the buttons were lost; nor was there any glimpse of a white shirt collar illuminating the rusty black cravat. A grisly moustache was just beginning to roughen the stranger's upper lip. He looked disreputable to the last degree, but still had a ruined air of good society glimmering about him, like a few specks of polish on a sword-blade, that has lain corroding in a mud puddle. I took him to be some American marine officer, of dissipated habits, or perhaps a cashiered British major, stumbling into the wrong quarters through the unrectified bewilderment of last night's debauch. He greeted me, however, with polite familiarity, as though we had been previously acquainted; whereupon I drew coldly back (as sensible people naturally do, whether from strangers or former friends, when too evidently at odds with fortune), and requested to know who my visiter might be, and what was his business at the Consulate. "Am I then so changed?" he exclaimed with a vast depth of tragic intonation; and after a little blind and bewildered talk, behold! the truth flashed upon me. It was the Doctor of Divinity! If I had meditated a scene or a *coup de Theâtre*, I could not have contrived a more effectual one than by this simple and genuine difficulty of recognition. The poor Divine must have felt that he had lost his personal identity through the misadventures of one little week. And, to say the truth, he did look as if, like Job, on account of his especial sanctity, he had been delivered over to the direst temptations of Satan, and proving weaker than the man of Uz, the Arch Enemy had been empowered to drag him through Tophet, transforming him, in the process, from the most decorous of metropolitan clergymen, into the rowdiest and dirtiest of disbanded officers. I never fathomed the mystery of his military costume, but conjectured that a lurking sense of fitness had induced him to exchange his clerical garments for this habit of a sinner; nor can I tell precisely into what pitfall, not more of vice than of terrible calamity, he had precipitated himself,—being more than satisfied to know that the outcasts of society can sink no lower than this poor, desecrated wretch had sunk.

The opportunity, I presume, does not often happen to a layman, of administering moral and religious reproof to a Doctor of Divinity; but finding the occasion thrust upon me, and the hereditary Puritan waxing strong in my breast, I deemed it a matter of conscience not to let it pass entirely unimproved. The truth is, I was unspeakably shocked and disgusted. Not, however, that I was then to learn that clergymen are made of the same flesh and blood as other people, and perhaps lack one small safeguard which the rest of us possess, because they are aware of their own peccability, and therefore cannot look up to the clerical class for the *proof* of the possibility of a pure life on earth, with such reverential con-

fidence as we are prone to do. But I remembered the innocent faith of my boyhood, and the good old silver-headed clergyman, who seemed to me as much a saint then on earth, as he is now in heaven, and partly for whose sake, through all these darkening years, I retain a devout, though not intact nor unwavering respect for the entire fraternity. What a hideous wrong, therefore, had the backslider inflicted on his brethren, and still more on me, who much needed whatever fragments of broken reverence (broken, not as concerns religion, but its earthly institutions and professors,) it might yet be possible to patch into a sacred image! Should all pulpits and communion-tables have thenceforth a stain upon them, and the guilty one go unrebuked for it? So I spoke to the unhappy man as I never thought myself warranted in speaking to any other mortal, hitting him hard, doing my utmost to find out his vulnerable part and prick him into the depths of it. And not without more effect than I had dreamed of, or desired!

No doubt, the novelty of the Doctor's reversed position, thus standing up to receive such a fulmination as the clergy have heretofore arrogated the exclusive right of inflicting, might give additional weight and sting to the words which I found utterance for. But there was another reason (which, had I in the least suspected it, would have closed my lips at once), for his feeling morbidly sensitive to the cruel rebuke that I administered. The unfortunate man had come to me, labouring under one of the consequences of his riotous outbreak, in the shape of delirium tremens; he bore a hell within the compass of his own breast, all the torments of which blazed up with tenfold inveteracy when I thus took upon myself the devil's office of stirring up the red hot embers. His emotions, as well as the external movement and expression of them by voice, countenance, and gesture, were terribly exaggerated by the tremendous vibration of nerves resulting from the disease. It was the deepest tragedy I ever witnessed. I know sufficiently, from that one experience, how a condemned soul would manifest its agonies; and for the future, if I have anything to do with sinners, I mean to operate upon them through sympathy, and not rebuke. What had I to do with rebuking him? The disease, long latent in his heart, had shown itself in a frightful eruption on the surface of his life. That was all! Is it a thing to scold the sufferer for?

To conclude this wretched story, the poor Doctor of Divinity, having been robbed of all his money in this little airing beyond the limits of propriety, was easily persuaded to give up the intended tour, and return to his bereaved flock, who, very probably, were thereafter conscious of an increased unction in his soul-stirring eloquence, without suspecting the awful depths into which their pastor had dived in quest of it. His voice is now silent. I leave it to members of his own profession to decide whether it was better for him thus to sin outright, and so to be let into the miserable secret what manner of man he was, or to have gone through life outwardly unspotted, making the first discovery of his latent evil at the judgment-seat. It has occurred to me that his dire calamity, as both he and I regarded it, might have been the only method by which precisely such a man as himself, and so situated, could be redeemed. He has learned, ere now, how that matter stood.

POOR CRUTCHY: A STORY FOR BANDS OF HOPE.

James was a poor boy, who had lost the use of his lower limbs, and had hard work to walk even with the help of two crutches. He was cut off from nearly all work and play, and his prospects for happiness and usefulness in life were very small. His parents were poor and humble, and this made his misfortune the more depressing, for he often heard he was a burden to them. But he was a good boy, and tried to keep up a brave heart. He slowly hobbled his mile and a half to school through all kinds of weather, for he thought he that if he could get a good education it would help him to be useful, he might perhaps some time get a situation as clerk, or book-keeper, or teacher. But his hope was less than his perseverance, and he was often down-hearted and sad. He greatly needed pity and help and encouragement from others. But he did not always get them.

In the same school with him was a large, strong, healthy boy, of nearly the same age, named Guy Sandford. His father was rich, and he was greatly indulged. He was always hopeful and daring, and full of high spirits; quite the opposite of James. He was so full of gaiety, and so bent on mirth, that he was quite thoughtless of the feelings of others, and sometimes even cruel. He had a wicked habit of nicknaming James "Crutchy," and "making fun," as he called it, at his expense. He would sometimes pretend to chase him, screaming out, "now see if I can catch a greyhound!" And when the question was discussed as to the best runner among the boys, he would often bring out a hearty laugh by insisting that it was "Crutchy," and then declared that he *would* have a pair of crutches, that he might not always be outdone by him. Poor James would faintly smile at this, but for all that it stirred the great deep of sorrow in his heart, and his breast would swell with a suppressed sigh. He *could not* run. He needed not to be told it in jokes; he knew it too well. He saw the other boys run, while he sat apart smitten, palsied, wondering what the delight of running might be, when it was so painful for him even to walk. Debarred as he was from nearly all the pleasures of childhood, and loaded down with pain instead, it was sometimes hard for him to be patient and say, "It is well, for thou, O God, has done it, thou who dost not willingly afflict the children of men! good when thou givest, supremely good when thou deniest!"

One day when Guy was unusually full of spirits, he played a very mean trick upon James. James was bending over his desk hard at work at his sums; his crutches were leaning against his chair. Guy obtained permission of the teacher to speak with him about his lessons, and while standing by him engaged in talk, cunningly contrived to insert some bent pins in the worn arm-pieces of James's crutches, so that the points projected above the surface. The time soon came for James to take his place in the class for recitation, He grasps his crutches and places them under *his* arms—a scream of anguish, and he sinks back into his chair, pale and

trembling. What a commotion then! "What's the matter?" "who did it?" is asked on every hand. Some looked terrified, some pitiful, others smile, and try to find something amusing in the scene. Guy looks very sage and sober, and tries to enjoy the matter, but the fun is not what he expected. It does not pay; and he begins to dread his punishment. Poor James! how he suffered! not only from the extreme torture of the moment, but from embarassment at being the cause of so much excitement, the object of so much attention, and still more at the thought that any one would treat him so unkindly. But he cherished no resentment toward Guy, though for some time afterward he involuntarily shrank at his approach.

Not far from the school-house was a river, and in the winter, when it was frozen over, the boys were accustomed to slide and skate upon it. One warm, sunny Saturday afternoon, when a large party of boys were skating there, the ice began to crack and break. It was evidently unsafe, and most of the boys made for the shore, but Guy Sandford, full of excitement and reckless even to fool-hardiness, skated on, sneering at the caution of those who left the ice. "No danger! don't be cowards!" he shouted. Crack! crack; and Guy is out of sight. He has gone under. Who can save him? What can be done? A few of the boldest boys rush to the spot. Guy rises to sight. "Give us a hand, boys," he screams. The boys creep as near to the edge of the ice as they dare, and reach out their hands. "Stretch out farther," screams Guy, struggling amid the water and breaking ice, and again he sinks.

"Poor Crutchy," as Guy calls him, is making his way towards his home on the road by the river bank. He sees the alarm and consternation of the boys; hears Guy's scream. He shouts with all his might, "Take my crutches!" "Reach Guy a crutch!" and throws first one and then the other towards the boys who are hastening for them, and sinks down alone in the snow by the way side.

It was a good thought. The crutches were in season. As Guy again rose to the surface, they were stretched out to him. With a desperate effort he seized one of them, but the ice on which it rested and was held broke, and it was lost. He seized the other, the ice beneath it was stronger, and cold and freezing as his hands were, he managed to keep his hold, and move himself to the main ice, and at last was safe upon it. O, what a joy! What a relief to all! How could they express their gladness. For a moment all was confusion, each one telling what he saw and did, and how he felt, in the loudest and most earnest tones, and then they all united in glorifying James, till Guy himself swung up his dripping arm, and shouted, "Three cheers for Cruthchy! Crutchy for ever!" and the boys gave the hurrahs with a will.

Poor James, sitting waiting alone, was nearly overcome by excitement. As the cheers reached him, the tears rolled down his cheeks, and he lifted his heart to heaven in fervent thanksgiving that he was not quite useless in the world; even through his misfortue he had helped others. His despised crutches, such wretched substitutes as they were for healthy limbs, had been better to Guy than the swiftest foot or the strongest arm.

What sadness had he felt at being lame, and now what joy at saving life.

When the boys saw James sitting helplessly in the snow, they thought of his crutches, and some of them ran to find them. They brought the one which had saved Guy; the other had floated under the broken ice, and was lost. What was to be done? James could not walk a step unless he had both. It was but a moment, and two noble boys had grasped him firmly about the waist, and with his arms wound around their necks, were bearing him on his way. Cold and wet as Guy was, he walked beside them, declaring that though he had often said he meant to have a pair of crutches, he did not dream that he should have such extreme need of them, and so soon.

Poor "Crutchy" was now the hero of the school. The teacher came to his desk to take him by the hand, and ask God's blessing on him, while the tears ran down his face. The boys could not do enough for him. They loaded him with their choicest dainties, apples and nuts and candies, and crowded around to hear him talk, delighted with his company. Guy's father sent him a pair of the nicest crutches by the hand of Guy; and I am glad to tell you that when he gave them to him, he had to choke from his emotion before he could say, "I've long wanted to tell you, James, how *mean* I've thought it was in me to stick those pins in your crutches, and to ask forgiveness. Shake hands with me now, James, and help me to forget it, and I'll be a man hereafter."

Guy was learning from James how excellent is the great Master's command, "Render unto none evil for evil, but follow that which is good."

LITTLE JIM.

The cottage was a thatch'd one,
  The outside old and mean,
Yet ev'rything within that cot
  Was wondrous neat and clean.

The night was dark and stormy,
  The wind was howling wild;
A patient mother knelt beside
  The death-bed of her child.

A little worn-out creature—
  His once bright eyes grown dim;
It was a collier's only child—
  They call'd him little Jim.

And oh! to see the briny tears
  Fast hurrying down her cheek,
As she offer'd up a prayer in thought—
  She was afraid to speak,

Lest she might waken one she lov'd
  Far better than her life,
For there was all a mother's love,
  In that poor collier's wife.

With hands uplifted, see, she kneels
  Beside the sufferer's bed;
And prays that He will spare her boy,
  And take herself instead!

She gets her answer from the child;
  Soft fell these words from him—
"Mother, the angels do so smile,
  And beckon little Jim!

"I have no pain, dear mother, now,
  But oh! I am so dry;
Just moisten poor Jim's lips again,
  And, mother, don't you cry."

With gentle trembling haste she held
  The tea-cup to his lips;
He smiled, to thank her, as he took
  Three little tiny sips.

"Tell father when he comes from work,
  I said good-night to him;
And mother, now I'll go to sleep:"—
  Alas! poor little Jim.

She saw that he was dying—
  The child she lov'd so dear,
Had utter'd the last words that she
  Might ever hope to hear.

The cottage door was open'd,
  The collier's step was heard;
The mother and the father met,
  Yet neither spake a word!

He knew that all was over—
  He knew his child was dead;
He took the candle in his hand,
  And walk'd towards the bed.

His quiv'ring lips gave token
Of grief he'd fain conceal;
And see! his wife has join'd him,
The stricken couple kneel!

With hearts bow'd down with sadness,
They humbly ask of Him,
In heaven, once more, to meet again,
Their own poor Little Jim.

SUNDAY LABOUR.

Estimated Number of Persons employed on the Lord's Day.

Railway Servants	60,000
Post-Office Officials	20,000
Boatmen on Rivers and Canals, with their families	100,000
Cabmen and Persons connected with Omnibuses in London alone	24,000
Tobacconists, 209,000, Publicans and Beer Shopkeepers, 260,000	469,000

Bakers, Butchers, Greengrocers, Poulterers, General Shops, Fishmongers, and Newsvendors, are generally open on some portion of the Lord's Day.

GLEANINGS.

Father Mathew and his Converts.—Mr. Maguire, M.P., in his biography of Father Mathew, says that after the good priest had been speaking one day in Golden Lane, Barbican, to crowds of Irish, several hundreds knelt to receive the pledge, and among them the Duke of Norfolk, then Lord Arundel and Surrey. Father Mathew asked the Earl if he had given the subject sufficient reflection. "Ah! Father Mathew!" replied the noble convert, "do you not know that I had the happiness to receive Holy Communion from you this morning at the altar of Chelsea Chapel? I have reflected on the promise I am about to make, and I thank God for the resolution, trusting to the Divine goodness for grace to persevere." Tears rolled down his cheeks as he uttered these words, with every evidence of genuine emotion. He then repeated the formula of the pledge. Father Mathew embraced him with delight, pronounced a solemn bendiction "on him and his," and invested him with the medal. Mr. Maguire says that the earl continued faithful to the pledge, and "it was not until many years after that, at the command of his medical advisers, he substituted moderation for total absti-

nence." One nobleman upon whom his influence was less successful was Lord Brougham. "I drink very little wine," said his lordship, "only half a glass at luncheon and two half glasses at dinner; and though my medical advisers told me I should increase the quantity, I refused to do so." They are wrong, my lord, for advising you to increase the quantity, and you are wrong in taking the small quantity you do, but I have hopes of you." And so his lordship was invested with the silver medal and ribbon. "I will keep it," said his lordship, "and take it to the House, where I shall be sure to meet old Lord —— the worse for liquor, and I will put it on him." He was as good as his word, and meeting the venerable peer, who was so celebrated for his potations, he said, "Lord ——, I have a present from Father Mathew for you," and passed the ribbon rapidly over his neck. "Then I tell you what it is, Brougham, I will keep sober for this night," and his lordship kept his vow, to the great amazement of his friends.

Sunday Schools and Bands of Hope.—Recently, in a letter, the Rev. W. Caine, M.A., said, in reply to a published letter from a Sunday-school teacher, appealing for more life and energy to be thrown into the Church of England Sunday-school system:—"I wish to point out to your correspondent one cause of the great number of children in Dissenting schools. Most of the Sunday-schools conducted by Dissenters have Bands of Hope connected with them; whereas very few of the Church Sunday-schools in Manchester and its neighbourhood have these valuable auxiliaries. Parents, especially amongst the poor, even if they are fond of intoxicating drinks themselves, wish to see their children grow up with habits of sobriety, and they prefer to send them to Sunday-schools where the teachers take such an interest in the temporal and spiritual welfare of the 'youug immortals' committed to their charge as to deny themselves the use of intoxicating drinks for their sake, and where the teachers form total abstinence societies for their scholars, which may be the means of rescuing some of them at least from the destruction to which they are exposed through the innumerable temptations placed in their way in the shape of gin-palaces, and public-houses, and beershops. The Church of England in this district is sadly behind the Dissenters as far as Bands of Hope are concerned. In a list now before me of bands of hope connected with the Manchester and Salford Band of Hope Union, out of 33 Bands of Hope only five or six belong to Church Sunday-schools. This ought not so to be. The national Church ought to be superior to every other religious body in every respect, and especially in care for the young, most of whom have been baptised by the Church clergy, but, alas! are afterwards in many instances neglected and unthought of by them. Let me most respectfully urge the clergy to form these useful societies, called Bands of Hope in their schools. They would see a marvellous change for the better amongst their scholars. Their number would increase, and their manners would be improved, and they would give infinitely less trouble to their teachers than Sunday-school scholars do at present. A spirit of earnestness prevails in a school in which there is a flourishing Band of Hope."

One of the "Men who have Risen."—At a social temperance gathering, George Lomax told the following story:—"Henry Hetherington published *The Poor Man's Guardian*, which struck the first practical blow at the obnoxious stamp-duties. The vendors used to sell a straw and give the paper. One day there came to their rendezvous, at New Cross-street, a youth, one of a class known in those days as a 'big piecer.' He told them that two of the news-vendors had just been taken to the New Bailey, and added to this effect:—'If I had something to start with, I would go out and sell them; for if they put me in prison they would have to keep me.' Lomax took round his hat, half-a-crown was raised; the lad was furnished with a supply of papers, went out, sold them, took care of the profits; and so on from little to more, till, by dint of industry, steadiness, and an aptitude for business, he achieved a position in society. The lad's name was Abel Heywood; and he is at the present moment the mayor of Manchester."

The Future of Dull Boys.—Parents should never despair because their children give little promise of eminence in early life. Douglas Jerrold was considered a dull boy; at nine years old he could scarcely read. Goldsmith was a very unpromising boy. Dryden, Swift, and Gibbon, in their earliest pieces, did not show any talent. The mother of Sheridan, herself a literary woman, pronounced him to be the dullest and most hopeless of her sons. The father of Barrow is said to have exclaimed: 'If it please God to take away any of my children, I hope it will be Isaac.' The injudicious parent regarded the lad as a miracle of stupidity, but he afterwards proved the glory of his family.

Short and Sweet.—A baby.

A fine coat often covers an intolerable fool, but never conceals one.

A lady, describing an ill-natured man, says, "He never smiles but he feels ashamed of it."

An indirect way of getting a glass of water at a boarding house is to call for a third cup of tea.

He who gives up is soon given up; and to consider ourselves of no use is the almost certain way to become useless.

True.—There is no doubt whatever, that the consumption of wine and beer among the young people of "respectable" families is greatly on the increase, and unless something in the way of limitation be done to arrest the growing evil, these will be a necessity for taking refuge in a much more sweeping reformation. The Universities are setting an example of freedom in the constant use of stimulants, which is infecting the whole country.—*Christinn Spectator.*

Her Majesty and the Use of the "Weed."—It may be interesting to the public in general, and more especially to the smoking section, to learn that the use of tobacco for smoking purposes within the precincts of Windsor Castle has been prohibited by the express command of Her Majesty the Queen.

TEARS.—Robert Hall considered the word "tears" surpassingly beautiful. It belongs to the Saxon family he so dearly loved. The tear itself often glows like a diamond on the cheek where the rose and lily blend. Its moral beauty, as a perfect daguerre of compassion and benevolence, is the greater. There are tears of gratitude, of joy. These sparkle like the morning dew. There are tears of penitence. Angels celebrate them with their heaveuly harps.

FAVOURITES.—Men who are really most fond of the society of ladies, who cherish for them a high respect, nay, reverence them, are seldom most popular with the sex. Men of more assurance, whose tongues are lightly hung, who make words supply the place of ideas, and place compliment in the room of sentiment, are the favourites. A true respect for women leads to respectful actions towards them; and respect is usually a distant action, and this great distance is taken by them for neglect and want of interest.

ONE SOUL.—We know that one human soul if deeply stirred and truly inspired, having a just conception of the evil, a clear conviction of individual duty, and an ardent desire to perform it with a conscious dependence on divine power and co-operation, can, and may accomplish vast good. He may become a second Father Mathew of Moral Suasion; a second Neal Dow to lead the hosts of future Prohibitionists, or a second Dr. Lees, to be the future champion, expounder, and teacher of temperance and prohibition.

LITERATURE.

Our Life Abstainers—Where are they? By JOSEPH A. HORNER. London: J. Caudwell, 335, Strand, 1863.—This production of Mr. Horner's is of great value, and will, we hope, lead to investigation and discussion. He says:—"I am a Life Abstainer, and I count it no small honour to be able to say that I have never learnt the taste of any intoxicating liquor whatever. Fortunately my parents and grand-parents on both sides of our family were amongst the first to join the ranks of the pioneers of the Total Abstinence movement, and consequently, I was in childhood shielded from the dangers that lie lurking in the wine cup, and when I reached the age of thought and reason, and began to decide and act for myself, I became from solemn conviction what I had previously been from necessity—an earnest, thorough-going teetotaler. It was early impressed upon my mind by the teaching and example of near relatives that in no way could religion, morality, and truth, be so greatly advanced as by the successful carrying out of the Temperance Reformation. This idea has guided my life hitherto, and will, I trust, continue to do so whilst I have health and strength to use in the good cause. But whilst I always feel proud to avow myself a Life Abstainer, I often feel pained at finding so few persons whose whole lives have been identified with the Temperance cause amongst those who are actively engaged in endeavouring to promote sobriety. In London I can only refer to a very small number of Life

Abstainers, who, like my indefatigable friends, Lieutenant Malthouse and Mr. John James Faning, are working hard in the dissemination of Temperance truths; and from what I know of the cause in the Provinces, I fear that there a similar state of things exists. It is therefore well that we should enquire what are the reasons why, as a rule, the children of the early teetotalers have either given up their abstinence principles, or ceased to take an interest in the movement? During the thirty-two years that have elapsed since the banner of Temperance was first uplifted in this country, there ought to have grown up a generation of standard bearers consecrated from the hour of their birth to the noble enterprise. There ought now to have been an army of Life Abstainers in the fore-front of the battle-field. But alas! it is not so. All honour to the men who are bravely fighting with the grim warrior, Intemperance! Posterity will recognize the value of their efforts, and glorify their names. But how many of these have often to revert to the gloom of a dark yesterday, when they were enchained and helpless in the hands of the enemy, and how few can say that they have never known his loathsome touch! And why is this? Is it not because—1st. Teetotalers in endeavouring to benefit the world at large have sometimes neglected their home duties. 2nd. The over-strictness of abstaining parents has often resulted in evil. 3rd. The giving of wine and other liquors to strangers at the houses of abstainers has led children to suppose that the drink could not be harmful. 4th. The advice of medical men has misled many. 5th. The temptations of the liquor traffic are too great to be easily withstood. 6th. The injudicious conduct of the older teetotalers in dealing with young Life Abstainers has had a discouraging effect. 7th. The foolish assertions of Temperance advocates that all the hard work of the movement has been done, has induced some persons to think that there was no need for them to exert themselves. 8th. Marriages with non-teetotalers have alienated not a few." All these propositions are expounded and illustrated in a terse and simple style, which will commend itself to all who admire good sense. We thank Mr. Horner for his timely book, and trust it will induce many to cultivate more and more diligently a wise course with the young.

Seed-lives: their Sowing and Reaping. By ELIHU BURRITT. London: S. W. Partridge, 9, Paternoster Row.—"There are Seed-lives as well as Seed-thoughts." The lives of Elizabeth Fry, Sarah Martin, and Mrs. Mullens, were seed-lives—that is, their influence affected other holy women, and induced them to devote themselves to good and blessed work. Such is the key to Mr. Burritt's charming little book. It contains, among other interesting matter, a sketch of Miss Adeline Cooper's benevolent labours in Westminster. Mr. Burritt says:—"We have before us a few facts relating to the Duck Lane Working-men's Club, Westminster. This, perhaps, may be fairly called the pioneer institution, and mainly owes its existence to the indefatigable exertions of Miss Adeline Cooper. It was the outcropping of one of the Seed-lives to which we have referred; illustrating the rapid germination of the beautiful and blessed thoughts of Christian benevolence in these latter days. Just notice the order in which this Clubroom was utilized to the best good of its members, and all by and of themselves. It was first opened in December, 1860, for the men of the neighbourhood, and consisted of only one room at the outset. Forty working-men enrolled their names on the first night. The subscription fee

was one halfpenny a week—a sum hardly sufficient to pay for a short pipe bowl full of tobacco. For this halfpenny they had the use of this large room, well warmed and lighted, with daily and weekly papers, monthly periodicals, and a library of above one hundred volumes, with full liberty to discuss any subject, provided no annoyance was caused to brother members. Reading, conversation, and a few other sources of social enjoyment, occupied the evenings of the first month. In the course of the next, January, 1861, a new feature was introduced, giving the institution a more utilitarian character. A Penny Bank was commenced, which has been open three nights a week ever since. About £100. have been paid in, and the greater portion withdrawn from time to time. Then, almost simultaneously with this, a new department of entertainment and instruction was opened. A course of lectures was commenced, continuing to the end of July in each year. Thirty-six have already been given, on a great variety of interesting subjects, many of them illustrated by diagrams and chemical experiments. Next a Labour Loan Society was formed; enabling a member of the society, at the end of three months, to borrow a specified sum, which is repaid in weekly instalments. Above £120. have been paid in, by about eighty members, which have been constantly circulating in small loans, the accounts being audited, and a dividend declared and added to each member's stock every quarter. And what a lesson in probity and honour might the great moneyed institutions and commercial speculators of the country learn from the financial transactions of this little company of costermongers, coalheavers, porters &c.! During the year and nine months that this Loan Society has been in operation, not a farthing has been lost by the defalcation or dishonesty of a borrower. Before the first year of the club had come to a close, the single room was found to be far too small for the constantly increasing members, and for the several operations carried on; so an upper story was added to the building and opened at the first anniversary meeting, in December, 1861. The second year was opened with the formation of a Temperance Society; as a number of the members had become total abstainers. The next operation was to establish a Sick Fund; the payment of one penny per week insuring five shillings a-week in case of sickness. The last enterprise originated in connection with the institution, is a Barrow Club, designed for the especial benefit of the costermongers, who frequently go on for years paying for the *hire* of their barrows and trucks, not being able to buy them outright, as they cost from fifty shillings to five pounds. During the six months from the organization of this Barrow Club, five barrows have been purchased for its members. Now all the societies, and the club itself, are managed entirely by committees and secretaries chosen from the body of the members who give their services gratuitously. Indeed, the only paid person about the establishment is the room-keeper, whose duty it is to keep the premises clean, have the fires and gas lighted, and the papers ready by the time of opening at six o'clock, and make and serve coffee to the members. No wonder that the list of members is constantly increased by poor labouring-men, coming up from the lowest lanes of poverty and sin, to home their evenings in such a refuge from temptation, and to take hold of such a helpful companionship, in climbing up to a happier life. The premises, says Miss Cooper, are again too small. There are about 400 members on the book; and above 120 men have been frequently crowded into the Clubroom, which will only accommodate about eight-

comfortably, while, for several weeks, numbers have been refused admission for want of space.

"We have thus dwelt upon the institution and gradual development of the Duck Lane Working-men's Club, because it is probably one of the first, if not the very oldest, established in England, and also because it embraces so many distinct and admirable operations. Just look at its weekly bill of fare, the order of exercises, and number of enterprises:—

Sunday.—Religious Services, from 7 p.m. to 8 p.m.
Monday.—Barrow Club, 6.30 to 8. Reading & Writing Class, 8.30 to 10.
Tuesday.—Penny Bank, 6.30 to 7.30. Lectures, 8 to 10.
Wednesday.—Working-men's Club Loan Society Meeting, 8 to 10.
Thursday.—Penny Bank, 6.30 to 7.30. Bible Class, 8 to 10.
Friday.—Reading, Writing, and Ciphering Classes, 8 to 10.
Saturday.—Singing Class, 7 to 8. Penny Bank, 8.30 to 9.30.

"Scores of Working-men's Halls, or Clubs, are now in successful operation in different parts of the kingdom, differing a little in their organisation, but all with the same general object in view. They are to the mental and moral wants of the labouring masses, in large towns, what the Drinking Fountains are to their parched lips in hot days of summer. 'Blessed is the man who, passing through the valley of Baca, maketh it a well.' Blessed be the memory of the man who opened the first Drinking Fountain; and blessed, a hundred fold, be the men and women, who are opening these wells of salvation, as it were in the very deserts of moral life, making those deserts blossom and breathe with the flower and fragrance of spiritual regeneration."

The Great Curse of England. By the Rev. G. W. M'CREE. London: W. Tweedie, 337, Strand; J. Caudwell, 335, Strand.—The *Temperance Star*, speaks of this publication in the following terms:—"Mr. M'Cree discourses from Galatians v. 19-21, in his usual terse and impressive style, showing the 'moral position,' 'characteristics,' and 'awful penalty,' of drunkenness. It is a sermon to be scattered far and wide by thousands.

Annals of the United Kingdom Band of Hope Union.

LAMBETH BATHS, WESTMINSTER ROAD.

The United Kingdom Band of Hope Union are now occupying this immense building, every Friday evening, by holding meetings of children. About two thousand are gathered, by means of free tickets, and instructed and entertained in various ways. Hitherto, every meeting has been a great success, and we believe that great good is being done. We append a brief account of the meetings held:—

Nov. 13th. Opening Meeting. Lecture, with Dissolving Views, on "The Village," by Mr. S. Shirley. W. West, Esq., chairman.

Nov. 20th. Band of Hope Meeting. W. J. Haynes, Esq., Treasurer of the United Kingdom Band of Hope Union, in the chair.

Nov. 27th. Lecture, with Dissolving Views, on "The Wonders of Nature," by Mr. G. Blaby. Mr. M. W. Dunn, in the chair.

Dec. 4th. Lecture with Dissolving Views, on "Scenes from many Lands," by W. Olney, Esq. An address was also delivered by Thomas Olney, jun., Esq., Superintendent of the Metropolitan Tabernacle Sunday School, and Mr. C. Starling.

Dec. 11th. Panorama of "The Two Great Fires of London." Mr. M. W. Dunn, chairman.

Dec. 18th. Lecture on "Chemistry," with many brilliant experiments, by Mr. A. Hawkins, jun. Addresses by the Rev. G. W. M'Cree, and Mr. R. Nicol.

On Friday Evening, Jan. 15th, a GREAT TEA MEETING, for Parents and Children, will be held, when Samuel Morley, Esq. the President of the Union, will preside. The addresses will be delivered by the Rev. Robert Maguire, M.A., and the Rev. G. W. M'Cree, and also by Joseph Payne, Esq., Elihu Burritt, Esq., and William Olney, Esq. W. J. Haynes, Esq. will explain a series of Dissolving Views, illustrative of "Swiss Scenery," and Mr. and Mrs. Fletcher will entertain the audience with music and singing. The children's tickets will be sixpence, and the parents' do. ninepence. Tickets must be bought previously. We hope all our friends will attend this great gathering.

The following well-known leaders of the Temperance Movement have consented to become Vice-Presidents of the United Kingdom Band of Hope Union:—

The Very Reverend the DEAN of CARLISLE, Carlisle.
The Rev. ROBERT MAGUIRE, M.A., Clerkenwell.
The Rev. THOMAS RICHARDSON, St. Matthias, St. George's-in-the-East.
The Rev. W. ANTLIFF, Derby.
The Rev. THOMAS PENROSE, Stepney.
The Rev. JABEZ BURNS, Porteus Road, Paddington.
The Rev. J. W. MATHEWS, Boston.
The Rev. J. CLIFFORD, B.A., 22, Fulham Place, Paddington.
F. J. THOMPSON, Esq., Bridgwater.
J. H. COTTERELL, Esq., Bewdley Villa, Bath.
The Rev. J. VALE MUMMERY, Victoria Park Road.
W. LAWSON, Esq. M.P., Arkleby Hall, Aspatria, Cumberland.
THOMAS, CASH, Esq., Adelaide Place, London Bridge.
The Rev. J. H. WILSON, Blomfield Street, London.
The Rev. WILLIAM MARSH, D.D., Beckenham Rectory.
The Rev. STOPFORD J. RAM, Pavenham, Bedford.

W. H. Darby, Esq., Brymbo, Wrexham.
The Rev. H. Gibson, Fyefield Rectory, Ongar.
Ebenezer Clarke, Esq., jun., Walthamstow.
The Rev. J. Spencer Pearsall, 38, Denby Street, Warwick Square.

Young Men's Christian Association, 165, Aldersgate street, City.—Our friend, Mr. Udall, who is an active member of this society, brought forward the subject of total abstinence before the attention of its members at the Discussion Class, on Wednesday evening, Dec. 23rd, 1863. An animated debate ensued. The physical, social, moral and religious aspects were considered. Arguments, both *pro* and *con.*, were advanced. Many of the young men who attend this institution are sabbath school teachers, and the special duty of those engaged in the training of the young to support temperance principles was urged upon them. Would it not be well if our friends throughout the country who are connected with similar societies, would agitate the question in this way, and thus secure the attention of a class of persons who do not ordinarily attend our meetings? It is much to be regretted that, after all the efforts of Temperance Reformers, so large an amonnt of ignorance prevails as to our arguments by the thoughtful and religious public.

During the month, Mr. G. Blaby has attended meetings as under:—Denmark Street, twice; Lambeth Baths, twice; Whitfield Chapel, twice; Calthorpe Street; Mission Hall, Five Dials, twice; Bethnal Green; Little Wild Street; Working Men's Club, Duck Lane; Ogle Mews; St. Paul's, Clerkenwell; Borough road; Holloway; Grays, Essex; Dalston; Stoke Newington; Poplar; Enfield; Reading; and Tunbridge Wells. He has also preached eight sermons, and addressed three sunday schools.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

All communications should be written on one side of the paper only.

Names and Addresses should be written very plainly.

Intelligence should be sent early.

Books for Review, Articles for the Record, &c., may be sent to the Editor at No. 37, Queen Square, London.

J. Bale, Printer, 78, Great Titchfield-street, Marylebone.

BAND OF HOPE RECORD.

WORDS IN MY OWN DEFENCE.

By the Rev. G. W. M'CREE.

Coarse abuse is not unfrequeutly flung at the temperance reformer, and hard speeches are thought to be the best treatment for him. He is a fanatic, a humbug, a fool, and a hypocrite. No term of contempt is too acrid for him.

Refined censure is sometimes substituted for vulgar abuse. The total abstainer is an ascetic, prejudiced against innocent beverages, too timid, a little infected with ultra-philanthropy, averse to social enjoyment, not entirely free from mistake, and so on.

The total abstainer is also exposed to social exile. Evening parties are held without him. "He will not drink wine, my dear Mrs. Jones, and therefore we don't ask him to our evening assembly." "Why," saith the Rev. John Thomas, "you are not going to invite Smith to preach at the opening of your chapel, are you? Don't you know he'll drink the Queen's health in water?" "But Smith, sir, is a most admirable preacher, a kind friend, and a good man." "So he is," quoth Thomas, "but you see he won't drink wine, so don't invite him."

So wags the world and the church. Now we want to know what there is in total abstinence from "wine and strong drink" to justify coarse abuse, refined censure, or social exclusion. It is time we maintained a more manly tone in reference to the treatment we receive from men of vulgar minds, ladies of fashionable habits, and the leaders of political and religious parties. Too long have we brooked insult, and dwelt in the cold shade of society. We have avowed our principles with trembling. We have blushed when desired to define our position. We have tacitly acknowledged that we might be insulted with impunity. It is time to stand on higher ground. There is no moral grandeur in moral cowardice. There is no greatness in trifling with conscientious convictions. We have a right to our place in the world, and that place is not in the pillory. God has entitled us to a nobler position. Most righteously may we take a place in the ranks of the world's worthies. Let who may wallow in the social slums, or hide their heads in the shadowy places of the world, we have no right there, and should

not consent to occupy a vile position. Is there no sunlight for us? Have we committed a grave crime? Are we savages? Is there no wisdom in us? Do we feed swine? Can it be said that we have no claims upon society and the church of God? *What have we done to deserve contumely?*

The reply is ready—*We have abstained from intoxicating drinks.* No other charge can be made: no other charge could be justly brought against us. This alone is our great and daring offence. If we are hated, it is because of our resolute nonconformity to the drinking customs of our country.

This, then, is our crime. Now, we will vindicate it. We will show that it is not a crime. We believe that our practice is *necessary.* For sixty centuries man has dwelt on the earth, and for thousands of years drunkenness has blighted his physical, intellectual, and moral nature. Every land has mourned because of intemperance. Its victims swell the register of every cemetery, and fill countless cells in the gaols of the world. If ever the advocacy of a panacea failed, that of moderate drinking has done so. The cure has not cured. It has perpetuated the disease, and spread still more widely the awful plague of vice. Is not a radical remedy needed? Is not the time come to cut down the corrupt tree? How else can we prevent another harvest of buds, blossoms, and fruit of the most deadly kind? We affirm that the regeneration of society cannot possibly be accomplished without the aid of temperance principles. Where they operate, education, cleanliness, love, prayer, and piety begin to spread like sunbeams on a mountain slope when the clear morning shineth from above, and therefore we firmly believe that total abstinence is necessary to the universal welfare and elevation of mankind.

Is not total abstinence *patriotic?* What is the present state of our country as to morals? Is it worthy of the reputation of England? Intemperance is the moral pestilence of the land. Look, for example, at the recent election for Andover. A morning journal, writing of it, says:—

"Mobs of roughs paraded the streets during the whole night, shouting for Humphery or for Hawkshaw, in whose interest—though not, we hope, at their expense—these zealous partisans had indulged in "a long debauch." Nor did they confine themselves to shouting. They hammered at the doors and windows of the public-houses to procure yet more beer, and insisted on being "treated" even at the White Hart Hotel! Neither the respectability of that hostelry, nor the symbolism of its sign-board protecting it from the ardour of these nocturnal bands. From these assaults on public-houses the "roughs" proceeded to attacks on private

individuals and their dwellings. "A gentleman named Charity" was severely maltreated and his house beseiged—probably for no better reason than that large quantities of crockery "were obtained and smashed." When the authors of these freaks could find nobody else to buffet, they took to pummelling each other, and so wore away the night. With day-break came fresh scenes of excitement. "Everybody was astir in preparation for the polling." It commenced, of course, at eight o'clock and continued till four, during all which time "vast crowds" thronged the neighbourhood of the Guildhall, and the roughs paraded the streets, anxiously waiting the hour at which they might seize upon the hustings as their lawful prey, at the risk of killing themselves or any innocent spectator."

Would total abstainers, even in the midst of a hotly contested election, have perpetrated such outrages? A sober population never riots. Strong drink is infused into every street fight, and every public row. Gangs of teetotalers never assault the police, nor disturb the public peace. All the beer in the world would not bribe an honest member of a temperance society, and as for such scenes as were witnessed in Andover, they are simply the natural effect of our drinking customs. What then can be more patriotic than to abstain from what is our country's curse? To use drink is to prolong the moral disease which all virtuous men deplore. To give it is to sanction and exalt a foolish practice, and to tempt men to sin. And therefore to avoid it is high and glorious patriotism.

Is not total abstinence *elevating?* Men affect to despise us because we do not drink with them. The worm might as well pretend to despise the golden eagle because he does not crawl beside it. We seek a higher region of thought, feeling, joy, and life, than can be found amid the fumes of the festive board. God hath called us upward—ordained us to brighter circles. To be "down among the dead men," to drink and grow stupid, to swallow wine, and lose the purer joys of the soul may suit many, it does not suit us.

In a purer clime
My being fills with rapture; waves of thought
Roll in upon my spirit; streams sublime
Break over me unsought.

Give me now my lyre!
I feel the stirrings of a gift divine,
Within my bosom glows unearthly fire,
Lit by no skill of mine.

The lyre of the soul is most sweet when the soul is most pure, and therefore water is the best drink of men. It casts

no shadow on the life. It darkens no home. It corrupts no heart. It ruins no hope for ever. Were water to become the common drink of Englishmen, the social life of the people would leap forward a hundred years in one. As things are, what hard work it is to lift even one family from the slough of poverty, dirt, and wretchedness.

Lamentable facts have come to light, showing how the bottle degrades even educated and professedly religious persons. A clergyman in Cumberland, for instance, has been charged with drunkenness. In a newspaper we read thus:—

"Mr. Joseph Donald, of Arlosh House, yeoman, deposed:—Mr. Wrightman lodged at my house for six years, and left about five weeks ago. I have had a letter from him since, bearing the Liverpool post-mark. He owes me £101 for board and lodging. I have frequently seen him the worse for liquor during the last two years, when he got into company, and drank freely. Latterly I think the habit of drinking grew upon him, as he got much worse. I have many times seen him drinking in public-houses."

Then what an awful fall takes place when a lady drinks. A popular metropolitan clergyman is seeking to be divorced from his wife, on the ground of her immoral conduct. His brother—we quote the published account of the trial—said:—

"The Rev. James Rooker said that he was incumbent of Lower Gornell, in Staffordshire, and a magistrate, and his father resided in the same parish. His brother, the petitioner, had a cure at Christchurch, Winchester, Virginia, and afterwards at St. Paul's, Louisville, Kentucky. His brother returned to England in 1843, but went back to America. He came to this country in 1853, and he and his wife lived first in Buckinghamshire, and afterwards at Mornington crescent, in London. His brother was too kind to his wife, *who was almost constantly drunk*. She went back to America, but on the breaking out of the American war in 1861 she returned to England, but from her intemperate habits it was arranged that she should leave her husband, and come to his neighbourhood. She lived with him at his house at first, but he afterwards placed her in a cottage at the bottom of his garden. She had an allowance from her husband, which witness paid her regularly. About the end of 1862 he heard rumours in the parish which induced him to have her residence watched. On the 31st of December, 1862, his children went to drink tea with her, and he called later in the evening. There were two or three persons present who were practising music together, and Mrs. Rooker was showing the company how the niggers danced. Mrs. Rooker was not sober."

The temperance pledge would have been an unspeakable blessing to these degraded persons. But how many will take warning? Not many. Thousands more will fall. Nay, millions more will

perish. Alas! that the christian church does not at once adopt a practice which would immediately raise the moral tone of the whole community, and promote the conversion of the world to righteousness.

We are not ashamed of our adherence to the temperance cause. As soon would we be ashamed of the Bible. To assist in reforming the drunkard is not anything to be ashamed of. To aid in preventing the spread of intemperance in the ranks of sober men is a truly benevolent work. We will go on to the end. There is a reward for the man who serves his generation according to the will of God, and in adhering to the temperance movement we *are* serving God. Is IT NOT SO?

THE MERRIEST OF MEN.

TUNE—*Nelly Gray.*

I have wandered in my folly 'mid the scenes of vice and crime;
I have thrown many precious hours away;
Oh! I look with pain and sorrow, on that worse than wasted time,
And I wish I had never gone astray.

For I'm happy all the day, since I threw the glass away,
And I'll never take to drinking any more;
With water from the fountain flashing in each sunny ray,
I have health and I've happiness in store.

Let the drinkers in the tavern, in their wild and drunken glee,
Shout the praise of the rosy god of wine;
But to sing the praise of water, as it sparkles fresh and free,
Let the glad and the cheerful task be mine. For &c.

With the lark at early morning I can sing a cheerful song,
Or at night when the nightingale is heard;
Let me listen in the meadow, where the river sweeps along,
To the voice of each water-drinking bird. For, &c.

In the dew-drop on the flower, or the heavy sounding sea,
Or the stream leaping down the mountain glen,
"There is beauty none can barter, and it all belongs to me."
I'm the richest and the merriest of men. For, &c.

HONOR THE ROPE.

A Sunday-school teacher was talking to her class about

honoring their parents, and to show the difference between honour and fear, she said,—

"Suppose a mother has a rope in her hands and shakes it at May and John, and they mind her only when they see the rope; do they honor their mother?"

"No!" replied the members of the class very promptly, and one little one added, "They honor the rope!"

Little reader, do *you* honor the rope? or do you, for very love and respect to your mother, go and do immediately and cheerfully what she bids you, without waiting for her to repeat the request? Nay, more, do you, even in your mother's absence, delight to do the things that you know she would approve, whether she has requested you to do them or not? And do you do all this, when perhaps of your free choice you would do otherwise? If so, you are a happy child, for you honor your mother. The approbation of good men and the smile of God is upon you. Go on and prosper. Live long in the land, and enjoy the good things that the Lord gives to you.—*S. S. Advocate.*

THE QUALIFICATIONS DESIRED IN A TEMPERANCE ADVOCATE.

By J. W. GREEN.

The subject is large and comprehensive; but on the present occasion I am compelled to state my views with considerable brevity.

1. The *first* and most obvious qualification desired in a Temperance advocate is, A THOROUGH KNOWLEDGE OF HIS SUBJECT: an intimate acquaintance with the Temperance question in all its multitudinous bearings.

He should well understand the character of *the* EVIL he has to combat. He should have adequate ideas of the prevalence of intemperance, of the numbers that indulge in its practices, of its cost, and of its consequences. He should understand how the social and compulsory drinking usages of the community of this country foster practices which exert a baneful influence on physical health—on mental vigour—on intellectual improvement—on independence—on general character; on the habits of industry, prudence, forethought and morality. He should see clearly that drunkenness is an evil, personal, domestic, and national; that it robs individuals of true comfort and enjoyment; *that it* introduces disorder, want, and misery into families; that

it inflicts heavy burdens upon the nation; and that it robs the Christian church of many useful members.

He should have some knowledge of *Physiology* and of *Chemistry*, that he may understand the nature and properties of intoxicating liquors; and that he may understand also how insidiously, and how certainly, they injure the delicate tissues, the muscular fibres, the whole organism of the human frame.

He should know enough of *Political Economy*, to be able to show the bearing of the temperance question upon labour, upon wages, upon the price of provisions, and upon trade and commerce in general.

He should be so far read in *History*, sacred and profane, as to show how men in every walk of life have been degraded, debased, and ruined, through the love of strong drink; how princes have perverted judgment—judges been made fools—and counsellors led away spoiled; how honourable men have been famished, and mighty men humbled; how even prophets and priests have erred in vision, and stumbled in judgment,—have been disgraced and destroyed; and how nations and empires, once great and flourishing, have, by intemperance and its concomitants, notwithstanding their glory, and pomp, and multitude, been brought low and laid in the dust,—made a hissing, a by-word, and a perpetual desolation.

He should be an *attentive Observer*, also, of what is daily and hourly passing around him; that he may understand and feel that Intemperance is a present, a vigilant, an ever-active, a most destructive evil; so that his exposure of it may have due weight and emphasis, and excite in the minds of his hearers a salutary alarm. And then, the Temperance Advocate should have a thorough knowledge of the REMEDY. He must enjoin total abstinence as the most appropriate, nay, as the only efficient, remedy for the evils of intemperance. Of course, he must himself be a sound, a practical, a pledged teetotaller: one who has adopted the practice, not from mere expediency, but from a thorough conviction of its necessity, its soundness, and its efficiency. He should so understand its various bearings as to be able to demonstrate that danger lurks in all drinks that intoxicate, whether distilled, fermented, or compounded,—from whatever country they come, whatever name they bear, or by whomsoever they are extolled or recommended; that they must be abstained from totally and entirely, at all seasons, in all places, and under all circumstances; and that total abstinence from them suits all constitutions, all ages, all occupations, and all cli-

mates. He should be able to assure those whom he addresses, that there is no one of them who will not be benefited by the practice; and that its general or universal adoption would be a blessing to the whole human family. He should have such confidence in the truth, the soundness, the power, of the total abstinence principle, as to believe that if he properly expounds it before an audience of rational, intelligent, reflecting persons, prejudice will be removed, ignorance dispelled, old opinions shaken, established customs and usages abolished, and the practice of strict sobriety become the rule of the community.

A man possessed of this various knowledge will be an intelligent, and may hope to be, also a successful Advocate. At the same time it will be readily seen that he must be *an indus- and diligent Student.* He must not make the advocacy of temperance a plaything or pastime. Though he may receive a remuneration for his services, he must engage in them *con amore*, and make it evident he is no mercenary hireling, but one whose whole heart and soul is in his work. Hence he must have his eyes and ears always open. While he carefully guards against *extravagant* or *exaggerated* statements, and more especially against *false* statements, he must make his memory such a rich storehouse of choice truths, that he may be able to bring forth "things new and old" for the entertainment and instruction of his hearers. New sources of information are daily opening; let him therefore

> "Seize upon truth where'er 'tis found,
> Amongst his friends, amongst his foes,
> On Christian or on Heathen ground;
> The flower's divine where'er it grows;
> Neglect the prickles, but assume the rose."

Far be it from me to say that no man is competent to advocate teetotalism who has not mastered all the branches of knowledge to which I have referred; but I do say that the more intelligent the Advocate, the greater the attention that will be paid to him, and the more certain his success.

THE RUINED PHYSICIAN.

Five and twenty years ago there was but a solitary dwelling-house at Berryton Links. It stood at the head of the undulating ground facing the bay. It was a newly-finished erection, and had been built by a long-headed gentleman, who had narrowly considered the locality, and pronounced it admirably fitted for sea-side quarters in the summer. Only five miles from the great bustling town of D——, what multitudes might not be expected to take advantage of its health-inspiring air and

sea-bathing, if only suitable accomodation were provided! The only difficulty in the way, was the want of ready communication with the place, the weekly carrier's van, that passed by the turnpike road a quarter of a mile off, for the antiquated country town of F——, being the only conveyance connected in any way with Berryton Links. But if a man were to stumble at a difficulty like that, he would not deserve success; so our speculator in sea-side villas set to work and built the solitary house already referred to. For the first season he proposed to occupy it himself; and by inviting a few friends to spend a few days with him by turns, now and again, he hoped to create a demand that would provide for a favourable investment of his capital, for it must be understood that our friend was a monied man.

Mr. Cochrane, this was the name of the first invader of the solitude of Berryton Links, kept a very hospitable board. His friends drank his wines and praised them, and he did not object to either, for he saw that his bait was takihg. His friends drank his wines; so also, unhappily, did his two sons, fine youths of seventeen and fifteen respectively. This, however, is only by the by. In the meantime nobody could challenge at any time their most perfect sobriety.

Two years after Mr. Cochrane's advent, there was a row of nearly a dozen beautiful cottages where the plover and the eider duck had so lately been the only tenants. Three years later still, other speculators had come upon the field, and as the Railway was about to be opened from D—— to F——, with a station at Berryton, houses rushed up as by magic; then shops were opened; then, before two cross streets were finished, appeared the traveller's supposed necessity, "The Inn." It was "The Cooper's Arms," though it was difficult to say what these might be, as there was no illustrative device, unless the yellow barrel set over the main door might be taken to portend the same.

When the population had reached something like a thousand souls, and it was felt to be exceedingly inconvenient to send to D——, or F——, for a doctor every time a child eat too much sweetcake, or a dyspeptic old gentleman became miserable after too free indulgence at the dinner table, the community began to think of inviting some member of the profession to take up his permanent residence amongst them. For their accomodation, however, in this respect, steps had already been taken, and one morning the aristocracy of Berryton, who had expected their own selection in the matter, were startled to see at the corner of Maule street, a newly-opened shop, having in the window three large bright coloured bottles, and on the door a shining brass plate, bearing the inscription, "Foster Cochrane, M.D."

The gentleman who had thus stolen a march on the Berrytonians, was the eldest son of the original projector of the Berryton villas. Having completed his studies, and graduated at the Metropolitan University with high honours—a fitting finish to a very brilliant career—Dr. Cochrane, who was yet only some three or four and twenty years of age, at his father's suggestion, resolved, before seeking a wider field for his talents, to try what he expected would be the comparatively easy practice at Berryton

Links, for a year or two, by way of experiment. Perhaps, had he made another choice, this tale wonld never have been to tell. Or had the Berryton practice been more extensive, the end would have been less disastrous. But the young doctor had much time on his hands, and a large portion of this was spent in visits other than professional. Of course, wine was freely used in those visits, aud often something stronger, and, "It can do you no harm," or, "Take it out," was then *insisted* on, for the temperance movement had not spread its light as at this day, nor had it accomplished that revolution in social manners, that now makes it the *etiquette* never to press one to drink.

Old Mr. Cochrane died some six or eight months after his son's professional establishment at Berryton, leaving a large fortune to be equally divided between the doctor and his younger brother. Six months later, Dr. Cochrane, not having now to depend on a precarious, and as yet unremunerative practice, for the support of an establishment, married, connecting himself with one of the best families in D——. The marriage was celebrated with all the festivities—revelries would be the more correct expression,—customary in those days; and after returning from their wedding tour, the happy couple had scores of visitors to receive, who almost all took wine,—then they had to return the visits, where *they* had to take the wine; then parties were got up for them—dinner and supper, as it might be in each case, where much wine and strong drink was consumed,—the doctor just now and then, in the joy of his heart, overstepping the line, but only a little.

All this while Dr. Cochrane's professional reputation was rising. Who so gentlemanly as he? Who so quick at taking up a case? Who so skilful in his treatment? Who so ready to oblige in an emergency? Who so willing to give his services *gratis* where circumstances seemed to press hard on a patient? Who, in short, was like Dr. Cochrane? Ere long no other doctor would be heard of in a circuit of four or five miles around Berryton. But the fatally delusive social practices were doing their work with him. The people who admired him so much were literally killing him with mistaken kindness. As the population grew, and his practice required more of his time, one here would insist on a glass of wine to "keep him up," another there would press a glass of this fine brandy, to "keep out the cold this winter day;" and so on, till once or twice he came home in too high spirits for natural causes to have produced. Then one out of doors noticed that the doctor's face was sometimes flushed at too early an hour in the day. The whisper ran, and he was cautiously observed; but still there was no ceasing from offering and pressing the pernicious element that was ruining him. By and bye, his hand was observed to shake a little in the morning. Then a mysterious rumour became current that a wrong drug, procured at the shop, from the doctor himself, had been administered to a child, and that before he had observed the blunder, the evil could not be remedied, for the child had died. Moreover the rumour said that the doctor was tipsy. Then his practice declined, another M.D. "set up" in the place, and Dr. Cochrane drank deeper than before.

A year or two passed amid many struggles with the appetite, and many earnest remonstrances from his friends. Once on his way to visit a "case" of sudden illness in the country, he stopped by the wayside, just to steady his nerves with a dram at the toll bar. There meeting a friend of kindred likings, he took "another," lingered an hour, and when he arrived at the scene to which he had been summoned, the patient was dead,—needlessly, as the doctor afterwards acknowledged, for examination proved that skill might have saved him. This fatal result of his terrible vice, induced the doctor to abandon strong drink altogether for a time. But how *could* he continue to resist without any countenance, the perpetual insistings of "Just a little, doctor?" He fell again, and this time he had a regular drinking-bout for three or four weeks, that ended in delirium tremens. Through this fearful time, with the assistance of two devoted friends, Mrs. Cochrane herself, nursed him. When he recovered, which was after a long period, a change seemed to have passed over the doctor. His place in the church, which had so seldom in more prosperous days received him, was now regularly occupied, and he earnestly joined in the petition to be enabled to resist temptation. But, alas for poor humanity!

For twelve months, Dr. Cochrane had been a sober man, and again the community trusted him, and his skill again brought him honour in the profession to which, amid all his degradation, he remained enthusiastically attached. One night he was called away—it was in the month of January—to a consultation of physicians on a peculiar case, at a house some three miles distant in the country. On his way home he proposed visiting a patient a little out of the line of road by which he should return, so that if he should be a little late, he counselled Mrs. Cochrane not to be uneasy. The discussion between the brethren of the diploma was lengthened, and occasionally a little excited. At such a moment, Dr. Cochrane swallowed a little brandy and water that had been mixed by one of the others present, for himself. With that the sleeping demon was roused, and he drank again shortly after leaving the consultation, filled with contempt for what he loftily considered the asinine stupidity of his colleagues.

Half an hour's walk partially restored him to himself, and brought him to the side of his patient, almost fit to discharge his duty with steadiness. His slight shakiness was set down to the account of the cold, and the everlasting remedy was produced. Very readily now he accepted what three hours ago he would have emphatically rejected. He drank, prescribed for his patient, drank again, and then, being excellent company in such a condition, he was pressed to stay to supper, which he did. About midnight he left, refusing all aid, and groping his way in a state of semi-blindness over the moor.

Mrs. Cochrane having an ill-defined dread over her spirit all the evening, had dismissed the household early to bed, resolving herself to await her husband's return. One, two, and three o'clock in the morning had struck, when, suddenly, without any warning footsteps, a loud ring of the bell startled her, and made her hurry to the door. But what makes her feel faint and chill? She imagines for a moment she sees her husband's spirit, but her rallying faculties shew it to be himself, unclothed, except

in his shirt. As it subsequently appeared, he had become totally oblivious of his position, and taking off his clothes, had carefully laid them in a heap on the wayside, crowning them with his watch and guard, whose glittering in the starlight attracted a countryman's attention as he passed before daylight, on the way to D——.

The doctor rose from bed that day, only to resume old habits, bringing on ere long, another fit of the frightful delirium. Guarded as before by faithful friends, it was found necessary to remove from his room, because of his violence, everything but the bed on which he lay. From that bed after some days it became evident, he would never rise in health again. Alternately screaming with terror, and raving with rage, and cunningly aiming blows at his watchers, he at last suddenly sprang to the bed post, up which he climbed, and to the top of which he clung monkey-like, evidently preparing himself for a leap. It was impossible to prevent him. Away he dashed in an access of madness, in the direction of the window. Falling short of his aim, he struck his head on the floor, and was taken up dead.

Whither fled the spirit of Dr. Cochrane? Even Charity becomes indignant, as she answers: "Where? where?"

The drinking usages of society were responsible for his doom; and so are they still for many a one, equally dreadful.

WHAT THE NEWSPAPERS REPORT.

Charge of Drunkenness against a Congregation.—On Sunday week the minister of a large congregation in Dundee was interrupted in the course of his forenoon sermon by the repeated coughing of his auditors. Pausing in the midst of his observations, he addressed his congregation to the following effect;—"You go about the streets at the New Year time; you get drunk, and get cold, then you come here and cough—cough like a park of artillery. I think I must give you a vacation of six weeks, that you may have time to get sober, and to regain your health again." He thereafter went on with his discourse, which was concluded amid much greater quiet than it had been begun; but just as the congregation was dismissing, an indignant seat-holder in the gallery rose up and loudly declared that the remarks of the pastor were nothing less than an insult to the whole congregation.—*Dundee Courier.*

Dr. Burns' Annual Temperance Sermon.—The twenty-fourth annual sermon on temperance, delivered in New Church street Chapel by the Rev. Dr. Burns, was preached on Sunday afternoon last. The preliminary services were conducted by the Rev. Dawson Burns, and the text selected by Dr. Burns was from Esther viii., 6, "For how can I endure to see the evil that shall come unto my people? or how can I endure to see the destruction of my kindred?" On this very appropriate passage the Rev. gentleman founded a forcible and persuasive discourse, showing the existence of a plot or system among ourselves charged with peril to all classes and interests of society, and the feelings and resolutions

which should in consequence be excited. Before concluding his sermon, he urged the text as supplying a sufficient reason for total abstinence, a call to practical action, and a hope of eventual success. The attendance was especially good considering the state of the weather; some persons had travelled several miles to be present, a proof that this anniversary occasion had lost none of its former attractions. A collection made on behalf of the North-West London Temperance Society exceeded the average of recent years.

A Drunken Captain.—At the Liverpool Police court, ten seamen, forming part of the crew of the ship Golden Eagle, which sailed from the Mersey last week, bound to Sydney, were charged with having been guilty of mutiny when the vessel was near Holyhead. The specific accusations against the prisoners were that they had refused to proceed to sea under the command of their captain, and that they had unlawfully entered his cabin and deprived him of his liberty by binding his hands and feet with a rope. On the other side, it was urged that the lives of the crew and passengers had been placed in jeopardy by the drunkenness of the captain, and that under these circumstances the steps taken to bring the ship back to Liverpool were prudent and justifiable.—Mr. Raffles, the stipendiary magistrate, being convinced that the defence was well founded, discharged all the prisoners.—*Liverpool Mercury.*

Assaulting a Child.—William Hopkins was charged before Mr. Partridge with an assault upon his own child. Constable: On Saturday evening the prisoner's wife gave him into custody. She told me that he had taken up his little boy and flung him on the floor so violently that she thought the child was dead. Prisoner, who is a harness-maker, living in the neighbourhood of the court, was very drunk when I took him, and a doctor ordered the boy's instant removal to the hospital, where he has been until now. Mr. Partridge: Where is the certificate? Constable: I did not have one, sir. I believe the wife was told there was not any necessity to give one. Mr. Partridge: How am I to know what extent of injury has been inflicted unless I have a certificate? The child would not have been detained in a hospital two or three days for a trifling hurt. Where is the boy? Prisoner's wife: He is here, sir, quite well now. I hope you will be lenient to my husband. He is a kind man to all of us. Mr. Partridge: Kind! What did he do to the child? Wife: He came home mad with drink on Boxing Day, took up the boy, held him high, and then (hesitating)—let him fall. Mr. Partridge: Where was he hurt? Could he get up? Wife: He was stiff, and insensible, but is quite well now, sir. Pray be lenient. The child, apparently about eight years of age, was questioned by the magistrate, and said that nothing ailed him. Mr. Partridge: You gave your husband into custody. Wife: Oh, I was mad at seeing my child in such a state. I'm sure my husband did not know what he was about. He never struck me or any of the children. Mr. Partridge (to prisoner): This is one of the results of drunkenness. Think how narrowly you have escaped standing in that dock on a most serious charge. Your wife speaks highly of you. That is fortunate. Let your present position be a salutary warning to you. I shall permit

you to enter into your own recognisances to keep the peace. Prisoner, who evidently felt much ashamed of his conduct, was then discharged.—*Morning Star.*

COUNSELS AGAINST COLD.

(From the Medical Times.)

We must not forget that the clear frosty weather which has set in is sure to be followed by a large increase in the number of deaths. Without doubt, frost is good for the whole population in the long run. It kills vermin, breaks up the soil, and renders it more fertile; it gives the power of taking brisk, exhilarating exercise, and it keeps up in the active and vigorous part of our race the power of bearing hardships generally. Healthy people find their spirits, appetite, and strength the better for it. Yet there is a heavy fine to pay for these advantages, in the sickness aud death of the infant, and aged, and feeble amongst us. The question comes before us—Ought we not, with increase of physical and physiological knowledge, to be able to reap the benefits, and escape the penalty?

Amongst deaths that occur in cold weather, let us consider, first, those due to improper exposure. A short time ago Dr. Lankester held an inquest on an aged gentleman who had gone out fasting to partake of the holy communion, early in the morning, at one of the churches in Marylebone. He died suddenly in the church. During the hard winter of 1860-61, we noticed in this journal similar cases of sudden death amongst the aged. When the power of rapidly producing heat is lost, a worn out heart or lung may easily be paralysed by too low a temperature. For one, however who dies suddenly out of doors, there are hundreds who die slowly at home; the venous blood, whose heat has been lost, and its chemical changes deranged, stagnates in the lungs—hence the congestion and bronchitis which so largely swell the registrar's return. With the aged then, as well as with children too young or too feeble to take active exercise, if there be a doubt as to the power of withstanding cold, the patient should have the benefit of the doubt, and be kept at home.

Much has been said, and well said, about the necessity for warm clothing, more especially for keeping the limbs of young children warm, as well as the trunk. It should never be forgotten that blood, thoroughly chilled, is poison to the lungs. But something more besides clothing is needed. This preserves warmth, but does not create it or distribute it. Feet cold as frogs, and quite as damp and flabby from cold perspiration, may be muffled hopelessly in the thickest stockings and boots. But take off these wrappings, which shut out the air, and use soap and water and a good rubbing, and they become warm at once. The custom of dressing for dinner, *i.e.*, removing the warm out-of-door garments, and substituting something lighter, after a good polish with soap and towels, is pre-eminently conducive to health. The colder the weather the more does the skin require the warm or cold souce, and the hearty rubbing.

But here we are met with difficulties arising from an odious piece of

stinginess. Young people must not "dress," we are told, lest they should catch cold in their bedrooms; and they must be excused if they cut short their morning toilette, because it is so cold. Of course. But why not give them a fire in their bedroom? Ought not we to be ashamed of squandering money on delicacies for the belly and finery for the back, and denying our poor children comforts necessary for cleanliness and health? How we wish that, instead of buying Christmas "half dozen" hampers of gin, some people would treat themselves to an extra ton of coals. In a warm room, by a good fire, with a nice hot dry towel to polish off, a wash with cold water would be felt to be a luxury to any one. But instead of this, we fear the rule in many middle-class families is to have no bedroom fires, and to rely for warmth on close animal heat and frowsy vapour. Doors and windows are listed up, and chimneys, unconscious of fire, are choked with boards or bags of straw. Well roasted by the parlour fire, and warmed with hot spirits and water, people rush with chattering teeth into their bedrooms, huddle off their clothes, and jump unwashed into bed. There they get the warmth of blankets, and of their own anything-but-perfumed atmosphere, and in the morning rush down to the fire with as little washing as possible. The water-jug is frozen, and the towels are frozen, and we forgive any one who demurs to a frozen towel.

Cold weather proves to us how deficient our houses are as habitations for really civilised beings. We may warm our rooms with blazing fires; but the draught that feeds the fire, chills the people that cower round it, because we have no means of warming the house as a whole. There is a phenomenon, too, known as "back smoke," which shows that in two rooms out of three, we depend for fresh air upon the supply that comes down the chimney. The last thing we think of is, where does our air supply come from?

When we add to the want of fresh air, the defective supply of water, caused by freezing of the sluice pipes, owing to the wilful stupidity of plumbers, who always will arrange those pipes in a manner which makes them most exposed to frost; and when we superadd the impossibility there sometimes is of getting rid of slops and liquid refuse, through the freezing of sinks and closets, we say enough to show why very cold weather is by no means a healthy time in-doors. But things are not mended when a thaw comes. Then the warm outer air comes into the cold house, and deposits wet upon every wall. Then leaks made in the pipes during the frost begin to show themselves; and when the high pressure service is turned on early in the morning, the house may be deluged with water, running down stairs, soaking carpets, going through floors, and washing down ceilings, leaving it as badly off as if it had been next door to a fire. In order to avert this crowning calamity, every householder should know where the tap is to turn off the water at a minute's notice. But as this is a part of household furniture not wanted, perhaps, once in a lifetime, we suspect that few persons know of its existence.

In fine, our counsels against cold are, to keep the delicate in doors;

to warm houses, taking care that there shall be no lack of fresh air; to allow bedroom fires liberally, and to keep them all night in the chamber of the aged and the young; to clothe warmly, and yet to give the skin an extra share of oxygenation, by washing and rubbing; to give abundant diet, and yet to avoid indigestibles; to drink cold drinks rather than hot; and above all, to eschew hot spirits and water.

GLEANINGS.

Opinions of the Earl of Elgin.—In a despatch of his, when Governor-General of Canada, dated at Quebec, in 1853, he gave evidence that he had not been insensible to a "great fact" in the social experience of that colony. He wrote—"Many thousands of men are employed during the winter in these remote forests preparing the timber, which is transported during the summer on rafts, or, if sawn, in boats, to Quebec, when destined for England, and to the Richelieu river when intended for the United States. It is a most interesting fact, both in a moral and hygienic view, that for some years past intoxicating liquors have been rigorously excluded from almost all the chantiers, as the dwellings of the lumbermen in these distant regions are styled; and that, notwithstanding the exposure of the men to the cold during the winter, and wet in the spring, the result has been entirely satisfactory." How Lord Elgin was affected towards prohibition we learn on the reliable authority of Dr. Guthrie, who stated at a public meeting in Edinburgh on the licensing system, that he had met Lord Elgin at a party of noblemen and gentlemen in London, when his lordship said, in allusion to the Maine Law,—"I believe that it is destined to work a very great change on the face of society; I wish the cause the utmost success. They have adopted it in New Brunswick, and I am watching its operation with more interest than that of any cause under the sun." A gentleman put the objection of the injustice to the poor man, but was answered by his lordship in these terms: "The poor man is the best judge of what is justice (to him), for the law in the State of Maine, and in our province of New Brunswick, was passed by the votes of the poor labouring men themselves." This conversation took place at the latter end of 1854, or early in 1855.

A Good Rebuke.—A German nobleman once paid a visit to Great Britain when the practice of toasting and drinking healths was at its height. Wherever he went, during a six months' tour, he found himself obliged to drink, though never so loth. He must pledge his host and hostess. He must drink with every one who would be civil to him, and with every one who wished for a convenient pretext for taking another glass. He must drink a bumper in honour of the king and queen, in honour of church and state, in honour of the army and navy. How often did he find himself retiring with throbbing temples, and burning cheek, from these scenes of intrusive hospitality! At length his visit drew to a close; and to requite, in some measure, the attentions which had been lavished upon him, he made a grand entertainment. Assembling those who had done him honour, he gathered them round a most

sumptuous banquet, and feasted them to their utmost content. The tables were then cleared. Servants entered with two enormous hams; one was placed at each end; slices were cut and passed to each guest, when the host rose, and with all gravity said: "Gentlemen, I give you the king! please eat to his honour." His guests protested; they had dined; they were Jews; they were already surcharged through his too generous cheer. But he was inflexible. "Gentlemen," said he, "for six months you have compelled me to *drink* at your bidding. Is it too much that you should now *eat* at mine? I have been submissive; why should you not follow my example? You will please do honour to your king? You shall then be served with another slice in honour of the queen, another to the prosperity of the royal family, and so on to the end of the chapter.

GRATUITOUS DISTRIBUTION OF BAND OF HOPE LITERATURE.

The Rev. G. W. M'Cree will be glad, on receipt of six stamps, to forward to any conductor of a Band of Hope, a parcel of Band of Hope Publications. Immediate application will be necessary.

A LIST OF BOOKS.

Many of our younger speakers both need and desire works which will enable them to become intelligent, interesting, and useful advocates. We append the titles of a few which are cheap and good.

An Apology for the Pledge, 6d.

In which is shown its harmony with the customs of the country, both in the State and in the Church, and in the common transactions of Society; and its accordance with the divine law, with the practice of Old Testament saints, and the precepts and practices of Christianity.

John O'Neile's Moral Poem, the Blessings of Temperance. Illustrations by George Cruikshank; with a sketch of the Life of the Author, by the Rev. I. Doxsey, 1s.

Intemperance the Idolatry of Britain. By the Rev. W. R. Baker, 3d.

Livesey's Famous Lecture on Malt; formerly published at 6d., a new edition for One Penny.

Bacchus. By Dr. Grindrod, 5s., post free.

The Temperance Cyclopædia. By the Rev. William Reid.

This work comprehends a classified selection of Facts, Opinions, Statistics, Anecdotes, and comments on Texts of Scripture, bearing upon every department of the Temperance Question. A handsome 8vo. vol., pp. 528, 3s. post free.

The Prize Essay on the Use and Abuse of Alcoholic Liquors in Health and Disease. By W. B. Carpenter, M.D., F.R.S, 2s. 6d.

An Earnest Plea for the Reign of Temperance and Peace. By J. S. BUCKINGHAM, Esq., 2s. 6d. post free.

Total Abstinence Examined by the Light of Science. Three Lectures, by JOHN DYER, 6d.

Christian Obligation; a Discourse. By the Rev. WILLIAM FOSTER, 1d.

Nature and Providence replying to the question, What is the duty of man in relation to the use of intoxicating liquors? A Lecture by E. NOTT, D.D. Thirty-two pages, One Penny.

Temperance and High Wages. Total Abstinence from Intoxicating Beverages, a Practical and Efficient Remedy for Scarcity of Employment and Low Wages, lowering the intensity of Competition, and restoring Commercial Prosperity. A Lecture, by WILLIAM TWEEDIE, 1d.

An Original Lecture on the Harmony of Teetotalism, as a Practice, a Doctrine, and a System, with the will of God, as expressed in the authorised version of the Bible, showing also, that it is the plain doctrine of the Greek New Testament. By Dr. LEES, 4d.

Annals of the United Kingdom Band of Hope Union.

GREAT BAND OF HOPE DEMONSTRATION AT THE LAMBETH BATHS.

On Friday January 15th, the New year's Festival of the Bands of Hope, in the South of London, took place in the Lambeth Baths, under the auspices of the United Kingdom Band of Hope Union. At five o'clock an excellent tea was provided, of which nearly 600 children and adults partook. As the evening wore on the numbers were considerably augmented, and at half past seven, at which time Samuel Morley, Esq. took the chair, there were 2000 children and adults present. On the platform we noticed Mr. Justice Payne, the Rev. G. W. M'Cree, and the Rev. W. Hawkins, W. J. Haynes, Esq., John Thwaites, Esq., Mr. M. W. Dunn, Mr. G. M.Murphy, Mr. A. Hawkins, jun., Mr. G. Wybrow, Mr. W. West, and many others interested and actually engaged in promoting the welfare and happiness of the working classes and their children.

Prayer having been offered by the Rev. G. W. M'Cree, SAMUEL MORLEY, Esq., the Chairman, said—" He was present less with the object of making a speech, than enforcing the necessity of each one doing his share towards the general advancement and good of the people. It was a great pleasure to him to be able to give pleasure to others. He was anxious to appeal to those who were moderate drinkers, to ask whether it was not worth while to forego their own little pleasure, if by so doing they could alleviate suffering, and contribute towards the advancement of their fellow-men. There was a great need of personal example. Alluding to the recent execution of Wright, the speaker said he hoped the day would come when capital punishment would be entirely done away with. (hear, hear). That crime had, like many others, its origin in strong drink; and, as their esteemed friend, Judge Payne, could testify, the greatest proportion of crime committed in this country had its origin in the same fruitful source. He recommended to the consideration of philanthropists the question of social

and moral improvement, such as the improving the dwellings of the poor, and Working Men's Clubs, as it was to the interest of the working classes that they should have a place where they could meet for rational recreation and amusement, without being led into temptation." (Loud cheers).

Mr. M. W. Dunn (Hon. Sec.) said, "The Meetings could never have been held but for Mr. Morley, who generously defrayed the expenses of the Baths. The Meetings commenced on the 13th of November last, and had been continued weekly; there had been Lectures, Dissolving Views, Singing, &c.; and during the time they had been delivering them, over 20,000 children had visited the baths (cheers). Not a penny had been asked, as it was believed the money would come to enable them to carry out the good work; and, he also believed the children had had the greatest pleasure afforded them, and he must say their behaviour had been admirable (cheers).

Mr. A. Hawkins next addressed a few words to the meeting, and in the course of some pithy remarks, observed that it was not because Mr. Morley was rich that they felt honored at his presiding over them; there were many rich men whom they would scorn to place in that position,—but it was because Mr. Morley was so large of heart, and rich in sympathy for suffering humanity, that they felt honored by his presence (hear, hear.) The speaker concluded a spirited address amidst great applause.

Mr. Justice Payne then delivered one of his humorously characteristic speeches, insisting on the duties that all owed to each other. That the committee who engaged in this work had taken the Temperance cause, and for the benefit of the juveniles, had chopped it up small, stewed it down all, poured it in slowly, and got it in wholly; and that it was incumbent on the children to be honest samples—set good examples—use kind persuasion, and seize all occasion,—proceeding to illustrate the points, and concluding by reading his 1921st poetical tail-piece, which space forbids our quoting.

The Rev. G. W. M'Cree then delivered an eloquent and impassioned address, insisting on the truth of Temperance principles, and detailing the great good that the Temperance cause was working, illustrating it by many forcible anecdotes. Alluding to the present meeting, he said they had reason to thank the Giver of all good, that in Lambeth and Southwark boys and girls were growing up who never tasted strong drinks. In American colleges, students were enjoined not to partake of intoxicating liquors; and, if such a law were enforced in our colleges at Oxford and Cambridge, and in the Nonconformist colleges, much practical good would result, and seeing how many thousands were brought to ruin and disgrace by imbibing intoxicating liquors, it would redound to the credit of the proctors, and managers of those seats of learning, if they removed this great stumbling, block out of the pathway of those entrusted to their care (loud cheers).

Speeches were interspersed with some excellent vocal and instrumental music, by Mr. and Mrs. Fletcher, Mr. John Thwaites, and Mr. Lightowler and Sons. The Boys' Drum and Fife Band also contributed to enliven

the proceedings, and at the close a series of magnificient dissolving views were explained by Mr. Haynes. Throughout the proceedings were of an animated nature, and afforded great gratification to all present.

During the evening it was announced that on Tuesday, February 16th, the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon had kindly consented to deliver a lecture on "Poland," on behalf of the Funds of the Union, in his magnificient Tabernacle.

Bishop Auckland Band of Hope Festival.—The annual festival of the Ladies' Band of Hope was held in the British School-room, on Christmas-day. The attendance was large, and the good conduct of the children was the subject of pleasing remarks. After tea, a public meeting was held, over which Mr. T. Snaith presided. The Band of Hope recited selections of Temperance prose, poetry, and dialogues, in a most satisfactory manner. An able address was delivered by Mr. C. Bell, the indefatigable honorary secretary of the Middlesbro' Temperance Society. Although his subject was chiefly bearing on, and also adapted to, the members of the Band of Hope, and their parents, yet he did not neglect to thunder forth the imperative importance of muzzling the ox by permissive legislation. The meeting was brought to a close with the usual votes of thanks to the ladies, speakers, and chairman, proposed and seconded by Messrs. J. Wilkinson, T. Pallister, sen., W. B. Affleck, and T. Smith.

Anchor Band of Hope, Camberwell.—On Tuesday, January 19th, a tea festival was held in Waterloo street School room, in connection with the above society. Over 100 of our young friends and their parents partook of an ample meal, in which an enormous twelth cake received its due amount of attention. A small charge for admission was made after tea, and a large audience assembled to enjoy the entertainment provided. The amusements were varied in character; a Christmas tree occupied one side of the platform, and during the evening some useful books were presented from it to some of those members who had given recitations at the usual meetings, and in other ways been active in assisting the Band of Hope. An address was also delivered by W. J. Haynes, Esq., from the Band of Hope Union; the entertainment concluded with a magic lantern exhibition, after which a distribution of New Year's gifts took place, and the company separated, we hope, with the feeling of having spent a pleasant evening without the use of intoxicating drink.

Bath—Percy Chapel Band of Hope and Temperance Union.—The second anniversary of the above society was commemorated on Monday and Tuesday, the 11th and 12th inst. commencing with a prayer meeting on Monday morning at seven o'clock, when there was a very good attendance. In the afternoon, the school-rooms presented a most tasteful appearance, being decorated with flags, evergreens, and appropriate mottoes. We particularly noticed a beautiful design of flags encircling the roll of members, over which we read the very suitable motto, "Sought and Saved." By the kindness of some lady friends, and the young people of the congregation, the committee were enabled to hold a bazaar, which consisted of every variety of useful and fancy work, and for the display of this a dark recess in the room was fitted up most elegantly, being hung

with crimson drapery, and illuminated with Chinese lanterns of every conceivable hue. In addition to this a large stall was erected at the top of the room, and adorned with flags and lanterns, and there again the ladies disposed of their wares. At 5 o'clock about 100 persons sat down to a social tea; after which a large public meeting was held, when the Rev. Urijah Thomas, of Clifton, presided. Letters were read from Handel Cossham and W. Saunders, Esqrs. expressing their regret at being absent. After prayer the Rev. E. Mottram, the treasurer, read a very gratifying report, which stated:—The Committee, with thankful hearts, look back and acknowledge that God has crowned their feeble efforts with success. The society is now named the Band of Hope Temperance Union, uniting the adults and juveniles into one society, now numbering about 570 members. During the past year several very interesting lectures have been delivered, and the profits given to the general fund. About 20 Band of Hope meetings have been held, affording (every fortnight) an opportunity to the young people of hearing suitable addresses on the great Temperance question. We have now a very good library—which contains nearly 250 vols.—read by a large number of the members, who can change their books every week. Parents have been induced to sign the pledge through the influence of the children, and the Sabbath school has increased greatly through the establishment of the society. Many adults have signed our book. The Rev. W. Mottram and Mr. J. H. Cotterell delivered excellent speeches in moving the adoption of the report. On the motion of the Rev. E. Clarke (of Twerton), seconded by Mr. Sturges, it was resolved to originate a sick fund in connection with the Band of Hope. The proceedings were agreeably enlivened with some singing by the choir, under the direction of Mr. S. D. Major. On Tuesday the committee entertained 280 of the members at an excellent tea; and a pleasing sight it was to behold so many bright, happy faces seated in every available corner of the room, and to witness the good humour and cheerfulness which everywhere prevailed. The arrival of their respected president, T. Thompson, Esq., was the signal for most overwhelming applause; every little heart brim full of delight, and we felt that a truly noble work was being accomplished, seeing how many young people had given in their allegiance to the Temperance cause, and were thus growing up free from the curse and trammels of strong drink. Tea being concluded, all marched in order to the chapel, where they stayed for a short time while the remains of the repast were removed, and on their return found a noble Christmas tree exposed to view, most gaily decorated, (and lit up with innumerable wax tapers), from which at the close each member present received a gift. T. Thompson, Esq. presided at the evening meeting, Messrs. Line, J. S. Sturges, &c., gave lively and encouraging addresses, while some ladies and gentlemen of the congregation sang some capital Temperance melodies, among which we particularly noticed, "The Drunkard's Auction," which was encored. The presents having been distributed, and the few remaining articles of the bazaar disposed of, all returned home, having spent a thoroughly happy evening, and apparently more determined than ever to wage perpetual

warfare against strong drink. We are mnch gratified to learn that the amount realized at the bazaar has materiallv assisted the funds of the society.

Calthorpe Terrace North London Sunday School Band of Hope.—Dear Sir,—We have just concluded our third year's campaign, by holding a festival; 300 children sat down to tea with 100 adult friends. After tea we assembled in a large room decked out for the occasion; and the evening was occupied in distributing about 600 gifts from two splendid Christmas trees, interspersed with a few pieces from the *Tonic Sol-Fa Reporter*, and a dialogue and other recitations by the members. All passed off with great spirit. Our friend, Mr. F. Smith, dropped in during the evening, and spoke to the children. The number on the register is over 320, of which 120 have joined during the last year. We have a Penny Bank in connection with the Band of Hope. Any child is permitted to deposit. It has been established about eighteen months, during which time 370 depositors have been enrolled. If my experience is worth anything, I think that not only is a Band of Hope a valuable auxiliary to the Sunday school, but the Penny Bank is also a valuable auxiliary to the Band of Hope. Yours respectfully,

W. H. Brooking, *Secretary.*

East London Temperance Association, Peelgrove Hall, Bethnal-green.—On Monday, Jan. 4th, Mr. F. Baron exhibited his Panorama of Temperance Sketches to a large juvenile assembly, who were regaled also with vocal and instrumental music, and a large Christmas tree, all the juveniles present receiving an article.

Peckham Rye and Nunhead Band of Hope *(in connection with the Congregational Sunday School)*.—The quarterly treat of this Band of Hope was held on Tuesday, the 19th Jan., 1864. At half-past five the young people sat down to a capital spread of tea, bread and butter, cake, biscuits, tarts and mince pies, and for an hour, assisted by some merry conversation and laughter, thoroughly enjoyed the good things so bountifully provided by Mrs. Cash, Miss Hester, Mrs. T. Cash, and Mr. J. Taylor. Tea being over, the juveniles, assisted by their elder friends, members of the committee, entered with spirit into a variety of Christmas games, and having tired themselves out at this work, arranged themselves to witness some interesting experiments with electricity, admirably exhibited by two young gentlemen from Holloway; much fun was created by some electric shocks being administered to a large circle of children and friends, a boy's hair being made to stand on end, &c. The time allotted for these experiments having passed, the gas was lowered, and a series of beautiful dissolving views were thrown upon a sheet, to the intense delight of the happy band, and when the comic scenes, &c., were introduced, shouts of laughter and applause, testified that the efforts of the committee, to give the Band of Hope a first-rate entertainment, had not been thrown away. As soon as this was over, and cheers given for the enjoyment afforded, the young folks were regaled with buns and lemonade, and sent home to dream of the pleasures to be found in the ranks of *teetotalism*. Several recitations and songs were delivered during the

evening, and a large number of teetotal friends were present, to witness and enter into the amusements of those, who are in the way they should go.

PIMLICO—ECCLESTON CHAPEL LECTURE-ROOM.—The annual New Year's juvenile entertainment, in connection with the Band of Hope movement, was celebrated on the 6th inst. The spacious and beautiful room was decorated with emblems and banners, and crowded with a respectable assembly of happy girls and boys, wearing medals and neat rosettes; also several parents and resident benevolent ladies were present, and showed the most lively interest in the joyous event. Mr. John H. Esterbrooke, the hon. sec., delivered a brief congratulatory address to the young, after which the entertainment commenced with a suitable melody by the juvenile choir. Mrs. Esterbrooke presided at the piano-forte, who with her sister, Miss Maude Morfey, sang some admirable duets. Master Edgar Morfey executed some first class solos on the cornet, with professional skill. Master S. Richardson recited some Temperance pieces with judgment and effect. Some melodies and choruses by the juveniles terminated the musical section. The second part consisted of dissolving views, illustrative of "Heroism and Perils," with George Cruikshank's inimitable plates of "The Bottle," &c., with a descriptive lecture by Mr. George Blaby, of the Band of Hope Union, whose felicitous and easy style completely enraptured the young people, with whom he sang some impressive hymns and teetotal melodies. Master E. Morfey presided at the piano-forte, and interspersed the dissolving scenes with lively embellishments. The slides were artistically painted, and distinctly illuminated by the brilliant oxy-hydrogen lime light, under the judicious working of Mr. Lay, the courteous exhibitor. The entertainment gave entire satisfaction; the vocal and instrumental performances were loudly cheered, and redemanded. A hearty vote of thanks was accorded to the lecturer, and ladies and gentlemen for their valuable services. The proceedings closed by the juveniles singing "God bless our youthful band," sustained by instrumental music, supplemented by enthusiastic clapping of hands and applause, long to be remembered by the patrons of the juvenile New Year's entertainment. Several pledges were received.

LABOURS OF THE AGENTS.

During the month, Mr. W. B. AFFLECK has attended a large number of interesting meetings in Yorkshire, &c., in connection with the Northern Auxiliary.

Mr. WILLIAM BELL has lectured to very large meetings of children at Leeds, Sheffield, and Yeadon. Writing from Leeds, Mr. Bell says:—"I have just concluded a week's labour in Leeds; it has been a very successful one; large numbers have been added to the Bands of Hope. They have been all Band of Hope meetings, winding up with one in the Victoria Hall, one of the best halls in England. We had about 3,000 children there, the largest number of children I ever spoke to at one time; it was a glorious sight; I think I shall never forget it. The Leeds Band of Hope League are doing a great deal of good—God bless them! If every town would only take the matter up as they are doing here, and

at Bradford, we would soon put the publicans to the right-about. They have about 16 Bands of Hope. I have only seen a few of them, but they want me, some time, for a month; but they will write you about it. I am just off for Sheffield; I hope we may have good meetings there."

The Secretary to the Leeds Band of Hope League also writes, and says:—"We are all highly pleased with Mr. Bell. I hope to be able to engage him for a fortnight or a month, if you would please to inform me when he will be at liberty. Our Committee will meet on Friday next, when I shall request that he be employed for one month. I may justly say he is the right man for the right work. On Saturday we had a gathering in our town hall, when about 3,000 assembled, though a wet day and night; and trust this week's labour may be abundantly blessed."

During the past month, Mr. G. Blaby has attended and addressed the following meetings:—Charlotte Street, Caledonian Road; Gee Street, Goswell Street; One Tun, Westminster; Working Men's Club, Westminster, twice; Arnold's Place, Dockhead; Shaftesbury Hall, Aldersgate Street; Eccleston Chapel, Pimlico; Poland Street, Oxford Street; Salem Chapel, Bow Road; Henry Place, Portland Town; Fox and Knot Court; St. John's, Upper Holloway; Clifton Street, Wandsworth Road; Gospel Hall, Brackley Street; Pavement Chapel, New North Road; Lambeth Baths; King Street, Long Acre; Ebenezer Chapel, Shadwell; and Powis Street, Woolwich. He has also preached eight sermons, and addressed three Sunday Schools.

Mr. W. Lay has attended meetings as follows:—Barnsbury Independent Chapel; St. Saviour's, Southwark; Grafton Chapel, Fitzroy Square; Lambeth Baths, twice; Arnold's Place, Dockhead; Shaftesbury Hall, Aldersgate Street; Eccleston Chapel, Pimlico; Exeter Buildings Chelsea; Salem Chapel, Bow Road; Trinity School, Lower Road, Islington; St. John's, Upper Holloway; Offord Road, Caledonian Road; Gospel Hall, Brackley Street, Barbican; Pavement Chapel, New North Road; Myddleton Road, Dalston; Britannia Fields, and Camberwell.

During December and January, Mr. Frederick Smith has lectured and attended meetings at the following places:—In Ireland at Ballymoney, Ballymena, Coleraine, Monaghan: also at Liverpool, Preston, Southport, Macclesfield, Nantwich, Darnby Street, Mint; Dalgleish Place, Limehouse; Chequer Alley, Bunhill Row; Forest Hill; Orange Street, Leicester Square; Lambeth Baths; Dalston; Marlborough Chapel, Old Kent Road; Harrold; Cromer Street, Gray's Inn Road; Commercial Street, Whitechapel; Earl Street, London Road; King Street, Long Acre; and Myddleton Road, Kingsland.

LITERATURE.

The Qualifications of a Temperance Advocate. By J. W. Green. London: W. Tweedie.—Mr. Green was one of the fathers and founders of the Temperance movement, and eminently in his place when teaching and guiding his fellow-advocates. We would urge all our brother speakers to study this essay. Our pages contain a copious extract from it.

PROVINCIAL CORRESPONDENTS.

The Rev. Samuel Couling, Scarborough.
Mr. D. B. Hooke, Jun., Bath.
Mr. J. P. Hutchinson, Darlington.

J. Bale, Printer, 78, Great Titchfield-street, Marylebone.

BAND OF HOPE RECORD.

FACTS & OPINIONS FOR SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHERS.

By the Rev. G. W. M'CREE.

My Dear Friends,—I was once a Sunday Scholar in the Presbyterian Chapel, High Bridge, Newcastle-upon-Tyne; I had the privilege of being a member of the Bible Class.

In course of time I became a Sunday School Teacher. Both as a Sunday School Teacher, and a Minister of Christ, I have seen how much your labours are impeded by intemperance.

I therefore plead for a Band of Hope in connection with every Sunday School in the kingdom.

You do not, perhaps, see the necessity for such an auxiliary to your work. I would therefore ask your attention to the Facts and Opinions which follow, and entreat your candid and prayerful perusal of them.

FACTS.

A Scene in Edinburgh.—"There was another boy, whose name I forget, found lying on straw in a dark cellar, which had literally nothing in it but this one heap of straw. The parents were in the habit of going out for the day, and locking up the child there, without food, or fire, or clothes. He was brought in—a mere bundle of rags—quite paralysed, and lay for a week on one of the hospital beds, without stirring or speaking, till they almost thought he was deaf and dumb. At last he did mutter out one word, and it was 'whisky!' He afterwards tried, in his wretched faint voice, to begin singing a whisky song, and told the nurse he had hardly tasted anything but whisky since he was born. Somehow his wretched mother found him out and came to see him. Immediately after she left, the miserable little creature was caught hiding its wizened face and still half-paralyzed hands under the bed-clothes, trying to undo the cork of a small bottle filled with whisky! But this child also recovered, learned to feed on and enjoy other food than drams, and left the hospital for a future of—God knows what! Still, the life had been saved—so far." —*Miss Muloch in "Good Words."*

Old Sunday Scholars in Prison.—Mr. Wm. Logan, in a letter to the *British Banner*, says—"I visited 78 of the 88 prisoners who were tried at the Glasgow Assizes, in September, 1848. Seven of these could neither read nor write; of the remaining 71 not less than 38 males and 24 females—total 62—had been connected with Sabbath Schools. A number of both sexes had been in attendance at Sunday Schools for three, four, five, six, seven, nine, and even ten years. To prevent anything like deception on this point, I cross-questioned them as to the locality of the schools, the names of the teachers, &c. I likewise spent several days in

calling on a number of the parents and relatives, in different parts of the city, and the replies given by these parties to my inquiries fully corroborated the statements of the convicts themselves. Fifty-nine of the sixty-two criminals admitted that drinking and public-house company had not only been the chief cause of their leaving the Sunday school, but of violating the laws of their country."

Records of a Bible Class.—The Rev. James Sherman, formerly minister of Surrey Chapel, at a meeting in Exeter Hall, said,—"The question has been asked, what becomes of the senior scholars of these schools? In the schools belonging to my own church the number of scholars is 3,000, with 400 gratuitous teachers; but I am bound to say that few of those children become members of the church after leaving the schools. Where do they go? Many of them would be found, as soon as they arrived at the age of fifteen or sixteen, to become apprentices; and, by the pernicious system which prevailed among the working classes so situate, they grew up, many of them, to be *drunkards*, and to be a disgrace to themselves and the neighbourhood. A teacher of a class had collected the statistics in respect to that class, consisting of *forty-six*. He was induced to examine what were their habits with regard to Temperance during the preceding seven years, and the result was—drunkards, *thirteen*; occasional drunkards, *nine*; steady characters, thirteen; unknown, three."

Confession of a Scholar.—The letter, from which the following are extracts, is from a Sabbath school teacher of Birmingham. He says:—"I know that in the Sunday school of which I was a pupil, that a great number turned out drunkards, myself amongst them. The class I was in consisted of about seventeen or eighteen scholars, and I am sure that twelve of them became sots. Some of them remain so to this day, a pest to the neighbourhood, a disgrace to the borough, and a trouble to their families. It has been unfortunately my lot to sit, at one time or another, in the tap room, with eight or nine of my former fellow-scholars." He adds, "My own intemperate habits were formed during the time I was a teacher in the school." And still farther, "Oh, sir, if Sunday school superintendents and teachers could only see a small portion of the immense amount of their labours which are utterly, and I fear for ever, frustrated by this foe to human improvement (strong drink), I feel satisfied that the same love which induces them to teach the scholar, would induce them to bid an eternal farewell to that article which has so long, and still continues to lay waste so much of their labours."—*Essay on Juvenile Depravity, by Thomas Beggs.*

Intoxicating Liquors.—From the year 1801 to the year 1846, the people of the United Kingdom spent nearly fifteen hundred million pounds sterling in intoxicating drinks; about £800,000,000. on spirits, £176,455,000. on wines, and £595,904,000. on malt; or equal to about double the amount of the present national debt! The duty alone which we paid on the above articles during these forty-five years, amounted to £644,968,553., or equivalent to about five-sixths of the national debt. Our army costs us about ten millions a-year, which we think a great deal too much; but, then, we voluntarily spend about fifteen millions a year

on whisky, gin, brandy, and their villainous compounds! Our navy costs about eight millions; but our beer, ale, and porter, cost from thirteen to fourteen millions! We pay less than a million for our admirable post-office, and more than four millions for our wines! The taxes we pay for our courts of law and justice amount to a little above a million; the taxes we pay on our tobacco and snuff are above four millions! Financial reform is surely needed, but at home, and in the public-house, as much as anywhere else. Under two millions a-year are spent on Life and Health Assurance; and about forty millions on drink of all kinds. Are not these facts most discreditable to us as a nation?—*Eliza Cook's Journal.*

Money Expended by Workmen.—At a large manufacturing establishment in London, as many as 300 persons are employed. Of these, 100 men receive each on an average £1. 15s. for working five days in the week. They decline coming to labour on Monday, which they habitually make a holiday, and, I was told, thus regularly lose 7s. each weekly. Besides this loss, I was informed that each expends not less than 7s. weekly for beer. The establishment in fact supports a public-house.—*Chambers's Employer and Employed.*

Self-Imposed Burdens.—There is something very appalling in the thought, that Britain expends, every year, fifty millions of money on intoxicating drink. We often complain of our high taxation, and we often grow nervous at the thought of our enormous national debt. But here is a tax for which we cannot blame our rulers—a tax self-imposed and self-levied, a tax for which we can only blame ourselves, a tax which would pay the interest of our national debt twice over, and a tax as large as the entire revenue of these United Kingdoms. We thought it a great sum to pay in order to give the slave his freedom—we thought the twenty millions given to the West India proprietors a mighty sacrifice; and certainly it was the noblest tribute any nation ever paid to the cause of philanthropy; but large as it looks, half-a-year of national abstinence would have paid it all. But tremendous as are the fifty millions which as a people we yearly engulph in strong drink, the thought which afflicts and appals us is, that this terrible impost is mainly a tax on the working man. The lamentation is, that many an industrious man will spend in liquor as much money as, had he saved it, would this year have furnished a room, and next year would have bought a beautiful library; *as much money as would secure a splendid education for every child;* or in the course of a few years would have made him a landlord instead of a tenant. Why, my friends, it would set our blood a boiling if we heard that the Turkish Sultan taxed his subjects in the style that our British workmen tax themselves. It would bring the days of Wat Tyler back again, nay, it would create another Hampden, and conjure up a second Cromwell, did the exchequer try to raise the impost which our publicans levy, and our labourers and artizans cheerfully pay. But is it not a fearful infatuation? Is it not our national madness, to spend so much wealth in shattering our nerves, and exploding our characters, and ruining our souls? Many workmen, I rejoice to know, have been reclaimed by teetotalism,

and many have been preserved by timely religion. In whatever way a man is saved from that horrible vice, which is at once the destruction of the body and the damnation of the soul, "therein I do rejoice, and will rejoice."—*Rev. James Hamilton, D.D., London.*

WHAT THE MONEY WOULD DO.—The Rev. Newman Hall, L.L.B., says:—"The money spent in strong drink in Great Britain would every year support 200,000 missionaries (which would be about one to every 3,000 adult heathen) at £200. each, 2,000 superannuated missionary labourers at £100. each, 100,000 schoolmasters at £100. each, build 2,000 churches and chapels at £2,000. each, build 2,000 schools at £500. each, give to 50,000 widows 5s. each per week, issue 50,000 Bibles every day at 1s. 6d. each, and 100,000 tracts every day at 4s. per hundred, and present to 192,815 poor families £10. each on Christmas day. Or, it would, in *one year*, supply each human being on the globe with a Bible. Or, it would, in one year, provide 200 hospitals at £20,000. each, 12,000 chapels at £2,000. each, 10,000 schools at £600. each, 2,000 mechanics' institutions and lecture halls at £2,000. each, 25,000 alms-houses at £200. each, 1,000 baths at £2,000. each, 2,000 libraries at £500. each, 200 public parks at £5,000. each, give 400,000 poor families £10. each, and present a new Bible to each man, woman, and child in Great Britain. So that the money spent in Great Britain alone, for strong drink, would, as far as outward ministry is concerned, evangelize the world.

OPINIONS.

FERMENTED LIQUORS NOT NECESSARY.—John Forbes, M.D., physician to her Majesty's household, says:—"Some hundreds of medical men, of all grades and degrees, in every part of the British empire, from the Court physicians and leading metropolitan surgeons, who are conversant with the wants of the upper ranks of society, to the humble country practitioner, who is familiar with the requirements of the artizan in his workshop, and the labourer in the field, have given their sanction to the statement, that the maintenance of health is perfectly compatible with entire abstinence from fermented liquors; and that such abstinence, if general, would incalculably promote the improvement of the social condition of mankind."

THE TESTIMONY OF EXPERIENCE.—Mr. Edward Baines, editor of the *Leeds Mercury*, says:—"Many of my friends thought I needed a little wine. I myself had the prejudice that it *helped digestion.* Well, I tried the experiment—first for a month, then for another month, till at length I learned to laugh at the prejudices of myself and my friends. I feel it my duty, having abstained for fifteen years, to state that during the whole time I have enjoyed good amd vigorous health, and that I believe I have done more work, have had better spirits, *have taken my food with greater relish*, and have slept more tranquilly than I should have done if I had habitually taken wine or beer."

TESTIMONY OF MRS. ELLIS.—Four years of total abstinence from everything of an intoxicating nature, it has now been my happy lot to

experience; and if the improvement in my health and spirits, and the increase of my strength during that time, be any proof in favour of the practice, I am one of those who ought especially to thank God for the present, and take courage for the future. Like many other women, and especially those who are exempt from the necessity of active exertion, I was, while in the habit of taking wine for my health, subject to almost constant suffering from a mysterious kind of sinking, which rendered me at times wholly unfit either for mental or bodily effort, but which I always found to be removed by a glass of wine. My spirits, too, partook of the malady, for I was equally subject to fits of depression, which also were relieved, in some degree, by the same remedies. During the four years in which I have now entirely abstained from the use of such remedies, I have been a total stranger to these distressing sensations of sinking and exhaustion: and I say this with thankfulness, because I consider such ailments infinitely more trying than absolute pain.—*Voice from the Vintage.*

Total Abstinence aids Religion.—"The Rev. Dr. Marsh, of Leamington, says,—In this neighbourhood, and in some striking instances, the total abstinence plan has led several from drunkenness and brought them to the house of God." The Rev. John Collinson, A.M., of Hartley, says,—"I declare most solemnly as a Christian minister, that so far as my experience goes, teetotalism has invariably tended to improve not merely the moral but religious spirit of those who have adopted it." Mr. H. A. Vivian, superintendent of a Wesleyan Sabbath-school in Cornwall, in a letter addressed to Mr. Joseph Eaton, says,—"In reply to your inquiries respecting our Sabbath schools, I may inform you, that there was but one connected with the Wesleyan Society in this little town (containing a population of 4,000 inhabitants,) when the total abstinence cause was introduced amongst us. The number of scholars at that time was about 380, but in the course of one year and a-half, they increased so rapidly as to render it necessary to build an additional room. We have since erected another chapel, connected with which we have a school, and the number of scholars in both is now about 780; this success I now ascribe to the aid of our good cause."

The Stone in the Path.—Mr. Vanderkiste says:—"We may build churches and chapels, and multiply schools, but until the drunken habits of the lower orders are changed, we shall never act upon them as we would wish. While the pot-house is their church, gin their sacrament, and the tap-room their school-room for evening classes, how can we adequately act upon them for the conversion of their souls?"—*Six Years Mission among the Dens of London.*

Such facts and opinions as the foregoing, might be multiplied a thousand-fold. Surely these are enough to induce you to adopt the principles of the Temperance movement, and to form a Band of Hope in connection with your own school. Try to save your scholars from the drunkard's doom. "It is not the will of your Father which is in heaven that these little ones should perish."

THE DOOR IN THE HEART.

He was an old man; not so old either, for the wrinkles that marred his cadaverous visage were not the autograph that time's fingers had laid there; and the hand that placed upon the low table the well-drained glass, did not tremble so much with the weakness that age induces; yet very old and very wretched looked the sole occupant of that narrow room with its red curtains and floor stained with tobacco juice, and an atmosphere abundantly seasoned by the bar room into which it opened. A hat (it must have been intended for one) half concealed the owner's uncombed locks, and unmistakeable evidence of a familiar acquaintance with brick-bats and the gutter did that same hat produce. Then there was a coat, out of the sleeves of which peeped a pair of elbows in rejoicing consciousness that they "could afford to be out." Add to these a shabby pair of faded pants, and you have, reader, the *tout ensemble* of the wretched being who had just commenced his daily potations in the only grog-shop he was allowed to frequent. And yet the wretched creature that sat there, half stupified with the effects of his morning dram, had a heart: and far up a great many pairs of winding stairs in that heart was a door easily passed by, and on that door, covered with cobwebs, and dust of time and sin, was written, "man." But nobody dreamed of this, and when the temperance men had gone to him with the pledge, and promised him employment and respectability if he would sign it; and others (well-meaning men, too) had rated him soundly for his evil ways, and he turned a deaf ear to all these things, and had gone back with blind pertinacity to his cups again, everybody said old Billy Strong's case was a hopeless one.

Ah, none of these had patiently groped their way up the heart's winding stairs, and read the inscription on the hidden door there. But while the unhappy man sat by the pine table that morning, the bar-keeper suddenly entered, followed by a lady with a pale, high brow, mild hazel eyes, and a strangely winning expression on her pensive face.

The old man looked up with a vacant stare of astonishment as the bar-keeper offered the lady a chair, and pointed to the occupant of the other, saying:

"That's Billy Strong, ma'am," and with a lingering glance of curiosity left that gentle woman alone with the astonished and now thoroughly sobered man.

The soft eyes of the lady wandered with a sad, pitying

expression over Bill's features, and then in a low, sweet voice, she asked:

"Am I rightly informed? Do I address Mr. William Strong?"

Ah! with these words the lady had got further up the winding stairs, nearer the hidden door, than all who had gone before her.

"Yes, that's my name, ma'am," said old Bill, as he glanced down at his shabby attire, and actually tried to hide the elbow which was peeping out farthest, for it was a long time since he had been addressed by that name, and somehow it sounded very pleasant to him.

"I am very glad to meet you, Mr. Strong," said the lady. "I have heard my father speak of you so often, and of the days when you and he were boys together, that I almost feel as if we were old acquaintances. You surely cannot have forgotten Charles Morrison."

"No! no! Charlie and I used to be old cronies," said old Bill, with sudden animation, and a light in his eye such as had not been there for many a day, except when rum lent it a fitful brilliancy.

Ah, the lady did not know, as perhaps the angels did, that she had mounted the stairs, and was softly feeling for that unseen door; so she went on.

"I almost feel as if I could see the old spot upon which your homestead stood, Mr. Strong, I have heard my father describe it so often. The hill, with its crown of old oaks, at the back of your house, and the field of golden harvest that waved in front. Then there was the green grass-plot before the front door, and the huge old apple-tree that threw its shadows across it; and the great old-fashioned portico, and the grape vine that crept round the pillars; and the rose-bush that looked in at the bed-room windows, and the brook that went shining and singing through the bed of mint at the side of the house."

Old Bill moved uneasily in his chair, and the muscles around his mouth twitched occasionally; but unmindful of this, in the same low, melting tones, the lady continued:

"Many and many were the hours"—so father would say, "Willie and I used to pass under the shadow of that old apple tree, playing at hide-and-seek, or lolling on the grass, telling each other the wonders we would achieve when we became men; and when the sun-set lays its crown of gold on the top of the oaks on the hill, I can see Willie's mother standing in the front door, with the white cap and check apron, and the pleasant smile that always lay around her lips, and hear her cheerful voice calling, 'Come boys, come to supper.'"

One after another, the big, warm, blessed tears came rolling down old Bill's pale cheeks. Ah, the lady had found the door then. "I was always at home at Willie's," father would say, "and used to have my bowl of fresh milk and bread too; and when these disappeared, Willie would draw his stool to his mother's feet, lay his head on her lap, and she would tell us some pleasant story; it might be of Joseph, or David, or some good child who afterwards became a great man; and then she would part Willie's brown curls from his forehead, and in a voice I can never forget, say, 'Promise me, Willie, when you go out from your home into the world and its temptations, and your mother has laid down with her gray hairs to sleep in the church yard yonder—promise, my child, that the memory of her prayers and counsels shall keep you from evil ways.' And Willie would raise his head, lift his blue eyes proudly to his mother's, and answer, 'I promise you I will make a first-rate man, mother.' And after he had said his evening prayer, we would go, happy as the birds that nestled in the branches of the apple-tree, to rest; and then, just as we were sinking down to sleep, we could hear a well-known foot-fall on the stair, and a loving face would bend over us to see if we were nicely tucked up. 'It is a long time,' father would say after a pause, 'since I heard from Willie, but sure I am that he has never fallen into any evil ways; the memory of his mother would keep him from that.'"

Rap, rap, rap, went the words of the lady at the door of that man's heart. Creak, creak, went the door on its rusty hinges, (angels of God, held ye not your breath to listen?) The lady could only see the subdued man bury his face in his hands, and while his whole frame shook like an aspen leaf, she heard him murmur, amid childlike sobs, "My mother! O! my mother!"

And she knew the tears that were washing those wrinkled cheeks, were washing out, also, many a dark page in the record of old Bill's past life, that stood against him. So with a silent prayer of thankfulness, she resumed:

"But there was one scene my father used to talk of more than all the rest: it was of the morning you were married, Mr. Strong. 'It was enough to do one's eyes good,' he would say, 'to look at them as they walked up the old church aisle; he with his proud, manly tread, and she, a delicate fragile creature, fair as the orange blossom that trembled in her hair. I remember how clear and firm his voice echoed through the old church, as he promised to love, protect, and cherish the gentle being at his side; and I know the thought as he looked

down fondly upon her, that the winds of heaven would not visit her face too roughly.' And then my father would tell us of a home made very light by watchful affection, and of the dark-eyed boy and fair-haired girl, who came, after a while, to gladden it: and then, you know, he removed to the West, and lost sight of you, Mr. Strong."

Once again the lady paused, for the agony of the strong man before her was fearful to behold; and when she spoke again it was in a lower and more mournful tone. "I promised my father previous to his death, that if ever I visited his native State, I would seek out his old friend; but when I enquired for you, they unfolded a terrible story to me, Mr. Strong. They told me of a broken and desolate household; of a dark-eyed boy who left his home in disgust and despair, for one on the homeless sea; of the gentle, uncomplaining wife that went down with a prayer on her lips for her erring husband, broken-hearted to the grave; of the fair-haired girl they placed by her side in a little while. O! it is a sad, sad story I have heard of my father's old friend."

"It was I! It was I that did it all! I killed them!" said old Bill with a voice hoarse with emotion, as he lifted up his head from his clasped hands, and looked upon the lady, every feature wearing such a look of agonising remorse and helpless despair, that she shuddered to behold it.

Wide, wide open stood the door then, and the lady hastened to pass in. A small, fair hand was laid on old Bill's arm, and a sweet voice murmured, "Even for all this there is redemption, and you well know in what manner. In the name of your dying wife and of the child that sleeps beside her, I ask you, Will you sign the pledge?"

"I will!" said old Bill, and he brought down his hand with such force on the pine table, that its rheumatic limbs with difficulty maintained their equilibrium, and then eagerly seized the pen and pledge the lady placed before him, and when he returned them to her, the name of William Strong lay in broad and legible characters upon the paper.

THE BAND OF HOPE CAUSE IN BATH.

By Mr. D. B. HOOKE, Jun.

The Band of Hope cause is making great progress in Bath; the largest society is called the Percy Chapel Band of Hope and Temperance Union,

the second anniversary of which was held on the 11th and 12th inst. It commenced by a prayer meeting held early on the morning of the 11th: a sale of useful and ornamental things took place on the afternoon of the same day, and a tea meeting was held in the evening; after tea, a public meeting was held; the Rev. U. Thomas, of Bristol, occupied the chair, and addresses were delivered by the Revs. E. Clarke, and W. Mottram, J. H. Cotterell, Esq. and Mr. J. S. Sturges. The anniversary passed off very well, and with great credit to Mr. Sturges, the President of the Society. The report for the year was read, but, as two more Band of Hope reports will be out in time for my next letter (in April), I will defer a notice of it until then. Suffice it to say that the Percy Band of Hope is by far the best in Bath.

Next to it comes the Vineyards Chapel Band of Hope. Those who managed this society last year had no ordinary difficulties to encounter. I am glad that the dark clouds are passing away. I can only wish that the report (which is beiug prepared) of this Society for 1863-64, will tell of the trying circumstances in which it has been, and how its Committee have overcome them. This Society has for its Secretary a youth (F. Manning,) only thirteen years of age. In selecting him, the Committee of the Vineyards Band of Hope did well: if we want to keep our members, we must give them work to do. In connection with the autumnal visit of the Rev. G. W. M'Cree to Bath, the Committee of the Bath Juvenile Temperance Society, arranged for addresses, (on the Band of Hope question), to be delivered at the different Sabbath Schools. The result of the address given at the Primitive Methodist Chapel has been that a Band of Hope has been formed there, and it appears that those who formed it have gone to work earnestly; thirty-nine pledges were taken at the first meeting.

There is a Band of Hope meeting held each week at the Temperance Hall, conducted chiefly by Mrs. J. H. Cotterell, and Mrs. Wilton.

We have a second Miss A. Cooper in Bath, in Miss White, who has formed a capital Workman's Club on St. James's Parade; she has a Band of Hope connected with it.

The Argyle and Ebenezer Bands of Hope make, I am afraid, slow progress, owing, no doubt, to the indifference paid to it by those who ought to be its best supporters.

We hear of great doings at Box, Wick, and other places, in relation to our Temperance societies, but the Band of Hope cause is, I am afraid, seriously neglected.

At Rush Hill we have a good society, the annual meeting of which was lately held; the report stated that about twenty meetings had been held, and that more than eighty persons had signed the pledge.

At Twerton there is a good Band of Hope, conducted chiefly by Mr. Kempton.

Thus our cause is spreading—thus good is being done, and our rising generation is being trained to be sober. During the year upon which we have entered, let us all be found working more zealously—giving more readily—and praying more earnestly for the Band of Hope cause.

HOW TO WIN.

King Bruce of Scotland flung himself down
In a lonely mood to think;
'Tis true he was a monarch and wore a crown,
But his heart was beginning to sink.

For he had been trying to do a great deed,
To make his people glad,
He had tried and tried, but couldn't succeed,
And so he became quite sad.

He flung himself down in low despair,
As grieved as a man could be;
And after awhile, as he pondered there,
"I'll give it all up," said he.

Now just at that moment a spider dropped,
With its silken cobweb clue,
And the King, in the midst of his thinking, stopped,
To see what the spider would do.

'Twas a long way up to the ceiling dome,
And it hung by a rope so fine
That how it could get to its cobweb home,
King Bruce could not divine.

It soon began to cling and crawl
Straight up with strong endeavour,
But down it came, with a slipping sprawl,
As near the ground as ever.

Up, up it ran; not a second it stayed,
To utter the least complaint,
Till it fell still lower, and there it laid,
A little dizzy and faint.

Its head grew steady—again it went,
And travelled a half yard higher,
'Twas a delicate thread it had to tread,
And a road where its feet would tire.

Again it fell and swung below,
But again it quickly mounted,
'Till up and down, now fast, now slow,
Nine brave attempts were counted.

"Sure," cried the king, "that foolish thing
Will strive no more to climb,
When it toils so hard to reach and cling,
And tumbles every time."

But up the insect went once more—
Ah, me, 'tis an anxious minute,
He's only a foot from his cobweb door,
Oh, say, will he lose or win it?

Steadily, steadily, inch by inch,
Higher and higher he got,
And a bold little run, at the very last pinch,
Put him into his native cot.

"Bravo, bravo!" the king cried out,
"All honour to those who try!
The spider up there defied despair,
He conquered, and why shouldn't I?"

And Bruce of Scotland braced his mind,
And gossips tell the tale,
That he tried once more, as he tried before,
And that time did not fail.

Pay goodly heed, all you who read,
And beware of saying "I can't;"
'Tis a cowardly word, and apt to lead
To Idleness, Folly, and Want.

Whenever you find your heart despair
Of doing some goodly thing,
Con over this strain, try bravely again,
And remember the Spider and King.

COUNSELS FOR YOUNG ABSTAINERS.

Leaving Armagh one afternoon, I saw a man sitting apparently exhausted by the road-side. Coming up I found him in the attitude in which Turks receive company, his wife standing beside him. From motives of economy she had taken off his hat, and to keep his head from the sun she had covered it with her handkerchief. Making a bundle of her cloak, she had put it between the wall and his head, and there he sat dignified as a Pasha of ever so many tails, and dead-drunk! He was an old soldier, that day getting his pension and getting "glorious" too. I suppose he would unflinchingly have faced a foe, and there he was man and soldier—guarded from the perils of his position by a

woman! What a degrading place for him! What a miserable place for his wife! What honest manly lad, what gentle girl would choose it? You have already said, "God helping us, we shall never come to the like of this."

Coming home one night from preaching near the same city, I saw in the bright moonlight the figure of a man lying right across the footpath. "Come my man," I said, "get up out of that." He looked up with dreamy eyes, and drawled out, "Are you Mr. M——?"—a brother minister better known than myself. "No." "Are you a minister?" "Yes." "Are you a Presbyterian minister?" "Yes." "Here then,"—he hiccuped,—"take—my hand—and help—me to—the town—will ye—I'm a Presbyterian—myself." Not considering this any part of my vocation, I sent the watchman to him. But though it is no part of my professional duties to support drunken men through the streets, it is quite in my place to win them from their ways, that they may no longer disgrace the church, rob their families, mock God, and destroy their souls. So is it with you, young friends, who have become abstainers; and I wish to give you some brotherly counsel, as to how you may spread your principles and be a blessing in your neighbourhood. You are sometimes called the "Coldstream Guards." Here then are your "marching orders."

1. *Be steadfast yourselves.* He was a shrewd fellow, who, when the master in search of a coachman asked, "How near could you take my carriage to a precipice and be safe?" replied, "I'd keep yer honour as far from it as ever I could." Do not give yourselves dispensations. Inconsistent abstainers, like inconsistent Christians, do much mischief. For the sake of your own honour, of a good conscience, of self-respect, of your fellow abstainers, of the drunkard, of Him who went about doing good, hold your ground. Let nobody plead your example as a reason for relaxing his pledge. Let nobody point to you as a specimen of the way temperance promises are kept.

2. *Master your Subject.* Never rest till you thoroughly understand your ground, and are able to defend it. Do not take up extreme views, or make unguarded statements. Carry common sense along with you, and have at hand a good supply of facts to support your position. One day, the eldest son of a good and pious tradesman came to my study. I knew he had been drinking. He had left his father's house, and the house of God, after spurning many a good advice. He was trembling from head to foot, and deadly pale. He used to hide from me, so I received him very kindly. "Anything wrong?" "Yes, Sir, everything's wrong." "I know that, but please God all will be right yet." "I hope so, Sir; I have come to sign." Should I have told that poor shattered youth (he is in his grave since then—he did not keep his promise)—"Only drink moderately. It is one of God's good gifts, my dear fellow, and you must not abuse it." He might well have laughed in my face—"Moderately, Sir, why if I touch it all I must have it." Or, should I say to his younger brothers—"Boys, you are to be careful not to exceed, do not drink *till you are drunk*," might they not demand of me—"How

do we know that we shall not be like *him*, if we drink at all?" Would any candid, honest, sensible man discourage them, if, while they had no taste, or longing, or habit, they put the Band of Hope promise between themselves and the temptation?

Ply your friends with pleas like this, in a genial spirit, and you may help on the cause of sobriety.

3. *Be wise.* Be sure rather to understate than overstate. Socrates used to go about asking the men of the city, questions suggestive of great truths. What a host of questions Christ put and left for men's consciences to answer! Try to get people to think. A friend puts it in this way. "Suppose an Island in which the people are without gin, rum, whisky, wine, 'Old Tom,' Double X, and all the other mixtures of the kind. Over it you have complete control. You can keep all out or let all in. On the whole would you not keep them out?" Most people would. Well then, the sooner we get these islands to that state the better. Or, suppose some mysterious tempest came to-night and levelled all the buildings that on the whole do more harm than good—would there be a public house standing in the morning? Most people would say no. Then the sooner we get to that point the better surely. By moral suasion, by force of opinion, by law of the land, only let us get to this. Ask your friends the meaning of 1 Cor. 8. 13, and if your total abstinence be against the principle of it? Get them to tell you what Timothy's *ordinary habit* must have been when his sickness made it necessary to drink no longer water. From such little mines, quietly sprung, you may often blow up whole masses of sophistry, as well as ignorance and thoughtlessness.

4. *Be kindly.* You must not waste all the hard adjectives on the publicans, brewers and distillers; for, wholesale and retail, makers and vendors, they are much on the same level as regards the good and bad of the trade. Many of them are amiable, gentle and pure-minded, and their eyes are not open. Alas, they suffer most themselves. There is often a "vindicatory virtue" about the business that exacts vengeance on them who follow it. Pity them and make the bridge for them, if you can, to cross over to the side of safety.

Be kind to the drunkard. Do not despise him. Oh! how he despises himself in his gleams of sense! Do not give him up. "Here I am," said a gentleman, "the richest man in the town. I can do what I like with money, and my friends are round about me" (as they were to keep him from his periodical fits of drinking), "and though I beg a glass of brandy for Christ's sake, they won't give it me." That man became a sober man and died a Christian. The best way to speak with effect to the drunkard is, after having spoken of him to God in prayer. You may have to tell him painful truths. Do as Samuel did, when at the Lord's bidding, he had to reprove and sentence Saul. He cried unto God all night, and then went to Saul in the morning. Do not speak to the poor victim in the angry tone that says plainly—"You will not give me the pleasure of reforming you." Think of his soul, its value in Christ's sight, the grace that saved you, and the long suffering of God with you, and so be gentle and patient with him.

Be good humoured to your opponents. There are times you know, when people may be answered according to their folly. They will bid you drink and be strong. Ask them would they have you stronger than elephants and lions—all water-drinkers. They will tell you of their lively spirits at night, when you mope. Remind them how men are merry in wine and cross after it, "jolly good fellows every one" in the back parlour of the tavern at night, and crabbed and crusty in their room next day. There is nothing to prevent one telling the truth, you know, laughingly. "Well," said a lady to an abstainer, "you teetotalers are the most unsociable things in the world." "No," he said, "mile-stones are worse, for you never see two of them together, but we have most delightful Temperance meetings, to which I invite you."

5. And, dear young friends, *be hopeful.* The battle with this temptation and sin will end yet, and end in victory to your side. You may not see it, but that is no reason for not fighting, any more than for not giving to missions. An American minister once said of slavery, "It is an institution, and we can't get rid of it with a whistle." Like slavery, intemperance is a bad institution, and it will, like slavery, be got rid of yet.

We have all an interest in its overthrow. How it desolates the churches! I knew of a communicant being slain by one who sat at the same communion-table with him. The cause of quarrel was suggestive. They disputed at a fair about a tobacco pipe. (If you have not learned to smoke, you will be as well without that accomplishment, which sometimes prepares the way for drinking.) The politician has an interest in it. He has to provide for feeding the paupers, punishing the criminals, and guarding the lunatics intemperance makes. The doctors have an interest in it, for if it provides them patients, it kills them off all too soon. Parents have an interest in it. I know the father whose wife was burned to death in drink, whose son I have seen in raging madness. "Foolish fellow!" he said to me, "he does not know when to stop as I do." "And do you taste it?" I said. "Yes, I take a couple of glasses every day—not a drop more." And so the hard-headed, phlegmatic man had held his ground on the inclined plane down which the weaker wife and child went to ruin before his eyes. Every child has an interest in this question. "Don't go, papa, please don't go," entreated a little fellow of his father—a gentleman, as he followed him down the avenue, and held his hand, and at length kept him from the hotel, where he spent too many of his evenings, drinking. Child as he was, he was old enough to see the tears of his mother, and to connect them with his father's absence. You are young. You are free. You have no enslaving habits to break off. You have life before you. Oh! young friends, go to work with a will. Christ and His truth must triumph over Satan and sin. The battle is going on, and you are in it. You only ask a fair field and no favour; and so you have rolled the whiskey-barrel out of your way. Ask grace to help others. Be aggressive. You are not to exist like vegetables, but to live like men and women, doing good to all as you have opportunity. Once I saw a father and his fair young

daughter on the street together. It was market day, and the street was full. He was reeling, and unable to stand. She tried, poor thing, again and again to raise and help him, but in vain. Blushing scarlet, she tried again, and the grotesque helplessness of the wretch led some of the bystanders to laugh. The girl, mortified and helpless, dropt his arm, burst into tears, and ran from the place to hide her shame and vexation. I could have wept with her. How could she honour and obey that parent? How could she learn from him the ways of purity and holiness? But the day will come when such scenes shall not be. Do all you can, young friends, to bring it in. Never lose a suitable opportunity for showing on what side you are. Work, and love, and pity, and labour, and pray. Get daily strength from the holy and blessed Master, in whom alone you trust for pardon and life, and go out and in among men as His disciples. Be self-denying, energetic, and patient. The day will come when, side by side with the Almighty Victor, you shall survey the spoils He wins, and say, "Through His grace, I too fought for these."

THE CHILD AND THE ANGELS.

The Sabbath's sun was setting low,
Amid the clouds at even:
"Our Father," breathed a voice below,
"Our Father who art in heaven."

Beyond the earth, beyond the clouds,
Those infant words were given;
"Our Father," angels sang aloud—
"Father, who art in heaven."

"Thy kingdom come," still from the ground
That childlike voice did pray;
"Thy kingdom come," God's hosts resound
Far up the starry way.

"Thy will be done," with little tongue,
That lisping love implores;
"Thy will be done," the angelic throng
Sing from the heavenly shores.

"For ever," still these lips repeat,
Their closing evening prayer;
"For ever," floats, in music sweet,
High 'midst the angels there.

THE PLEDGE OUR SHIELD.

"Oh! Genie, come out into the garden just as quick as you can; we are all waiting for you. Do come, Genie!"

"What do you want now? I never saw such a bother as girls are—I don't see what they were made for!"

"O fie! Aren't you ashamed now? You know girls are a great deal nicer than you great, dirty, noisy, stupid, ugly, tormenting boys—always teasing us, tearing up our dolls, drowning our kittens, and 'boo'-ing at us. But do come, Eugene."

"O yes; you can't get along at all without us great, noisy, tormenting boys, after all, can you? What do you want now? A swing tied up, or a clothes-line telegraph, or a Canary bird buried, or something of that kind, I'll warrant. No, I sha'n't run and wait on you girls any longer, and you may just run back as fast as you came, Miss Gertrude."

"There now, Genie, how stingy you are! It isn't play at all. We are going to have a nice Band of Hope, and you are to be Secretary and Treasurer. Everybody will join, and we will have such grand times, singing and speaking pieces—you shall speak 'Excelsior' the first piece. Come, Genie."

"You've got it all cut and dried, haven't you? What else are you going to do?"

"O, we shall go on picnics and excursions, and have prizes and medals, and all take the *Youth's Temperance Visitor*, and learn the pieces, and write to 'Uncle John,' and perhaps he will come up and visit us some time."

"But what is the object of the organization?—picnics, prizes, and good times, and all that?"

"No; you know better. They all sign a pledge not to drink any liquor, nor swear, nor use tobacco, so they will grow up good men, without any bad habits."

"O—o! Sign a pledge! There, go away, Gertrude; I want to write my composition, and I havn't got a subject yet. I think I will write about 'Feminine Vanity.'"

"Why, Genie, won't you join?"

"No, Gertrude; I don't believe in your Temperance pledges and Band of Hope pledges. I believe that if a man can't keep from drinking without a pledge, he can't with. No man of any mind would be foolish enough to stoop to such girl's play as that."

"O, Genie; only think how many poor men have been saved from a drunkard's grave by the Temperance Pledge! And if all the boys should promise not to drink or use tobacco, they wouldn't get an appetite for such things, and it wouldn't be so hard for them to refrain from them."

"Well, you've bothered me long enough. I want to write my composition."

Little Gertrude Clare went back to her companions in the summer-house with a very disappointed countenance. Her brother was one of those boys who take a great deal of pride in being boys, and think they have a "natural born" right to snub, and be cross-grained towards, their sisters. Sometimes they out-grow this disagreeableness, and sometimes it clings to them all through life, and makes them bad-tempered, disgusting men. There *is nothing in the world* more beautiful than to see brothers and

sisters kind and obliging and attentive to each other. Eugene Clare was not an ill-natured boy; he was willing enough to do his sisters any little favour, but he took pleasure in being provoking, and talking large, and teasing them.

When Gertrude had gone, a voice from behind the heavy damask curtain of the oriel window said

"Come here a minute, Eugene."

The young bravo was a little startled, and a very little chagrined, to find that his Uncle Charles had been a listener to this little colloquy between himself and his sister; but he assumed an air of brave unconcern, and went to him.

Captain Charles Sherburne shoved his nephew a chair, and said he was tired of his paper, and wanted somebody to talk with.

"I guess Ed. is in the parlour," said Eugene evasively.

"I wouldn't disturb him," responded his Uncle; "you are not very busy, are you?"

"Not very; only my composition."

Eugene was in no mood to have a chat with his shrewd sailor uncle.

"Oh, bother the composition,—I'll help yon with that. Sit down, and I will tell you a story that will make a capital theme."

"I wish you would, Uncle Charles. It is a terrible trial to write composition. Tell me something about foreign countries, uncle."

"Well, I will. Let me think—yes, that was when I commanded the Ocean Queen, and a queenly craft she was, too. We were in the port of Melbourne, Australia; we had had an uncommonly rough spell of weather, and all hands were pretty well used up when we got in. There was one youngster aboard, Johnny Glenn, that I had always taken a liking to, because he had no noisy, blustering ways, like most of the crew, and was always kind and obliging. We all went up to the American House, and I was sitting on the piazza outside the bar-room, when I heard the loud, well-known voice of Bill Duff say, 'Two brandy smashes, old Rosy!' I looked in at the window and saw that Johnny Glenn was his companion. I felt sorry to see him there, for Bill was a reckless sort of fellow, though good hearted as anybody in the world. But I was glad to hear Johnny say,

"Not any for me, Bill; I don't take anything."

"Not a little brandy after this tough spell? Nonsense, John! you can't do without it.—Make it half water, and a plenty of sugar."

"No, not for me, Bill; I have promised not to touch it—don't ask me again. I'll tell you all about it some time."

Johnny came out and sat down by the window, and leaned his head on his hand, and I saw him take out his red silk handkerchief and wipe away a tear. Presently Bill came and took a seat beside him, wiped his mouth and said,

"Now for that yarn, John, while they are getting supper ready."

Johnny's voice trembled a little at first, as he responded,

"My mother was a widow, and when I first went to sea, it was to earn money for her—we were very poor, and she had to sew so hard,

and I was the only boy. She didn't want me to go, at first, but I had such a love for the great, broad, free ocean, that she gave her consent. The night before I went on board the ship, she talked with me most all night about the dangers and temptations of a sailor's life, and implored me to beware of strong drink, and everything that was low and degrading. Oh, Bill, how she talked to me that night! I told her that I was willing to make her any promise she might wish, and asked her to write a pledge and let me sign it; and she wrote one—I told her to put in tobacco—and she laid it in the family Bible, and I signed it there. I remember that the Bible was open at the place where it says something about—'I was my father's son; tender and only beloved in the sight of my mother.' We went up the Mediterranean that voyage, and brought home a cargo of wines, and when I laid my first wages in my mother's hand, and told her that my lips had never been stained by wine nor tobacco, nor any strong drink, nor profanity, I think, Bill, that was the happiest hour of my life. I was at home a month, and when I parted from my mother again, my last words, sealed with her parting kiss, were, 'I shall keep that pledge till I see you again, mother.' I got home, but I didn't see her Bill—she was in heaven—but I have kept the pledge, and if ever I see her, I can tell her that I've always kept it. You won't ask me to break it, will you, Bill?"

Bill blew his nose and tried to say, "No," then he made an attempt to say, "supper is ready," but his voice quite failed him, and he left the room very suddenly.

Johnny was looking up at the stars, thinking of his angel mother, and was quite startled when I put my hand on his shoulder and said,

"God will never forsake one who honors the memory of his mother."

"I have often heard men say," continued Captain Sherburne, "that there was something weak and womanish in signing a pledge, but I thought then there could be nothing nobler than the sublime manner in which Johnny Glenn resisted the temptation at the bar in Melbourne. The pledge was his shield from all the arrows of temptation, wherever he went;—and all boys have dear friends whose hearts are made glad when they pledge themselves against all that intoxicates, or degrades them. There, that will do for one piece of composition. See what you can make of it."

Eugene walked away, but not to his writing. He went out through the long hall into the garden, where the girls were still plotting their good work and building all sorts of fantastic castles in the air, when a strange noise, like the cry of a hurt cat, in the rear of the summer-house and very near, made them all scream with fright.

Gertrude cried out,

"O dear! it's that good-for-nothing Eugene! He won't let us take a minute's peace. Go away, Genie, and let us alone. You won't help us, nor let us have a chance to do anything ourselves."

"I thought you wanted me to come out here. You were teasing my life out half an hour ago."

"Well, you *said you* wouldn't have anything to do with it; so now *we don't want you out here.*"

"But, supposing I have changed my mind?"

"O, now, Genie. have you?" "Will you?" "Are you going to join?" chorused the little band of enthusiasts, gathering round him.

"Yes," replied he, "I'll join," and join he did.

THE REV. C. H. SPURGEON'S LECTURE ON POLAND, IN THE METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE.

This distinguished preacher has again favoured the United Kingdom Band of Hope Union with a Lecture on behalf of its funds. He chose as his subject, "Poland," and, to illustrate it, a series of very admirable Dissolving Views were prepared under the supervision of Mr. W. J. Haynes. Tuesday evening, the 16th, was fixed for the lecture, and for some time before the hour of admission the large portico and area in front of the Tabernacle were filled by a large concourse of persons, both old and young. Shortly after the opening of the doors every available seat in the immense building was occupied. The children, to the number of six hundred, sat in the seats behind the platform, and with their lively, pleasant faces, presented a beautiful picture. They were trained and conducted, as usual, by Mr. F. Smith, and both leader and children afforded great satisfaction to the delighted audience. The pieces sung in the course of the evening were:—"Bright Prospects," "God Speed the Right," "Kind Words," "Keeping the Pledge," "Beautiful Zion," "Come let us Sing of Jesus," and "God bless the Prince of Wales."

When the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon appeared on the platform he was accompanied by the Rev. H. Allen, D.D., and G. W. M'Cree; Edmond Beales, Esq., the President of the National Polish League, J. R. Taylor, Esq., Deputy-judge Payne, W. J. Haynes, Esq., and other friends of Religion, Temperance, and Liberty.

The Rev. Lecturer detailed the history, constitution, present condition, and wrongs of Poland in a most powerful manner, and greatly moved the immense audience.

The Committee of the Union were greatly indebted to the Marquis of Townsend for having promised to preside, but he having, unfortunately, been prevented by illness, his place was most ably supplied by Edmond Beales, Esq.

Deputy-judge Payne kindly obliged the Committee by moving a united vote of thanks to Mr. Spurgeon, Mr. Beales, and the deacons of the Metropolitan Tabernacle, for its use on the occa-

sion. The motion was seconded by Mr. Haynes, the treasurer of the Union, and immediately adopted by the audience in the most enthusiastic manner.

As the audience paid for admission, the funds of the Union will be largely aided by the proceeds.

Before leaving the building, the children sung the National Anthem with great effect, and thus brought a splendid demonstration to an impressive close.

Annals of the United Kingdom Band of Hope Union.

LABOURS OF THE AGENTS.

Mr. W. B. Affleck.—During the month, the Committee of the Union have been most reluctantly compelled to accept the resignation of their esteemed agent, Mr. W. B. Affleck, who, whilst he has been lecturing and working in connection with the Society, had won for himself a good name amongst all with whom he came in contact. The cause of this is the ill health of Mr. Affleck, who thought that a work with less fatiguing travelling, &c., would conduce to his becoming stronger. The best wishes of the committee go with our esteemed friend.

Mr. W. Bell has been lecturing during the past month at the following places:—Ulles-Relf, Batley, Yorkshire, Hull, Bradford, &c.

Mr. G. Blaby has attended and addressed the following meetings:—Lambeth Baths, four times; Cromer Street Chapel; Leicester Square; Wesleyan Chapel, Lock's Fields; Great Hall, Westminster; Grange Road, Bermondsey; Barnsbury Chapel; Denmark Street; Albion Hall; Old Milestone, City Road; Barbican Chapel; Deverell Street; Liverpool Road; Mission Hall, Five Dials; Kentish Town; Paddington; Commercial Road; Deptford; and Forest Hill. He has also preached eight sermons and addressed two Sunday schools.

Mr. T. Oxley Chapman.—We are glad to be enabled to inform our readers, that the Committee of the Union have engaged this gentleman, for the special work of visiting Sunday Schools, with a view of urging upon the officers and teachers the importance of forming Bands of Hope in connection with their schools. On Sunday, Feb. 21st, Mr. Chapman, accompanied by the Rev. G. W. M'Cree, commenced this important work, and met with the most kind and courteous receptions at the schools they visited. Mr. Chapman has during the month also attended several meetings, &c.

Mr. William Lay has attended at the following places:—East Lane, Walworth; Bloomsbury Chapel; Gospel Hall, Brackley street, twice; Deptford School Room; Pond Place, Chelsea; Fox and Knot Court; Metropolitan Tabernacle; Moor Street, Five Dials; Meadow Road; Lambeth Road, three times; Approach Road, Hackney; Marlborough Chapel; Lewisham; Peckham.

Mr. Frederic Smith, during February, was principally engaged in

training the choir which sang on the occasion of the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon's Lecture, but also attended the following meetings:—The Westminster Baths; City Gospel Hall, Golden Lane; Oakland's Chapel, Shepherd's Bush; Spa Fields Chapel; Offord Road, Caledonian Road; Haverstock Hill; and Sheerness.

OUR SUNDAY SCHOOL AGENT'S FIRST REPORT.

To the Editor of the "BAND OF HOPE RECORD."

SIR,—I beg to forward you an epitome of my first day's labour as Sunday School Agent for the United Kingdom Band of Hope Union.

On the morning of Sunday, the 21st instant, I met the Rev. G. W. M'Cree, at his house, according to previous appointment. He suggested that the best way to commence operations would be by simply calling at the schools, and leaving with their respective superintendents or secretaries a selection of Band of Hope literature, for distribution among the teachers, who would thus have the subject brought fully under their notice. In this I concurred, and after prayer for a blessing on our new effort to further the cause of temperance and religion, we went forth together, and visited the schools connected with the five undermentioned places of worship:—*Church of England*:—District Church, Regent square, Gray's inn road, Rev. Thomas Nolan, Minister; St. George's, Bloomsbury, Rev. Emilius Bayley, Minister. *Baptist*:—Arthur Street Chapel, Frederick street, Gray's inn road, Rev. Dr. Wills, Pastor; Henrietta Street Chapel, Regent square, Mr. W. R. Vines, Pastor. *Scottish Free Church*:—Regent square, Rev. Dr. Hamilton, Minister. In each school we met with a very kind and courteous reception, and their respective officers readily undertook the distribution among the teachers of the various publications which we left with them. I was requested by the superintendent of one school to address the children next Sunday afternoon, and was invited by another to meet the teachers at their Monthly Tea Meeting also, on Sunday next, when I should have an opportunity of bringing the subject of Bands of Hope before them. I need scarcely add that I gladly accepted both these offers.

In the afternoon I visited at the following schools:—*Wesleyan*:—Great Queen Street Chapel, Lincoln's inn fields. *Baptist*:—Little Wilde street Chapel, Lincoln's inn fields, Rev. Christopher Woollacott, late Pastor. *Congregational*:—Fetter Lane Chapel, Holborn, Rev. R. G. Harper, Pastor. I was cordially received by the superintendents. I regret however to say, that two of these schools formerly had Bands of Hope connected with them, but which have been given up solely for the want of conductors. In the one case the conductor having removed to a distance, no one else could be got to supply his place; and in the other, the Band of Hope (a very good one) was carried on by the superintendent of the Sunday school for a long time, and then by the Pastor, who continued it until his increasing duties compelled him to give it up, since which time it has ceased to exist. In both these instances the superintendents appeared to be very anxious for their re-establishment—the want of efficient conductors being the sole obstacle in each case. I will not con-

ment upon these facts, but will leave them with your thoughtful readers. "The harvest truly is great, but the labourers are few, pray ye therefore the Lord of the harvest that he would send forth labourers into his harvest."

Upwards of 180 copies of the following publications were given away during the day:—"Band of Hope Record;" "Eighth Annual Report;" "Bands of Hope and Sunday Schools," by W. M. Symons; "Why are Ragged Schools Necessary?" by the Rev. G. W. M'Cree; and "Lights and Shades of London," by the same author.

May the richest success crown this humble effort to save the little ones from the parent vice of our land, is the prayer of yours obediently,

T. O. Chapman, *Sunday School Agent.*

GLEANINGS.

Slavery of Intemperance.—The sufferings of animal nature, occasioned by intemperance, are not to be compared with the moral agonies which convulse the soul. It is an immortal being who sins and suffers; and as his earthly house dissolves he is approaching the judgment-seat in anticipation of a miserable eternity. He feels his captivity, and, in anguish of spirit clanks his chain, and cries for help. Conscience thunders, remorse goads, and, as the gulph opens before him, he recoils, and trembles, and weeps, and prays, and resolves, and promises, and reforms, and "seeks it yet again!" again resolves, and weeps, and prays, and "seeks it yet again!" Wretched man! he has placed himself in the hands of a giant who never pities, and never relaxes his iron grasp.—*Lyman Beecher, D.D.*

Strong Drink in South Africa.—You will be sorry to hear that the natives in this part of the country are acquiring a liking for that curse of civilization, strong drink. There is a little village about six miles from this, and, though small, it contains a canteen (or hotel tap), the proprietor of which, and others resident in the village, do not scruple to sell brandy to the natives; nay, they glory in the immense profits they are making out of them. A little while ago it came to my knowledge that four young men, who are on trial for membership in the church, had begun to drink brandy. I took up the matter immediately, called a meeting, and addressed them most earnestly on the subject, pointing out the evils to which the habit would lead them, what I witnessed of its effects in England, how it had almost annihilated some aboriginal tribes in other lands, &c., and then appealed to them to leave it off, and to enter into a solemn pledge that they would never touch it again. This they all did. I was very sorry to hear the other day, that another young man of my station who bears an excellent character, though not a member of the church, had been to the village referred to above, to sell a horse, for which he got £6. This money he spent in certain goods, and in getting drunk. He started homewards with the goods on his wagon, arrived here still intoxicated, but discovered that all his goods were gone. The probability is, that he had driven so carelessly, that one article after

another had fallen to the ground without his knowledge. I hope it will prove a useful lesson to him. One of the most respectable Fingoe chiefs in my circuit has given way to drink, and I fear will soon lose his good character. Thus our efforts for good are almost nullified by the unprincipled conduct of our own fellow countrymen.—*Extract from a Letter from the Rev. Arthur Briggs, Wesleyan Missionary, dated Wittebergen, South Africa, July 27th,* 1863, *and published in the Wesleyan Missionary Paper.*

A Good Rule.—My rule is, deliberately to consider, before I commence, whether the thing is practicable. If it be not practicable, I do not attempt it. If it be practicable, I can accomplish it, if I give sufficient pains to it; and having begun, I never stop till the thing is done. To this rule I owe all my success.—*John Hunter.*

Comic Singers.—A few weeks since a popular comic singer, well known at the London music-halls, leaped from his bedroom window under the influence of *delirium tremens*, and was killed on the spot. This week the papers record the death of another man, also a "music-hall professional," who spent £1, a week, and drank another pound's worth, which produced "delirium," and caused his death.

Total Abstinence of Dr. Samuel Johnson.—It is mentioned in Robert's Life of Hannah More, that in 1783, that Lady sat next to Dr. Johnson at a dinner party at the Bishop of Chester's house. She says, "I urged him to take a little wine." He replied, "I can't drink a little, child, therefore I never touch it. Abstinence is as easy to me as temperance would be difficult."

Let's Take a Drink.—"Come in, Joe, and let's take a drink." "Thank ye, Thomas, can't afford it." "Well, but I'll pay for it." "Oh, I'm not thinking of the money." "What then." "Loss of health and energy; for I tell you what it is, Thomas, I find it up-hill business to work steadily on under liquor. It does well enough for half an hour, and then I get lazy and moody, want more, and become reckless, and that's why I can't afford it, so here's home to dinner."

The Force of Habit.—I trust everything under God—to habit; upon which in all ages, the lawgiver as well as the schoolmaster, has mainly placed reliance. Habit makes everything easy, and casts all difficulties upon the deviation from a wonted course. Make sobriety a habit, and intemperance will be hateful; make prudence a habit, and reckless profligacy will be as contrary to the nature of the child, grown or adult, as the most atrocious crimes are to any of our lordships. Give a child the habit of sacredly regarding the truth—of carefully respecting the property of others—of scrupulously abstaining from all acts of improvidence which can involve him in distress, and he will just as likely think of rushing into an element in which he cannot breathe, as of lying, or cheating, or stealing.—*Lord Brougham.*

PROVINCIAL CORRESPONDENTS.

The Rev. Samuel Couling, Scarborough.
Mr. D. B. Hooke, Jun., Bath.
Mr. J. P. Hutchinson, Darlington.

J. Bale, Printer, 78, Great Titchfield-street, Marylebone.

BAND OF HOPE RECORD.

OUR COUNTRY'S HOPE.

Some one has pithily, and we think wisely, said, that "the Band of Hope is our country's hope" and, in a teetotal point of view, this is quite true. In the young, the bone and sinew, the brain and muscle, of our movement are bound up. It is they who will have to fight the future battles, and claim and enforce the future charters of our mighty movement. It is said that whenever Trebonius, the tutor of Martin Luther, appeared in the presence of his boys, he uncovered his head, and made a bow. He gave as a reason for so doing, that he knew not what embryo great men might be standing before him. And truly his pupil, Luther, became one of the world's greatest men. Well, so it may be now. When we stand in the midst of a noisy, unruly, and hard-to-be-governed Band of Hope group, we should try to feel a little reverence for those who will take our places, and continue our work, when the clods of the valley shall cover us. They will become the future pillars and workers in our movement, therefore we hold it true that they are indeed our country's hope.

Our work among them is, moreover, a hopeful work. Many an adult drunkard has grown so confirmed in his habits of intemperance, that when he takes our pledge, and endeavours to walk the way of sobriety, it is altogether such a new, strange, and difficult mode of living, that he gives up his pledge, renounces the principles, and returns to his former evil and debasing habits. It is hard work for him to give up the drink—very hard work; and thus it comes to pass that the temperance workers who have their hearts gladdened by seeing these men signing, very quickly get them saddened by hearing of their falling off. But it is not so with the young. If they become abstainers in early life, and continue so, *the drink appetite* is not formed, consequently they are all the stronger to battle with temptation and carry on the war. The drink and the drink-shop have no attractions for one who has been an abstainer from childhood, or from infancy, as many are. It rather repels him—he turns from it with loathing. The principle of total abstinence is, as it were, become part and parcel of his very being—one of the most powerful associations of his life—and

consequently he stands firm and unmoved in his adherence to the cause. We know, from personal experience, how attachment to the temperance cause grows with the growth and strengthens with the strength of one educated from infancy in the principle and practice of total abstinence.

Well, then, in view of all these considerations, it becomes us to address ourselves to the work of marshalling, instructing, and strengthening this mighty young army. We cannot begin too young. It is a mistake to imagine that young boys and girls do not understand our principles. *They do:* and what is more, they appreciate and practice them, to the shame of many who are their seniors in years and wisdom. We can call to mind at this moment several instances in point. We should, at our Band of Hope meetings, and in the home-circle feed them with temperance truth. Some of them will only be able to bear "milk," but others will demand "strong meat," and digest it too.

We should espouse the Band of Hope movement, because each member of a Band of Hope is made a temperance missionary. He carries with him into his home, into the school, and among his play-fellows, temperance truth, which will be sure to bear fruit. And this is one consideration that temperance reformers should never lose sight of. You scarcely ever see a parent denying teetotalism to his child, even though opposed to it himself. He knows that total abstinence is a good thing for his boy—that by fortifying him with this principle, he is all the stronger to go forth on the path of life. And, therefore, it is that many parents, who are antagonistic themselves to the movement, rather than otherwise, encourage their children to join it. Now we must, as it were, steal a march upon these parents. Let the children's minds be stored with teetotal truth, and then send them home to sow it by the fireside, at the tea-table, and in the social circle. Such a practice must ultimately bear a rich harvest.

"What are boys good for?" grumbled a sour old cynic the other day. "To make men of," was the reply. Well, then, it behoves us to see that we make temperance men out of the rising generation. Every society wishing to prosper and continue should look well to this department. Let the Band of Hope be thoroughly organised and maintained, and there will be abundant materials getting ready to swell the ranks of the adult society. It must be obvious to every thinking mind that this is one of the most necessary steps in connection with the working of tee-

totalism, for if no measures be taken to enlist the young under the temperance banner, the cause makes but little progress, if indeed it does not, in course of time, die a natural death. Get all the young to become and remain teetotallers, and drinking and drunkenness will have disappeared in the course of one or or two generations. Therefore we hold it to be a duty incumbent upon every true-hearted temperance man and woman, to aid, uphold, and carry forward the Band of Hope movement in every possible way. What Sabbath schools are to the Church of God, Bands of Hope are to the temperance cause; and if we would see our principles perpetuated, our aims carried out, our cause triumphant, and our world made a sober world, let us look well to our Bands of Hope, which are "our country's hope."—*The League Journal.*

DROPS FROM THE CLOUDS *v.* DROPS FROM THE STILL.

The drops from the clouds in mercies disperse,
But drops from the still are fraught with a curse.
The drops from the clouds our comforts increase,
But drops from the still engender disease.
The drops from the clouds make earth yield its fruit,
But drops from the still turn man to a brute.
The drops from the clouds prolong human life,
But drops from the still cause bloodshed and strife.
The drops from the clouds fill rivers and pools,
But drops from the still turn wise men to fools.
The drops from the clouds our passions control,
But drops from the still kill body and soul.

T. W. H.

SUNDAY CLOSING.

We are glad to find that another effort is to be made to close the public houses on the first day of the week. Should any of our readers wish to send a petition to Parliament in favour of such a measure, they will find the following form useful:—

To the Honorable the Commons of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland in Parliament assembled.

The Humble Petition of the Inhabitants of——[or Congregation of——worshipping in——Church (or Chapel), being Inhabitants of——] *in Public* [or Town's] *Meeting assembled.*

HUMBLY SHEWETH,

That the sale of Intoxicating Drinks on the Sunday is the source of

immumerable evils to the community, and in the highest degree antagonistic to the influence exerted by the Church, the Sunday School, and Christian efforts generally.

That all past legislation which has narrowed the time in which strong drinks might be lawfully sold on the Sunday has proved an immense benefit to the common weal, and demonstrates beyond all doubt that a further reduction of the hours of sale would be a proportionate gain to moral and social order.

That the glaring anomaly of legalizing the sale, on the Sunday, of an article so inimical to the sacred objects of that day, whilst traffic in useful things is (most properly) forbidden, is a reproach to our national character and consistency, and the interests of our common Christianity demand its immediate removal.

Your Petitioners, therefore, humbly pray your Honorable House to enact a Law for prohibiting the sale of Intoxicating Liquors between the hours of Eleven o'Clock on Saturday Night and Six o'Clock on Monday Morning, except to Travellers and Lodgers.

And your Petitioners, as in duty bound, will ever pray.

That there is an immense current of popular sentiment in favour of Sunday Closing is well known to us. For Mr. Somes's Bill there were petitions and signatures as follows:—

	Petitions.	Signatures.
From Inhabitants of Cities, Towns, and Parishes ...	1,970 ...	573,324
Town's Meetings	20 ...	532
Other Public Meetings	117 ...	2,411
Religious Congregations and Societies	2,333 ...	242,921
Sunday and Ragged-school Teachers, and Elder Scholars	475 ...	28,605
Temperance Societies and Bands of Hope ...	168 ...	16,307
Females only	110 ...	19,427
Working Men and Women	80 ...	17,076
Licensed Victuallers and Beersellers	94 ...	1,772
Boards of Guardians and Justices of the Peace	16 ...	52
Waiters at Hotels, &c.	2 ...	552
Town Councils	8 ...	8
Total	5,393 ...	903,967

Against it they were as follows:—

	Petitions.	Signatures.
From Operatives, Tradesmen, and others	70 ...	173,850
Licensed Victuallers	44 ...	7,851
Inhabitants	27 ...	33,985
Benefit Societies	87 ...	328
Town Meetings	2 ...	2
Beersellers' Public Meeting	1 ...	1
Total	231 ...	216,017

In support of this measure some noble subscriptions have

been given. From a goodly list we select the following names and sums :—

J. A. Wade, Hull	(for 3 years)	... ...	£150	0 0
John Cropper, Liverpool	do.	... ...	150	0 0
John Priestman, Bradford	do.	... ...	150	0 0
Joseph Somes. M.P.	do.	... ...	150	0 0
E. S. Ellis, Leicester	do.	... ...	150	0 0
Edward Pease, Darlington	do.	... ...	75	0 0
E. Whitwell, for himself and Kendal		do.	90	0 0
C. E. Darby, Wrexham	do.	... ...	50	0 0
John Jowett, Leeds	do.	... ...	50	0 0
James Barlow, Bolton	do.	... ...	50	0 0
Wm. Morris, Manchester	do.	... ...	50	0 0
John Guest, Rotheram	do.	... ...	30	0 0
E. B. W. Balme, Mirfield	do.	... ...	25	0 0
J. Shields, Durham	do.	... ...	15	0 0
B. Wilson, Mirfield	do.	... ...	5	0 0

We trust that our readers will help this great movement, and do what may be possible to give to Englishmen A SOBER SUNDAY.

SCENES IN LONDON.

"I will just tell you what I saw in two hours. I went out to visit on a summer's afternoon; I walked into a court, and there I saw a man who had got drunk in a beershop sitting on the pavement outside. I gave him in charge of a friend, and sent him home. Now, that house did not lose its license because it made that man drunk—oh! no. Well, I walked on, and by and by I saw a woman come out of another house drunk, and a policeman came, and dragged her off to the station. Another woman then appeared, and I spoke to her, and she mumbled out some reply and passed on. I next came upon another woman in the midst of a crowd gesticulating violently, and threatening some one, when suddenly a door opened and a brawny arm shot out and struck her on the face, and she reeled across the court. A play actor told me that they had these fights three or four times every day. I passed on and entered a house. There were two boys playing on the stairs; I spoke kindly to them—for depend upon it there is nothing like kindness in such cases, the pompous style won't do. They said their mother was dead, but their father was out selling chairs, and they lived down stairs. I said I would go down, and went with them. I went into a dark miserable cellar, the walls of which were greasy, and very dirty. There was no table, but there was an old dresser, and the boy told me that it was the only bed they had, and on it slept his father, three brothers, and himself. Well, I took the boy and sent him to the house, put a pair of new shoes and a clean blouse on him, and you may guess how proud he was as he kept looking first at one foot and then the other as he stood in his class. I afterwards saw the father of the children, and asked him the cause of all the misery his family now were suffering. It's the drink, sir,

he replied, shaking his head, and I should have been surprised had I got any other answer. But is it not lamentable, that whenever you find a scene like that, it is always the drink. But to resume my visiting: I passed on to another street, and, on turning the corner, I met a woman with a child in her arms staggering along towards me. She was not drunk, but she and her child were covered with blood. I asked her what had done that? My husband, sir And what made him do it? She replied, fifteen months ago he came home drunk, and, seizing my child, thrust it behind the fire. To-day he came home in the same state, and swore he would do the same again. I was afraid he would, and I would not let him have the child; so he seized the poker and slashed me with it on the head. She put back her hair, and showed me a gaping wound, and that is what I saw in two hours. All that amount of wickedness proceeded from the public sale of intoxicating drink."—*From a Lecture, entitled "Lights and Shadows of London," by the Rev. G. W. M Cree.*

THE HISTORY AND RESULTS OF BANDS OF HOPE IN BRADFORD.

By ISAAC PHILLIPS.

[A Paper Read at Ebenezer School]

The first Band of Hope in Bradford was formed at Southgate Hall, in 1848; and early in 1850, three of the teachers in Sion Sunday School, having heard of the formation and success of Bands of Hope in Leeds, resulting from the labours of the Rev. J. Tunnicliffe and others, felt a desire to form a society in connection with their own school. Having secured the sanction of the teachers at a quarterly meeting, they at once convened a meeting of the scholars. 300 cards of membership, and a quantity af pledges, were at once obtained and presented by Mr. W. Cannan, who we are glad to say still lives to promote the glorious cause he then espoused.

One of the three, Mr. John Clark, has long since gone to his rest, and we may truly say, "his works do follow him."

The other, through Divine mercy, has been spared to labour in the good work, and is humbly contributing this paper to-night.

The friends at Sion, not deeming themselves sufficient for the work, depended on the aid of Temperance Students at Horton College, and as their engagements prevented them from regularly attending the meetings, a suspension of the work took place for a short time

In the meantime, Mr. John Holmes, then an active member of the Temperance Society, at the Central Rooms, Cheapside, formed a society. At his first meeting there were only 6 children—3 boys and 3 girls. Every meeting night witnessed a large increase in nnmbers, and in a short time the room became crowded.

In May, 1851, Mr. Charles Ordish, an earnest worker in the cause of temperance, (and now engaged in the same work in Liverpool) with other kindred spirits, commenced a similar work at Tetley street Baptist school,

which prospered greatly. The work was resumed at Sion with much success. Bands of Hope were formed in quick succession at Westgate and Bethel school. The cause steadily progressed, and other societies were established at Westgate Free Church, Park Lane, College, Cambridge Place, Great Horton, Ebenezer, West End, and Trintty; and more recently at Lister Hills, Bedford Street, Little Horton, Croft Street, New Leeds Baptist, and the Friends' Schools. At most of the places the work was conducted by good men and true, and much success attended their labours.

We are sorry to have to add that at Bethel, Westgate Free Church, and Lister Hills, the work was not persevered in, and, therefore, operations have ceased. At Cambridge Place also, the friends having laboured under many difficulties, deemed it necessary to discontinue the work for a season; and at Croft Street, in consequence of some internal disruption, the society has broken up.

It is pleasing, however, to know that a large number of the members remain faithful to their pledges, and many of them have connected themselves with other Bands of Hope. We cannot here enter into the particular workings of the separate societies, but may say that at many places the cause has not only been sustained under great difficulties, but has greatly prospered.

At no place is this more evident than at Great Horton, where a mighty influence has been exerted, and a glorious change taken place, through the devoted labours of the friends there, under the most trying circumstances. In 1851, a few of the leading friends of the movement met together to consider the propriety of forming an Union, when it was determined to invite all the Bands of Hope to unite in one bond for more general action and mutual aid, to which all gave a hearty response. Thus the present Union commenced in mnch human weakness, but having truth on its side, and God for its helper, it has won its widening way till the present. It now occupies a prominent position among the organizations of the town, instituted for the good of our fellow creatures. It has provided recreation for the young, by means of trips, galas, processions, &c., and instruction and pleasure, by united gatherings, to listen to addresses and the sweet strains of music. Under its management, many meetings of Sunday school teachers have been held, when the claims of Bands of Hope have been urged by ministers and gentlemen devoted to the cause. The first of these meetings, we will venture to say, has seldom been surpassed for moral influence; when in March, 1854, not less than 3,000 Sunday school teachers, and 1,000 other persons, from the town and surrounding villages, assembled in St. George's Hall, to listen to the glowing appeals of the Revs. J. P. Chown and B. Wood, the late Alderman Beaumont, E. Kenion, Esq., and others. And permit us to name, not to remind you of, (for it will not soon be forgotten) the glorious gathering in St George's Hall, on the 27th of Jan. last, when we had the pleasure of listening to the glowing eloquence of Mr. Chown, and the exquisite music of 400 voices from the Bands of Hope.

In 1855, the Union published several thousands of copies of a tract,

entitled "A Plea for Bands of Hope," wrttten by Mr. J. Burton, then of Bradford, now of Nottingham; and in the early part of the present year 10,000 tracts of statistics, by a member of the committee, were published by the Union. They have also published three editions of the "Juvenile Melodist," the aggregate number of copies being 50,000. The Union has been instrumental in forming many Bands of Hope in the surrounding villages, and has furnished much information on the subject to friends in remote parts.

In August, 1861, a beautiful drinking fountain was erected, under the auspices of the Union, at a cost of £200—a great portion of which was contributed by the members of the Bands of Hope.

The first president of the Union was Mr. W. Akam, a gentleman whose name will be honoured as long as the present generation live. The same office has been filled by Messrs. I. Phillips, W. Firth, E. Carter; and for the last few years, the Rev. H. J. Betts has honourably held that important office.

The secretaries have been Messrs. R. Newboult, M. Field, J. Wilson, J. Burton, J. Proctor, G. Soppitt, I. Phillips, A. Liversedge, W. L. G. Hutchinson, and T. Cox.

In August, 1862, the committee feeling that the amount and importance of the work called for the labours of an agent, engaged Mr. W. S. Bray, to devote part of his evenings in the furtherance of the cause. In Mr. Bray the Union has found a faithful and devoted worker. It has been his duty to collect subscriptions and attend to the general business of the Union. In all these matters he has given the most entire satisfaction.

Since the commencement of the movement in Bradford, it is computed that 6,000 meetings have been held, at which, at least, 12,000 addresses have been delivered. The art of singing has been largely cultivated, in which many have become proficient. As well as instilling into the minds of the children the principles of temperance, every virtue and excellence has been enforced upon them. At most of the meeting places, it has been the custom to open or close the meetings with prayer.

Thus we have glanced at the history of Bands of Hope in Bradford, very briefly and imperfectly it is true. It must be seen, however, that a great agency has been in operation. It now remains for us to speak of the results; and in looking at such a subject, we feel disposed to be silent, except to exclaim, "who is sufficient for these things?" None but the Almighty fully knows all the good that has resulted from the instrumentality made use of. These results not only affect time, but will extend through eternity. We may, however, be permitted to gaze on a few shells on the shore, while the treasures of the ocean must remain hid from our view. There are at present, in connection with our Bands of Hope, 4,000 young people who abstain from the use of intoxicating drinks, a vast proportion of whom, unguarded by temperance, would doubtless become victims to the prevailing vice of drunkenness. It is supposed that at least 4,000 more have passed through our Bands of Hope, and grown into manhood and womanhood, a large number of whom have

kept their early vows. Many have removed to other parts of the country, and are carrying on the good cause in which they have been so much blessed themselves. More than 40 have gone to other lands, and it is pleasing to know that in several cases, they have established Bands of Hope in the lands of their adoption. One has obtained a government office, and many others have risen to positions of honour and trust. There are at present from 500 to 600 Sunday school teachers, who have been and are at present, members of our Bands of Hope; and from 450 to 500 have joined christian churches. Several are secretaries of Sunday schools, librarians, and directors of penny savings' banks. More than 20 are occasional preachers of the gospel; 5 have gone to college to study for the ministry, and 2 have become pastors of churches. We know of several cases where members of Bands of Hope have been instrumental in reclaiming their parents who had become clothed in rags and maddened by drink, who are now clothed well, and in their right mind, and sitting at the feet of Jesus.

Space could not be allotted us here, neither would time permit to speak of individual cases that would both be interesting and encouraging. Doubtless, many such will be known by all present. The foregoing is sufficient to show that a great work has already been accomplished.

We may be asked, are you sure that all these cases are the results of Band of Hope labours? We reply, that many of them are directly so, and all are in relation with them.

We would, in turn ask, are you sure that any one case would have been as it is, if the subject of it had not been under Band of Hope influence?

Brethren, we have seen a little of the fruits of our labours; but who shall tell of all the results of the good seed sown broadcast into the youthful soil?—of the blessed words of Divine wisdom that have sunk into the youthful heart, which shall be re-produced and re-produced again, until they be handed down to the remotest time, and shall be consummated in eternity?—Who shall tell of all the happy homes, crowned with plenty, that would otherwise have been the scenes of squalid poverty and destitution?—of all the wealth produced by industrious hands, otherwise idle?—of the saving to the state?—of those who shall live virtuous lives, who would have been pests to society, and dreaded by their neighbours?—of the bright sparks of genius that shall glow with undimmed lustre, that would have been drowned in the intoxicating cup?—of those who are and shall be the joy of their parents, who would have brought their grey hairs with sorrow to the grave?—of those who shall live to bless the world by their words of love and acts of kindness, who would otherwise have gone to premature graves?—These are things we shall never fully know, still, there are evidences sufficient to prove it to be a glorious work. A work that the Lord has stamped with his approval, and is crowning with His blessing. It is ours to do our duty, and good results will surely follow. Let us take care how we perform our work, for our influence shall spread far and wide. Just as a stone cast into a waveless lake, sinks to be seen no more, but ruffles to the remotest brink—so our words cast upon the surface of society, shall spread far and wide, to bless or curse, after the tongue that has spoken them lies silent in the grave.

A GOOD THOUGHT.

While walking through London a few days ago, Mr. Hardwidge, the Financial Secretary of the North London Temperance Society, Caledonian road, was casting in his mind how the members of the Society's Band of Hope might find opportunity to turn their singing qualifications to some new and useful account in a charitable channel, and the thought struck him to give an entertainment to the poor inmates of some of the neighbouring unions, upon whose ears the sweet sound of children's fresh tuneful voices so seldom falls. Promptly acting upon this idea, an interview was at once obtained with Mr. Francis, a teetotaller, the respected Master of Holborn Union, touching his opinion as to the feasibility of carrying out the experiment. Encouraged by that gentleman, a further application was made to the board of guardians, who most courteously, through their clerk, sent a letter to Mr. Hardwidge, granting the use of their hall, aud thanking him for his offer. The committee of the North London also heartily gave their sanction to this work of charity, and on the evening of Easter Tuesday the aged and young inmates of the above union were gratified by hearing a concert of temperance pieces, some of the pieces written by Mr. Hardwidge, rendered by a choir of 70 picked voices of the North London Temperance Society's Band of Hope, and conducted by their teacher, Mr. Albert Austin. It is but a short time back (Jan. 7,) that this same band, to the number of 50, assisted by a concert the efforts of Mr. Hardwidge to found and inaugurate a new Band of Hope at a neighbouring temperance society, and made such an effective display of their singing qualities that no less than 40 signed the first night, and since then, by assiduity on the part of Mr. Hardwidge and Mr. Austin, its secretary and conductor *pro tem*, 50 more members have joined. It is likely to prove of great usefulness in the neighbourhood of the City road; I allude to the Old Mile Stone Band of Hope. In emulation of this laudable example, will not some of the temperance societies throughout the United Kingdom give their Bands of Hope, wherever permission can be obtained, an opportunity of affording an hour's innocent amusement to some of their poorer brethren, who are shut out as it were from such entertainments?

HOW TO PRESERVE MEMBERS OF BANDS OF HOPE.

1. *Teach them*,—That the principles of true Temperance is nothing novel, but that multitudes of the wise, the great, and the good, in all ages of the world, not only adopted the principle, but also enjoyed life infinitely better, without intoxicating beverages than with them.

2. That the duty of total abstinence from any and every thing that injured a weaker brother, and frustrated the work of God, was a duty taught in the greatest possible plainness in Scripture; and that it is not only their privilege and interest,

but also an obligatory duty, as accountable beings, to pay the most profound regard to its teaching.

3. That man is physically better, and morally safer, by being an abstainer, than a drinker, and that the grand reason why the masses reject the pledge, and the principle of abstinence, is not because truth is not perched upon our banners, but because they themselves are become the slaves of custom, of appetite, and of ignorance.

4. That the promoters of Bands of Hope are not acting from any sinister, selfish, or impure motive, when they are putting forth efforts to try and rescue the rising generation from the degradation and thraldom of drinking customs and habits, but that they were labouring entirely and solely for their good, and that if this object be attained, they deem it ample compensation for all the self-denial, labour, and sacrifice they may make on their behalf.

5. That it is a mark of true greatness, and dignity, to be able to abstain, and perform the duties of life, without that which others consider so essential to their well-being. And that the person who thus denies himself of any gratification, which others are slaves to, are the most true and worthy heroes of our race.

6. That to be consistent teetotallers, we must not only shun the evil, strong drink, but also abstain from all sham drinks, abstaining from every kind of liquor that may lead others tc suppose we have the slightest inclination for, and also keep aloof from the company of those who indulge in it.

7. That the secret of being able, hereafter, to stand firm and true to the great principle they profess, depends entirely upon their habits, and the kind of information they strive to acquire. And it is therefore necessary, that every member of the Band of Hope should not only invoke Divine aid, but also learn to read such periodicals as the *Band of Hope Review*, and the *Band of Hope Record* journal regularly.

8. That the conversion of the world to teetotalism, would, to themselves, be an infinite gain; inasmuch as the consumption of grain, fruit, sugar, &c., which is used in the manufacture of strong drink, tended to make such articles of diet, and use, dearer than they otherwise would be, had they been devoted to their right and to their proper purpose.

9. That the dictates of reason, and the laws of the Bible, demanded all who had been blessed themselves, by the adoption of any principle, to do all that lay in their power to recover

and convert others to their belief; it was therefore obligatory upon every member of the Band of Hope to try and induce others to attend public meetings, and other social gatherings, where they will get good.

10. That they should endeavour to attend all meetings held for their enlightenment and good at the exact and proper time, and that the lukewarmness and negligence of other members, who might be absent from the meetings, would be no excuse for them acting in a similar manner.

11. That all mortals who have ever lived a life of self-denial, purity, and uprightness, in this world, have ever been subject to the reproach, and derision, and slander of their fellow-creatures, and that if they themselves ever intend to cleave unto that which is good, they must not expect to find any material difference in old human nature now, to what it has been.

12. That as the principles of total abstinence are based upon the rock of truth, they may be sure that a great reform in the opinions, habits, and practices of society will ultimately be produced; and that if they want to have the approbation of God, and the future gratitude and praise of their fellow-creatures, they must do what they can in their day and generation, to bring about this great, grand, glorious, and desirable event.

AIDS FOR SPEAKERS.

No Better.—"Sam," said a minister to his man-of-all-work, "you must bottle the cask of whisky this afternoon; but as the vapour of the whisky may be injurious, take a glass of it before you begin, to prevent intoxication." Now, Samuel was an old soldier, and never was in better spirits than when bottling whisky; and, having received from his master special license to taste, went to work most heartily. Some hours after, the minister visited the cellar to inspect progress, and was horrified to find Sam lying his full length on the floor, unconscious of all around. "Oh, Sam," said the master, "you have not taken my advice, and you see the consequences. Rise, Sam, and take a glass yet, it may restore you" Sam, nothing loth, took the glass, and having emptied it, said "Oh, sir, this is the thirteenth glass I've taken, but I'm no better."

A Noble Convert.—The Hon. and Rev. Lord William Russell stated at a Soldiers' Temperance Meeting in Regent's Park Barracks, that he had practised total abstinence for some time past, and that although an old man he was quite as well without strong drink as with it.

Kind Words.—Kind words do not cost much. They never blister the tongue or lips; and we have never heard of any mental trouble arising from this quarter. Though they do not *cost* much, yet they *accomplish* much. 1. They help one's own good-nature and good-will. Soft words soften our own soul; angry words are fuel to the flame of

wrath, and make it blaze the more fiercely. 2. Kind words make other people good-natured; cold words freeze people, and hot words scorch them, and sarcastic words irritate them, and bitter words make them bitter, and wrathful words make them wrathful. There is such a rush of all other kinds of words in our days, that it seems desirable to give kind words a chance among them. There are vain words, and idle words, and hasty words, and silly words, and empty words, and profane words, and boisterous words, and warlike words. Kind words also produce their own image on men's souls, and a beautiful image it is. They soothe and quiet, and comfort the hearer; they shame him out of his sour, morose, and unkind feelings.

How to Ruin Servants.—The *London Review* has brought to light an abuse which touches the pockets of the nobility and gentry. The statement is, that the fashionable shopkeepers of London have tables laid out in a back room, and covered with the delicacies of the season, for the use of the Jeamses and other upper servants of the aristocracy. One establishment is pointedly alluded to as keeping a cask of wine constantly on draught; no liveried servant can deliver a message without expecting a glass or two of the ruby or golden fluid. Jeames, of course, would take nothing so vulgar as common claret. Jeames couldn't patronize Mr. Gladstone—it isn't fashionable. The cost of this treating comes, of course, by no very circuitous method out of the masters' and mistresses' purse. That drinking should form the soul of this abuse is not astonishing; high life below stairs is proverbially dry, whatever draughts are consumed, and they are not like angels' visits in the sense of being "few and far between"—or in any sense. The intemperance and profligacy of kitchen life in the houses of the rich is an answer to the pretence, that good food and lodging would put drunkenness into the shade.

A Dissipated Prince.—The Cassel newspapers announce that the affairs of the Prince Frederick Hanan, son of the Elector, have been placed in the hands of trustees, in consequence of the dissipation of the Prince.

Opium and Drink.—"The sight of opium-chewers in China is a pitiable one—a sad one—but not so repulsive nor so heartrending as that I once witnessed, in what might be called a public-house, on a summer's afternoon in Stamboul, where the opium-chewers were at work and going on like men possessed with demons, until they subsided into lumps of paralytic imbecility, fagging a year of nature in an hour; neither does it affect one half so much as the glare and misery, the garish display and the ragged brutalised mob, the stir and commotion, the ribald and profane language, or the indecent quarrel and the savage bulldog-like fight, that may, alas! too often be observed by the stranger who traverses our own land, and who at a distance—for we should advise him not to enter—surveys the life at the gin-palaces, the taverns, public-houses, dramshops, and taprooms, decorated by their gay luminous show and superb fittings, to be found in all our great thoroughfares in manufacturing towns and cities, and providing plenty of occupation for the policeman, the gaoler, and the hangman."

THE HEAVENLY CALL.

"My son, give me thy heart."—PROVERBS, c. 23, v. 26.

Floating here—floating there—
Floating around us everywhere—
Whispering loud—whispering low—
To every heart doth a messenger go.
It cometh to thee, it cometh to me,
It reacheth the bond, it approacheth the free,
It calleth the rich, addresseth the poor,
It pauseth at cottage and palace door,
And this the word which the message doth speak
To manhood strong or childhood weak:
Man in thy strength,
Whoever thou art,
Or child in thy weakness,
Give me thy heart!

Whispering there—whispering here—
Whispering in every human ear—
Pleading gently—pleading long—
Unwearied by insult, neglect, and wrong;
Still travelleth onward the tireless voice,
While a viewless form recordeth thy choice.
Thou may'st not pass it regardless by,
The summons thus borne from thy King on high:
Stamped with the seal of his powerful hand,
Still cometh to thee the solemn command:
Man in thy strength,
Whoever thou art,
Or child in thy weakness,
Give me thy heart!

Kindly given—kindly meant,
Benevolent is its whole intent;
Earnestly spoken—earnestly prest,
Authority woos thee to make thee blest;
Thou may'st have in thy bosom a shadowless peace,
Thou may'st find from the evils within thee release;
An Arm shall support thee, almighty to save,
To solace thy grief, wrest its power from the grave;
Through death thou may'st pass to a deathless abode,
If obedience thou yield to the call of thy God:
Man in thy strength,
Whoever thou art,
Or child in thy weakness,
Give me thy heart!

Coming again—coming near,
The summons approacheth, it reacheth thine ear,
Bending beside thee, bending low,
A viewless one pauseth thine answer to know;
He shall bear thy response to the throne on high;
With thoughtfulness speak as thou makest reply,—
For the bliss or the woe of numberless years,
The throbbing of joy or the anguish of tears,
May be equally poised, may changelessly turn,
As this message of God thou may'st welcome or spurn:
Man in thy strength,
Whoever thou art,
Or child in thy weakness,
Give me thy heart!

SOCIAL SHIPWRECKS.

In the grey dusk of the twilight, a ship had been seen far away in the offing, making merrily for the port whither she was bound, and many hearts on board beat high at the thought of meeting, in a short time, with the friends from whom they had long been sundered; but as the night darkened down, the wind gradually swelled into a gale, until at length it blew a hurricane; and before midnight there was little hope that she would live out the storm. Everything was done that the skill and energy and determination of British seamanship could accomplish, but all was vain; and the blue rocket, flying like an ill-omened comet through the air, had scarcely given the signal of distress, when she struck upon a ragged reef, and immediately began to fill. Some noble fellows on the shore had seen the signal, and hastened down to render what help they could, but the darkness was so great, and the storm so furious, that they could do little till the morning dawned, and then it was too late to save them all. About noon we visited the spot, and never shall we forget the scene which then we looked upon. The gale had partially subsided, but the swell still remained upon the sea, and the roar of the surf was absolutely deafening. All around us lay fragments of the wreck which the waves had floated in, and there was an eager crowd of willing workers, anxious to do anything they could to mitigate the sufferings of the poor survivors.

There, with a sad and settled melancholy on his countenance, was the master of the ship, who, seeing all other hope vain, had leaped into the sea, and was saved almost as if by miracle. On one hand the country doctor was seen kindly exerting himself to bring round a sailor who showed some hopeful symptoms of returning life; on the other, friends from the neighbouring farmsteads were reviving with some stimulating cordial the faint feebleness of a passenger who had all but perished; and yonder, in a place by themselves, were the bodies of the dead. And what

a sight was that! The big stalwart man lying side by side with the tender maiden! the mother, with her hand still convulsively clasping her infant child! and the young sailor boy, whose first voyage this had been, and whose heart had been so joyous at the prospect of returning to his mother's home; there they lay, and many more beside them, a ghastly spectacle, which, once seen, can never be forgotten.

Often since, have the horrors of that day come up before our memory, but never so vividly as when, a few weeks ago, after an absence of ten years, we paid a visit to our native town. No sea, indeed, is visible from its streets—no "stately ships go past it to their haven under the hill"—for it is far inland. Yet, as we walked through its old familiar haunts, we seemed to be stepping over the fragments of human shipwrecks, and all around us lay scattered the sad remains of those who, in the voyage of life, had struck upon the rock of intemperance, and perished among the breakers. As it happened, just at the time of our return, one such case had occurred, which was in the mouths of the whole community, and which was peculiarly saddening to us. A young man, originally of great natural ability, amiable disposition, and good prospects, at whose marriage we had been best man not long before we left our home, had died a victim to strong drink, in circumstances especially distressing. Led away by evil companionship, he had acquired the appetite of the drunkard, and as that grew upon him, his nature became besotted and cruel, so that even his devoted wife was not safe from his assaults. The loss of business, consequent upon his neglect of it, aggravated this evil temper, and eventually he became an habitual tyrant in his house, and an habitual toper out of it. All this preyed upon the spirits of his wife, and dried up the fountain of her life, so that, broken in heart, she died at the birth of her fifth child, and she and her infant were buried in the same coffin. Unappalled by all this, however, he still continued in his evil course, nay, it seemed as if his bereavement only added fuel to the flame of his appetite, for he became worse and worse, until, in the frantic madness of *delirium tremens*, he expired; and in four short months after the death of his wife, her grave was opened to receive his ashes—yes, we say his ashes; for strong drink had burned up everything that was combustible within him, and left his body like a blackened ruin. Oh, what a wreck was there! Two young lives, first rendered miserable, and then cut off in the very prime of their days, and four helpless orphans cast upon the shore, and left to the cold charity of an unfeeling world!

Confronted with this melancholy case on our first arrival, we were naturally led to look around and ask after others whom we remembered, and with some of whom we were formerly acquainted, when, to our utmost horror, we discovered that not a few of them also had perished in the same dreadful manner. We cannot give the particulars of each history; we will simply indicate the separate instances.

H. D., a respectable draper, with a tolerably extensive trade. He was a prosperous man, but addicted to periodical drinking. For a long time it was kept hid from all but his most intimate friends; but death revealed the secret, for who knows not *delirium tremens*? On his gravestone are the words, "aged 45."

J. R., a somewhat lymphatic young man, who conducted a large carrying business between the town and the western metropolis. He, too, was long unsuspected, but he died with the bottle at his lips, aged 34.

J. W., a baker, who, not contented with a small trade in a country village, came into the town to keep a public-house in connection with a pastry shop. He lived in the business only four years, and died in consequence of drink, at the early age of 38.

R. H., a somewhat prepossessing young man in appearance, who had been waiter at one of the principal hotels, but took up a public-house of his own, and was one of his own best customers—he was in the business some six years, and then died. He too was considerably under 40.

R. F., when I first knew him was a respectable steady man; and though an ostler at one of the hotels, he kept himself aloof for a while from the temptations which beset such a situation. But he did not always resist them—and caught in the whirlpool, he too, was sucked down by the great maelstrom of our life-ocean. He was not over 45, when death overtook him in the same dreadful form as the rest.

J. A., a young man of good education and fair prospects in life, was shopman in a large drapery business; he became addicted to gambling and drinking, and at length enlisted in the Scots Greys. For a while he behaved so well that he was made schoolmaster to the regiment, and a non-commissioned officer; but having fallen again, he was degraded, and when we last heard of him—was a common soldier.

W. S., a student of divinity, who, for intemperance and other kindred vices, was expelled from his class. He enlisted in the army, and our last account of him was that he was suffering imprisonment for desertion, after having been flogged for the same offence.

J. T., a very extensive grain dealer, and a wealthy man, but addicted to intemperance and the sins which usually accompany it. He was comparatively a young man, but died, as every one said, in consequence of his excesses.

R. C., a fine-looking young man; he was long the confidential salesman of his employer, and at length succeeded to his business; but he had not the steady hand to carry the full cup, and fell into dissolute habits—which were all the more hateful because he had married a very excellent lady, possessed both of education and wealth. He went through her means, became a traveller for a large house, then a country draper, and now has left his family, having first taken with him all the money he could lay his hands on. Poor C.—what a wreck thou hast become! and who that saw thee twelve years ago would have dreamed of this!

J. I., a minister's son, who, amidst the temptations of a large city, whither he had been sent, with fair prospects for after life, fell a victim to intemperance, robbed his employer, was imprisoned, and after his liberation went to Australia, a sadder, and we hope a wiser man, to open a new volume of life. May it not be like the former one—blackened with his own sins, and blotted with a parent's tears.

But why need we go on? We could give as many cases more, some

of them to the full as sad as any we have mentioned, and when we have said this, it will not seem strange that, as we paced the streets of the old town after so long an absence, we should have had so powerfully brought back to us those feelings of sickening horror with which we looked that morning upon the colourless corpses which the remorseless sea had cast upon the surf-beaten shore. And yet, after all, such things are common occurences in the midst of us; and there is not one who reads this, who might not from his own experience, give as long and as dark a catalogue as that which we have here presented.

AN OFT-TOLD TALE.

It was a dark night in the end of November. The rain fell thick and fast—the cold was intense. A young girl fled along one of the wet streets of the dreary city. She had only a thin shawl round her head and shoulders to protect her from the cold. She was very pale and frightened-looking; and no wonder, for she had just come out of one of the brilliantly-lighted "palaces," which every here and there shed their glare on the dismal town. She never once stopped in her rapid flight till she reached the next palace; this she entered also, but was out again in a moment. On she went through three or four, emerging at last from one more brilliant and noisy than the rest, half dragging, half supporting, a lad, a year or two older than herself, who seemed quite unable to guide his own steps.

"Oh, try and walk, George," she cried through her tears. "You must come home. Father has fallen off the top of the new houses, and is sore hurt, and mother is in a terrible state."

Half sobered by this information, the lad went on with her. They soon reached the place which the poor girl called "home."

It was a poor enough room, but it was perfectly clean, and on the top of a chest of drawers in the corner, there was a well-worn bible, with three or four other books.

On the bed lay the crushed form of, what a few short hours ago, had been a strong man.

George Taylor was a carpenter—a good workman, too—*but he was a drunkard.* He had been employed that day putting up the scaffolding of some new houses. He had drunk a good deal during the afternoon, and in turning to come down, he lost his footing, and fell from a great height. He was quite insensible now, and the doctor had just left, giving no hope of his ever again waking to consciousness. His poor wife bent over the form of her husband, her tears falling fast on his cold hand.

Twenty years before, Martha Taylor had been a young, good-looking girl. She had married against the wishes of all her friends, for even then she knew her husband's fatal habit. For some years after their marriage, her influence had kept him right; but gradually old companions and old habits had resumed their sway, and all her efforts had only enabled her to keep a house over their heads.

To add to her sorrow, her boy—her only son—the child of many

prayers—for she was a good woman—had lately become his father's companion in the evenings, and was, alas, very often in the sad state in which his sister found him that night. He was quite himself now, and much shocked at the father's fearful fate.

The night passed slowly and sorrowfully to the three watchers in that wretched *home*—it was a night none of them ever forgot.

By the side of his dying father, George made a solemn vow never again to touch or taste what had been the cause of all their grief and trouble, but as far as he could, to be his mother's stay and comfort, a vow which he kept to the end of his life.

The grey morning broke over the city, and found the widow and the orphans kneeling by the side of their dead.

THE LIFE-BOAT.

[An Address, by Mr. A. G. HANDS, a Member of a Band of Hope, at Pucklechurch, near Bristol.]

Mr. Chairman and Friends,—I thought as I sat there, that when one is about to speak in public, he should have something to say, and when he has said it to sit down. At seasons of the year like the present, we often hear of shipwrecks on the sea. The sailors generally provide themselves with life-boats. We often also hear of shipwrecks on land through the use of intoxicating liquor, and to save such we have prepared the Life-boat of Temperance.

Name the first letter in life-boat, L. This letter stands for large, and we are anxious that Parkfield Band of Hope should be a Large Band of Hope. Our population is not large, but we think that there are many children in our neighbourhood who are not connected with our society; you who are members of our society should try and induce others to join. Children may be useful if they set about it in the right way. The young have great influence. The second letter, I. This letter stands for intelligent, and if you desire to be useful, you must be intelligent. An intelligent youth is a noble sight. If you desire to be intelligent on the Temperance question, read such works as the following:—Bachus, by Dr. Grindrod; Anti-Bacchus, by Rev. B. Parsons; the Temperance Cyclopædia, by Rev. William Reid; Morning Dew-drops, by Mrs. Balfour; &c. &c. The great Lord Bacon says, "Reading makes a knowing man." Sir W. Jones, when a boy, was accustomed to ask his mother questions, and she would invariably reply, "read and you will know." If you wish to excel, be intelligent; knowledge is the result of study. The next letter, F, friendly. I wish you to be a Friendly Band of Hope; live as friends, and walk and work

together in unity. The more friendly you are, the more influence for good you will exert upon your youthful companions. The next letter, E. I desire you to be an Eager Band of Hope : I do not want you to be eager to do evil, but eager to do good. When you see any of the members of the Band of Hope lukewarm in the cause of Temperance, be anxious to strengthen them in the good work. When a vessel is ready to be wrecked, you know, the sailors are ready to take out the life-boat, to save the crew and passengers ; and when you see any of your companions led away by drinking intoxicating liquor, be eager.

The letter B. Not only should you be a large, intelligent, friendly, and eager society, but a Bold society, or Band of Hope. If you meet the poor drunkard, put on courage and ask him to sign the pledge. When asked by your companions, don't be afraid to say boldly and fearlessly, that you belong to the "Cold Water Army." Sometimes you may meet with those who would tempt you to break your pledge ; refuse it, and firmly stand to the truth and the path of duty. You, my young friends of the Band of Hope, are in the path of duty, and that only is the path of safety ; from this evening may many others be induced to follow your example. Next letter, O. I want you to be an Orderly Band of Hope. A good man once said, "Order is heaven's first law." If you look at the seasons, it is so ; first spring, then summer, autumn, and winter : learn a lesson from the fact ; come to the meetings orderly, and go away orderly ; whatever you do, do it orderly. "Let all things be done decently and in order." The letter A, represents the word active, and I want you to be an Active Band of Hope. If you desire this Band of Hope to grow and be a large Band of Hope, you must work. Like the little bee, you must "improve each shining hour." Study how you may may make your lives sublime, and leave behind you, "foot-prints on the sands of time." You have influence, for "no man liveth to himself." Don't say you can't do anything ; "I can't do it," never accomplished any great work ; "I will try," has worked wonders, and "I will do it," has performed miracles in the face of apparently insurmountable obstacles. Persevere ! striving for the promotion of virtue and truth, and may God prosper your efforts.

The last letter, T. Temperance is a noble virtue. "Because of drunkenness the land mourneth," but if you who are members of this Band, and all the Band of Hope children throughout the country, remain faithful to the end, drunkenness will decrease, and sobriety bless the land. He that endureth to the end shall be saved.

WHAT COULD BE DONE.

[From a Sermon preached in Surrey Chapel, by the Rev. NEWMAN HALL.]

Seventy millions of money are spent in a year, by the people of this country, in the purchase of intoxicating drinks—as much as the whole of the revenue of our country, while all societies combined, subscribe only half a million of money for evangelizing the heathen. It is a very common thing for a man who indulges in these drinks to spend half-a-crown a week. It is less than 6d. a day. It will be admitted that almost all persons who indulge in this particular article spend at least half-a-crown a week. Artizans would be regarded as very moderate and temperate indeed if they spent no more than that. Some spend that amount in this indulgence every Saturday night. Half-a-crown a week amounts to £6. 10s. a year. If poor men spend half-a-crown a week, how much more is spent in the more affluent families, where more costly beverages are used! It is a very low estimate, that in this congregation of 2,500 at Surrey Chapel, there are one fifth, or 500 people, who spend half-a-crown a week in intoxicating drinks, and could do without them. If those 500 persons were to begin that night to fast from that particular drink, and spend the half-a-crown a week for God's cause, they would find that that money would yield at the end of twelve months, £3,250. and in five years this would realize the large sum of £16,250—enough to purchase the freehold of Surrey Chapel and build a new edifice, the object which that church is seeking in the Rowland Hill Fund. It would be easily done by five hundred persons giving up half-a-crown a week of what they spend in those drinks. Suppose, instead of their appropriating the money in that way, they appropriated it in those various efforts of philanthropy connected with Surrey Chapel. It would double all their operations. The Band of Hope at present costs £50. a-year according to the last published report; it would give another £50. The subscriptions to the Benevolent Society amount to £340; it would give another £340. They subscribe to the Bible Society £70; it would give another £70. The week-day schools cost £150; it would give another £150. The Christian Instruction Society costs £25; it would double that sum. The City Missions cost £110; it would add £110. more. The Dorcas Society receives £52; it would get another £52. The Female Clothing Society costs £30; it would give another £30. The contribution to the London Missionary Society is £170; it would give another £170. The School of Industry costs £80; they could have another School of Industry at £80. For the Sunday-schools there are subscribed £450; they could have another £450. The Southwark Mission requires £256; it could have another £256. The Tract Society takes £66; they could double that. For the poor they gather at the Sacrament £270. during the year. They could get £270. more. At the half-yearly collections for the incidental expenses of the church they gathered £75. They could get £75. more. These extra sums amount to £3,174., and this would leave a balance of £76. in hand for other objects. This is the view of the case as far as cost is concerned. They might relieve 2,348 cases of sickness among the poor instead of

1,174. They might have ten day schools instead of five. They might have 1,400 children instead of 700. There might be six city missionaries instead of three, and these might hold 1,560 meetings instead of 780. There might be two schools of industry instead of one, and twenty eight Sunday-schools instead of fourteen. They might instruct 10,500 children instead of 5,250. They might have two missionaries for the Southwark Mission instead of one, and hold 1,200 meetings in connection with it instead of 600. They might distribute 200,000 tracts instead of 100,000. And after these distributions were made, there would be £740. in money left for other objects. How impossible it was, with all their importunity, to raise such a sum as was mentioned! How easy it wovld be, by means of such fasting, to raise funds for the evangelization of the whole of London.

YOUTHS IN HOUSES OF BUSINESS.

To the Editor of the "BAND OF HOPE RECORD."

Dear Sir,—As a young man, I have for some years sought to do good amongst those of my own age and condition, by aiding societies seeking our spiritual and moral welfare.

My connection with such societies has brought me into contact with large numbers of youths and young men, mostly engaged in large warehouses and retail establishments. I have by this means learnt a great deal concerning the interior arrangements of such places, and with the habits of those employed in them.

It is customary for youths of fourteen and fifteen years of age to be engaged as juniors. Nearly all are from the country, and have just left school or the homes of their boyhood; they eat, drink, and sleep upon the premises Here are not a few young men who are thoroughly depraved, and who endeavour to ruin the bodies and souls of the boys thus brought near them. A pure-hearted, free, and generous lad has not to be long in their company, ere he is contaminated by their wretched example. The blush of youthful innocence soon flees away, and nothing but disease, degradation, and premature death is substituted. My heart sickens as I think of several I myself have known in this condition. The annals of youths and young men engaged in the commerce of great cities, are fearful to think about.

A pious youth of nineteen years of age, told me not long since, that in the house of business where he was employed, he did not know of more than three, out of, I think, one hundred and fifty, who professed Christianity: it was almost impossible for him to live a consistent life in such society, especially as his hours of devotion and rest were constantly disturbed by the drunken ribaldry of several young men sleeping in the same room with him.

If such be the testimony of a godly young man, what can we hope for those of unfixed principles?

Can nothihg be done? I venture to think, much. The poet has said truly—

> "But evil is wrought by want of thought,
> As well as want of heart."

I venture to suggest that,—

1. *Employers of labour could do something.*—In many houses beer is supplied both to youths and young men *ad libitum*. Ought employers to do this? Surely some remonstrance should be made by all who have any influence with them.

Again,—Is it kind or considerate to place tender youths in the same sleeping apartments with men who, to say the least, are suspected of not being moral characters? How would some of these gentlemen like to put their own sons in such a situation?

2. *Parents and Guardians can do a great deal.*—Let them teach abstinence at home. Young people learn to like alcohol under a father's roof, and by a mother's knee, and they are not able to withstand temptation when parental restraint is no longer exercised over them. Parents! do not offer your children the bottle, and you may save them from the ruin of intemperance.

3. *Country Band of Hope Leaders may help.*—Let them all look after the youths while they are at school, and before they leave their native home. Seek to send them to London, abstainers. When they leave, give them a letter of introduction to some friends of the Band of Hope and Religion. If to no one else, to the Secretaries of the Band of Hope Union, who (I have no doubt,) would introduce strangers to some Temperance Society in the locality where they might be living.

4. *Abstainers in Houses of Business can assist us.*—Look after the friendless boys who are constantly coming amongst you. "Speak a kind word where you can." Get them to attend our meetings, and endeavour to exert an influence over them.

Thus something may be done. I should not forget the noble efforts made by the Committee of the National Temperance League, in holding meetings in the houses of business. May they be greatly multiplied. Much good I feel sure must be done by that effort.

Yours very truly,

T. C. U.

Canonbury, March, 1864.

Annals of the United Kingdom Band of Hope Union.

THE ANNUAL MEETING OF MEMBERS.

The Subscribers of the Union assembled on Wednesday, March 9th, in Shirley's hotel, 37, Queen square. Notwithstanding the great inclemency of the weather, there was a good attendance, and a most earnest and united spirit prevailed during the evening. After tea and coffee had been served, W. West Esq. presided, and called upon the Rev. G. W. M' Cree to read the Annual Report, which was a long and interesting document, and gave great satisfaction. From the report it was found, that 1,142 meetings had been held, 480

festivals attended, 75,000 publications sold, 7 agents employed, 190 dissolving view engagements given, and that the income for the year was £884. 4s. 9d. The usual resolutions were passed unanimously, and a vote of thanks to W. West Esq. brought the meeting to a close.

LABOURS OF THE AGENTS.

During the past month, Mr. William Bell has been engaged in addressing large meetings of children in connection with the Leeds Band of Hope League.

Mr. G. Blaby has attended meetings as follows:—Stepney Meeting; George Street, Edgware road; Rotherhithe, twice; Denmark Street, twice; Bloomsbury Refuge, twice; Earl Street, London Road; Exeter Buildings, Chelsea; St. Matthews, Princes Square; Liverpool Road, Islington; Meadow Row, New Kent Road; Amicable Row; Peckham; Dalston; and Ealing. He has also preached eight sermons, and addressed three Sunday Schools.

Mr. T. O. Chapman continues his useful labours in connection with Sunday Schools. Full details will appear in our next number.

Mr. William Lay has attended meetings as follows:—George Street, Bryanstone Square; Weigh House Chapel Sunday School; Esher Street, Kennington; Barnsbury Independent Chapel; Iron Church, Victoria Park; Myddleton Road, Dalston; Rotherhithe; Brixton; Victoria Street, and Mercers street, Shadwell; Windsor Street, Islington; Britannia Fields; and Commercial Road.

Mr. Frederic Smith has addressed meetings, and lectured as follows: —Maidstone; Whitstable; Midhurst; Reigate; Romsey; Christchurch; Bridport; Taunton; Shaftesbury; Newbury; Frome. These were mostly lectures with the Dissolving Views, and generally successful. In one small town, where the meetings were well managed, a profit of more than £5. was realised.

The Fitzroy Band of Hope held their fourteenth anniversary on Wednesday, March 16th. In the afternoon, 150 children took tea in the Society's hall, Little Portland street; after tea their numbers were largely added to. The whole then adjourned to the Hanover square rooms, which was speedily crowded with a fine audience. Jabez Inwards Esq., took the chair. Addresses were given by Rev. W. Stott of Abbey road, Rev. B. Nicols, incumbent of Mill Hill, and Mr. G. M. Murphy. About eighteen recitations and airs, with a very interesting dialogue, were given by different members of the Band; while the whole of the children well sung several choruses during the evening. Beside the children and the speakers, the chairman was well surrounded on the platfotm by a number of old friends of our cause.

PROVINCIAL CORRESPONDENTS.

The Rev. Samuel Couling, Scarborough.
Mr. D. B. Hooke, Jun, Bath.
Mr. J. P. Hutchinson, Darlington.

J. Bale, Printer, 78, Great Titchfield-street, Marylebone.

BAND OF HOPE RECORD.

AN APOSTLE INDEED.

By E. WALFORD.

Early in December, 1856, the news went far and wide through the South of Ireland, that the "Apostle of Temperance," Father Matthew, had paid the last debt of nature. He died, as he had lived, devoted to the good cause of reclaiming his volatile countrymen from their arch-enemy, the whiskey-bottle; and his name ought to stand, in Ireland at least, written in the brightest and most indelible colors among the roll of her philanthropists and patriots.

Theobald Matthew's life, from first to last, was in full keeping and harmony with his profession as a priest of the church in which his lot was cast. We have been, of late years, by far too much familiarised with such warlike spirits as Dr. Cahil and John McHale, as types of the Irish Roman Catholic clergy, to fancy that one so meek, so gentle, so humble, so self-denying as "Father Matthew," could have submitted to the ecclesiasticle tonsure in the sister island, and worn the monastic cowl. Yet so it was: Father Matthew was not only a Roman Catholic, but a Roman Catholic priest; nor only a priest, but a monk—a humble Capuchin. But under the Capuchin's coarse dress he concealed the heart of a Christian and a gentleman. No doubt, some portion of these qualities he owed to the fact that gentle blood flowed in his veins; and that, instead of being taken (as most Irish priests are) from the plough-tail to the altar, *viâ* Maynooth, he was brought up in the refined society of his kinsman, the late Earl of Llandaff, and of his sister, Lady Elizabeth Matthew; and that, in the family circle of Thomastown House, and amongst its guests, as a boy, he rubbed off some of that rust, and most of those angles, which, somehow or other, seem to mark for life the man who has once passed the gates of St. Patrick's College, Maynooth, and has been subjected to its rough and uninviting discipline.

Mr. Macguire, the M.P. for Cork, has recently given to the world a biographical account of the Apostle of Temperance, to which we are indebted for most of the facts in the present brief and hasty sketch. Born at Thomastown, in 1790, Theobald or Toby Matthew (as he was called at home) was almost from infancy the pet of his mother and sisters and elder brothers, in whose rude and rough sports he found little pleasure. He appears to have been most loveable as a child, and to have shown from the first, as if by nature and instinct, an inborn desire of giving pleasure to others. Having spoken as we have already of the general character of the Irish priesthood, it seems almost a satire to add here that his mother, a good and pious Romanist, regarded him from childhood as a sort of Nazarite, and declared that the church was his "vocation." But so it was. As he grew up, not even the attractions of the pleasant society of Thomastown House could wean him from his early taste; and so we find him in 1807 entered as a student for orders at Maynooth.

The recently published Reports of the Visitors of this college, whose very name strikes such a panic in the hearts of worthy individuals in England, will serve to show that, so far from being intellectually formidable as an institution, it is one of the worst managed close-boroughs in the three kingdoms; and the only wonder still is that it sends out the raw material which finds admission there in any less crude condition than that in which it entered. The same was the case upwards of half a century ago. Then, as now, it would seem to have been a sort of ecclesiastical "Dotheboy's Hall;" and its professors seem to have done their best to break the spirits and crush the affections of those unhappy youths who were sent there to "study for the Church." In one respect, Theobald Matthew seems to have been extremely fortunate. He escaped the blighting and withering influence of the dreary place; for he had not been more than a few weeks in residence when he was desired summarily to remove his name from the books of Mynooth, for the heinous offence of having invited one or two of his fellow-students into his room and given them tea and supper! This must have been at the time a sad dissapointment to the futnre "Apostle;" for the punishment appeared to shut the door of the Romish priesthood against him for ever; but after a while, the late Dr. Murray, the worthy and tolerant prelate who sat so long in the chair of Dublin, having admitted him into orders, we find him settled quietly down as a sort of curate under "Father" Donovan, in the chapel attached to a Capuchin friary in a back street in Cork. Here, for nearly twenty years, Theobald Matthew passed his life between his duties at the altar, in the confessional, and in the workhouse and gaol of the city, and gaining the highest character, among both rich and poor, by his amiable character and by his eloquence—which was effective because it came from the heart. He was no mob-orator or surpliced demagogue, like too many of his fellows, but a peacemaker at home and abroad: he was eloquent in his pulpit, not on the hustings; and, therefore, no doubt, it was that he was left to "blush unseen" in obscurity, too good, too self-denying, and too spiritual to gain a chance of obtaining an Irish mitre.

It was only in the year 1838 that his name became known beyond the narrow limits of the provincial city in which his lot was cast, and then almost by an accident. In the course of his labors in the workhouse and the gaol, he saw how large a share the vice of drunkenness had in pauperising and degrading his countrymen, and for many months he pondered over the best means of providing a remedy against its baneful effects. He saw that the Celt could not be treated as the Saxon, and that with such an excitable people as the Irish there was no middle course open which was likely to induce them to abandon their love of the whisky-bottle. But it was not so easy to determine where he should fix his starting-point. At last, the feeling and heart-spoken appeal of a Quaker inhabitant of the town of Cork—"Oh! Theobald Matthew, if thou would only give thy aid to the cause, what good thou would do!" came to him as a home-thrust. He looked on the speech as the voice of conscience, or rather of God himself; he thought the matter over well,

and resolved to commenc a crusade against the bottle: he crossed the Rubicon, like Cæsar, and at a public meeting, in the month of April, in the same year, he put his signature to a document forswearing all intoxicating drinks for the future.

Sixty persons followed his example on that eventful night; in a week or two, he reckoned his adherents by hundreds; in three months, no less than 25,000 persons had joined his standard; and before the close of the year, we are assured that his followers had increased to 156,000. Early in 1839, the "movement" began to assume larger, and even formidable, proportions throughout the South and West of Ireland, and thousands upon thousands from the adjoining counties of Kerry, Waterford, Limerick, Clare and Tipperary, and even from far distant Galway, professed themselves "Rechabites" indeed. But it does not appear that these warm and impulsive gentlemen were equally willing to sacrifice money for the "cause;" at all events, even before he started on his crusade abroad, he found himself involved in debt to the extent of £1,500., incurred mainly through feeding the hungry multitudes who flocked to his cottage door at Cork, and through a distribution of temperance medals, of silver and bronze, which he thoughtlessly ordered to be manufactured in thousands (like a genuine Irishman), although he had no money to pay for them. At last, the parlour in Cove street had to be exchanged for the Horse Bazaar, and soon even that became too limited an arena. The results of the "movement" began to tell on the Cork Police Courts and in the Poor Law Union, and the Celtic inhabitants of Waterford and Limerick in no doubtful terms desired the presence of the leader of the movement among them. The "Apostle" accordingly visited those cities in person, administeriug the pledge, and distributing medals as before, and his progress from place to place now became a perfect ovation. We have not space for details. At Borrisokane we read that in four days 150,000 disciples gave in their names and signed the pledge. At Dublin, at Parsonstown, at Carlow, the story was the same; as whole rivers, we are told, were dried up in their courses, exhausted by the countless host that followed the standard of Xerxes of old into Greece, so we learn that the great brewers and distillers of Ireland were all but ruined; and that Father Matthew had attained, at their expense, unsought by himself, the honours of Apostleship. He was now a public man, and his name had become the watch-word of millions.

During the next two or three years his successes were marvellous, and almost reminded one of the Apostolic age and miraculous gifts. Nor did he confine his exertions to his beloved Ireland. He visited Glasgow, York, Leeds, and London, and extended his tour to America, where he met with the same enthusiastic reception as he had experienced in Ireland. He reckoned his converts by millions. From every quarter, secular and religious, including the Protestant clergy and such men as Lords Lansdowne and Morpeth, he received the strongest testimonies of the importance of his work, and of his success in his laudable effort to reform the morals of his countrymen. The applause which greeted him everywhere was enough to have turned a strong man's head; and if it

did not turn that of Father Matthew, it was because his heart was too sincerely identified with the cause to allow him to give play to vanity.

If the term is applicable to the nineteenth century, and if results are a test of a heavenly mission, Father Matthew thus proved himself "an Apostle indeed," by his rapid and effectual victories gained in the cause of human nature as exhtbited in the lower strata of Irish society. It destroys, no doubt, some part of the illusion of the halo that ought to surround an Apostle's brows, to find that in consequence of his reckless and thoughtless expenditure on medals, a man like Father Matthew was brought to the degradation of an arrest for debt by a Sheriff's officer; but even here the degradation is considerably diminished by the fact that the man whose duty it was to serve the writ upon him, knelt down to receive his blessing while executing his duty. Such a scene as this could never have occurred in any other part of Her Majesty's dominions but Ireland; and it does not say much for the real and solid generosity of his countrymen, and especially of the heads of the Roman Catholic Church, to have left him thus responsible for debts incurred in a cause, which, if it was calculated to benefit Protestant Ulster at all, could not fail to work ten times as much good among the Papists of Connaught and Munster.

The rest of the Apostle's story is soon told. In spite of his arrest for debt, all went on merrily and successfully on the whole for a few years, his creditors being secured the ultimate payment of their claims in full by heavy insurances on his life, the premiums on which were paid out of a well-earned pension bestowed upon him by the Government as a public benefactor. But the unhappy autumn of 1846, which brought with it the potatoe-blight and famine in its train, wrought sad mischief to the Temperance cause in Ireland. Hundreds, and perhaps thousands of those who had stood firm to the "pledge" in the summer of comparative prosperity, broke faith with the "cause" in the wintry day when famine and fever stalked across the land, and when the temptation to recur to strong drink in the face of death wrought in Paddy the same recklessness of consequences which (if we may believe Thucydides) marked the populace of Athens when the plague broke out in the city. Though very many of his converts stood firm and never wavered, yet Father Matthew could not look unmoved upon the partial overthrow of his work, and with the decay of the movement began the break up of his constitution. The work in which he had rejoiced so much now began to tell on him. In 1852 a premonitory attack of apoplexy gave the first sign of his approaching end. He rallied, and went abroad for change of scene and air; but he never afterwards was the same man that he had been. He recovered partially during a visit to Madeira in 1854 and the following year, but it was only a temporary improvement; the last bright flickering of the candle 'ere it burned down into the socket. He returned to Ireland only to sink into his grave. He died early in December 1856, and a public funeral at the cemetery at Cork reminded the world again of the wide popularity of the once familiar name of "Father Matthew."

Our readers will be anxious to know whether it is the opinion of his

biographer that the work which the "Apostle" was raised up to perform is likely to be permanent. This question, Mr. Maguire, in his biography, answers in the affirmative. "Father Matthew," he writes, "taught his generation this great lesson, that, as a rule, alcoholic stimulants are not only unnecessary, but also injurious to man; that drunkenness is an odious and disgusting vice; that poverty and misery, and disease and crime, are its offspring; that the man who altogether abstains from strong drink is safer than the man who is moderate in his enjoyment of that which is so full of risk and danger; and that not only is there no possible safety for those liable to excess and unable to resist temptation save in abstinence, but that there is social, moral, and physical redemption to be found in the pledge, for the most confirmed and abandoned drunkard. This is a grand lesson to have taught, and this lesson, which has become part of the world's wisdom and experience, cannot be obliterated—certainly not from the memory of the Irish people."

It is our hearty wish, and doubtless that of every honest Englishman, that this estimate of the results of Father Matthew's mission may not prove to be exaggerated. But when we reflect on the fickle and capricious character of the inhabitants of the sister isle, we are disposed to be somewhat sceptical, or at all events, we desire to see the expected fruits borne out by the test of experience, more especially when we see that in spite of his apparently strong conviction to the contrary, a latent doubt on the subject appears here and there to crop out in the interesting work of Mr. Macguire, on which we have drawn so much for our materials—a man who is singularly qualified by his antecedents to form a sound judgment on social questions affecting Ireland. If permanent good should result, none will rejoice more sincerely than ourselves: and we could only desire that an Apostle, as great and as good, might spring up in each of our large cities, both in England and Scotland, and attempt to bring about a similar achievement.

WATCH, MOTHER, WATCH!

Mother, watch the little feet
  Climbing o'er the garden wall,
Bounding through the busy street,
  Ranging cellar, shed and hall.
Never count the moments lost:
Never mind the time it costs:
Little feet will go astray:
Guide them, mother, while you may.

Mother, watch the little hand
  Picking berries by the way,
Making houses in the sand,
  Tossing up the fragrant hay.

Never dare the question ask,
" Why to me this weary task ?"
These same little hands may prove
Messengers of light and love.

Mother, watch the little tongue
  Prattling, eloquent and wild;
What is said and what is sung,
  By the happy, joyous child.
Catch the word while yet unspoken ;
Stop the vow before 'tis broken :
This same tougue may yet proclaim
Blessings in a Saviour's name.

Mother, watch the little heart
  Beating soft aud warm for you ;
Wholesome lessons now impart ;
  Keep, oh keep that young heart true ;
Extricating every weed,
Sowing good and precious seed :
Harvest rich you then may see,
  Ripening for eternity.

A DYING BOY'S REQUEST.

" A man noted for his ungovernable temper and proneness to dissipa tion," says an intelligent professional gentleman, " employed me as hi attorney. He was a good paymaster, but exceedingly disagreeable in hi deportment, often drunk, and most profane in his language. He calle one day, and seemed much subdued—much altered from his usua deportment. After stating his wants, he was about to leave my offic I asked what was the matter with him, he seemed so changed. H stopped, hesitated, but made no reply. I asked him again what coul have occurred to make such an alteration in his whole demeanou 'Squire,' said he, 'something *has* occurred; I am indeed an altered ma I had a little son, about nine years old; he was dear to me as the app of my eye, and, at times, when I went home intoxicated, I abused m wife, drove her and the children from the house, broke the furniture, an did all in my power to render my family as miserable as myself. Th little boy, when I was at the height of my anger, would watch me, an when I would sit down, would steal up to my knee, climb up on my la pass his little hand through my hair, and tame me down irresistibly when my wife and children would fearlessly come in, knowing fro experience that my little son had subdued me, and I was in his powe Well, squire, my son took sick; it was evident to me he would n recover. I sat by his bed-side; he was in a doze; the tears gushed fro

my eyes as I watched him; my heart was sad indeed! He awoke, he turned his face towards me.

"'Father, you are crying. What is the matter?'

"'I am afraid, my son, I am going to lose you—you are going to die.'

"'Well, father, I know I am going to die; but I am not afraid to die, for I shall go to Jesus.'

"'To Jesus! Why, what do you know about Jesus?'

"'Why, father, you know mother used to send me to the Sabbath school at the corner, and the teachers told me all about Jesus, and taught me how to pray; and for this reason, father, I was never afraid of you when you came home drunk, and abused poor mother and the children; I saw that you could not injure me. Now, father, I am going to die, and should die quite happy if you would promise me to do two things.'

"'Well, my son, what are they? If it is in my power, I will do them.'

"'Father, promise me you will drink no more whiskey; this is the cause of all poor mother's distress; and if you would not drink you would be a good man, and mother and the children would be so happy. Well, father, now promise me that you will pray!'

"'Pray! why I don't know how to pray!'

"'Father, kneel down by my bed, and I will teach you how to pray!

"Squire, I knelt down; he prayed; I followed, repeating his words—my heart was broken; he led me, I know not where, or how, or how long; but this I know, that light, comfort, peace, and joy filled my soul as I rejoiced in a sin-pardoning God. My wife came in, the children followed, and all fell on their knees around the bed; we all rejoiced, and when I raised my head to bless the instrument of my conversion, he was, *dead!* His spirit had been wafted away with the glad news of my repentance to heaven; he was an eye-witness to that joy which is among the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth. His hands were clasped as if in prayer, and a sweet smile sealed his lips in death."

DO YOUR DUTY.

By E. J. OLIVER.

On the 20th of October in the year 1805, England gained the battle of Trafalgar, a victory which will never be forgotten till history itself has passed away. The principal figure in the engagement, and the one which is so inseparably connected with it, that we cannot think of the one without the other, is that of Lord Nelson. About 12 o'clock on that memorable day he gave the signal for action, in a sentence that has never been surpassed for expressing so much in so few words, "England expects every man will do his duty." The effect upon the sailors was electrical, and well were the expectations of their country realized. We can imagine the cheerful and hearty response which the gallant fellows gave to those words. Each man seemed nerved with super-human energy. The enemy

were looked upon almost with contempt. Victory seemed already written on their flag, and in a short time they rode the seas triumphant. But great as was their success, it was purchased at a high price; he who had been the guiding spirit of the action, whose energy and courage had done so much to inspire those under his command, died in the hour of victory, it is said as brave men love to die. His name has been recorded by universal consent as one of the noblest and bravest of England's heroes; and the words he uttered such a short time before his life was sacrificed on the altar of duty, have been indelibly written on the heart of the nation. Taking them as our text, we would say a few words to the members of our Bands of Hope; for their application is as universal as their fame, and speak as well to the young as to the old.

When these sailors enrolled themselves in the Navy, they pledged themselves to serve faithfully their country and their commander. You, by signing the declaration of your Band of Hope, have become a part of the Society, and your duty is to keep inviolate the pledge you have made. If one of the sailors the moment the enemy came in sight were to hide himself in the cabin, or desert his ship, he would be called, and very justly so, a coward; if in addition to his desertion, he were to join the enemy, he would become a traitor. Now it appears to me, that you are in a very similar position to them. While you keep your pledge, attend your meetings, and do as much as you can to aid the good work, you are acting honourably, and will have the satisfaction of knowing that you have done your duty. But if on the other hand, as soon as you get into company where wine or any kind of intoxicating drink is being handed round, you try to evade being asked to take any, or if asked, make feeble objections and become ashamed of being a Teetotaller, instead of at once firmly declining to drink, do you not think you are very much like the sailor who hides himself in the cabin? Would it not be better, at once boldly to avow your principles, and though your friends may not see the question in the light that you do, they will be sure to respect you for your courage in daring to be singular, in the face of an old-established custom. Remember, that one temptation fairly conquered, is better than a dozen resolutions, and if you succeed once, you shall come forth from the ordeal strengthened for fresh trials that may possibly await you. Do not think that I would have you rush heedlessly into danger for the mere sake of displaying your strength of purpose. Valor is a great thing,

but do not forget, that "discretion is often the better part of valor," and you will be wise not to put your head into the lion's mouth oftener than you can help, but rather follow the example of the gentleman, who, when he wanted a coachman, chose—not the one who could drive nearest the precipice without actual danger—but he who had sense enough to keep as far away from it as possible. Your duty consists as much in avoiding temptation, as in rising superior to its power when it comes upon you.

But to go still further: we will suppose you are persuaded by the mistaken kindness of your friends, that you drink even half a glass of wine, or whatever else it may be, the moment it has passed your lips you have broken your resolution to abstain, you have gone over to the side of the enemy, and have become a traitor to that cause of which you were recently a trusted member. If such should be your case, I do not envy your feelings; I do not upbraid you, I would not point at you the finger of scorn, I shall certainly not be the first to cast a stone, for I remember that all flesh is weak, but in all kindness and brotherly love, I ask you to think over what you have done, and there I leave the question for your consideration, and—may I not say without irreverence—prayerful consideration.

But your duty does not end with yourself: have you become acquainted with an important fact? have you made some new discovery? are you possessed of any knowledge that will benefit mankind? then why do you not hasten to impart your knowledge? why not use your utmost endeavours to make others sharers in the blessings you enjoy? This is undoubtedly a part of your duty, and a part that should never be lost sight of. If you are in earnest, you will find many opportunities of advocating the Band of Hope movement. I recollect when at school, frequently writing in my copy-book, "Example is better than precept," and I have often thought since, that it is one of the wisest sayings ever printed in round-text hand for boys to copy, and if we would bear in mind the great lesson it teaches, the world would be all the wiser and the better for it. Your example will probably do a great deal, but, at the same time, you should make up your mind to speak to all your friends and companions on the subject, and persuade them to attend the meetings of your Society, and there is very little doubt that some at least will become members. You will thus not only strengthen the cause, but may be the means of inducing many to sign the pledge, who might otherwise become drunkards.

And now, one more illustration and I have done. At the great battle of which I have spoken, there were several ships under the command of Nelson, and if some of the sailors had said, "oh, it doesn't matter about us taking part in the fight, ours is such a small ship," or "we have so few guns," it is very likely that the victory would not have been gained, but by each man doing his utmost to secure success—fighting bravely and boldly in his country's cause—England, as all the world knows, added another to the long list of her great naval achievements. And if our Bands of Hope are to accomplish that for which they were established, each individual member must work heartily and with a will. The carrying out of a great work rests upon your shoulders, and upon the success of the undertaking hangs, it may be, the wellbeing of thousands. But I have no fear as to the result; you will do your duty, you will "acquit yourselves like men;" you may meet with opposition, but it will not deter you, difficulties will be in your way, but they shall fade when you boldly approach them, and you shall go forth conquering and to conquer, till the kingdom of drunkenness shall be cast down for ever, and the day star of Temperance shine brightly on a prosperous and happy nation.

HINTS TO MOTHERS: THE SONG GIFT.

It was baking day, and Mrs. Austin was more than usually hurried. By a coincidence which will not surprise any mother, the children were twice as troublesome as common. They were fine, hearty, every-day children, and unlike the "book children," often unreasonable. Little wills will not unfrequently get tangled up in a way never heard of in books. So it happened while mother was rolling the pie-crust, the little voices in the back porch waxed louder and stormier, and mother was compelled to look out upon them and see the cause of the commotion. Frank had little Lina's doll by the leg and held it high over her head, while she was struggling to recover it, and little Annie seemed to be crying by way of chorus. Now I know some mothers who would just have washed up their hands and chastised the whole party, leaving them to gloom and sullenness for the rest of the day.

Not so with Mrs. Austin. A few mild, firm words were like oil on the waters. In her presence the storm was lulled, though by no means quelled, so she said in a cheery voice, "Now all come into the kitchen with mother, and let us sing 'Shining Shore' over once, and see if it does not make all our hearts happy."

So the little ones trooped in as mother picked up her rolling pin, and began humming the air, and stationing themselves by the vine-covered windows, joined heartily in the song. It was a thousand times more

soothing than all the rebukes she could have administered, and left the heart beautiful and happy.

"Now shall we try 'Happy Land' before you run out to play again?" So the young voices united again in that sweet-spirited hymn, and by that time the angry furrows were quite cleared away. Then mother had just a little bit of crust left which would make three pies, in some bright, dainty, little "patty pans," and the pleasure of the children was complete as they watched the process of making, and saw the letters L. F. and A. cut in nice white covers above the delicious raspberries. Then with a few loving words of admonition, they all went out pleasantly to play under the shady apple trees, and there was not a word of contention heard among them.

Mother, to whom God hath given the blessed gift of song, use it without stint in your little home circle. If your children have an ear and voice for music, develop the talent as carefully as you would a gold mine in your garden. It will yield you far richer returns in heart and soul wealth. Sing about your work, and teach them to join with you. It will lighten your cares many-fold, and make home a more blessed spot in their memories for ever.—*New York Chronicle.*

MY BOYS' TRACT.

Dear Boys,—I hope you like to receive letters as much as I do, and then you will feel glad that I wish to write one to you; and this letter is not, like most letters, only written to one person, or at most one family, but to all the boys that can read it, or get it read to them, all over the world; and I hope you won't mind this: some think a good thing is best kept to oneself, just like that sly Jack, who ate his Christmas pie all alone in the corner; but he didn't enjoy it the more for that, I promise you; if he had given half to the next hungry boy he met, he would have liked his own part much better, and it would have tasted twice as well.

There is such a number of things I want to write about, that I don't know where to begin; I must say something of as many as three, however, and I will tell you what they are; fighting, tobacco, and strong drink. I suppose a great many of you, most of you, think that fighting is a sort of thing that boys must do now and then, when they are put upon, or called names, or insulted; and some of you bigger boys, when a fight begins, get round the little ones and encourage them to strike hard blows, and scratch fiercely, and thump and stun each other, and you call out, "bravo little un! at him again!" and think yourselves quite manly and "plucky" for so doing; and if anyone comes along and prevents your going on with this sort of fun, you are quite disappointed, and feel as if they had no right to interfere about your concerns, and very often you call him "muff," to each other, as a term of contempt: I am telling the truth when I write this, am I not, boys? and what have I written it for? just to tell you what a great mistake you are making. I know it is very difficult to make you listen to anything like reason when you are hot with passion, and longing to strike Ned again; but you will listen now, and I

think if I could make you see how cowardly it is to fight, you would be ashamed to do it ever again.

"Cowardly to fight!" you say, "that is all stuff, 'tis just the other way; that little Bill Smith is the coward, who won't never fight—little sneak he is—us brave boys always fight out our rows." Oh! but little sneak will have the best of it bye and bye; did you ever hear of a boy that was glad he had fought, when he had by accident killed the boy he was fighting with? I never did.

Did you ever hear of a boy that gloried in the number of battles he had been engaged in when he came to die? I don't think so. Did you ever know a boy, or did you ever yourself like to think that God was looking at you all the time you fought, and knew of all those blows you gave to George?

"Oh! but that is not fair," you say, "we don't think much about God any time, why should we when we were fighting?

Do you know, boys, that the happiest lads that ever lived upon the face of the earth are those who *do* think about God, and who are not afraid to think about him.

"But," you say, "I am afraid I shouldn't be happy if I thought about all that sort of thing, God, and heaven and hell."

Why not? There is no reason in the world why you shouldn't all love Jesus, love God through him, and be blessed and forgiven, and then you won't be afraid to die, because you will feel that heaven is your home, and you would not fight then, because you would feel that Jesus doesn't want you to, and you love him too much to displease him.

There is another thing—it looks bad, doesn't it? to see brothers fighting; you cry out "for shame!" most of you, when that happens, don't you? But I suppose you never thought of this, that *whoever* fights, *they are brothers*—How do I make that out? Isn't God the Father of us all? When you go to the Sunday-school don't you say together, "Our Father," and you wouldn't think, if another boy came to your home, and called your parents, father and mother, that he ought to, unless he were your brother; so when you call God your Father, it shows that you *all* consider him your Father, and, oh! what could any of us do without so dear, so kind, so loving a Father?

The next thing I want to speak about is tobacco. The other day I saw two or three very little boys—of course, it couldn't be you, Willie, nor you, Charlie,—going into a tobacco shop; they were very little fellows, certainly not more than seven or eight years of age, (and you are more, are you?) and they brought out some small clay pipes, and a little paper of tobacco—poor silly little creatures, wasting their money in that fashion; I could have laughed at the funny sight of one of these youngsters with a pipe in his mouth, had it not been too sad: poor little fellows! and I see lads of all ages, smoking, smoking, smoking, as if they were chimneys on fire, they puff out such volumes of smoke, and in that smoke goes away their health, their strength, their money and their character. I daresay you see, as I do, some of those very young men, looking as white as a tablecloth, and their eyes heavy and sunken; 'tis

smoking makes them look so. If you would be handsome men, (and I know you all want to be that,) with a cheerful happy temper, and clear complexions and bright eyes, *don't smoke!* buy books, or apples, or nuts, or toys, or presents, or anything you like with your money, (on week days though, not on Sundays, Harry,) but don't buy *tobacco* or *strong drink*. That is my next subject. You know that when people take a good deal—a bad deal, I mean—of beer, or cider, or wine, or spirit, it makes them unable to walk straight, and very often they fall flat on the pavement, or in the street, and there lie 'till sometimes policemen fetch a stretcher and take them home: how disgraceful it is! I am sure you boys don't want to look like that: you laugh at the drunkard and mimic his queer step, but you don't wish to look so foolish and so disgusting when you are men: kind boys will feel too sorry to laugh, and wise boys will think to themselves, "how can I prevent myself from ever being like that man?"

I will tell you: *never touch what has made him so*: keep your mouth tightly shut against beer, or anything that can make you tipsy; it is quite easy to do so: if all the people you know tried to make you eat a lot of poor nuts, you wouldn't do it; or if they tried to make you eat stale fish, or any disagreeable thing of that kind, you would shake your head, and declare you couldn't, very quickly. The drink is as bad for you as either of those; it will injure you because it contains a poisonous matter that only excites you, and neither nourishes you, nor quenches your thirst. It is so much better never to begin to do anything wrong, than to leave off when you have begun: just speak kindly to one of the poor drunkards you know, and ask him why he doesn't leave off getting drunk, and become a sober man? and he will say, "it's easy to talk, but I can't give up the drink." Don't become like that, the slaves of beer and ale and rum, but remain free-hearted and happy-hearted boys and men as long as you live. We want you not only to keep from drink and tobacco yourselves, but to ask others to do the same, and form yourselves into a society, to show on which side you are, whether you mean to be sober or drunken men when you grow up. Now, I expect you know what I wish to advise you, for you are fine hands at guessing: "Bands of Hope!" is that what you are saying? you are right then, I want you all to be Band of Hope boys, to keep from drinking and smoking yourselves, and to persuade others to do so too, so that if I live 'till you are all young men, I may find teetotalism on every hand; teetotal judges, and doctors, and lawyers, and ministers, and grocers, and drapers, and butchers and bakers, and teetotal carpenters and masons, and shoemakers, boatmen, soldiers and sailors; no more drunken men falling about the pathway, no more public houses to tempt the fathers to spend what they ought to carry home, and a great deal happier faces to be seen almost everywhere, that is what your becoming Band of Hope boys will help to do.

Now I think I am tiring you with this long letter, but I am going to say a few words more; *don't gamble*: I was so surprised and so ashamed to see some nice boys who help our boatmen, gambling the other day

whilst they waited to be hired; and some boys play marbles, not for fun, but in order to get them away from those who don't know the game so well, and that kind of thing often leads them to what I spoke about first of all,—fighting.

What nice boys you will be if you neither fight, gamble, drink, nor smoke. I hope then, you will keep a very strict watch over your mouths, and never let a bad word come out of them. I have heard of a lady who always sponged her little child's tongue with pure cold water, when she had spoken falsely or rudely, to make it clean again—I am afraid some of you boys would need soap as well.

If you are all that I wish you to be, you will be gentlemanly boys, no matter whether you wear fine cloth clothes, or smock frocks, and I hope you will remember that gentlemanly boys are polite to ladies, and also polite to girls; they don't push them rudely aside to get the best place, and leave them the worst; they treat them as if it was their duty to take care of them, and give them the greatest pleasure, and show them the greatest kindness possible.

Now this is not a letter to the girls, so I have not said what they ought to be and to do; I have only told you your side of the question; perhaps I shall write to them another time.

Now good-bye, my dear boys! May God bless you, and help you! "whether therefore ye eat or drink, or whatsoever ye do, to do all to the glory of God."

Your affectionate Friend,

M. A. Paull.

Plymouth.

THE GREENGROCER'S STORY.

"Well, my Jessie, you're not like yourself to-night. What makes you so dull,—I would say sad?"

"Oh! James, I do feel very sad; my poor sister Mary, whose sorrowful end you've heard about, was brought back to my thoughts this afternoon very painfully, and ever since I have been in deep distress, from fear that you might carry out what you were proposing about the Burnside cottage. Promise me that you'll have nothing to do with it?"

"What's come over you now, wee wifie? I thought you were as fond of the proposal as I was?"

"Ay! but I had not thought about it further than of the profits. I have other feelings now. What if our little Jeannie should become like my sister Mary, or like her I heard of to-day?"

"I don't wish to hurt you, dear; but you know that Mary was—I've heard you say yourself—soft, as one would say, a little giddy and weak. But what have you been hearing, that's put you in such a state as this?"

"Maybe, poor Mary was weak, but all who go the same road are not so. It's a pity you're only to get the story at second hand; for I'm sure you would have felt sad too, if you had heard himself telling it, though you had no sister Mary and her misery to think about."

"But who's 'himself?' Come away Jessie mine, I'll trust your second hand account."

"Don't treat it so lightly, and I'll tell you as well as I can. I daresay you may remember the green-grocer's shop at yon corner of Sauchiehall street—"

"Oh! it was in Glasgow, was it? Glasgow's wicked enough no doubt, quite different from G——."

"Stop a little. It *was* in Glasgow I heard the story, but it had to do with G——, and nearer us than you imagine. I went into that little shop on my way to the train coming home, to buy some nice grapes I saw in the window, for Jeannie; and I bade the old man,—what a fine looking person he must have been in his younger days, but so cheerless and weary-like now,—I bade him wrap them carefully up, for they were to be carried all the way to G——. When I mentioned G——, he asked if I lived there, and said it would be greatly altered since he saw it. Forty odd years it was since he had left it, and he could never bear the thought of coming again to visit it. The east end, where he had lived, just 'ayont the brig,' that's where we are now James, was but a straggling row of houses, newly named "Main street." In his time there were but few shops, he said; and when I mentioned that the place had so much extended that in the line of Main street there were some twelve or fourteen spirit shops, he shook his head, and after a little, murmured, almost sobbing, 'the first of the twelve has been the cloud and curse of my life.' I could not help feeling interested in the old man, and when he asked me if I had time to hear his short story, saying that to tell it would perhaps lighten his spirits, I very willingly consented."

By the time Jessie had reached this point in her narration, James also had begun to show signs of strong interest; and presuming that others may now also be willing to lend an ear, we shall take the liberty of introducing the old green-grocer himself to tell his own tale. It was a tale of love and joy, of ambition, temptation, sin, heart-breaking, disgrace, disease, and death. There was nothing in it uncommon, nay, even yet the records of humanity can show but too many bearing the same miserable family resemblance; but it had created one enemy, staunch and stern, to the drinking system and the drink traffic alike, and its recital may create others still, therefore it is now repeated. The old man proceeds:

'I am melancholy now, shrivelled too, and bent, but the time has been when the lasses pointed to me as the braw gardener from D——, and when I could join wi' the merriest in laughing away the hours. Till I was five and twenty years of age, I never knew a care, and, but for one thing, I might have led another life than the miserable, purposeless existence I have spent. My father had taught me his own trade, and when I got the place at D ——, I set myself at once to show what I could do. My flower-garden and green-house, then not so common as now, were the admiration of the whole district, and many were the visitors that came to see my plants while the family were on their yearly visit to London. Among the rest a brother of the gamekeeper's came up from G—— with his wife and only daughter, very often on a Saturday night, staying over

the Sabbath, and going to church with us to the now famous K—— Liza Gordon, the daughter, was the best looking woman in G——. It was the opinion of others beside me. No doubt many of the older residenters about the Main Street will remember her, and they'll tell you, it wasn't merely an old man's past fancy. For me, at any rate, I've never seen one that could compare with her then nor since. She was like a queen. And she was, when I first knew her, as good as she was bonny. After a year or two, during which we had become lovers, and had vowed everlasting love, I got a situation as gardener to a nobleman, whose place was some distance from G——. It was arranged that we should be married as soon as I could get a house put in order to receive my bride. Alas for the hope! Doomed it was to the bitterest disappointment. In spite of all that happened, Liza, I still to this hour believe, loved me with her whole heart; but she was unhappily entangled in the meshes of a net, that she could not break through; and hence the misery. Shortly after I left D——, Mrs. Gordon, her mother, was seized with a lingering illness, that made her so helpless that her husband could no longer be out of the house. He had to give up his work. But without some source of income, it was impossible the family could be supported. Gordon's house, which went by the name of Burnside Cottage, he had built himself. There was a little debt on it, which he had gradually been paying off while he continued at work. Anxious to keep his own comfortable home, for the sake of his invalid wife, to avoid selling it, he was persuaded to embark in the spirit business as being a profitable one, and one that could be *decently* conducted in the cottage, where there was plenty of accommodation without either taking him from home, or causing any undue stir about Mrs. Gordon's sick-bed. Gordon's determination to open a public-house in the cottage had been formed during my absence at Lord ——'s, my marriage to Liza having been postponed indefinitely on account of her mother's illne ss.

'The first public-house that was opened in the district, Burnside soon became extensively patronized. So busy often did Gordon find himself that he was compelled to call in the assistance of Liza to meet the calls of his visitors. This had an unanticipated effect. Liza's beauty and good humour became a great attraction. Trade pressed in upon the cottage, and soon Gordon not only paid off the bond on his house, but added considerable extra accommodation to his premises. Mrs. Gordon, after a while, got well, and was able to lend a helping hand now and again. This I learned through my correspondence with Liza, which had hitherto been kept up with undiminished ardour on both sides; and I made it a plea for the speedy celebration of our marriage. Objections, however, were lodged in bar of such a proceeding. Gordon pleaded his wife's still feeble health as a reason for delay; but it appeared to me, from the tone of his communication, that he was less cordial towards me than I had reason to expect; so, getting leave of absence, I hastened to G—— to learn exactly what were our prospects. A cool reception by her father prepared me for what I afterwards learned particularly from Liza herself. Increasing [illegible] had created the desire for yet more, and familiarity with drink and

drinking had already so far hardened Gordon's heart, that he inclined to make everything subserve the prosperity of his business. Even the happiness of his child must yield to this. His case was not singular in this. It was simply the natural effect of his trade, as is universally witnessed. I appealed, and begged, and protested, and Liza wept, and Mrs. Gordon urged, but all was of no avail. Liza was needed in the house, and her father was inexorable. Nor could I obtain any promise as to when we might hope for a more favourable decision. Instead of this, I got a hint before I left G—— that Gorden had now other views for his daughter. The poor gardener was now no match for the child of the prosperous publican.

'A month or two of unsatisfactory correspondence followed my return home, at the end of which I received a strangely written letter from Liza, closing our engagement without offering any explanation. About the same time I heard from a friend that there were strange rumors about the cottage, which was now regularly visited by many of the dissipated youth about the town. Liza was also said to be getting remarkably gay and sometimes boisterous in her manners, her eyes unnaturally bright, and her cheeks too red to be called rosy or the hue of health. In short, it was said she was getting to like her father's wares too well.

'The reports were all true. And with the love of drink, love of me died away, till she could flirt with every appearance of enjoyment with any one that offered. Twelve months passed away, not without many ineffectual efforts on my part to reach, and, if possible, to restore poor Liza. My heart bled for my lost love. Bitterly I mourned the sad change that clouded now both her prospects and mine. Again, with a little hope, I visited G——, but my first visit to the cottage told me that remonstrance was unavailing. Liza was to be married, so said her mother, who was now even more callous than her husband, to the son of a merchant living at the West-End. The gardener was thus finally discarded.

'The merchant's son was a scoundrel. The marriage to which Miss Gordon, as she was now called, had consented, not from any love or even respect for the suitor, but simply from vanity and ambition, feelings that had sprung up in her spirit under the fulsome flattery to which she was subjected in the course of her attendance on visitors to the Burnside,—the marriage was put off from time to time, till it appeared doubtful whether the youth had any such purpose in view at all. Liza's health at last appeared to be failing, and painful surmises began to be entertained about her. Again it was true. She had fallen,—the seducer's victim indeed, but prepared for him by drink. Drink, too, that wrought the ruin, she now used to screen her shame from herself. The expected husband ceased his visits. The cottage business generally declined. Gordon charged on Liza's "folly" his diminished gains. She fled from his house, and in a few weeks was living a life of open infamy in a neighbouring town.

'In the meantime, I had sunk into melancholy spirits. My duties were neglected, and my situation was handed over to another. I went

back for a year or two to G—— where I wrought occasionally at my business, living as best I could. I can never forget—but I must finish my story. One day I was asked to assist in conveying a poor woman to the hospital; and there in the infirmary I for the last time on earth saw Liza Gordon. I did not know her at first. But as I was leaving the ward a nurse asked me to return a moment to one who wished to say a word to me. There she lay, just about to die. She could scarcely speak, and only whispered "Forgive," and died. I saw her die. Oh! the public house! the drink! the curse! Oh! how long? how long?'

'James,' said Jessie, 'the old greengrocer told me the story. Will you still think of taking that house? Has not Burnside Cottage a curse attaching to it?'

'A curse! my little wife. If ever I should hint at a public-house again, just say "Liza Gordon" to me, and if I am not insane, the thought will cure me. Burnside Cottage! May heaven help me! Never! never!'

HOME INFLUENCE.

"I have long felt that until the fathers and mothers are better men and better women, our schools can accomplish comparatively little. I believe that any improvement that could be brought to bear, on the *mothers* more especially, would effect a greater amount of good than anything that has yet been done."—*Earl of Shaftesbury.*

"I owe it to my mother, and I mention it with filial piety, for imbuing my young mind with principles of religion, which have never, never forsaken me."—*Bishop Watson.*

"I would say to every young parent, the ordination of a minister over a church is nothing at all in solemnity compared to that ordination with which God ordains you in your household. An ordinary pastorate in the church is inconsequential by the side of a pastorate in the family. If God has called you to take care of children, you have a study before you; and you are bound to look into their nature, to know their constitution, and to acquaint yourself with those great laws on which their training depends."—*H. W. Beecher.*

"The last thing forgotten in all the recklessness of dissolute profligacy, is the prayer or hymn taught by a mother's lips, or uttered at a father's knee; and where there seems to have been any pains bestowed, even by one parent, to train up a child aright, there is in general more than ordinary ground for hope."—*The experience of a Prison Chaplain.*

"Good laws will not reform us, if reformation begin not at home."—*Richard Baxter.*

"The instruction of your children cannot commence too early. Every mother is capable of teaching her children obedience, humility, cleanliness, and propriety of behaviour; and it is a delightful circumstance, that the first instruction should thus be communicated by so tender a teacher. It is by combining affectionate gentleness in granting what is right, with

judicious firmness in refusing what is improper, that the happiness of children is promoted, and that good and orderly habits are established. If children are early trained to be docile and obedient, the future task of guiding them aright will be comparatively easy."—*Nichols.*

John Newton, in his worst days, could never forget his mother, at whose knees he had learnt to pray, but who was taken to heaven when he was but eight years old. "My mother's God, the God of mercy, have mercy upon me," was often his agonising prayer in danger, and we all know how it was answered.

IN THE SPRING TIME.

TUNE—"*Buy a Broom.*"

In the spring-time of life, with our hearts warm and glowing,
We 're bound in a glorious Temperance band;
For we know in the world that we shortly must enter,
Thick dangers beset us on every hand.

CHORUS.

But we trust in His strength who has promised to aid us:
In the day of temptation we faithful shall stand.

Then as each has been bless'd, let him care for another;
With gentle persuasion some soul we may win,
For the Saviour has taught us to think of our brother—
Oh, that we could labour and live more like Him.

CHORUS.

For His greatest delight and His constant endeavour,
Was to draw from the ways of destruction and sin.

'Tis a stain on our country, our dearly-loved England,
That drunkenness holdeth so stedfast a sway;
Oh, then let it be ours as good loving subjects,
To drive this disgraceful sin monster away.

CHORUS.

Never let it be said of the nations less favoured,
The sons of our land are more wretched than they.

What, though young, we can work, and our lives make a blessing,
The slave of intemperance strive to reclaim;
Then the mother shall smile on the son who has grieved her,
The wife shall rejoice in her husband again.

CHORUS.

By the help of that God who has promised to aid us,
The life He has given shall not be in vain.

SUNDAY SCHOOL WORK.

Looking at the great interests associated with the Sunday Scholars of the United Kingdom, we deem it of the highest importance that Bands of Hope should be connected with them. We would urge our readers to circulate the "Facts and Opinions for Sunday School Teachers," advertised on our pages. Let it be given to Ministers, Superintendents and Teachers, and no doubt a good effect will be produced. It is so cheap that many of our readers will find it easy to purchase a hundred for distribution. We hope they will do so, and inform us of the result.

Mr. T. O. Chapman, the Sunday School Agent of the Union, continues his labours in connection with Sunday Schools in London. Mr. Hooke, jun., is aiding the work in Bath, and the Rev. G. W. M'Cree has also united in this good work, and visited several schools. At one of these, five hundred children listened to him as he warned them of the drunkard's awful end. Should any Christian friend wish to join the Committee of the Union in the visitation of Sunday Schools, such aid will be gladly accepted.

Appended is a list of the Sunday Schools recently visited by Mr. T. O. Chapman:—

Church of England.—District Church, Regent square, Gray's inn road: Rev. T, Nolan, minister. Schools in Dutton street. St. Clement Danes, Strand: Rev. M. Killick, minister. St. Martin's-in-the-fields, Charing cross: Rev. Mr. Maull, minister. St. Giles's-in-the-fields, Oxford street: Rev. A. W. Thorold, minister. West street Chapel, West street: Rev. R. W. Dibdin, minister. St. Saviour's Chapel, London street, Fitzroy square: Rev. J. Penny, minister. St. John the Evangelist, Charlotte street, Fitzroy square: Rev. Mr. Moorhouse, minister. St. James's the Great, Pollard row, Bethnal green road.

Congregational.—New court, Carey street, Lincoln's inn fields, twice: Rev. W. H. Draper, pastor. Orange street, Leicester square: Rev. R. E. Forsyth, pastor. Pentonville hill, Rev. A. Buzacott, pastor. Tonbridge Chapel, Euston road: Rev. Kilsby Jones, pastor. Tottenham Chapel, John street, Tottenham court road: no pastor. Mile End Road Chapel: Rev. Dr. Chew, pastor; and Mission School, Three Colt lane, connected therewith.

Baptist.—Arthur street, Frederick street, Gray's inn road, twice: Rev. Dr. Wills, pastor. Henrietta street, Regent square: Mr. W. R. Vines, pastor. Little Wilde street, Lincoln's inn fields: Rev. Christ. Woollacott, late pastor. Kinsgate street, Holborn: Rev. Francis Wills, pastor. Vernon square, Gray's inn road, twice: Rev. C. B. Sawday, pastor. Cromer street, Gray's inn road. Meard's court, Soho: Mr. Bloomfield, pastor. Grafton street, Fitzroy square: Rev. C. Marshall, pastor.

Wesleyan.—Great Queen street, Lincoln's-inn-Fields. Liverpool street, King's cross.

Primitive Methodist.—Elim Chapel, Fetter lane, Holborn.

Scottish National Church.—Crown court, Drury lane: Rev. Dr. Cumming, minister.

Various.—Brewer's Court Ragged School, Drury lane. Working Men's Christian Association, Grafton street, Soho. Abbey Street British Schools, Bethnal green road. Hail's Lane Chapel, Bethnal green road. City Mission School, Satchwell, Bethnal green road. Hoxton Ragged Schools, Hammond square, Hoxton Old Town.

The Agent has delivered addresses at the following schools:—Arthur street, twice; Vernon square; and Cromer street.

Annals of the United Kingdom Band of Hope Union.

VISITS OF THE HONORARY DEPUTATIONS AGENTS, &c.

During the past month no less than forty visits have been made by the Voluntary Agency of the Union. For these kind and valuable services thus rendered, our thanks are especially due to the Rev. G. W M'Cree, and to Messrs. C. B. Benn, Deane, W. Elliott, Hawksworth, Hardwidge, Hine, Johnson, Shirley, and Storr.

Mr. William Bell has been engaged during the past month in connection with the Bradford Band of Hope Union.

Mr. G. Blaby has attended meetings as follows:—Bloomsbury Refuge; Barnsbury Independent Chapel; Little Denmark Street Ragged School, twice; Mission Hall, Five Dials, twice; Denmark Street, Soho, three times; Southville, Wandsworth Road; King Street, Long Acre; Pond Place, Chelsea; St. Paul's National School, Clerkenwell; St. James's Walk National School, Clerkenwell; St. Matthew's, Prince's Square, St. George's-in-the-East; Caledonian Road Congregational Chapel; Leopard Court, Baldwin's Gardens, Leather Lane; Meadow Row, New Kent Road; Surrey Chapel; 122, Vauxhall Walk; Tottenham; and Victoria Street, Shadwell.

During the month, Mr. W. J. Lay has attended meetings as follows:—Old Ford; Marlborough Chapel; Old Milestone, City Road; Streatham; Whitfield Chapel; Barbican; Fetter Lane; City Road; Charles Street. Drury Lane; Deverell Street, Dover Road; Lansdowne Place; Exeter Buildings, Sloane Street; Lant Street, Borough; Gee Street; Trafalgar Place; Trinity Chapel, Borough; Peckham; Salem Chapel, Bow Road; and Mill Pond Bridge.

Mr. F. Smith has, during part of the past month, been engaged in training the Choir to sing at the Annual Meeting of the Union, in Exeter Hall. He has, however, attended the following meetings:—Marlborough Chapel, Old Kent Road; Weigh House Chapel Sunday School, Fish Street Hill, two lectures; Bath Street, Poplar; Waterloo Street, Camberwell.

Mr. G. Blaby.—The *Ealing Post* thus describes a lecture by Mr. G.

Blaby, entitled "Beauties of Temperance Song." Mr. Jonathan Luck presided, and ably introduced the lecturer to the audience. Mr. Blaby then commenced his musical lecture, dividing his subject into two parts; the first part being the evils of intemperance, or the dark side of the picture. Opening melody, "A Temperance Man." He then dilated very ably on the evils arising from intemperance, and he illustrated this with the song "You will remember me." In the next place he spoke of the effect of drink on the body and the mind, illustrating it with "The Bottle." The lecturer then spoke very effectively on the influence of drink on the social circle and maternal affection. Its influence even made a mother forget her offspring, which he illustrated by a thrilling anecdote and the affecting melody of "Dear Mother, drink no more." The first part was brought to a close by an able and talented description of the drunkard's end, which he illustrated with the song, "The Inebriate's Lament." The second part:—Blessings of Total Abstinence, or the bright side of the picture, commenced with the opening melody "Happy Day," which all appeared to join in and fully enjoy. The able lecturer then commenced telling them what those blessings were, how it raised the drunkard from his degraded and miserable condition, to a respectable position in the world, and made him a useful member of society, and he illustrated this portion of the lecture with the melody "If thou wilt abstain," the audience joining in the chorus. He then went on further, to say what the temperance movement had already done in reclaiming its thousands and tens of thousands from a drunkard's grave, and converting his once miserable home into a happy home, as full of comforts as the other was devoid of them. Song, "My happy temperance home." He next adverted to what it would yet achieve, believing that it was yet in its infancy, and that 'ere long the great enemy "alcohol" would be finally abolished from our land and every land, and in support of this he eloquently referred to the Band of Hope as the means to accomplish this great and glorious purpose, and that they, the men and women of to-morrow, would plant the temperance flag, never to be uprooted. Melody, "The Temperance Flag." In conclusion he would remind them of its ultimate success, and encouraged his Temperance friends to go on and prosper, and God would bless their endeavours. Mr. Luck then expressed the pleasure he had felt in listening to Mr. Blaby, and said he had come there that evening, as he had done many a time before, to give his aid and support in favour of the good cause of temperance. He had just received a letter from a gentleman, with a request that Mr. Blaby should pay them another visit, and he was sure they would say "yes" to that. They must have been highly entertained and amused. It was then put to the meeting, and carried unanimously, that Mr. Blaby should come and give another lecture in about a week or ten days. The meeting then closed by singing the National Anthem. The lecture was listened to with attention, and appeared to give general satisfaction. It was respectably attended, especially considering the dullness of the weather, and the dirtiness of the entrance to the school-room, and we have no doubt when Mr. Blaby next visits Ealing that he will see a crowded house.

PEEL GROVE.—A juvenile meeting, convened by the United Kingdom Band of Hope Union, was held in the Temperance Hall, Peel grove, Bethnal green, on Thursday, April 21st. The following is a copy of the bill distributed in the Sunday Schools of the neighbourhood, on the previous Sunday by Mr. T. O. Chapman, Sunday School Agent :—

No Drunkard shall Inherit the Kingdom of Heaven.

Wine is a Mocker.

United Kingdom

BAND OF HOPE UNION.

If your PARENTS will give their CONSENT,

COME TO THE BAND OF HOPE MEETING

TO BE HELD AT THE

PEEL GROVE INSTITUTE,

BETHNAL GREEN,

On THURSDAY EVENING, APRIL 21st, 1864.

Very interesting ADDRESSES will be given by Rev. G. W. M'CREE, Mr. STEPHEN SHIRLEY, and Mr. T. OXLEY CHAPMAN.

☞ *To commence at Seven o'clock. Be in time.*

Strong Drink is Raging.

Moderate Drinking leads to Drunkenness.

The children and many of their parents having assembled, the meeting was opened by the chairman, the Rev. H. D. Northrop, B.A., minister of Victoria Park Congregational Church, who expressed his entire sympathy with the Band of Hope movement. The meeting was then addressed by Mr. S. Shirley, whose Temperance version of the fable of "The Lion and the Mouse," greatly pleased the young folks. Mr. T. O. Chapman addressed the children in a very pleasing manner; his story of "William Watson" will be long remembered by them. The Rev. G. W. M'Cree spoke on the chemical properties of strong drink, and the wisdom of never using them, and elicited some very intelligent answers. During the evening some melodies were well sung by the children. The rev. chairman informed Mr. M'Cree that he would convene a meeting of his Sunday school, and form a Band of Hope in connection therewith; a resolution which greatly cheered the friends.

BARBICAN.—A Band of Hope demonstration was held in the Sandemanian Chapel, on April 19th, when the Rev. J. Boyle presided. A large audience were evidently delighted with the singing and recitations of the children, as arranged by Mr R. B. Starr. "The London Sparrow" was quite popular, and "In the Spring-time," composed by Mrs. Snellgrove, was sung with great spirit. The address was delivered by the Rev. G. W. M'Cree, whose story of "The Young Sailor" was listened to with breathless interest by both young and old.

BATH.—The meetings connected with the second anniversary of the Band of Hope belonging to the Countess of Huntingdon's Chapel, in this city, have been held during the past month. On Good-Friday, the members of the committee, with several friends of the society, took tea together in the Vineyard School-room. After tea, a meeting was held,

presided over by Mr. Hooke, jun., when several addresses and recitations were delivered. On Sunday, April 3rd, a special address was delivered to the children of the Sabbath schools, by the Rev. S. Lepine, (of Abingdon.) On Monday, April 4th, the annual tea meeting was held. After tea there was a sale of useful and ornamental articles. This was followed by a public meeting, J. H. Cotterell, Esq. (one of the Vice-Presidents of the United Kingdom Band of Hope Union), in the chair. The secretary, Mr. F. Manning, read the report, which showed a balance due to the treasurer of about £1. 10s. The total number of members was stated to be over 400. The adoption of the report was moved by the Rev. W. Mottram, and seconded by Mr. Sturges. The Rev. A. Ramsey, (of Gloucester,) in moving the re-election of Mr. Hooke, jun., as president, and Mr. F. Manning, as honorary secretary of the society, delivered a most eloquent and able address, in which he appealed to his hearers to join in the conflict with England's greatest foe, and thus become champions "in the truest chivalry." T. Thompson, Esq., exhorted those present to have faith in one another, their principles, and their God, and finally they would conquer. Mr. T. Line having delivered a stirring address, the meeting terminated with a vote of thanks to the chairman. The adjourned meeting was held on the following evening, Mr. Hooke, jun., in the chair, when, in addition to recitations given by Masters Lane, Bishop, Garlick, and others, interesting addresses were delivered by the Rev. T. Noyes and Mr. William Garlick. The anniversary closed (as it had begun) with prayer.

WANTED,—INFORMATION.

The Editor is preparing a paper on the present position of the Band of Hope movement throughout the world. Will our readers kindly send him what information they may possess? For instance, let him know :—

1. The name of the Band of Hope.
2. The name of its Secretary.
3. When and where it meets.
4. Number of members.
5. Influence of local drinking customs on the children.
6. How they resist that influence.
7. Facts which illustrate points Nos. 5 and 6.
8. Mode of conducting the Band of Hope: describe in full anything *special* in doing this.
9. Relation of the Band of Hope to a Christian Church, Sunday School, or Temperance Society.
10. Present prospects.

Our friends will please to write on one side of their paper. Crossed manuscript must not be sent.

Address—Rev. G. W. M'Cree, 37, Queen Sq., London, W.C.

Good Friends! write speedily, and we will thank you much for your kindness.

J. Bale, Printer, 78, Great Titchfield-street, Marylebone.

BAND OF HOPE RECORD.

ANNUAL MEETINGS.

The annual meetings for the present year, of the United Kingdom Band of Hope Union, have been held. Notwithstanding the adverse influence of the Whitsuntide holidays, combined with extremely hot weather, they were well attended, and we believe afforded entire satisfaction to subscribers, the friends of the movement generally, and the earnest workers who attended them. They were commenced as usual, with the early prayer meeting, in Bloomsbury Chapel, which for several years has been kindly lent for this purpose, by the Rev. W. Brock and deacons. The Rev. G. W. M'Cree presided, and gave a short address on the text, "a seed shall serve him." Appropriate prayers were offered by various friends.

UNITED KINGDOM BAND OF HOPE UNION.

The ninth annual meeting of this society was held at Exeter hall, Strand, on Monday evening May 16th. A choir of six hundred children from various Bands of Hope in the metropolis, under the direction of Mr. F. Smith, sang various pieces during the evening. The chair was taken by Charles Gilpin, Esq., M.P. The following ministers and gentlemen were on the platform:—The Dean of Dromore, the Revs. John Rodgers, M.A., J. Burns, D.D., Stenton Eardley, M.A., Newman Hall, LL.B., E. P. Fairfield (Michigan, Deputy-Lieutenant of the State, and President of the College), G. W. M'Cree, Samuel Couling (Scarborough), John Kaye (editor of the *Wesleyan Times*), W. Charlesworth, C. Harrison, Isaac Doxsey, and J. Boyle; and Messrs. Joseph Payne, Warren Hall, W. Purvis, John Rutherford (Northampton), John Thwaites, W. R. Selway, Joseph Sturge Gilpin (Nottingham), John De Fraine, Robert Mellors (Nottingham), G. W. Murphy, W. Tweedie, Robert Rae, William West, Colonel Young (Bedford), S. L. Carleton (United States), Eben. Clarke, jun., W. J. Haynes, William Sims, Elihu Burritt, William Spriggs, T. I. White, S. Shirley, R. B. Starr, G. S. Wybroo, T. Wood, F. Fusedale, A. Hawkins, S. Johnson, Silas Tucker, W. Bell, &c.

A hymn was sung, after which prayer was offered by the Rev. Isaac Doxsey. The children then sang the second piece on the programme.

A summary of the report was given by the Rev. G. W. M'Cree.

The third melody was then sung.

The CHAIRMAN said: My excellent friend on my right (Mr. M'Cree) has promised you the "pleasure" of listening to me after the hymn which you have just heard. I feel that I can offer you nothing in comparison with the melody of those young voices raised up in praising a cause the

good of which they have proved, and in returning thanks to the Giver of the success to that cause (cheers). Amongst the various institutions which, during this month, hold their anniversaries in this hall, I think there is none—really none—which presents a higher claim—I had almost said so high a claim, upon the benevolent, the enlightened, and the Christian community, as that whose anniversary we are assembled to celebrate, and whose principles we are met together to promote (cheers). A few days hence, and what I was about to call the "parent" society—a kindred society, at least, to this, is to hold its meeting in this hall, under the presidency of that gentleman whose name has been rightly received this evening with cordial approbation—I mean the president of the Band of Hope Union, Mr. Morley (cheers). That association labours heartily, earnestly, and successfully to promote the Temperance reformation by persuading all of every age to abstain from the use of intoxicating liquors as a beverage. It labours successfully; but oh, how often unsuccessfully when it deals with those whose habits are formed, and whose characters are formed, and who find it too often all but impossible to break off their injurious habits, and to get rid of the character acquired! But there is peculiar reason and peculiar importance in our addressing ourselves to the youug—these young mortal immortals—before they have felt the power of temptation, before they have acquired habits deleterious to themselves, saddening and darkening in their influences, and in raising, if possible, a barrier around them against that vice by which more have fallen than, perhaps, all other vices put together. Well, the Band of Hope Union, and those who promoted this institution, have cast their eyes along the pathway of life crowded with myriads of every age—some with the buoyant step of youth, others with the tottering gait of age, and they find that in the midst of that pathway is one pitfall deep and dangerous, into which more fall than into all other snares; and towards that pitfall there is but one pathway, and the Band of Hope Union would bar that pathway. The Band of Hope Union would place an obstacle to the entrance into that pathway by which alone the pit can be approached. I remember, many years ago, the importance of pressing the Temperance question upon the young was brought before me forcibly, and I have never got rid of the impression. It was long before we thought of Bands of Hope. I was visiting in Lancashire a poor man in connection with an Accident Association with which I am connected. He was suffering severely from an accident which had occurred to him in consequence of drunkenness. It was not the first time that he had injured himself through drink, and over and over again he had made an effort to escape from the thraldom into which he had fallen. I sat by him, and I reasoned with him, and urged him to abstain altogether from intoxicating liquor, as the only means for him to amend. He listened to me carefully, patiently, earnestly, approvingly, but at last, in his broad dialect, he said, "I mon gang mine own way;" and then pointing to his little boy beside him, he said, "But yon—oh, if you could keep yon from the drink!" Well this association would "keep yon from the drink." This society would, by gentle persuasion such as alone is compatible with its ope-

rations, persuade children to commence aright, and by abstaining from the first to escape the temptations of the future. I rejoice, as you have rejoiced, to hear the favourable report which has been read this evening, or rather, not read, but told us—talked to us—explained to us by my excellent friend Mr. M'Cree. It was a great improvement upon reading. You have rejoiced with me in the success which has attended the efforts of this association; and I can only say, may that success be multiplied a hundredfold! (cheers). We rejoice in the success which has been achieved; we believe in that success continuing: we believe that

"Truth, and love, and knowledge,
The civilising three,
Still show, from good that has been,
The better that will be;"

and we heartily hope that those who are banded together in a cause like this will be favoured to see the result of their labours blessed to all around them in the increasing intelligence, the increasing morality, and the increasing happiness of that rising generation which are the joy of the present and the hope of the future (cheers). I do not forget that the business of a chairman is less to speak than to listen; but I could not take my seat in the chair as I have done this evening without thus far expressing my earnest and hearty sympathy with the object which we are met to promote, and my willingness on all occasions on which it is in my power to lend a helping hand to those engaged in this movement (applause).

The Rev. G. W. M'Cree announced that the Rev. Mr. Bucke and Handel Cossham, Esq., would be unable to attend, but the Rev. Dr. Burns had very kindly consented to speak.

The Rev. Jabez Burns, D.D., said that he had come more especially to do honour to that illustrious woman who was the founder of Bands of Hope, and who had passed to her reward since they had last assembled in that hall. He referred to that noble Christian woman, Mrs. Carlisle. He had the privilege and the honour of introducing Mrs. Carlisle to the Temperance societies of England. Her life was a life of constant prayer. At the commencement and conclusion of every effort she sanctified it with an earnest spirit of importunate prayer, and she had so much of the love and spirit of her Master that wherever she went she made her influence tell in promoting the good cause. She laboured till she was blind, and till she could no longer walk, and during the past year she had gone to that higher world where the labourer received the crown and the reward, but she had left in the United Kingdom thousands and thousands of results. As soon as the Temperance cause was inaugurated she became a thorough teetotaller, and she was a wonderfully old-fashioned teetotaller, having no idea of any sort of teetotalism but one, and that was entire abstinence. There was a very distinguished medical man in Dublin, who was going to lecture to show that Dr. Lees, and Dr. Carpenter, and Professor Miller, and others had gone to the extreme in representing alcohol to be so entirely pernicious, and he was going to show in his lecture that alcohol had a conserving influence upon the

tissues, and that if it did not contain nutrition it saved the waste of the tissues. Good Mrs. Carlisle was perfectly terrified at all this nonsense, and she was taken to the lecture. The lecturer went through a rigmarole of metaphysical, and physical, and technical definitions, and when he had done, good Mrs. Carlisle, as she was wont to pray about everything, put up her arms and said, "Lord Jesus, save us from the tissues!" (laughter). In this spirit of thoroughness, simplicity, earnestness, and self-sacrifice this good woman lived and died. He would now say three or four words with respect to the occasion of their being then assembled. He said, with reference to all noble enterprises, "Give us the children" (cheers). If the Church of the Saviour was to prosper, and if we were to see a permanent revival, give us the children. If we were to have an intelligent population, give us the children. If we were to have a growing population that should thoroughly reform and put in order the House where the chairman sat, give us the children (laughter). If we were to put down the drinking customs and the profligate habits of the nation, give us the children (cheers). It had often been said that schoolmasters were great pedants, and imagined that they were very important personages. As a schoolmaster was one day walking in the town where he taught, he met a person, and told him that he was the master of the parish. The person he addressed said, "Well, I had not the pleasure of knowing that." "Well," said the schoolmaster, "I will show you how it is. Some people think that the men are the masters, but they are not, for the women master the men (laughter). And then the women are not the masters, for the children master the women, and I master the children. Therefore, fairly and logically, I am the master of the parish." They would never get a thoroughly Temperance London until they got the children. Give them the children, and then people would not go bamboozled through the world, hood-winked, and talking about intoxicating drinks as "the good creatures of God." Give them the children, and society would become rid of the prejudices in favour of those drinks, and persons would grow up with very strong predilections in favour of teetotalism. Give them the children. because habit was second nature. He believed there were hundreds of drunkards in England whom no process could save, their self-control being almost extinct. The taste for alcohol was not natural, but artificial; and before the artificial appetite was formed, give them the children. Finally, give them the children, because children were not the slaves of custom. Give them the children, and the cause would then have in its favour power, and mind, and heart, and influence, and intellect, which were unshackled, and which might tend, under the blessing of God, to emancipate the country from the curse of strong drink. He had three or four verses to read before resuming his seat. Had he known that the poet laureate of teetotalism, of ragged-schools, of city missions, of omnibus improvements, and of every good movement which influenced this great city, would have been present, he should never have dreamed of trying to write verses (cheers and laughter); but under the emergency of the occasion, and having to supply the place of two absent speakers, he thought he had better supply the place of one in prose and of the other in poetry (great laughter):—

We want the little boys and girls
  To join the Temperance band ;
And then we'll give old Alcohol
  No quarter in the land—

A phalanx mighty, brave and strong,
  To battle with the foe ;
And drive the deadly legions back
  That fill our land with woe.

Then let us cheer our Bands of Hope
  In this most glorious fight,
Till God shall give the victory
  To Temperance and to right.

And let us daily send our prayers
  To our good God in heaven,
That to our growing Bands of Hope
  All needful good be given.

For children's loud hosannas please
  The Lord of our salvation,
And He will crown our Bands of Hope
  That try to save our nation.

(Loud cheers).

The children then sang the fifth piece on the programme—"Try again."

The Rev. Stenton Eardley next addressed the meeting. He said that he took the last words of the song to himself. He had often spoken on Temperance platforms, but he felt that he had never spoken as he ought to have done, and he was now going to "try again." He would first of all congratulate the society that it had not expired under the venom of the House of Commons (hear). He supposed that the honourable chairman was one of those who got sprinkled with the saliva of that little acid drop from Sheffield, although he was still living (cheers and laughter). Let there be but a single generation of sober men and women, and Sheffield would never send up to the House of Commons such a bag of venom as had so recently displayed itself (applause). He supposed nobody could doubt that there was great need for some special work to be directed against the terrible curse of drinking. The conviction had deepened with him day by day that Temperance reformers must go farther back than the adults; and he thought that any earnest honest worker in the Temperance movement would be driven necessarily to the conviction that to save the land they must have the children (cheers). Nothing was more natural. Drinking was often compared to a torrent which it was impossible to stem; but if they could not turn a river when it had grown wide and deep, and its volume was enormous, they should go higher up the stream. As poetry seemed to be rather in the ascendant, he would give an old stave—*not* his own (laughter) :—

"A pebble in a streamlet's track,
  Has turned the course of many a river ;
A dew drop on the baby plant,
  Has bent the giant oak for ever."

(Applause).

He believed there were thousands of the adult population whom nothing could save; but Christian enterprise did not throw down its weapons, and sit down in despair because there were difficulties, but if they could not achieve an object in one way they resolved to try another. Perhaps nobody in that hall was prepared to receive his testimony with respect to the amount of misery produced amongst children by the drunkenness of their parents. He held in his hand a letter from a lady of rank, who was not a teetotaller, but who had been striving for years past to meet and remedy the great distress and sorrow that existed in the the families in her own county of Kent, and especially amongst children. She, in conjunction with others, had established an asylum for the reception of children who were neglected by their natural guardians, and had no proper homes. They had established a branch girls' school at Chelsea, and a boys' refuge at Maida-hill. In the course of her letter she said, "Each child we have sent from Kent has gone simply through the parents' drunkenness. We send no children who can be legitimately inmates of the union, but only those who cannot be there. Indeed, out of the two hundred and fifty girls of the county of Kent who have been in our London school, two hundred and thirty have been sent simply from this dreadful cause." In another part of her letter she said, "A beer shop has been opened in our absence in a before truly peaceful hamlet, and *has done its work*." They all knew what the work of the beer-shop was. Could the keeper of such a place sincerely thank God on the Saturday night for blessing his honest industry during the week? He (Mr. Eardley) did not know that he could kneel beside a man who earned his livelihood from the misery of others. Instead of such a man thanking God for his prosperity, it would be more consistent for him to thank the devil himself. In an article in the April number of the *Cornhill Magazine* it was said that if 21 feet were allowed to each public-house and beer-shop of London, excluding club-houses and refreshment-houses, they would form a street of 39 miles! It was stated as a fact, that last year the Government engaged 300 excavators to perform a certain work, and the contractor built for their convenience a small public-house. In the 12 months of 1863 the men spent in it £7,500., which was an average of 10s. per week per man. A few days ago Mr. Commissioner Kerr, in a case which came before him, in which a poor woman having gone into a public-house, and been maddened by drink, had then destroyed £20. worth of property, said, "The time may come when, if people will madden their fellow-creatures by selling them these pernicious things, they themselves shall have to bear the loss." (cheers). He (Mr. Eardley) was delighted to hear that remark. Teetotallers were thankful for very small indications of a smile from the judicial bench. He would call attention to the testimony of a brewer on the sale and use of strong drink. It was contained in an article in the *North British Review* for February, 1855, by Charles Buxton, Esq., M.P. He said:—"Startling as it may appear, it is the truth, that the destruction of human life and the waste of *national* wealth which must arise from this tremendous Russian war are *outrun* every year by the devastation, caused by national drunkenness.

Nay, add together all the miseries generated in our times by war, famine, and pestilence, the three great scourges of mankind, and they do not exceed those that spring from this one calamity. This assertion will not be readily believed by those who have not reflected on the subject, but the fact is that hundred of thousands of our countrymen are daily sinking themselves into deeper misery, destroying their health, peace of mind, domestic comfort, and usefulness, and ruining every faculty of mind and body from indulgence in this propensity. It would not be too much to say, that there are at this moment half-a-million homes in the United Kingdom where home happiness is never felt owing to this cause alone—where the wives are broken-hearted, and the children are brought up in misery, owing to this cause alone. Then the sober part of the community pays a heavy penalty," he said, " for the vices of the drunkard," and he (Mr. Eardley) would add, " the profits of the brewer " (cheers). " Drink is the great parent of crime." In another place he said, " Not only does this vice produce all kinds of positive mischief, but it also has a negative effect of great importance. It is the mightiest of all the forces that clog the progress of good. It is in vain that every engine is set to work that philanthropy can devise, when those whom we seek to benefit are habitually tampering with their faculties of reason and will, soaking their brains with beer, or inflaming them with ardent spirits. The struggle of the school, and the library, and the church all united against the beer-house and gin-palace, is but one development of the war between heaven and hell." Again he said, " Looking, then, at the manifold and frightful evils that spring from drunkenness, we were justified in saying that it is the most dreadful of all the ills that afflict the British Isles. We are convinced that if a statesman who heartily wished to do the utmost possible good to his country were thoughtfully to inquire which of the topics of the day deserved the most intense force of his attention, the true reply would be that he should study the means by which this worst of plagues could be stayed." " The question is, whether millions of our countrymen shall be helped to become happier and wiser—whether pauperism, lunacy, disease, and crime shall be diminished—whether multitudes of men, women, and children shall be aided to escape from utter ruin of body and soul?" The writer would close the public-houses at ten o'clock at night, and he would let the coffee-houses remain open as long as they chose. He further said, " We trust that no squeamish timidity will prevent our statesmen from cutting the knot, and making it the regular duty of the police to see that all the houses for the sale of fermented liquors are shut up at the time proposed." " There is one other regulation which we rather suggest for consideration than recommend, namely, that if any person is found in a public-house, or coming out of it, in such a state of drunkenness that the police have to take charge of him, not only that the drunken person, but also the publican, should be fined; and still more strongly would we urge, that if the individual thus found be a *woman*, the publican should be fined still more heavily" (cheers). " Experience has shown that a Maine-law sustained by public opinion is not by any means so absurd a piece of

legislation as it looks at first sight." Mr. Buxton then remarked, "The use of this Maine-law would be not so much to deprive drunkards of their liquor as to remove temptation from those who have not yet fallen." "We conclude," he said, "earnestly commending the suggestions thrown out in the previous pages to the consideration, if not to the adoption, of our readers. We are face to face with the most prolific source of sin and misery in our age. Let us not be misled by a spurious humanity to deal with it softly. The evils are mighty; the remedies must be strong." When the claims of teetotalism were urged on some persons they asked for its scriptural authority. They always instanced Timothy—that much-abused young evangelist (laughter). It was astonishing to see how many men had got his stomach in their pockets. Men did not want any scriptural authority when their motives were their stomachs; but as soon as persons brought high Christian motives to bear on the subject, and abstained from intoxicating liquors for the good of others, objectors asked them for the scriptural warrant for teetotalism. The fact was, there was liberty in the matter. Those who asked for chapter and verse utterly mistook the very genius of the Bible (cheers). It did not say in so many words, "Do this," and "Do that;" but it put a life into men, and said, "Work that out!" (cheers). That life was a life of love, and love was to be the interpreter of duty. Professing Christians sometimes sang—

"Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small:
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all!"

and they would get into rapture on the subject; and then, perhaps, when asked whether they would give up a glass or two of wine to save their brother, they would refuse to do so. He impeached this hypocrisy in the Church! He liked most of all to appeal to Christians. He believed that the Temperance movement was the work of God, and that the reason why, in times past, mere secular teetotalism had failed was because it was merely secular. The Church of God had not taken up the movement, and placed it amongst its own philanthropic operations, or it would not have been so weak and sickly as it had been in past years (cheers).

Charles Gilpin, Esq., then said that he was compelled to retire from the chair, but Joseph Payne, Esq., would supply his place.

The chair was then taken by Joseph Payne, Esq.

Melodies Nos. 6 and 7 were sung by the children, and a collection was made in the meanwhile.

The Hon. Samuel L. Carleton, of the United States, then addressed the meeting. He expressed the pleasure he felt in being present that evening. He had come from that State in which they had outlawed the traffic in intoxicating drinks (cheers). He had been a teetotaller for twenty-five years, and he had the honour of being president of the Band of Hope in the State of Maine. He believed that Bands of Hope were, to the welfare of the world, what Sabbath schools were to the Church of

Christ. Attempts had been made in his State to regulate the traffic, and they had failed, and no success was achieved until it was abolished altogether. Facts and figures were brought before the people which showed distinctly that there were in the United States from fifty to sixty thousand persons annually who went down to the drunkard's grave. After the prohibitory law was passed, it was several times upset by the opposite political party; but, after a trial of seven years, the people went to the legislature, asking them to leave it to the people to say whether they would have the law or not. The legislature complied; and when the day came for the people to vote as to whether the traffic should be abolished or not, out of a population of one hundred and twenty thousand voters, fewer than one hundred voted against the abolition (cheers). They now had a Maine law of the people, and not simply of the legislature. There was a class, as there always would be, down underneath everything like respectability and decency, and they still continued the traffic to some extent, but it was carried on in underground passages and bye-places, as was acknowledged even by the enemies of the law. Large quantities of liquor had been seized, and thrown into the sewer. Some men, who were thought Christians, put up their hands, and said, "Oh, what a waste of property! Why not sell it, and give it to the poor?" (laughter). It was felt, however, that they had been giving it to the poor long enough. He hoped the day was not very far distant when the people of England would be able to outlaw the accursed traffic. Is was almost past the power of man to portray the blessed results that would follow the entire destruction of the traffic in this country. It was the drinking customs of the country which supported the traffic, and the work of Bands of Hope was to undermine those customs (cheers).

The eighth hymn on the paper was then sung.

The Chairman (Joseph Payne, Esq.) said they had had their friend Mr. Gilpin in the chair, and they knew that it was said of John Gilpin, that he went farther than he intended—(laughter). He (Mr. Payne), who then occupied the chair in the place of Mr. Gilpin, had certainly gone farther than he intended, for he had intended to take no part in the meeting. He would say a few words as to what ought to be the result of the arguments that had been stated that evening. They ought to feel for the cause, and to kneel for the cause, and to steal for the cause, and to appeal for the cause. They ought to feel for the cause, for if they did not feel they would not act. Then they must kneel for the cause. It was said that teetotalism was put in the place of religion. That was a slander. Teetotalism merely put the people in a condition in which they would hear the gospel. If a man were to go half drunk into a church, would not Mr. Bumble, the beadle, very soon put him out?—(laughter). Teetotalism made men sober, and then the operations of religion were brought to bear upon them. An old divine said, "Prayer is a blessed messenger between heaven and earth, having communication with both worlds, and, by a happy intercourse and sure conveyance, sending up the necessities of the one, and bringing down the bounties of the other—(applause). The teetotal cause and the Band of Hope cause stood in need of prayer.

Then, they should steal for the cause. It might seem rather odd that a judge should recommend stealing—(laughter). He meant, however, that they should steal time to serve the cause. An Irish poet said—

"The best of all ways
To lengthen our days,
Is to steal a few hours from the night."

Then their duty was to appeal for the cause. They should join the cause themselves, and seek to induce others to do the same. They should begin at once, and endeavour in all sorts of ways to further the movement. They could not give themselves greater enjoyment than by tasting the luxury of doing good. The learned chairman concluded a humourous speech, interspersed with several laughable anecdotes, for which we have not space, by reciting his 1984th poetical tail piece:—

"The National Temperance League,
And the beautiful Bands of Hope,
Have gained great applause for the Temperance cause,
And have won it the widest scope.

Their friends are abstainers all,
Who fast by their plans have stood;
They do not sit, mum, but to others say, 'Come
With us, and we'll do you good.'

The singing of Temperance songs,
With strength and with sweetness too,
Has gladdened the hearts of the good in all parts,
And the hearts, I am sure, of you.

John Gilpin of old was famed;
To children his name is known;
But he's dead and he's gone, but there's one who lives on,
And that Gilpin away has flown.

Now 'ere we depart we'll say,
With our Temperance flag unfurled,
'As onward they go, may the Bands of Hope grow,
Till they fill up the wide, wide world!'"

—(loud cheers).

The Chairman then announced that their friend from "the other side of the water," the Rev. Newman Hall, was expected at nine o'clock.

The Rev. G. W. M'Cree said that it was an unsettled problem which was "the other side of the water." Sir Roderick Murchison, the President of the Royal Geographical Society, might be able to solve the diffiulty. Sir Roderick, however, did settle another matter of greater consequence the other night. Being at an evening party, some young men, who had drunk copiously of wine, were following Sir Roderick into the drawing-room. One of them said to him, "Sir Roderick, you know a great deal about geology as well as geography; can you tell us the rock upon which young men are likely to split?" "Well," said Sir Roderick, "judging from your deportment, I should say *quartz*" (quarts)—(laughter). Mr. Carleton had argued in favour of the abolition of the traffic. He

(Mr. M'Cree) was in favour of prohibition, and he contended that the legislature had no right to license men to hurt their fellow-men. That was Maine-law philosophy, and they could not do without that. And then, on the other hand, the promoters of Bands of Hope said, "We will take care, by God's help, that these children shall be so instructed in Band of Hope principles that they will not be tempted to enter the public house." That was the United Kingdom Band of Hope Union philosophy, and they could not do without either philosophy. He would tell the National Temperance League on the one hand, and the advocates of a Maine-law on the other hand, that they could not do without the Bands of Hope. Whilst they in their measure were doing a noble work, and cutting off a bough here and a bough there, the Band of Hope movement came and laid the axe at the root of the tree (cheers). If they got hold of the children they would, by God's help, be a Maine-law to themselves. Mr. M'Cree concluded by giving some instances of the necessity and efficiency of Band of Hope operations.

The children sang the ninth piece on the paper.

The Chairman said that the Rev. Newman Hall had arrived precisely at nine o'clock as he had anticipated. He would introduce him with four lines :—

Newman Hall has a deal to do,
Yet Newman Hall to his word is true ;
And Newman Hall is with us to-night,
For the Bands of Hope are his heart's delight.

(laughter and cheers).

The Rev. Newman Hall, who was warmly received, said that he was that morning before breakfast out amongst the beautiful lanes and meadows of Hendon, listening to the rapturous singing of the birds, and gazing upon the wondrous beauty of the flowers; and he thought that those birds that were singing so beautifully, and those lambs that were frisking so joyously, and those bright leaves that were clothing the trees with beauty, and those lovely flowers, were all young, and they were all teetotallers—every one of them. He hoped the young friends would learn a lesson from nature. They could be strong as the trees, and beautiful as the flowers, and happy as the birds and lambs, upon cold water. (cheers). He saw some lilac bushes, and oh, how beautiful they were ! The branches were covered with a beautiful profusion of flowers, and as he looked at them he thought that if some rude destructive person were to come with a great cudgel and knock away at the beautiful branches, spoiling those flowers of the lilac, he should feel disposed to be very angry with him, and he believed he should have a right to be so. But supposing some person were to go into one of the beantiful orchards where the apple trees were in such glory, and knock down the branches of the apple trees that were full of blossom, he would be doing more than destroying the flowers; he would be destroying the fruit, for the blossoms would be fruit very soon. Those children were blossoms,—blossoms more beautilul and more valuable than the blossom of the lilac or the apple tree. They might flower, and shed

their fragrance, and the blossom might ripen into fruit to benefit society and glorify God; and if he saw any one come with rudeness and cruelty and beat down those blossoms, he could not help being angry. He did right to be angry. Drink in this country had broken down many and many a fair blossom, and was threatening to break down many more. He prayed God that he might be more and more angry with drink, which did such damage (cheers). They tried to keep the children teetotallers, in order to keep them from the damage which might be done to them through drink; and many through life had had reason to bless God that they had been members of the Band of Hope. The question was sometimes asked, "Will the children keep the pledge?" He maintained that as large a proportion of children as of adults kept the pledge when they had once taken it, and, perhaps, the proportion was larger. Some time ago the venerable Premier, Lord Palmerston, was at Leeds, speaking for some public institution, and he used this illustration:—"If you want to drain a morass, what will you do, if you are wise? You will divert the little streams that flow into the bog, and make the morass. Divert those streams, and you cure the morass." That was a very good illustration of what the Band of Hope movement was doing (applause). Nobody who partook of intoxicating drinks could claim to be safe from their influence. The Temperance movement was one which concerned all classes of society, and those who helped it forward might one day find that they had been helping themselves or their own relations (cheers). There was a beautiful Pagan fable of Circe, a princess who dwelt upon the coast of Italy. It was said that by her enchanted cup which she gave to her guests to drink, she turned them into swine. The companions of Ulysses drank, and shared that fate. Ulysses, aided by Mercury, went with his sword in his hand, and rescued the victims of her enchantment, and they became men and women once more. Ancient fable was modern fact. Under the Circean influence of drink men and women became swine, and not only were they injured in their bodies, but the intellect, and heart, and conscience, and soul were all destroyed (cheers). Should men and women remain swine in the hands of the sorceress? Those who engaged in the teetotal cause had the help of a better than Mercury. They had the help of Christ, the friend of sinners; and he had given them a simple antidote, and that antidote was cold water (cheers). Should they say to their fellow-creatures, "Listen to the enchantress, but don't listen too long; drink of her cup, but don't drink too deep?" No, let them rather say, in the language of the poet,

> "Taste not at all the sweet Circean cup;
> He who drinks often at last drinks it up;
> Called to the temple of impure delight,
> He who abstains, and he alone, does right."

(loud cheers).

On the motion of Mr. Ebenezer Clarke, jun., seconded by Mr. Warren Hall, a vote of thanks was unanimously passed to Charles Gilpin, Esq., and Joseph Payne, Esq., for their services in the chair.

JOSEPH PAYNE, Esq., responded on behalf of himself and his predecessor in the chair.

The Rev. NEWMAN HALL pronounced the benediction.

The Children sang the last piece on the programme as the audience were retiring.

THE CONFERENCE.

The annual Conference, was held in the Lower Room, Exeter Hall, on Wednesday, May 18th, 1864, when a larger number of delegates, both from London and the provinces attended, than on any preceding occasion. We have only space to give a partial list of the ladies and gentlemen present :—

Rev. Clarmont Skrine, Barnet ; the Misses Rogers, Mr. Barrington, Mr. Thomas Bowick, Mr. Deane, Mr. Rowland Hill, jun., and Lieut.-Colonel Young, of Bedford ; Mr. W. Bray, Mr. A. Firth, Mr. I. Phillips, and Mr. H. Sewell, from Bradford, Yorkshire; Rev. John Cort, and Rev. Wm. Rose, from Bristol; Mr. G. Beamish, Coventry; Mr. D. Clarke, High Wycombe; Mr. Wm. L. Matthews, Isleworth; Mr. James Raistrick and Mr. Joseph White, Kirkstall, near Leeds; Mr. John Bincks, Leeds; Mr. A. Walton, Liverpool; Mr. Robert Boyle, Manchester; Mr. John Phillips, Newport, Monmouthshire; Rev. John Phillips, and Mr. John Rutherford, Northampton; Mr. Robert Mellors and Mr. Joseph Sturge Gilpin, Nottingham; Mr. J. Lloyd, Richmond, Yorkshire; Rev. Samuel Couling, Scarborough; Mr. James S. Bartlett, and Mr. S. Hoyland, Sheffield; Miss J. Rudlan, Mr. W. Small, and Miss S. Stammer, Sudbury; Mr. John Rowan, and Miss Worthington, Wandsworth; Mr. Ebenezer Clarke, jun., Walthamstow; Mr. Richard Cooper, Wednesfield; Mr. W. Seaton, Wells, Somerset; Mr. W. B. Affleek, and Mr. D. Whalley, Yeadon, near Leeds.

The following is a list of some of the friends who attended from various parts of London :—

Rev. G. W. M'Cree, Rev. Dawson Burns, Rev. W. W. Robinson, M.A.; Rev. Joseph Boyle, Rev. Isaac Doxsey, Rev. J. Guthrie, Rev. W. R. Rowe, Rev. E. W. Thomas; Mrs. Brice, Mrs. Nichol, Mrs. Tuffrey, Mrs. F. Smith; the Misses Wood, Eldridge, Smith, Twitchin, Matthews, Butler, Barrett, Denison, Evans, Webber; Messrs. G. M. Murphy, Edmund Fry, William West, Thomas Dodd, W. Ludbrook, T. A. Smith, R. Rae, Venning, Fairey, R. Nichol, R. A. Gowan, John Warner; T. O. Chapman, Sunday-school agent of the Union; Green, E. F. Storr, George Joblin, J. Fosberry; Mr. W. Bell, agent of the Union; Mr. Thomas Cash, Mr. Andrew Dunn, Mr. John Matthews, Mr. James Eaton, James F. Watson, W. Charratt, Sydney Loveson, T. Hudson, J. P. Draper, A. J. Arnold, Thomas I. White, John Mantle, Alexander Bryce, W. J. Barlow, G. Baker, W. Tweedie, B. Harvey, C. Searl, M. Searl, Thomas Jones, W. Matthews, Henry Benjafield, W. Brown; G. Blaby, agent of the Union; W. J. Lay, agent of the Union; James Wood, W. Grange, John Ambler, W. Crosher, H. H. Tipper, J. Brice, S. Dorr, J. Stead, W. Richardson, T. E. Cocking, J. Moule, E. Hermitage, G. J. Hunt, —— World, Friend, J. Hardwidge; F. Smith, agent of the Union; G. N. Bowman, C. J. Peowrie, E. Steele,

W. H. Toynbee, H. Street, W. H. Brooking, G. H. Marshall, G. Prichard, J. W. Bull, H. G. Follett, R. St. Kirby, R. Cable, D. Raymond, W. H. Crowther, H. Burridge, &c. &c.

MORNING MEETING.

EDMUND FRY, Esq., in the chair.

The proceedings commenced by singing the 18th hymn. The Rev. W. W. ROBINSON, M.A., then read a portion of the 5th chapter of St. Matthew, and afterwards offered up prayer.

The CHAIRMAN said he apprehended the business of a conference was to confer; not so much to listen to long speeches as to short, pertinent, and conversational addresses, from which they might obtain the results of experience, so that in the multitude of counsellors they might find wisdom. They had met together that day as a small party, but they had met to do a great work; and it was not, perhaps, going too far to say, that many of the greatest works were accomplished by apparently the smallest instrumentalities. The Band of Hope movement might be regarded as a small movement in the country, but he believed that not only was it destined to do a great work, but it had achieved blessed results already. It had trained the minds of thousands of children to think aright on one of the most important and practical subjects of the day. He considered that they had met together to consider and promote the greatest work of national education. They had two great works to do,—to endeavour to unteach what had been taught in by gone times, and to teach sounder and better principles for the future; and he believed the Band of Hope Union had already done a most valuable and useful work in that way. There was no need to argue the point whether the Band of Hope Union was a desirable institution, as all were now perfectly agreed as to the necessity of some such movement existing. Although the temperanee cause had prospered, and was still prospering, their experience taught them that there was still a great need to teach people sound truths upon the temperance question; and every day they were furnished with sad illustrations of the great necessity of the work which they had taken in hand.

The secretary (Rev. G. W. M'Cree) then made a statement.

Mr, MURPHY then read a paper written by HENRY MUDGE, Esq., of Bodmin, on "Total Abstinence in relation to the Health of Children."

The Rev. W. W. ROBINSON said, that some time ago he was very ill, and the doctor strongly urged the necessity of using alcoholic drinks; he, however, declined to act upon the doctor's advice, and he rejoiced to say that soon afterwards he perfectiy recovered without the use of alcohol, or any substitute of an alcoholic nature.

Mr. T. A. SMITH said it was very seldom that a bottle of physic was made up without containing alcohol, and he had no doubt that Mr. Robinson had taken it in the form of medicine. The mortality among children was very great; and he believed it was owing di-

rectly and indirectly to the use of intoxicating liquors. He thought there were few men of his advanced age that enjoyed such excellent health, and he believed it was entirely owing to the fact of his being a teetotaller from early childhood. He regarded the question of total abstinence as of the highest importance to parents. It was absurd to contend that intoxicating liquors and beer were necessaries of life; chemistry and physiology clearly proved the absurdity of such a statement. Mr. Mudge in his excellent paper had spoken of the importance of the brain, and how much the brain was affected by the use of alcohol; he (Mr. Smith) could corroborate the truthfulness of that statement by relating the result of an experiment he had made upon a dog. He had passed alcohol into the dog's stomach, and immediately afterwards the brain was taken out, and alcohol was discovered in it. He was inclined to think that alcohol was of service in some particular cases, just as arsenic, strychnine, and chloroform were; but science taught that children never required intoxicating liquors; their functions were always sufficiently active. He had always found that where children never drank anything but water, they enjoyed much better health, and were freer from disease than those children who had been accustomed to drink beer or wine.

Mr. Boyle said he had recently made inquiries relative to the influence which induced children when they left the Bands of Hope to forego their resolution to remain teetotallers, and he had found that the great operative cause was, that their parents took their beer regularly, because they were counselled to do so by old friends who persuaded them that it was good for them. He had always found it comparatively easy to argue with persons as to the injurious effects of spirit drinking; but he always experienced considerable difficulty in convincing people that beer was injurious; and he should be glad to hear from some of the gentlemen present how he might effectually argue upon that point.

The Chairman said, that some short time ago, a young man and his son went out to enjoy a stroll, and while they were out, the young man was severely bitten by an adder. When the young man reached Brighton he was extremely ill, and a doctor was immediately called in. The doctor pronounced him to be in a very critical state, and remained with him for five hours, administering stimulants, and doing all he could to counteract the mischief of the poison. The young man afterwards recovered, and the doctor expressed his great surprise at his complete recovery, as he said it was the first time he had ever known so severe a bite attended without loss of life or limb. The explanation both to the medical man and all his friends was, that the young man had been, from his birth, a teetotaller.

Mr. Bowick said he had found, as the result of observation and experience, that abstaining children suffered more from local abscesses, boils and glandular swellings, than non-abstaining children; and expressed his conviction, that the use of alcohol was sometimes necessary as a medicine.

Mr. SEWELL said, that before he became a teetotaller, he suffered so much from boils, that his friends always thought they would cause him to go into a consumption, but that since he had joined the Temperance society he had been perfectly free from them.

The Rev. G. W. M'CREE, then read his paper:—"A Survey of the Band of Hope Movement," which gave a most encouraging account of the state of the movement, not only in all parts of the United Kingdom, but in many other parts of the world.

Mr. T. A. SMITH thought that some means should be devised for retaining children in the Band of Hope after they were fourteen years of age, as he had found that children after they had attained that age, frequently left the society; and he suggested that a course of instruction should be adopted, which would be suitable for the capacities of boys of that age, and that the meetings should be made as attractive as possible.

Mr. RUTHERFORD thought the difficulty might be met by the formation of writing, elocution and other classes. Similar classes had been formed in his neighbourhood, and they were going on very satisfactorily.

Lieut.-Col. YOUNG thought that if a badge of honor, or some distinctive mark of approbation, were given to boys of good conduct when they reached the age of fourteen or fifteen, many would be thus induced to join the senior society.

Mr. BRAY said that it was customary in his district to allow the young people to manage the business of the society in conjunction with its adult officers, and they had found the plan to work admirably.

Mr. MURPHY thought there was one point in the paper that deserved especial attention,—the opposition that the movement met with from those who ought to be foremost in helping. He believed that the time had come when it was absolutely necessary that all persons interested in the Temperance cause should investigate places, and collect facts, as to the events that were transpiring under the very noses, and by the connivance of the Christian magistracy, and to lay those facts before them in such a manner as to convince them that they were the result of their idleness, their indifference, and even, sometimes, their hatred to the Temperance cause. If his suggestion were acted upon, he thought much good might result from it.

Rev. W. W. ROBINSON thought that many professing Christians held aloof from the Temperance movement in consequence of its meetings not being generally conducted on a religious basis.

Lieut.-Colonel YOUNG thought it was the duty of ministers to endeavour to make persons Christians, and not to hold aloof from them until they were so. If the clergymen thought the cause was a good one, let them join it and improve its character; but if they did not, let them keep away.

The Rev. G. W. M'CREE thonght the remarks of Lieut.-Colonel Young were exceedingly good, and held it to be the duty of every Christian to assist in the work in which they were engaged. He regarded Mr.

Murphy's suggestion as a very important one, and which, if carried out, would conduce greatly to the prosperity of the Temperance cause; but his past experience had taught him that such Commission of Inquiry ought not to be confined solely to teetotallers, or else, as in the case of Mr. Smithies' statistics, the public would be loth to accept the truthfulness of the facts elicited by the inquiry.

Mr. MURPHY said, that at the meeting of the Sunday School Union, it was stated that there were more than 200,000 young children in the city of London that were not reached either by the Sunday-school or Ragged-school instrumentality; and at the London City Mission meeting it was declared that there were nearly 900,000 persons that were not brought under any religious influence whatever. He thought that such a fearful state of things should prompt the committee of the Band of Hope Union to exert themselves to the utmost to rescue those children from their horrible condition.

The Rev. ISAAC DOXSEY moved a vote of thanks to the Chairman, which was seconded by the Rev. W. W. ROBINSON, and carried with acclamation.

The CHAIRMAN having acknowledged the kindness of the meeting, the conference adjourned until two o'clock.

AFTERNOON MEETING.

Lieut.-Colonel YOUNG occupied the chair.

The proceedings commenced by singing the 23rd hymn; after which the Rev. Joseph Boyle offered up prayer.

The CHAIRMAN said he regarded drink as the greatest obstacle to the progress of the Gospel, and expressed his conviction that if teetotal principles were universally established, the cause of Christianity would greatly prosper.

Mr. BOYLE read "A paper on the state of the Band of Hope Movement in Lancashire and Yorkshire, from the British Temperance League," and stated that there were 100 Bands of Hope in Manchester and the immediate district, within a circuit of three miles from the Exchange. In connection with them were 14,000 pledged consistent members, of which 6,600 were females, and 7,400 males; and on an average 164 meetings were held during the month.

Mr. BELL said he had recently been visiting various places in the North, and every where that he had gone, had found the movement prospering.

Mr. SEWELL and Mr. VENNING said they were rather disappointed with the paper, as they thought the British League might have gained more facts as regarded the prosperity of the movement.

Mr. BOYLE testified to the extreme diligence with which the Secretary of the Temperance League had conducted the inquiry, and said that if there were a paucity of facts, it arose from the objections which were generally entertained by the Secretaries of the Bands of Hope to epistolary correspondence.

Mr. MURPHY inquired if Mr. Boyle could endorse the truthfulness

of the statement he had made in reference to the number of the Bands of Hope in Manchester.

Mr. BOYLE said he knew as a fact that it was so; in fact, the number was rather under-stated.

The Rev. Mr. M'CREE confirmed the statement of Mr. Boyle as to the interest the Secretary of the League always manifested in their movements, and moved a vote of thanks to the British Temperance League for their kindness in preparing the paper.

Mr. SEWELL seconded the motion, and Mr. Hoyland supported it. The motion was carried unanimously.

Mr. J. P. DEXTER read a paper "On Clubs and Evening Recreations for the elder Members of the Bands of Hope."

Mr. THOMAS HUDSON said the paper was a very important one, and might be designated an educational essay, combining physical, intellectual, and moral training. He thought it highly important that young people should be occasionally brought together for the purpose of physical training; but the recreations should be conducted by persons who would enter into the spirit of the game, and for the time being act as though they were children.

Mr. T. A. SMITH thought that the carrying out of the suggestions of Mr. Dexter would necessitate an expenditure which the funds of societies would not be able to bear. They might be carried out in some cases, but they could never be carried out, he thought, to any great extent.

Mr. J. P. DRAPER said that if the suggestions in the paper were acted upon they would require more teachers, and there was a great deficiency in that respect at present existing.

Rev. Mr. M'CREE thought that many persons would subscribe to help them in the formation of clubs, libraries and gymnasiums, in connection with their Bands of Hope, who were not disposed to assist a mere Band of Hope.

Mr. DEXTER said that his suggestions were made to those Unions whose local advantages enable them conveniently to carry them out.

The Rev. ISAAC DOXSEY read a paper, entitled, "The necessity of Bands of Hope in connection with Sunday Schools."

The Rev. JOSEPH BOYLE said, one of the greatest difficulties in the way of the advancement of the cause was the hostility which was manifested on the part of very many Christian people to the Temperance movement, amongst whom were included Sunday-school teachers. He thought that if the Sunday-school teachers could be induced to join with them in their work, great good would result from it; and he expressed his regret that so many teetotal Scottish ministers became lethargic in the cause when they took up their residence in England.

Mr. BARTLETT spoke of the difficulties they had originally encountered in Sheffield, in forming Bands of Hope in connection with Sunday Schools, and of the great success which had attended their efforts, there being now scarcely a Sunday-school in Sheffield without its Band of Hope.

The Rev. Mr. SKRINE said a Band of Hope had just been formed in his District, and that it was going on well.

Mr. MURPHY thought the claims of Teetotalism should be advocated in every place; and he felt confident that every right-spoken utterance on behalf of Temperance, whether before an adult or juvenile audience, would never be lost.

Mr. BECK spoke of the satisfactory state of the Band of Hope movement in the neighbourhood in which he lived.

After some further conversation, the Rev. G. W. M'CREE said that many ministers who seceded from the cause when they took up their residence in London, assigned as a reason, that the London water was bad. He, however, lived in a much more impure atmosphere than any other minister in London, and had drunk the water for fifteen years, without experiencing the slightest ill effects from it.

The Rev. JOSEPH BUTLER moved, that a vote of thanks be given to the Essayists. Mr. MURPHY seconded the motion, which was carried unanimously.

Mr. THOMAS CASH proposed a vote of thanks to the Chairman, which was seconded by Mr. TWEEDIE, and carried with acclamation. The Chairman briefly expressed his thanks.

EVENING MEETING.

W. J. HAYNES, Esq., Treasurer, in the chair.

The proceedings were commenced by singing the 16th hymn.

The Rev. Mr. ROWE, of Camberwell, offered up prayer.

The CHAIRMAN called upon Mr. T. Oxley Chapman, to read his paper on "Sunday School Visitation in the Metropolis," in which he proceeded to shew that there existed a necessity for visitation, in order to remove existing prejudice, and to supply information as to the objects contemplated in the establishment of Bands of Hope. He also said a few words as to the mode of conducting the visitations, and the results intended so be secured by it.

Mr. SAMUEL BOWLY said he felt it to be his duty to be present at the meeting, as he regarded it as as a most important auxiliary to the Temperance cause. He was astonished at christian parents placing intoxicating liquor in the way of their children, and, in reality, teaching them to use it. He believed, that although they might not succeed as they would wish, at present, in gaining access to Sunday and other schools, yet he felt firmly convinced that they would ultimately do so. He thought it was a fact worth mentioning, that there were many landlords of public houses and beer shops, who were rejoiced to see their children become members of a Band of Hope; and he believed that there were thousands who would rise up at the last day, and call them blessed, for having been the means of rescuing them from temporal and spiritual misery.

Mr. HOYLAND rejoiced to be able to state that there were many Sunday school teachers in Sheffield who were total abstainers.

Mr. AFFLECK said that he knew a village about five or six miles from the town of Leeds, that was, about six months ago, visited by the Agents of the Band of Hope Union. They addressed the parents and children, and he believed very good impressions were made upon the minds and feelings of the hearers. Shortly afterwards, a Band of Hope was established in connection with the Sunday school, and at the present time, out of 700 scholars belonging to the school, upwards of 500 were in the Band of Hope.

Mr. HARDWIDGE suggested that attempts should be made to form Bands of Hope in Workhouses.

Mr. BELL said that in the Leeds workhouse there were nearly 200 children pledged teetotallers.

Rev. J.. PHILLIPS spoke in the most eulogistic terms of the manner in which Mr. Bell pleaded the cause of the Union, and the success that had attended his efforts.

Mr. BOYLE said that in Manchester the schools were divided into so many districts, and two persons were appointed to each district for the purpose of visitation. A catalogue of those schools where no Bands of Hope existed was also kept.

Mr. CLARKE said the children in the Band of Hope with which he was connected formed the important part of the Sunday school; and that all the teachers with one exception were teetotallers.

Mr. FREDERICK SMITH read a paper on "Deputations."

Mr. JOBLIN said he agreed with Mr. Smith's paper, that all their Band of Hope meetings should be made as attractive as possible. He thought that meetings should also be held that would be suitable to the capacities of the elder children—youths from 14 to 15 years of age.

The Rev. ISAAC DOXSEY said he did not think the blame rested always with the deputations; and his past experience had taught him that secretaries were frequently very remiss in the performance of their duties.

Mr. PHILLIPS said that considering the numbers of meetings, the diversities of character and occupations of those who composed the deputations, and the little incidents which interrupted the very best arrangements, they on the whole succeeded capitally, and failed comparatively seldom. He thought that the conductors of those meetings should always be prepared for any emergency, so as to prevent disappointment from the non-appearance of any speaker.

Mr. UDALL suggested that the two papers which had been read should be printed, and put into the hands of every delegate. He thought that considering there were 900 schools in London to be visited, other visiting agents should be appointed, as it was quite impossible that Mr. Chapman could visit every one of them.

Mr. PRITCHARD spoke of the inconvenience he had been subject to in attending Bands of Hope meetings, and the disappointment he had met with in the fewness of the children present, which was owing in the majority of cases to the neglect of the secretaries.

Mr. FOLLITT corroborated the statement, and said that upon several occasions he had made engagements to address meetings on particular evenings, and when he reached the rooms in which the meeting was announced to be held, there had been not the slightest preparation for it.

Mr. FIRTH bore testimony to the truthfulness of many of the remarks in Mr. Smith's paper. The conductors of the Band of Hope with which he was connected always knew before the meeting commenced who was going to speak or sing, and they always made such arrangements as would prevent disappointment.

Mr. SHIRLEY said he had great pleasure in proposing a vote of thanks to the gentlemen who had prepared the papers read at that meeting.

The Rev. Mr. ROWE seconded the resolution, and in doing so, expressed an earnest hope that many of the Sunday.school teachers would be induced to join them in their Christian work,

The CHAIRMAN, said in reference to the appointment of fresh agents, that Mr. Chapman would still go on with his visitation, and if the funds of the society would permit it, other agents would be appointed.

The resolution was put to the meeting, and carried unanimously.

Mr. W. WEST expressed the disappointment he had experienced in not being able to be present at the morning conference, and the great pleasure he had derived from what he had heard at the evening meeting. He concluded by moving a vote of thanks to the two secretaries, Mr. W. M. Dunn and Rev. G. W. M'Cree.

Mr. HOYLAND seconded the motion.

Rev. Mr. M'CREE in returning thanks said, he was much obliged to them for their kindness, and that he had always felt, and should still continue to feel, the greatest pleasure in doing whatever he could to promote the prosperity of the cause.

Lieut.-Col. YOUNG moved a vote of thanks to the Chairman, which was seconded by Mr. STONE, and supported by Mr. CAMPBELL.

The CHAIRMAN briefly returned thanks.

The proceedings terminated by singing the Doxology.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

In order that the report of the anniversary meetings may not extend beyond one number of the *Record*, it has been determined to publish the papers read, *in extenso*, in the form of a pamphlet. See the advertisement on second page of cover.—*Ed.*

MARY NICOLL.

I happened, a few years ago, to be staying in the beautiful Border town of Kelso. One evening, returning from a stroll over the romantic ruins of Roxburgh Castle, loud voices, proceeding from a public-house in one of the streets leading to the Tweed, arrested my attention, and I

waited to see the cause. Shortly there emerged from the dram-shop a respectably-dressed artisan, followed by a young woman, evidently under the influence of liquor. Clinging to the man's hand was a pretty little girl, some five or six years old, sobbing as if her heart must break, and shrinking from the attempts which the miserable woman ever and anon made to raise her in her arms. Instinctively I followed this wretched group at a little distance, until they reached a flight of stone steps leading to a court above. Here the woman stopped, and appeared inclined to return to the den she had recently left. Expostulation and threats seemed to have little effect upon her; the wretched creature, maddened by the poison she had been imbibing, persisted in returning for more, until the man, irritated beyond endurance, raised his hand, and, before I could reach them, struck her to the ground.

Sorrow and shame for his unmanly action followed quickly upon its commission. In an instant he had flung himself down beside his wife, and with every word of endearment, raised her from the stones. It was affecting to hear his broken words—

"O Mary, Mary! that it should ever come to this pass—that I suld ever strike thee—my wife, my wife!"

He raised her tenderly from the ground; he put back the tangled hair from her face, and wiped the dust from her lips with a look of longing love which I have never seen equalled, and tried to arrange her crushed bonnet, calling out to her to pardon him; but she only stared around and smiled a vacant smile. She was drunk—alas! dead drunk.

Seeing that no further violence was to be apprehended, I turned from the gronp with a shudder, and gladly emerged from the low street into the flood of crimson sunlight that was illuminating the Square. So deeply had this melancholy scene affected me, that instead of going home I retraced my steps and strolled for some time upon Kelso bridge. The beautiful evening—the unruffled river, silvered by the moon's rays—the extraordinary serenity which existed here, calmed me. But as I turned my steps homeward, and saw the old grey abbey towering in the midst of the beautiful town, I thought with sadness how soon man's ungoverned passions can make the fairest paradise a hell upon earth. And still more, I thought that of all the agents by whose aid the Evil One is permitted to effect this change, none serve him so well and so faithfully as the demon Drink. Alas! that it should be so. Here, smiling nature, cooling, healthy, peaceful—there, the close whisky-shop, feverish, deadly, exciting; here, the crystal water, man's natural beverage, ever refreshing, ever pure—there, the insidious poison, unnatural, destructive, and fatal. Should there be one moment's hesitation about our choice?

Some time after this evening, I learned more about the actors in the wretched scene I have just described. Their story was an affecting, but, I fear, a very common one. William Nicoll was an honest and skilful workman. When he married Mary Raebnrn, no one in all Kelso dreamed of their future career being aught but a happy and prosperous one. [illegible] good wages, industrious, careful, and respected, the young couple [illegible] admiration and envy of the whole town. But what prospects

are too bright for intemperance to destroy! It would be impossible to trace minutely the course which had brought them to their present state. What mattered it that they were not intemperate all at once—that they began by taking a little, and fell by degrees—that the evening toddy led to the morning dram, until the bottle became their hourly companion? In the midst of this a child was born, the girl I had seen that morning. It seemed to check them at once. The sight of that little one, "young and without a stain," sobered them. So often are little children God's messengers to fallen man. In a happy moment they were induced to sign the pledge. The effect was marvellous. William left his old friends, who even respected and honoured his fortitude, began to save money, and once more stood high in the estimation of all.

So did Mary—for a time. But alas! her strength failed her, and she fell again. The ways of sin were too alluring for the poor woman, and she returned to them. For a long time William bore with her hopefully, trusting, by kindness, to win her back; but all in vain. Descending lower and lower, she lost at last all love for her husband and child, all respect for herself. When her husband returned from his day's work, it was often to find her as I saw her on that evening.

In time I grew acquainted with William Nicoll; indeed, I threw myself in his way intentionally. I could not fail to take a great interest in him. I found him possessed of considerable talent, well informed and well read upon many subjects far above his present position. Now that he had escaped from the pernicious thraldom of drink, he spent much of his leisure in study, and the time was not far distant when he was to leave his manual occupation and fill a more important position in life. Nor could I help loving his little daughter "Menie," who was his constant companion. She was so winning in her pretty childish ways, so attached to her father, and entered so eagerly into his present habits, that I could not but share in the love and admiration which William Nicoll, the reformed drunkard, bore for her.

In a little time he told me the history which the reader already knows; but he bore much more hardly upon his share in it than I have done. He did not conceal how much he had been to blame in the outset, and how mercifully God had dealt with him. He bowed his head submissively to all the sorrow He thought fit to inflict upon him, but he did grieve, he said, for Menie—his beloved Menie, his only hope and pleasure of life. Then I heard from him, that (so utterly lost had his poor wife become) he had found it necessary to separate his child entirely from her, and had put her out to nurse with strangers, spending all his spare time with her who had never known a mother's care. And when I told him of the scene I had witnessed, he said that he had never raised his hand before or since that time to the "puir woman," that he loved her still dearly, and prayed God always that she might yet be restored to him. But although I joined in that prayer heartily, I could not hold out much hope or comfort to my poor friend. Only I besought him to remember how he had shared in her sin at first, and to bear with her to the last, leaving no means unused to redeem her.

I need not detail at length the measures taken to win back the once pure Mary Nicoll from her present degradation. I grieve to say they all failed. Oh, how rapid is that downward path she was pursuing! how soon the dreary end comes! I saw but little of William Nicoll now, but when we did meet, I could judge by his bent form and careworn face how terribly his sorrows tried him. I noticed that he grew more pale and thin, that he took less interest in his occupation, and that his face never brightened except when Menie was by his side.

I was in *my study one* beautiful spring morning, when my door opened,

and William Nicoll stood before me. A stout stick and small bundle were in one hand, his daughter Menie was clinging to the other. I could not help starting up in surprise, giving vent at the same time to my wonder that he was not at work.

"I hae left the factory, Sir," he said slowly, "never to return to it. Before that sun goes down in the west, we maun be mony miles frae Kelso town. I and Menie, Sir, are puir travellers now, seeking our daily bread in furrin' parts. I couldna help it, Sir," he said, in answer to my mute appeal, "I hae long prayed for instruction, and at last the answer came. And it seemed to say,—Take Menie far awa' frae the evil example, and bring her up to be a pure and guid woman. And when I told her, she put her wee hand in mine, and so, Sir, trusting in our Father which is in heaven, we hae started on our journeyings." He looked such a sad and broken man, standing there with his lean hands resting upon the oaken staff, and his daughter seemed so fragile and unfit to battle with the rough world, that I could do nothing but look at them pityingly for a time. At length I said—

"And your poor wife—how have you arranged for her?"

"We hae left her everything; house and plenishing, and a'. When I asked Menie," (and it was very affecting to witness how the strong man ever and anon appealed to his little daughter for support and approval), "she agreed wi' me, and, please God, her share of what these hands can gain shall be sent to her here. But she is nae wife to me, Sir, nae mither to Menie, and it was time that they suld part. We ha'e left her wi' her mither. Maybe she may stop even at the brink of the pit, but until then Menie and I shall not see Kelso again. And so, Sir, we made bold to come to gie ye farewell, and to say will ye no ask a blessing upon me and Menie before we start?"

We knelt down there, the man clasping his child close to his loving heart, laying his rough cheek against her soft hair, mingling his tears with hers, and thus, together, their prayers went up to the God whom they loved to obey. Will it be wondered at, that my voice failed me, that the words my heart dictated could not find utterance?

William Nicol did not send money long to Kelso. The wretched woman whom he did not leave until she had lost all feeling, one dark night missed her homeward path, and, straying to the river side, was found drowned in a pool which would not have endangered the life of a child. But the fatal drink had robbed her of power to save her life.

Oh! fathers, with fair girls growing up around you, beautiful in the spring time of their lives: Oh! husbands, with fond wives looking to you for example and support: bethink you what is to prevent your loved ones making shipwreck of their lives as Mary Nicol did. Oh! teach them temperance in time, and inculcate it by *example*, or who can say that the sin of placing temptation in the way of weak minds may not be yours?

☞ *Owing to the long Reports of our Anniversary Meetings, we are reluctantly compelled to omit several interesting items of intelligence.*

THE LABOURS OF THE AGENTS.

During the past month, Messrs. Bell, Blaby, Lay, and Smith, have been busy in visiting various Bands of Hope, &c.

N.B. During June and July, Mr. W. Bell will be in London. Societies are requested to make early application for his services.

J. Bale, Printer, 78, Great Titchfield-street, Marylebone.

BAND OF HOPE RECORD.

MY GIRLS' TRACT.

My dear Girls,—In my letter to the boys,* I told them of some bad habits which I hoped they would avoid, or where they had formerly indulged in them, leave off; these were fighting, drinking, swearing, and smoking. I, of course, should not expect to see *girls* fighting, though I fear sometimes it is possible in some places to see even such a miserable sight as that, but many who would be ashamed openly to lift their hands against another, do their companions as much harm by saying unkind things about them when they are out of hearing; it could not be you, Ann, of course, who would do so mean an action? but yet many a girl has lost friends, and been degraded in the eyes of all (until the truth was found out), through the cruel slander of another. Girls are perhaps, as a rule, more jealous of the good things others are getting than boys; and if this is natural to you, you must all the more try to conquer it. Your love of dress and admiration often makes you unkind; you can't bear for another to be thought prettier in face or apparel than yourself, and then you devise some means for getting showier clothes than you have had before to outstrip the one who has excited the praise. There is hardly a more foolish looking person than she who dresses better than her manners; you may be a lady, Jane, in a plain print gown; and you, Sarah, in your second-hand blue silk, so covered with grease spots, may look very tawdry, and disagreeable, and unlady-like.

I know you would every one of you like to be ladies, and so you may, not by fine dressing, but by taking pains to be courteous, and loving, and soft in your way of speaking and acting. I often see young girls rushing rudely along, shouting and running in the streets, talking coarsely and even lightly using that Holy Name, which the Mahomedans, with all their ignorance of true religion, never utter but with solemnity, and who from His "high and holy place" is angry with those who take his name in vain.

Dear girls, will you not think of these things? will you not try to keep yourself, or rather ask God to keep you, from lending your lips to the utterance of these imprecations and oaths? I have heard girls exclaim over a dress or shawl in a shop window, and call upon God in the most fearfully careless manner. I *trust* they were not Band of Hope girls, nor Sunday-school scholars. I trust, Mary, they never sat in your and your cousin's places in the class; and that you, Grace, never smiled at their blasphemy. When you seek fine dress, pretty ribbons, and trinkets, it would be well to ask yourself whether you are any the better for spending your money and thoughts in these things; who will love you for them? There is no harm in being neatly and even prettily dressed—I think we should all try, rich and poor, to be thus attired—but when we put on gay, showy clothes, we look neither agreeable nor

* *Band of Hope Record*, for May, p. 107.

handsome to the eyes of persons of taste. Girls should never wear their bonnets and mantles as if they were all the nice things they possessed, which, I fear, is often too true, and empty minds and bad tempers are to be found with very smart ribbons. Monstrous crinolines, with frocks full of holes extended over them, as I see now and then, are not at all pleasant objects; how much better children and women look who are neat and orderly in their appearance, and who have, too, a cheerful, sunny face, and a kind, good-natured way of speaking and acting.

I have nothing to say to you about smoking, except that I hope you will discourage the boys from doing it; just kindly laugh with them about their pipes, tell them how foolish it makes them look to have little money-wasting, health-destroying implements stuck in their mouths; tell them how much you dislike a smoky complexion; how wise it would be to save the money thus squandered, and buy some nice book or article of dress, or a treat into the country on a holiday. But if it is bad to see young girls encouraging smoking, how much worse is it when they drink intoxicating liquors with their companions, and thus sanction the use of what has done more than anything else to make English women unhappy. Yesterday was Good Friday, and I saw several drunken men in our streets, reeling about in the sunshine, unable to enjoy the beauties of creation, spread out so richly before them by our Beneficent Father in heaven; on the day that was to commemorate the love of Christ in dying for them, they were wasting their time and talents, and becoming a burden and a source of unhappiness to all who knew them.

Oh! if you, dear girls, whilst you are but children, and as you grow up to be women, would but be thorough teetotalers, and try to influence those you come in contact with to be so too, how very much you might each one of you do to prevent drunkenness in the land! If every daughter, and sister, and wife, and mother, were to vow vengeance against the drink that has cursed so many happy homes, and made so many women and children worse than widows and orphans, how few men, comparatively speaking, would care to drink. How much good in this way even little girls have done; they have such pretty winning ways of coaxing and entreating as they sit on their father's knee, that many a hard man who has drunk himself to poverty, and almost to despair has been won back by God's love working through his little daughter! You have a great deal to do at home to make your father long to be there: help your mother, take care of the younger ones, and see that the comforts of your money-earning parent are attended to. It is wonderful how cheerful a dull room can be made with a few penny pictures and a few flowers. If you live in London or some great city, you may not be able to get these, but in the country you may always manage a cup or glassful in the summer months, by taking a walk with the little ones; and do be kind to the babies, little, helpless, confiding creatures; it is so sad to see elder sisters tyrannising over the younger members of the family.

Not long since, whilst walking out one afternoon, I passed a small crowd who had gathered round a little boy, who was violently resisting all the rough attempts of a girl about eleven or twelve years of age to

get him home. He did not speak, only made a strange sound of distress; and as one and another spoke to him, enquiring what was the matter, and he took no notice, some of the children said that he was deaf and dumb, that he had fallen down in the muddy road and besmeared his face and hands, and was afraid of his mother's anger if he went home in that condition, and his unkind sister refused to wipe the mud off him, or do anything else besides dragging the poor little angry mute back with her to the house; many of the bystanders spoke to her of this cruel and neglectful conduct. I did so myself, and asked how she could bear to treat her poor, afflicted, little brother so harshly; but she seemed to care nothing for the remonstrances, although it prevented her from being quite so cruel as before. Some girls will frighten little children entrusted to them with cruel threats of blackmen and policemen, and perhaps thus make the poor things fearful and timid all their lives long, who but for this would have been brave and bold.

If you become Bond of Hope girls now, and keep your pledge, you will all your life promote the cause of sobriety, and be a blessing in this respect to all whom you meet. One more subject, and I have done. You will not get to heaven by belonging to a Band of Hope, unless you think seriously of your duty, and from that fly to the Lord Jesus, who will, if you believe in Him, save you from the power of sin, and from its punishment. There is no hope for you, however happily circumstanced you may be, unless you love to feel that Jesus Christ is always with you, knowing everything you do, and helping you to overcome temptation. A woman, yes, even a child, without Jesus is like a ship without an anchor, a bird without a nest, a tree without a root, a house without a foundation. In all your young troubles, go and tell Jesus, just as the disciples of John the Baptist, deprived of their master by cruel Herod, went and poured out their sorrows on that pitying bosom; in all the griefs of life—and many of you, dear girls, though you have only lived a few years, know plenty of these—remember He will be your ever-present, sympathising Friend, never too occupied to attend to you, never forgetful of your wants.

Your affectionate friend,

Plymouth. M. A. PAULL.

THE BAND OF HOPE PLEDGE.

(RECITATION.)

This little band
Do, with their hand,
The pledge now sign,
To drink no wine,
Nor brandy red,
To turn their head;
Nor crazy gin,
To tempt to sin,

Nor whisky hot,
That makes the sot;
Nor beer nor ale,
To make them pale;
Nor fiery rum,
For fear they come
Unto that Hell
Where none can dwell,
Whence Peace must fly,
Where Hope must die;
So here we pledge perpetual hate
To all that can INTOXICATE.

THE LOST BATTLE.

A man came to me one day, and I was teaching him the doctrine of a divine providence, when he exclaimed all at once, "Why, I believe in a providence as well as you do. The other day I hadn't a shilling to bless myself with; I went out into the street, and was wandering about when I saw a shilling fall from a man's hand, so I went and picked it up and spent it. Now, I'm sure providence intended me to have that shilling." I then began to tell him about the commandment—Thou shalt not steal—whereat he was wonderfully amazed, because he considered he was perfectly justified in appropriating that money to himself. Now, what must be the state of a large portion of those three millions of people? Just take, for example, that portion of London in which I do my part as a Christian man. If you take a little map which is attached to my tract on "Ragged Schools," you will find in my district three places of worship marked on it, and in the same district you will find a number of black spots, which represent the houses for the sale of intoxicating drinks, of which there are no less than 26. At home I have another plan, a larger one, which shows the position of every house open for the sale of intoxicating liquor in London, and, how many spots are there on that? There are more than ten thousand! and it is against the influence of this host that we have to contend day by day. On Sunday, the 19th of April, a number of wise and good men were set to watch 88 of these houses for five hours, and the result of their labours was that 48,000 persons were found to have visited those 88 houses on that Sabbath day; and if all the ten thousand were patronised to the same extent, it would give the total visits at five millions. Five millions of customers to the public house on a Sunday! and yet I am told that if I try to prevent those visits I am the enemy of the poor man, but I say I am his friend. We are told that we are defeated because Mr. Somes's bill did not pass; well, perhaps, we are, but we remember that on one occasion Napoleon rode on to a field of battle, and was met by the general who had been commanding, and was told that he had lost the battle. Napoleon took out his watch, and, looking at the sun, exclaimed, "There's

time to win another." This is what we say; we have lost one battle, but there's time to win another, and, before the sun of this world shall set, depend upon it we shall win our fight.—*From an address by the Rev. G. W. M'Cree.*

IT'S QUITE SAFE, SIR.

Many years ago, before mining operations were so cautiously conducted as they are now, a benevolent gentleman paid his first visit to the "black country," as the coal district of South Staffordshire is called; and having secured the services of a smart lad of fourteen to guide him to the house of his friend, he entered freely into conversation with him by the way. He discovered that the boy worked in one of the many pits by which they were surrounded, but in consequence of "the pit playing," he was enjoying a holiday; and wishing to hear how they went on below, the following colloquy ensued between them:—

"Have you worked there long, my lad?"

"No, sir," was the answer, "my brother first came up and got work, and then sent for me."

"Do you like to work in the pit?"

"Oh yes; I like it very well."

"Do you use the safety lamp when you work?"

"No sir; we take naked candles."

"But is it safe to work with naked candles?"

"O yes; it's quite safe, sir."

"Do you never see fire-damp?"

"Yes sir: there is a good lot in the headings when we go down of a morning, but we drive it out with our jackets and pans before we go in with our candles."

"It's quite safe;" so thought the youth, and yet, within five days after this conversation occurred, news spread over the district that an explosion had taken place in the very pit to which he had referred, and all who had any friends connected with its working were gathered in sad suspense around the mouth of the shaft. Mothers were there, weeping as mothers only can; sisters were there, anxious to see whether their brothers had been saved or lost; wives were there in the frenzied bitterness of an uncertainty, which was even worse, for the moment, than would have been the knowledge that they were widows indeed; and there, too, were the energetic men who, with an expression of grave earnestness upon their countenances, were preparing to descend and see what havoc had been done. Once and again they made the attempt, and had to return for their own safety's sake, but at length they were enabled to proceed, and one by one the mangled bodies of the sufferers were sent to bank. What a pang of pain shot through the heart of our friend as he saw among the corpses that of the light-hearted boy who, but a few days before, had said to him, "It's quite safe, sir—it's quite safe." And thus, from over confidence, the benefits which might have been derived from the use of the safety lamp were lost, and these lives were sacri-

ficed in consequence. In vain for these men had the skill of Stephenson and Davy invented that ingenious lamp; they neither saw its necessity nor admired its efficiency—and content with their naked candles, solaced themselves by saying, "It's quite safe, sir—it's quite safe." One can scarcely credit the existence of such a feeling in the face of their knowledge of the fact that fire-damp was regularly there, and yet, alas! on the surface of the earth as well as under it, the same over-weening confidence, attended too with the same sad results, is continually manifested. For, pervading the atmosphere of our modern society there is the fire-damp of strong-drink, and, though ever and anon men are startled and saddened by some terrible explosion which robs a family of its position, its happiness, its peace, its very means of existence—yet they systematically refuse to employ the safety lamp of abstinence, and are continually saying, "We are quite safe, sir—we are quite safe."

Let us reason for a short time with such as entertain this flattering persuasion. Are you so safe after all? Look back upon the days of your boyhood, and trace the histories of those who commenced with you the journey of life, sat with you on the same bench at school, played with you in the same happy games, began with you the same trade, or entered with you on a course of preparation or training for the same profession. Where are they all now? Some, indeed, there are who occupy posts of honour and usefulness in the world, and have become successful in the walks of life on which they entered; some too, dropped, through weakness of physical constitution, into an early grave; but how many have been sucked into this whirlpool of intemperance, and gone down helplessly beneath its bubbling waters? And those who have been thus engulphed were not by any means the dunces of your school, or the least enterprising of your companions—on the contrary, they were the leaders in all games of skill, and the most distinguished for energy, dash, ability, and courage. They were the idols of the band, yet they were destroyed: and, in the light of such facts, will you persist in saying, as you sip your glass, "It's quite safe, sir—it's quite safe?"

Or take another view of it. Look around the town in which you reside, whatever it may be—for unhappily in this respect all British towns are too much alike—and ask yourself to what you must trace nine-tenths of the failures in business and losses of character that have occurred in it since you knew it; and must not the answer be still the same—strong drink? You remember a minister of the gospel who was distinguished for eloquence above many, and was long known as an earnest man;—what was it that sent him to a foreign land to hide his shame? and why is it, as men breathe his name yet, that they heave a sigh and say, "Poor fellow, he loved his enemy too well?" You have a teacher in your mind who was acknowledged on every hand to be one of the most successful in imparting knowledge to the young;—how came it that he lost his position in that noble seminary with which he was connected, and sunk through various stages of decline, until he became utterly dependent on the chance charity of the passer by? You knew a town councillor, perhaps, who was remarkable for his public

pirit and his attention to the interests of his constituents;—how has it happened that he is now wandering out-at-elbows, and almost a pauper, through those very streets which often witnessed him, with the chain of office round his neck, marching in procession to the house of God? In all these cases there is but one answer that can with truth be given. And with these instances before you, will you persist in affirming as you lift the bottle, "It's quite safe, sir—it's quite safe."

Oh, thou detestable drink! what havoc hast thou wrought among the children of men; and still, as the little child plays, all unconscious of its danger, round the cockatrice den, they lift thee to their lips and say, "We are quite safe!"

How, then, shall we account for this delusion? Mainly in two ways. It arises first from the fact, that the disasters and deaths occasioned from strong drink, do not occur all at once. They are taking place some here and some there—some this month and some the next; and so the impression produced is not so striking as if they were all concentrated into one brief space of time. Just as in ordinary times, though men are always dying, we are not so much impressed with the certainty of death as when a fearful epidemic is raging; so, though many deaths are constantly occurring through intemperance, the feeling awakened is not so strong as it would be if all those which take place in a year were to be concentrated into a month, or a week, or a day. Ah me! if such should be the case, the most terrific epidemic ever known—the bloodiest battle-day the world has ever seen—were nothing to it! But is the evil really the less because it is thus spread out? Nay, it remains the truth, that in this land of ours, untold thousands annually perish through strong drink! How, then, can *you* tamper with it, and think yourself safe?

But the fact that no one ever becomes a drunkard all at once, will also help to explain the delusion of which we speak. You cannot tell, as you look on the history of such an one, when he became a drunkard—nay, he cannot tell himself. He knows when he began to take it, and he knows now that he is helplessly in its power; but as to putting his finger on any precise point between these two extremes, and saying, "There is when I became a drunkard!" he can do nothing of the kind, simply because there is no such point. The boundary line between moderation and intemperance is thus not strictly defined. The one shades into the other, like the various tints of Berlin wool in a piece of lady's needlework; at the one side there is the lightest hue of moderation, at the other the deepest dye of intemperance, but the shades between merge almost imperceptibly into each other, *and they are all only different degrees of the one colour;* that is to say, moderation is already a shade of that of which intemperance is the deepest hue. Now, it is because men are wilfully blind to this that so many of them become the victims of strong drink. Some, indeed, may never go farther than moderation; but there is undeniable danger that moderation may become intemperance, therefore prudence dictates that we should all abstain.

To take, then, this personal ground, we ask you to abstain for your own safety's sake. Do not say, that if you saw that you were sure to become

a drunkard by taking strong drink, you would abstain at once. When you make that discovery, it may be too late for you to deliver yourself; it is easy for you now, in the exuberance of your strength, to say what you can do. You may even, like Sampson, make a show of binding yourself, only that you might display your might; but, alas! when the real chains of habit have coiled themselves around you, and you arise to shake yourself as at other times, you may discern that your strength has gone from you, and may have to sigh not merely, "I am sure to become a drunkard," but "I am one already." You do not need to be absolutely sure that your house will take fire before you insure your property. You do not require to know that your vessel is certain to go down, before you seek to cover its loss by having it underwritten to the full. It is sufficient in such cases that danger is probable, and you take precautions accordingly. Nay, the higher the degree of danger, the greater is your precaution. But this is precisely what we wish you to do in becoming an abstainer. There is always danger in tampering with strong drink; but that danger is vastly increased in these days, by the fact that intoxicating liquors have been so insidiously allied with all the actions and vicissitudes of life, that we cannot but meet them on every hand, and so there is a special call for caution in regard to them. The voyage of life is always perilous: but in these days our danger rises principally in the reef of drunkenness. Yonder, like the fabled Sirens of whom Homer tells, intemperance stands upon the ragged rocks of ruin, and with her cup in her hand, she seeks by her bewitching music to allure the passing voyager. All around her lie the bones of her victims whitening under the burning sun; and if we would escape their fate, we must thrust our fingers into our ears, and make ourselves deaf to the voice of the charmer charming ever so wisely. Let us take this course in abstinence, and then we shall be able to say with truth, so far as intemperance is concerned, "We are quite safe, sir—we are quite safe!"

THE CONTENTS OF A JUG OF SPIRITS.

(RECITATION.)

Within these earthly walls confin'd,
The ruin lurks of human kind;—
More mischiefs here united, dwell,
And more diseases haunt this cell,
Than ever plagu'd Egyptian flocks,
Or ever cursed Pandora's* box.

Within these prison walls, repose
The germs of many a broken nose,
The chatt'ring tongue, the horrid oath,
The fist for fighting nothing loath—

* Pandora, according to heathen fable, let loose into the world, from her box given by Jupiter, all human evil.

For ever fasten'd be this door!
Confin'd within—a thousand more
Destructive fiends of hateful shape,
E'en now, are planning their escape!
Here (only by a cork controll'd,
And slender walls of earthen mould)
In all their pomp of death, reside
Revenge, that ne'er was satisfied,—
The tree that bears the deadly fruit
Of maiming, murder, and dispute,—
Assault, that innocence assails,—
The images of gloomy jails,—
The giddy thought, on mischief bent,—
The evening hour in folly spent;
All these within this jug appear,
And then—the hangman, in the rear!
Thrice happy he,—who early taught
By Nature—ne'er this fire sought;
He, with the purling stream content,
The beverage quaffs (that Nature meant
For man) by his goood Maker sent.

THE MODEL PRIEST.

Bishop Ker once wrote:—

Give me a priest who, at judicious age
And duly called, in Priesthood shall engage,
With dispositions natural and acquired,
With strong propensions for the function fired;
Whom God by opportunity invites
To consecrate himself to sacred rites;
Who still keeps Jesus in his heart and head,
And strives in steps of our Arch-priest to tread,
Who can himself and all the world deny,
Lives pilgrim here, but denizen on high;
Whose business is, like Jesus's, to save souls,
And with all ghostly miseries condoles.
Give me the priest these graces shall possess,
Of an ambassador the just address;
A father's tenderness, a shepherd's care,
A leader's courage, which the cross can bear,
A ruler's awe, a watchman's wakeful eye,
A pilot's skill, the helm in storms to ply,
A fisher's patience, and a labourer's toil,
A guide's dexterity to disembroil,
A prophet's inspiration from above,
A teacher's knowledge, and a Saviour's love.

his is a beautiful portrait of a good parson, and the only comment

which we make upon it is, that we cannot conceive how such a man could possibly refuse to sanction and support the Band of Hope movement.

THE PET OF THE REGIMENT.

A CHAPLAIN'S STORY OF THE AMERICAN WAR.

"That, Sir, that's the pet of the regiment, that boy is. No skulking in him. He don't know what fear is. They're a brave set, the whole family—why, Sir, they're all in—father and two brothers, besides himself."

The boy spoken of was a noble fellow in appearance, though scarcely sixteen years of age, large, erect, with bold, sparkling black eyes, with dark complexion, and an unusually frank and pleasing expression of countenance. I had been attracted toward him by some resemblance I fancied I saw between him and a son of my own, whom I had not seen or several months. Wherever he went, he seemed treated with marks of peculiar deference. I immediately entered into conversation with him.

"You have seen some fighting, I believe?" I said.

"Yes, Sir, five battles."

"And were you never wounded?"

"Yes, Sir," and turning up his coat-sleeve, he displayed a deep red scar just above the wrist.

"Your father and brothers, I think I heard, were in the service?"

"Yes, Sir, my father is captain of company A; my brother George is first lieutenant, and Henry is sergeant; he's only three years older than I am."

"Have they all been in battle, too?"

"In the same ones that I have, Sir."

"And in what capacity do you serve?"

"O, sometimes as orderly, sometimes as drummer; anything that I can do best at the time."

"And how do you feel when you go into a fight?"

"Really, I do not know, Sir—I believe my only feeling is fear that father or the others will be killed. When they come out safe, Sir, I'm the happiest fellow you ever saw."

"At that moment a soldier accosted him. He held in his hand a small black bottle, and asked the boy if he would like a taste, I having gone a little to one side.

"Thank you," said the boy, "I'll take a little;" and from a small tin tumbler he had about him, the boy drank, what I should consider quite a dram. It troubled me. In imagination, I saw that handsome young face red and bloated—the tongue stammering under the pressure of the accursed stimulant, the hands shaking, the eyes watery and inflamed.

A moment after he joined me again. "O what!" was my troubled questioning, "what shall I do to save this fair, brave young lad?" My very heart ached as I thought of it.

"How do the men generally go into battle?" I asked. "In good spirits?"

"Almost always," was the reply.

"Some poor fellows have a mistaken notion that drinking whiskey before they fight, gives them greater courage."

"The soldiers nearly all drink, Sir," was his quick reply.

"I am sorry to hear that," I said.

"Why, don't you think they should have something to cheer them?" he asked, apparently surprised.

"If the cause they are fighting for is not enough to inspire them, I do not know what is," I replied.

"Do you think it is wrong, then, for the soldiers to drink?"

"I think it is a terrible habit for anybody, soldier or civilian." He looked thoughtful.

"I never tasted ardent spirits till I came here," he said. "I don't know as I do now because I like it, but it seems to please the men."

"Have you a mother?"

"O, yes"—his eyes brightened—"I get letters from her every week."

"Are you her youngest son?"

"Yes, Sir; we are all three here—I am the youngest.

"Would she approve of your drinking, do you believe?" His countenance fell in a moment.

"I don't quite think she would, Sir."

"My dear boy, are you afraid to act as your mother would counsel you?" I asked.

"But the soldiers would think it strange, and take it hard of me, if I refused them."

"Did you ever see a man or boy who was not honoured for doing right?" I asked him. "I perceive that in the regiment you are a great favourite. You have won a name for courage and courtesy. Now suppose you add to these the high principle of being afraid to do what you know is helping to ruin the souls and bodies of men? Think for a moment what an influence you would exert upon these soldiers here, many of whom have tender consciences. How much better than to encourage them in such an evil practice; for evil it is, and only evil—as you must see often from its consequences."

"We have had some trouble, Sir, from the use of liquor," he said frankly.

"What argument can I use," I persisted, "to induce you to drop the habit yourself? It is an evil, insidious foe, that decks its victims with flowers while it poisons him. Before men know it, they are content to sit down passively under its deadening influence. You are very young, and it is the time to form good pure principles, and good habits. I think you would have greater influence than you have even now. Not a soldier here, dram-drinker or not, but would think the better of you if you would but take this noble step."

"But what shall I do, Sir?"

"Resolve never to taste that fearful poison. I will not say anything

now upon the inducements you might hold out to others. I want to save you; for strong as you may feel in your self-made resolutions, my dear boy, you may fall. I have seen many a lad, as bright and beloved as you, sink into a drunkard's grave. Resolve—God will bless you, and your mother will love you for it."

He looked down as he walked. His cheeks were flushed—his conscience evidently approved of the pointed advice I had given him.

"You are very kind, Sir," he said, as he looked up, "to take so much interest in my welfare. I'll think of it, and if I see you to-morrow, let you know."

On the morrow I saw him, but it was in the midst of smoke, fire, and carnage. It was when I knelt by gasping men to hear their last messages ere the brave blood they had so nobly shed had left the warm chambers of their hearts for ever. Late in the afternoon I was called to a captain who was frightfully mangled by a shell.

"Friend," he said, "I am dying. I leave three fatherless boys, if they are yet living." I enquired his name—it was that of the pet of the regiment. "Poor boy, his father!" I sighed.

"Do you know my boy, my Ernest?" he gasped.

"Yes, I know him."

"Then, if you meet with him—give him this letter. It is from one he will never see in this life. Tell him to be a better man than I have been. I die," and with one great cry of anguish, he threw himself forward and was gone.

"Poor boy," I thought, "lately so full of hope and joy; this is the first blow."

All day long and all the night, too, I ministered to the dying. Many a time, as I listened to the words of love and tenderness, my heart seemed almost bursting with sympathy and agony.

"I shall leave a poor little orphan child alone in the world," said one.

"God will be father and mother to it, my friend," was my attempt to comfort.

"Yes, yes—but still she will be a poor little orphan," was the sad response.

"O, if God would only spare me to my little family!" groaned another. "I was all their help, all their dependence. O my wife! O my babes! who shall console them?"

"I am the last one left to my mother, and now I must die, and not even ask her to forgive me," moaned a sturdy, red-faced man, who lay there with both legs shot off, and a frightful wound in the head.

Another would strive to lift to his lips the miniature of wife or child. O, how many have I aided to perform this touching, tender rite, by guiding the cold and half-palsied fingers!

"Please take that ring off—you will send it—her name is inside"—was the exclamation of a handsome young man, as he put his cold hand in mine.

"My wife is here, here," whispered another, as with a heavenly smile

he crossed both hands on his breast, his lips stiffening the while. I thought he meant to express the affection which he cherished for her in his heart; but on moving the locked fingers, there, just under the red and clotted shirt, was the photograph of a young and beautiful woman, in a little morocco case, hung round his neck by a single cord of silver.

"Mother will miss me," was the only cry of a young man, scarce eighteen, and the tear, brimming up to the lid, and the quivering lip were too much for me. I knelt down by him, my fortitude all gone, and weeping like a child. But there was no need—ere the tears had dried, or the lip ceased its grieving, he was gone to tenderer care than that of a mother.

I have often wondered, as I moved from scene to scene, each more dreadful than the last, how the brain could bear the repeated encounter with the worst forms of agony, how the heart could suffer the constant strain of sympathy and not burst. I have said to myself—"Can I witness this anguish, helpless to relieve, many moments longer?" And yet, when the imploring eye turned towards me, dimming and darkening in death, it might be something—perhaps some strong angel—has chained me to that bed of suffering till the last convulsive throe had ceased for ever.

But I am wandering from my story. My next impulse was to find my noble young soldier. I had heard that he was not wounded, but a messenger came to me in great haste, saying that Ernest was in the hospital—a great square barn that had been converted to that service—and had sent for me. I lost no time in hurrying thither, and soon found myself in the midst of another scene of horror. I saw my boy lying on a heap of straw which was covered with a coarse cloth. His face was frightfully pale—traces of a deadly anguish convulsing his features.

"O Mr. ——!" he cried, drawing his breath with spasmodic violence—they are *all* gone. My father, my brothers: O, what shall I do?"

"My poor boy," I said, my tears denying me further voice.

"How cruel—how cruel!" he sobbed—"not to leave me one—only one."

I opened my arms and gathered him to my bosom, striving by the magnetism of sympathy, to soften his anguish somewhat. He lay quite still, but his pent-up sobbings shook my whole frame. I thought of my own boy, and if ever I prayed for the fatherless, if ever I took hold of heaven by faith, it was at that sad moment. When he could bear it, I spoke to him. He said he was wounded in the foot—he wished it had been only through the heart.

"No, my dear boy," I said, "God has spared you for some good purpose—be thankful. You have your mother left."

"My mother!" he cried. "O what a dream I had last night. Yes, yes, I remember it now. I thought I told her all that you had said—and she advised me to do as you suggested—then all at once I saw she was an angel. O poor mother! the news will kill her."

I bethought me of the letter given me by the captain, and took it out, little thinking what news it contained. He read it—gave me one wild

look that seemed almost a reproach—and fell back senseless on his bed. I snatched the letter up, and a perusal of the first two lines,—"When you read this, dear husband, the hand that penned it will be cold in death," and saw at the bottom the trembling signature of the wife and mother. I wondered not that the dreadful news, coming at such a moment, had deprived him of life; for we thought him dead for some moments, and when at last he gave signs of reviving, I trembled for the consequences of returning recollection.

Poor child! I never shall forget the wan, unearthly look with which he regarded me, when our efforts had proved successful. He caught my hand, and held it with a trembling grasp for hours, and if at any time I essayed to move, the tears would run down his cheeks. For days he lay in a kind of stupor, the mind deadened by the dreadful blow; the senses scarce taking cognizance except of my presence. Once in a while if I offered it, he would taste food, but would take it from no one else. His recovery was slow—for weeks together he never left his bed. One morning, just after daylight, I was sent for in haste. I supposed my little soldier was dying, but no. There he sat, upright in his bed, his cheeks scarlet, his eyes blazing, his lips parted in glad smiles.

"O chaplain," he cried, regardless of who was about him, "get right down on your knees and praise God for me. My mother is alive, and one of my brothers, who they told me was killed, the eldest one, was taken prisoner, is released, and coming to see me to-day. O chaplain! won't I be good now?" he cried, the tears falling like rain. "What shall I say to God, to thank Him?"

There were rejoicings all through the rude hospital. One poor dying fellow turned his face round and whispered a "Thank God."

The letter was in my hand. It had been delayed two weeks. It seems that when the mother wrote last, she had to undergo a painful operation, from which she had a presentiment she should not recover. But all had passed off well, and she bade fair to live many years longer. The effect of such joyful news was an almost instantaneous recovery from depression and illness. I took that occasion to impress the great principles of truth upon the grateful heart of the boy, and through God's help, I was successful. Ernest has been home with his brother since, to visit his mother, but he will not desert the post of duty. He is now back again, a young, happy, high-toned Christian, an enemy to the grog-cup, and to all the vices that demoralize the camp. But though strict in the observance of every duty, frank to condemn sin, and quick to defend his principles, he is more than ever the idol of the soldiers and the pet of the regiment.

A MISSIONARY'S WORK.

Mr. Thomas White's labours among seamen, watermen, lightermen, dock labourers, &c., employed on the River Thames, at Wharves, and in the Regent's Canal, London and St. Katharine's Docks, &c., with calls and visits to ships and barges,

sailors' boarding houses, coffee houses, shops, dwelling houses, and the homes of pledged members, in the parishes of St. George's, Shadwell, Ratcliffe, Stepney, and Limehouse, from January 5th to 31st of December inclusive, are as follows:—

Houses, shops, sailors' boarding houses, coffee shops, wharves, &c.	2765
Coffee houses, &c., to extend the circulation of the "British Workman" and "Band of Hope Review" ...	314
Ships and Barges in the Pool, Regent's Canal, London and St. Katherine's Docks, and at Wharves along shore	708
"British Workman" and "Band of Hope Reviews," &c.	2287
Periodicals and Pamphlets	818
English, Welsh, and Foreign Tracts	17,000
Names obtained for Closing Public Houses on the Sabbath:—House of Commons, 1950, Lords, 1300 ...	3250
Bills of Invitation to attend our Meetings distributed among seamen and landsmen, independent of several hundreds of large bills for Lectures, &c.	3500
Pledges taken from captains, mates, seamen, and ship apprentices	597
Pledges taken from landspeople	223
Total	820

TEMPERANCE IN SABBATH SCHOOLS.

The second Sabbath in December was to be devoted, in all the Sabbath-schools of New York State, to the subject of Temperance. Could not a similar arrangement be made by the Sabbath-school teachers of this country? If the following questions were to be given out on one Sabbath, to be answered on the following one, it would be a useful exercise:—

What was the first case of drunkenness recorded in the Bible?—Answer, Gen. ix. 21.

What was the second?—Gen. xix. 32.

What was to be done with the son who was a glutton and a drunkard? Deut. xxi. 21.

What was said of Nabal, in 1 Saml. xxvi. 36?

Who did David say he was the song of, in Ps. lxix. 12.

What was done at Belshazzar's feast?—Dan. v. 3, 4

On whom was a woe denounced in Isaiah v. 11, 22?

Who does Paul say, 1 Cor. vi. 9, 10, shall not inherit the kingdom of God?

Who does the Bible say have woe and wounds?—Prov. xxiii. 30.

On whom did God first enjoin total abstinence from wine and strong drink?—Lev. x. 8, 9.

What was required of the mother of Samson in Judges xiii. 4.

What did Hannah, the mother of Samuel, say of herself, in 1 Sam. i. 15?

What did the wise man say of wine and strong drink, in Prov. xx. 1 and xxiii. 32?

What does the Bible say about kings and princes, in Prov. xxxi. 4 and 5?

What about the man who giveth his neighbour drink and maketh him drunken, in Hab. ii. 15?

What was the law for the Nazarite?—Num. v. 3, 4.

What did the Rechabites say they would not do?—Jer. xxxv. 6.

What did God say of them, in Jer. xxxv. 18, 19?

What was predicted of John the Baptist, Luke i. 15?

What did Paul say it was good not to do to save a brother?—Rom. xiv. 21.

What solemn charge did he give to Christians, in Eph. v. 18?

Was Timothy a wine or water drinker?—1 Tim. v. 23.

Why was wine recommended to him?—1 Tim. v. 32.—*Weekly Record.*

A NOTABLE TESTIMONY.

The Mayor of Gloucester is also a member of the medical profession, and at the opening of a beautiful fountain, presented by the Gloucester Temperance Society, he said:—Few could tell more fearful tales of the miseries entailed by drink—few have witnessed more fearful scenes caused by the drunken demon than I have. I have known a fine handsome little fellow burnt to death whilst his mother was carousing with two or three drunken neighbours at a public-house. I knew in my early practice a butcher who went home from this market, and in a drunken, maudlin state went upstairs to see his boy, a fine little fellow, fifteen years of age, who was asleep, for he was very fond of his children, and soon afterwards the mother was roused by the screams of her boy, and on her rushing upstairs she found him burnt to death! I could go on relating these kind of incidents till night. Mr. Sessions has referred to the moral effects of drunkenness and its influence on health. I have now left the profession, and although I have never hesitated to speak the truth, yet I can now do so openly and boldly. I have no hesitation in saying that nearly one-half of the cases of illness that I have been called upon to treat have been caused directly or indirectly either by eating too much or drinking too much. As Dr. Abernethy said to a patient, "You eat when you are not hungry, you drink when you are not dry, and then you come to me!" The fools of this world must always have some hobby to ride. Now the question is put to me, "Have you read Banting?" "Who's Banting?" I say. Banting is telling you how you are to manage to bring a corpulent man down to a moderate size, and it is a wonderful system of dietary. Why, look at some you can think of in this town, look at their flushed faces—beer, "bacca." and brandy seem almost ready to start out. See how corpulent some of them were; does it require Banting to tell them how to get their fat down? I will tell

them in a very few words how to get it down. I recollect reading of a celebrated French dog doctor, to whom all the ladies were in the habit of bringing their lap-dogs, who with their tongues hanging out could hardly waddle along. He did not tell the ladies what his remedy was, but said he had some fine physic for them, and would soon cure them, if they would only bring them to him. He kept these dogs in a capacious airy room, with plenty of water—which you will have here—and he fed them upon that and hard biscuit, with plenty of exercise. I'll tell you how he exercised them. Three times a-day he went up into the room with a good long coach whip, and for an hour coached them round the room. The dogs in a few weeks were sent back to their mistresses with fine lithe active bodies, capering and wagging their tails at a fine rate. I have no hesitation in saying, that if those who study Banting were to go under such a course of dietary as this—drink plenty of water, and only eat hard biscuit, and run to the top of Robin's Wood Hill two or three times a-day, they would soon bring their fat down. Mr. Sessions said something about the teetotalers being accused of being men of one idea—one-stringed Paganinis; I don't see any harm in that, and if the idea is a good one let us by all means accept it. With regard to the effects of drunken habits, I say, from the bottom of my heart, that Samuel Bowly and his friends confer more good upon humanity, and they would do more to raise the working classes to the high and dignified position they are capable of occupying if their measures were carried out—more to extend the boundaries of virtue, than 50,000 reform bills.

GLEANINGS.

Fresh Air for the Children.—I had occasion to compare the health of two streets, one a street with well-to-do artisans and small tradesmen, the other a tumble-down street where lodged the very poor. To my great surprise, the children of the very poor were less sickly and died less than those of their better off neighbours. On examining the mothers of these families, I got what I think was a satisfactory explanation. The mothers of the poor children confessed that their children were seldom or never indoors; but few of them went to school, and they consequently spent their days in the street. The more opulent class kept their children out of the street and sent them to school. Of course, no rule can be laid down as to the number of hours people ought to keep in the open air, but there can be no doubt of the soundness of the advice—"Get as much as you can." Get it for yourselves, get it for your neighbours. Let the Government, let corporate bodies, let munificent individuals do what they can to tempt men and women into the parks of great towns of neighbouring fields.—*Dr. Lyon Playfair.*

The Clergy.— Mr. Uran, of the British Temperance League, says:—"On looking back over the month, I find that nearly a third part of my meetings have been presided over by clergymen of the Church of England, a fact which I leave to speak for itself."

A Medical Opinion.—Dr. T. Bull, in a work on "The Medicinal

Management of Children in Health," states:—"The practice of giving wine, beer, or indeed any stimulant to a healthy child is highly reprehensible; it ought never to be given except medicinally. Marcellin relates an instance of seven children in a family, whose bowels became infested with worms from the use of stimulants. They were cured by substituting water for the pernicious beverage. In this city, spirits, particularly gin, are given to infants and children to a frightful extent. I once saw an old Irish woman give diluted spirits to an infant just born. It is easy to discover when children have been fed (?) upon spirits; they are always emaciated, have a lean, yellow, haggard look, the eyes sunk, the lips pale, and the teeth discoloured, the cadaverous aspect of the countenance being most fearful. They are continually suffering from bowel complaints and convulsive disorders, which, under these circumstances, terminate invariably in an early death."

An Aged Abstainer.— A woman named Flora Macleod, better known as widow Macpherson, a native of Inverness, died here on the 25th ult., at the extraordinary age of 103 years and 7 months. We understand that she was a total abstainer for 45 years prior to her death.—*Inverness Courier.*

Drawing the Line.—There presented himself for shaving a big, burly, good-humoured coal heaver, with a pipe in his mouth, who, drawing his hand across his chin, requested to know when a shaver would be disengaged. The journeyman to whom this question was put, looked doubtfully at the young proprietor, and the young proprietor looked scornfully at the coal-heaver, observing at the same time, "You won't get shaved here, my man." "Why not?" said the coal-heaver. "We don't shave gentlemen in your line," remarked the young proprietor. "Why I seed you a shaving of a baker when I was looking through the winder, last week," said the coal-heaver. "It's necessary to draw the line somewhere, my fine feller," replied the principal. "We draw the line there. We can't go beyond bakers. If we was to get any lower than bakers, our customers would desert us, and we might shut up shop. You must try some other establishment, sir. We could'nt do it here." The applicant stared, grinned at Newman Noggs, who appeared highly entertained, looked slightly around the shop, as if in depreciation of the pomatum pots, and other articles of stock, took his pipe out of his mouth, and gave a very loud whistle, and then put it in again, and walked out.—*Nickleby.*

Prohibition at Washington.—Speaker Colfax has issued an order forbidding the sale of liquor in the house wing of the capital, and his order is being strictly enforced.— *Washington paper.*

How they Deal with Drunkards in New Zealand.—In the Lyttelton *Times*, published in the province of Canterbury, in the above colony we find the following advertisement.—"Notice to the public.—Whereas it has this day been proved to the satisfaction of us, the undersigned, being three of her Majesty's justices of the peace, that one Mary Robertson has become an habitual drunkard, and is injuring her health by excessive drinking—we hereby, under the provisions of the 33d

clause of the 'Public House Ordinance, 1862,' give notice that we prohibit all persons from supplying the said Mary Ann Robertson with any spirituous or fermented liquor whatever for the space of two years from date hereof." This warning is enforced by the threat of a fine of £20. or three months' imprisonment.

IMPROVED LIFE.—In the report of the United Kingdom Temperance Provident Institution, just issued, the fact is announced that £127. bonus goes to the abstainer as against £100 to the careful moderationist.—*Temperance Star.*

MORTALITY OF PUBLICANS.—The mortality betwixt the ages of 45 and 55 amongst the whole population of England is at the rate of 18 in the 1,000; while amongst the publicans it is 28.—*Tweedie's Temperance Almanac.*

LIGHT FOR TEACHERS.

At the Band of Hope Conference, held in Exeter Hall, an esteemed delegate expressed his belief that a suitable tract for Sunday school teachers should be widely circulated. He also recommended that "Facts and Opinions for Sunday School Teachers," recently published by the Union, should be distributed as widely as possible. This has been done to some extent. It has been placed in the hands of teachers in London, Forest Hill, Scarborough, and Bath. One thousand copies were distributed at the annual meeting of the Sunday School Union. Can our friends help us in this good work? We must gain the glorious host of Sunday School teachers to our cause. The following are some extracts from letters received by the editor on the subject:—

"The wide circulation of the 'Facts and Opinions' you have collected must result in good. I have heard the 'Records of a Bible Class' questioned at meetings of Sunday School teachers, but heard Mr. Sherman declare (in answer to a question at a meeting held in Surrey Chapel, early in 1853) that he had no desire, and saw no reason for retracting that or any other statement he had made upon the question of teetotalism.

"GEORGE M. MURPHY."

"I have read your selection of extracts through, and think they are very striking and well adapted for circulation. If I can have some, by purchase or otherwise, I shall be happy to put them in circulation in this town. All our Dissenting ministers, except the *Wesleyan* Methodists, are abstainers, and the clergyman of the largest parish is not only an abstainer himself, but he has a very flourishing local society. By the agency of these gentlemen I think I can *secure* a general circulation for your papers. Please send me some.

"I believe about one-tenth of all the children born into this kingdom

become habitual drunkards. This is an appalling thought. Never a Sabbath School of 500 children, but 50 of these pure little souls will be darkened by our national curse falling upon them—50 of those budding lives canker-eaten before their fruit has ripened. I know that many make the proportion higher; Sherman, to wit, as quoted by you, makes it one-third in one of his classes. Though unquestionably true of his particular class, this average is easily shown to be too high for the general population: 600,000 children are born into the United Kingdom annually; 60,000 people die a drunkard's death annually; and yet 600,000 drunkards are always amongst us. From these data it will be seen that one-tenth is the average. The yearly supply with which nature repairs the waste in the population (600,000) is diminished from this one cause by a terrible proportion (60,000); and I am quite convinced that the most effectual way to remedy this state of affairs is by striking at the *root* of the evil, and making, so far as we can, the rising generation an improvement on the risen one in the matter of sobriety.

"F. Sessions."

BRIEF NOTES.

Great Demonstration.—The Committee of the National Temperance League have resolved to hold a *fête* at the Crystal Palace, on August 9th. Over one thousand children, under the auspices of the United Kingdom Band of Hope Union, will sing on the occasion. Each teetotal chorister is to be presented with a copy of the New Testament.

Committals for Drunkenness.—In 1861, the number of persons committed for drunkenness was 82,196; in 1862 it was 94,908; and in 1863 it was 94,745.

Remarkable Opinion.—The Member of Parliament for Preston says, I do not believe that since the world began, a more respectable, a more responsible, and a better conducted class of men, ever existed than the licensed victuallers.

Another Opinion.—The Rev. J. Clay, the late Chaplain of Preston Gaol, says, I have conversed with 15,000 prisoners, who have declared that the enticement of the beerhouse has been their ruin.

A Good Omen.—The reception by Lord Palmerston of the deputation from the United Kingdom Alliance is described as the most gratifying ever met with from a minister of the Crown.

Paliamentary Opinion.—The members who voted on Mr. Lawson's Intoxicating Liquors Bill, on June 8th, were as follows:—For the bill, 37; against the bill, 294; majority against the bill, 257. Several members paired in favour of the bill, which made the number 40 or more in its favour. Bets were made by gambling members of the House of Commons, that ten senators would not vote for the bill, consequently all the bets were lost.

Workers.—The Scottish Temperance League have five agents constantly employed in the advocacy of our principles.

Stories for the Young.—A series of sixty tracts, illustrated with

engravings on wood, have been published by Mr. John S. Marr, of Glasgow.

Great Open Air Meeting.—The annual demonstration of South London Temperance Societies will be held on Monday, July 4th, at Kennington Park, at two p.m.

A Good Plan.—In the gardens attached to the splendid hotel in the Vale of Health, Hampstead, there is a department specially arranged, when none but teas, ices, cooling drinks, with other refreshments of an unintoxicating nature, are supplied.

A Good Book.—Five copies of the "Condensed Argument for the Legislative Prohibition of the Liquor Traffic," may now be obtained for half-a-crown.

An Old Friend.—The Rev. T. Messer is now lecturing successfully in the metropolis, accompanied by Mr. Thomas, whose musical talents make him very popular.

Annals of the United Kingdom Band of Hope Union.

VISITS OF THE HONORARY DEPUTATIONS AGENTS, &c.

Mr. William Bell is now in London, and has addressed numerous and, in some cases, large gatherings, and we rejoice to say, the societies who have engaged him have found his services of very considerable advantage. Societies desirous of securing his services as far as the middle of August, are requested to communicate with the secretary at once. The following evenings are already engaged :—July 4, 5, 7, 11, 13, 15, 18, 19, 25, 26 ; Aug. 1, 8.

During the last few weeks, Mr. Bell has lectured in London as follows :—St. Matthew's School, Prince's Square, St George's-in-the-East ; Mission Hall, Moor Street, Five Dials ; Chelsea ; Bloomsbury Refuge ; Whitfield Chapel, Long Acre ; Surrey Chapel ; Praed Street, Paddington ; Albion Hall, London Wall ; Salem Chapel, Bow Road ; Marlborough Chapel, Old Kent Road ; Peel Grove, Bethnal Green ; Mercer's Street, Shadwell ; City Road Congregational Chapel At several of the above places, Mr. Bell has lectured more than once.

During the month, Mr. G. Blaby has attended the following meetings :—Barbican Chapel ; Bloomsbury Refuge ; Commercial Road Chapel ; Caledonian Road ; Denmark Street, Soho, three times ; Calthorpe Street Sunday School ; Esher Street, Kennington ; Cater Buildings, Chelsea ; Packington Street, City Road ; Dalgleish Place, Limehouse ; Goring Street, Hackney Road ; One Tun, Westminster ; Whitfield Chapel, Long Acre ; Kentish Town ; Mason Street, Old Kent Road ; Working Men's Club, Duck Lane ; Gee Street, Goswell Road ; Fetter Lane ; Old Milestone ; Temperance Hall, City Road ; Change Row, Westminster ; Croydon and Mortlake, Surrey. He has also preached seven sermons, and addressed five Sunday schools.

Mr. T. O. Chapman has recently visited the following Sunday Schools :—

Church of England.—St. Martin's-in-the-fields, Charing cross ;

Rev. Mr. Maull, minister. St. Giles's-in-the-fields: Rev. A. W. Thorold, minister.

Congregational.—Whitfield Chapel, Charles street, Long Acre: Rev. H. W. Charlesworth, pastor—twice. Orange street, Leicester square: Rev. R. E. Forsyth, pastor. Pentonville hill: Rev. A. Buzacott, pastor. Tonbridge Chapel, Euston road: Rev. Kilsby Jones, pastor. Tottenham Chapel, Tottenham court road. Fetter Lane Chapel: Rev. R. G. Harper, pastor. New court, Carey street, Lincoln's inn fields: Rev. W. H. Draper, pastor.

Baptist.—Kingsgate street, Holborn: Rev. Francis Wills, pastor. Arthur street, Gray's inn road: Rev. Dr. Wills, pastor—twice. Vernon square, Gray's inn road: Rev. C. B. Sawday, pastor. Grafton street, Tottenham court road: Rev. C. Marshall, pastor. Henrietta street, Regent square: Mr. W. R. Vines, pastor.

Primitive Methodist—Elim Chapel, Fetter lane—four times.

Scottish Free Church.—Regent square: Rev. J Hamilton, pastor.

Various—Mission Hall, Five Dials. London City Mission School, Satchwell street, Bethnal green road. Denmark Street Ragged School.

Mr. Chapman has delivered addresses at the following schools:—Arthur street, Elim Chapel, Whitfield Chapel, and Satchwell street; he has likewise attended a meeting of the Elim Chapel Sunday School teachers, at which they resolved to form a Band of Hope, and four of them signed the pledge.

Mr. F. Smith has attended meetings as follows, during the past month:—Peckham; Fetter Lane; Gee Street, Goswell Street; Albion Hall, London Wall; Earl Street, London Road; Deverell Street, Dover Road; Landsdowne Place, Kent Street; Barbican Chapel; Lant Street; Amicable Row; Meadow Road, New Kent Road.

Mr. W. J. Lay has, since the 20th of May, attended meetings as follows:—Cromer Street; Nunhead Green, Peckham-rye; Mercer Street, Shadwell; Caledonian Road; Cross Street, Blackfriars Road; Tottenham; East Lane, Walworth; Salem Chapel, Bow Road; Commercial Road; Packington Street, City Road; Spa Fields Chapel.

Liverpool Road.—The fourth annual meeting of this society was held on Wednesday evening, 25th May, in the school room of the Wesleyan Chapel, Liverpool road, Islington. The chair was occupied by T. B. Smithies, Esq., and the report was read by the Secretary, Mr. Parker. We present the following extracts:—"The number of members now in connection is 246, viz, 138 boys and 108 girls—20 of the latter and 24 of the former having joined during the year. This Band of Hope is composed almost entirely of children belonging to the Liverpool road Wesleyan Sunday-school; and it may be observed that the numbers above stated amount to more than one-third of the scholars in that school. The meetings of the society have been kept up with as much regularity as circumstances would permit; and a very pleasing degree of interest in them has been manifested by the members—a good attendance having generally been maintained. The library has been enlarged during the year, and now contains 107 volumes, most of which

are useful Temperance works. The children exhibit a great desire to make use of this library; but it is still too small to meet all their requirements, and the committee would be thankful to receive either books or subscriptions from any friends who may be disposed to help them in making more ample provision." After the report had been read, the meeting was addressed by the chairman, Mr. R. B. Starr, the Rev. G. W. M'Cree, Mr. Hugh Owen, and Mr. T. O. Chapman. A vote of thanks to the chairman was moved by Mr. Willoughby, and seconded by Rev. J. Pearson, (one of the circuit ministers), who complimented the members on their healthful appearance, and exhorted the friends to go on and prosper. The meeting closed with the benediction. The room was tastefully decorated for the occasion, and the members of the society sang several Temperance melodies during the evening.

On Tuesday, June 7th, the members of the Peckham-rye and Nunhead Band of Hope enjoyed their annual excursion. The weather was gloriously fine, and the capital vans (supplied by our worthy friend, George Howlett, at a reasonable cost) conveyed, through a most charming country, the joyous little folks to Hampton Court, where, in company with several lady members of the committee and their old friend and superintendent, Mr. H. G. Follett, they spent one of the happiest of holidays. The palace, picture galleries, gardens, fish ponds, fountains, flowers, the maze, the park, and the many games (in which young and old alike joined), all received a fair share of their attention, to say nothing of the eatables and drinkables, so necessary after such exertions; and the happy band returned home in the evening, having had another proof that wisdom's ways ARE ways of pleasantness.

NATIONAL TEMPERANCE LEAGUE.—The annual meeting of this association was held on Thursday, May 17th, in Exeter Hall, London. About 30 teetotal non-commissioned officers from Woolwich, Warley, and other garrisons were on the platform. Mr. Saml. Morley presided, and the report, read by Mr. Tweedie, referred to the establishment, by means of deputations from the League, of temperance societies by the undergraduates at Oxford and Cambridge, and stated that about one-half of the students attending the English theological colleges are total abstainers, while at five of those colleges, the names of which were given, there is no dietetic use of fermented or spirituous liquors by the students. Ten meetings had been held by the League at diocesan and other training colleges for school-masters, which were attended by the principals and tutors, as well as by the students, many of whom became abstainers, and it was found that at six of the ten colleges visited no intoxicating liquors of any kind are provided for the use of the students, except under medical prescription. Two conferences had been held with London school-masters to consider the propriety of introducing temperance into elementary schools as a branch of common education, and arrangements were made for the delivery of addresses to the children of many metropolitan schools during the ordinary school hours, as well as for an extensive distribution of temperance publications. Eleven meetings had been held at warehouses. The average attendance at the meetings was about 120.

Eight of them were presided over by principals of firms. Select private meetings had been held in town and country to bring the question before the influential classes, and a series of special public meetings had been held in different districts of London, including 16 at the Lambeth Baths, the average attendance at which was upwards of 1,000 persons. The number of addresses delivered by the lecturers and honorary deputations of the League during the last year was about 1,600. The missionary to sailors had, during three years, held 420 meetings on board ships in the port of London, and had induced 796 seamen to sign the pledge. Numerous meetings had been held with the soldiers at Aldershott, Woolwich, Warley, Weeden, Birmingham, as well as at Kensington Barracks, Regent's-park Barracks, and the Tower, and a military temperance society had been formed at the Tower, which had now 120 members. Meetings had also been held with the militia, the police, and other classes. An extensive correspondence had been maintained with friends of the movement in all parts of the country; advice and assistance, both in speakers and publications, had been freely rendered to clergymen, missionaries, and others desirous of engaging in temperance work; interviews had been held with numerous principals of colleges, heads of mercantile firms, military officials, and other gentlemen of influence, and in many cases of persons of intemperate habits followed up by missionaries and private friends, the results have been of the most delightful character. After the report had been read, the meeting was addressed by the chairman, Mr. Edward Hornor, J.P., Halstead; the Rev. John Griffiths, M.A., Rector of Neath; the Rev. Joseph Brown, D.D., deputy from the Scottish Temperance League; Mr. Samuel Bowly, Gloucester; the Rev. Newman Hall, LL.B.; and the Rev. Stenton Eardley, M.A., of Streatham.

LITERATURE.

The Editor has great pleasure in recommending for perusal and circulation the following:—

BOOKS.

Work and its Reward. By KATE TYER. W. Tweedie.

Gertrude Winn. By NELSIE BROOK.

PAMPHLETS.

Beershops: England's Felon Manufactories. J. Caudwell.

Manufactories. By R. G. GAMMAGE. J. Caudwell.

A Bishop's Appeal on Intemperance, One Hundred and Twelve Years ago. J. Caudwell.

Temperance Comparisons. By the REV. W. W. ROBINSON, M.A. J. Caudwell.

Rules of the Order of the Sons of Rechab. Published at Albion Hall, London. E.C.

The Star of Hope, Bath.

PROVINCIAL CORRESPONDENTS.

The Rev. SAMUEL COULING, Scarborough.
Mr. D. B. HOOKE, Jun., Bath.
Mr. J. P. HUTCHINSON, Darlington.

J. BALE, Printer, 78, Great Titchfield-street, Marylebone.

BAND OF HOPE RECORD.

SKETCHES OF SUNDAY SCHOOLS AND BAND OF HOPE SPEAKERS, No. 1.

THE POMPOUS SPEAKER.

With self-satisfied strut, graceful flourish of pocket-handerchief, and loud blast from his nostrils upon the same, this gentleman takes his position upon the platform. It is Sabbath afternoon—a monthly appointment for laying aside the regular lesson of the day, and hearing speeches about missionary matters. The gentleman has come for the purpose of being one of the speakers. He looks round with patronizing air on the company whom he is to address, clears his throat, says 'h'm' several times, and proceeds:—

"My dear young friends, let me observe, as a preliminary, that I must have perfect silence while I address you. You must bestow on me your undivided attention, and not be guilty of disorderly conduct or confusion. If you interrupt me while I am addressing you, or signify by your inattentive deportment that you do not appreciate my remarks, I shall be obliged though reluctantly, to bring my address to a conclusion."

He has by this time succeeded in getting their eyes and mouths pretty well open, from curiosity as to what is coming next. He continues:—

"My dear children,—I am very glad to see you all here this afternoon. I have from my earliest childhood experienced a deep solicitude for the welfare of the young and rising generation. The sight of a little child awakens in my heart a warm interest for the whole family of infantile humanity. I see them with the world before them; with its hopes and fears, its dangers and its troubles all unknown to them. I gaze upon their future; but oh, what a gaze! My youthful hearers, the Sunday-School is infused with a spirit of profound conviction in certain fundamental truths. The Sunday-School looks to the indoctrination of the youthful heart in all the divine attributes. It contemplates the entire sanctification of every child of Adam."

Here the superintendent ought to step up to the man, and tell him that the children do not understand a word of what

he is telling them; but he is a little afraid of hurting the stately person's feelings, and so suffers him to plunge on. He proceeds, and after talking a great deal about himself, a little about the Sunday-school, Adam's fall, and several other things, presently gets into the thick of his speech. He is more pompous than at first. His flourish of speech and flourish of pocket-handkerchief are both on the increase. He uses words of great length, and very hard to be understood. The most of his hearers do not understand his speech at all; and it would be no loss, except the loss of time consumed in uttering it, if nobody understood it. It is inflated fustian. It is ornamental dullness. It is heavy frothiness. It is not on any subject in particular. The great man was announced to speak on something connected with the object for which the meeting was held. But he cannot lower himself to that. He understands that several other persons are to speak, and he will let them attend to that part.

At last, long after the proper time, he brings his remarks to their promised close. Those of his hearers who are still awake have been looking forward to this moment with pleasurable expectation. The sleepers care not how long he keeps on. He has settled them. He wipes his massive brow, parades down from the platform, takes his seat on an honourable chair, and looks round on the exhausted victims of his address, as much as to say, "Was'nt that a magnificent speech?"

Truly magnificent! "The pomps and vanity of this wicked world, and all the sinful lust of the flesh." Very fine stuff to blow the trumpet with, but very poor fare for hungry and starving young souls.

There are some men who do this pompous sort of talking for the sake of making a display; but there are others who do it, because they do not know better. They have heard a great orator or two, and think they ought to speak as the great orator speaks. Mr. Stuff, when addressing a Sunday-school, thinks he is Daniel Webster addressing the Senate, and puts on airs accordingly. He comes as near his model as a poodle dog comes when he attempts to growl like a lion.

If the pompous man ever does any good with his gift of speaking, it will be after he shall have laid aside all the feathers, gold lace, and brass buttons of his style. He must speak with more simplicity, and must be sure that what he utters is sound sense, instead of a long string of empty nothings, covered up with great swelling words of bombastic pedantry.

THE STATE OF MILLWALL.

The public-houses,—of which there are no fewer than thirteen in the limited district assigned to me of only about a quarter of a mile in length, with houses only on either side of the main road, a few short streets turning off excepted,—form the centres of leisure hour resorts. In them the interesting details of brutality are delightingly talked over; and in them the foundations of dramas, which frequently end in tragedies, are laid. Homes and families must yield to the imperious demands of their engagements. And thus the high wages become a curse; thus they are misspent and scattered; and thus they tend to a speedier demoralization than if less money was paid them, One family I know, by the labour of the father and two of his boys, had a weekly income of £8. Suddenly they lost their employment, and in a fortnight the family was without a sixpence. I am given to understand that the wages of single workmen very often amount to £8., and even £10. per week. Of course, so large a sum must be made up either by overtime or piece work, but I know workmen of a certam class who regularly earn from fifteen to twenty shillings per day, and many are paid at the rate of £2. and £3. per week.

In the Millwall Ironworks and Ship-building yard, which stands in the very centre of my district, nearly 4,000 men and boys are employed. This factory, which is not only the largest in the island, but also I believe in the world, is the centre of much ungodliness. Men from various parts of the United Kingdom are to be found in it. Some particular shires are more largely represented in it than others, and these happen to be not the more cultivated. The amount of blasphemy, swearing, and profanity, which is spoken within it, is, I am told by the more God-fearing men, truly awful. Religion and religious professors are held in the utmost contempt. It is a furnace of persecution for any who have the hardihood to take a decided stand for Christ. They soon become known all over the works, and wherever they go they are scoffed at and dubbed with the most insulting names. Every temptation which human ingenuity, aided by devilish cunning, can suggest, is tried to make religious professors break through their consistency, and should they fall but once before a temptation, farewell to their peace and comfort ever afterwards. One man recently told me that every form of persecution had been tried to make him fall; and, as a last temptation, his fellow-workman put more work on him than he was able to bear. This, however, also failed, for the man wrought to the serious peril of his health, in order to triumph, and he did so. And I thank God he still stands.

There are two things in which the men in this locality generally agree. 1st. In their utter disregard of God and His claims; and 2nd, in their morbid love of unmanly sports and brutal exhibitions. As to the first, all shades of scepticism exist; as to the second, every available opportunity for giving proof of it is shown. At the recent execution of the five unfortunate men at Newgate, so many of the men were present as to necessitate the suspension of many of the others for the day. On the evenings on which the men are paid, as well as the succeeding evening,

their instincts are developed by rows, and rounds of fighting taking place, at which knives are sometimes brandished. Even Sunday witnesses a continuation of these disgraceful scenes. I remember seeing, during one Sunday afternoon, three separate fights on the same spot. Instead of making any attempt to separate the combatants, the people around goaded them on, and if one of them should be too drunk to stand steadily on his own legs, some one would be found to hold him up until the other dashed upon him. No person, more feeling than the others, ordinarily interferes; if he does so, he is most likely to receive more than he bargained for. Social family relations are held in light esteem, and the most sacred affinities between man and wife are treated as excellent jokes. Men, who have not yet brought their wives to the locality, frequently pass themselves off as single, and men who want to get rid of their wives, and banish them from the locality, give out to their mates that they are living unlawfully together; and what course is left to the astonished and unfortunate wife then, but to seek, at least for a time, if the means of proving her husband's statement a falsehood be not at hand, to hide her face? Sometimes men may be seen striking their wives before the public gaze, and even more brutal still, attempting to strike them with their feet when the women are down.—*City Missionary's Report.*

THE APOLOGY.

A RECITATION.

The glass you offer, I with thanks, decline.
Thanks, for your kindness. Neither ale, nor wine,
Nor fiery spirit, I'll accept from thee,
As proof of cordial hospitality.
I value not the less your generous mind;
And, lest you think me churlish, or unkind,
Will give the reason; and am certain you
Must then approve the act, and reason too.

I dare not taste! there's danger in the drink!
To me, it seems like standing on the brink
Of that dark precipice whence thousands fell,
Whose fearful histories I have studied well.
Men of repute for genius: education:
Religious teachers: rulers of the nation.
These stood as firm as we stand, in our day,
And yet they lost their balance. Who can say
But we, like those whose ruin we thus see,
From the same cause may find like misery?

Do I mistrust myself? you ask—I do!
And yet I know myself as strong as you
In mind, and will; my self-respect as high:
And, I am sure this fact you'll not deny,
That it requires much firmness to withstand
That which is offered by your liberal hand.
It proves not mental-weakness that I've signed
The Temperance pledge. It needs a constant mind
To resist temptation from the friend we prize:
Not friendship's offering can a friend despise.
And, here, the pledge a shield is, a defence
To resist temptation. For on what pretence
Can a true friend, then, urge that thing on me
Which compromises honour?
Thus you see,
The Temperance pledge gives power to self-denial,
And strength for conflict in the day of trial.
From custom's thraldom it thus sets me free:
And this, to you, is my apology.

LIFE BEHIND THE SCENES.

Wall, the prompter, who was useful on the stage, happened one evening to play the *Duke* in the tragedy of "Othello," having previously given directions to a girl of all work who attended on the wardrobe, to bring him a gill of the best whisky. Not wishing to go out,as the evening was wet, the girl employed a little boy, who happened to be standing about, to execute the commission, and the little fellow (no person being present to stop him), without considering the impropriety of such an act, coolly walked on to the stage, and delivered his message—the state of affairs at this ridiculous juncture being exactly as follows:—The Senate was assembled, and the speaker was—

Brabantio. So did I yours: Good, your grace, pardon me;
Neither my place, nor aught I heard of business,
Hath raised me from my bed; nor doth the general care
Take hold of me; for my particular grief
Is of so floodgate and o'erbearing nature,
That it engluts and swallows other sorrows,
And is still itself.

Duke. Why, what's the matter?

Here the little boy walked on to the stage, with a pewter gill-stoup, and thus delivered himself:— "It's jist the whusky, Mr. Walls; and I couldna get ony at fourpence, so yer awn the landlord a penny; and he says it's time you was payin' what's down i' the book." The roars of laughter which followed are indescribable, and I daresay the scene will long remain stereotyped in the recollection of all who witnessed it.—*Glimpses of Real Life.*

THE GLASS OF BITTERS.

By the Rev. THEODORE CUYLER.

The prodigious increase of tippling under medical prescription (the patient generally being his own doctor), calls for attention. Thousands who would be ashamed to be seen tippling at a bar are not ashamed to swallow daily draughts of bitters, or to prescribe porter, Madeira, and even cognac for their dinner tables—all "for a weak stomach." Is nothing else weak about them?

Clergymen and all sedentary professional men are in especial danger of enslavement when they call in the treacherous assistance of alcohol as a tonic. The eloquent Dr. K———, whose discourses on the sufferings of Christ were never surpassed for melting pathos, delivered those very discourses under stimulation from the wine cup. This was fifty years ago; before the temperance reform had taught such as him their peril. His ally overmastered him; but God brought this excellent man to repentance and reformation before his lamented death.

Should alcoholic drinks be ever used medicinally? Our answer is that when so used a man had best never be his own physician. His teaspoon is apt to grow into a tablespoon; his wineglass grows insensibly into a tumbler, and then into a brimming goblet, which "biteth at the last like a serpent and stingeth like an adder." A wise physician may sometimes use alcohol to save life, just as he might use opium; but I doubt if a wise physician would ever use it when any other remedy will answer the purpose. How can he know that he is not feeding a latent appetite that will yet destroy his patient? One of the most eminent civilians of America whom the bottle has destroyed, fell into intemperance under medical prescription. He had been an abstainer until middle life; he was then recommended to use wine as a daily tonic after recovery from a weakening disease; his ally became his conqueror. Lord Macaulay indicates the secret of the younger Pitt's enslavement to the bottle, by telling us that port wine was freely administered to him in early youth as a medicine.

LOVE WITHOUT WISDOM.

"What is wrong, Philip; why are you not taking something?" This was addressed by a mother to her third son, at a party assembled at her house. The company, after supper, had had placed before them a liberal supply of intoxicating drinks. The mother had seen her son not partaking of anything; she had come round to where he was sitting, and touching him on the arm, whispered these words to him.

"Nothing is wrong," said he, "but I don't want anything." "Not want anything," said the mother; "why not; are you not well?" "I am quite well," he replied, "but I shall take nothing to-night." The mother, apparently both astonished and displeased, went back to her seat. About an hour after, she returned, and in a tone of entreaty said, "What will the company think, Philip? you are certainly not giving them a very

welcome reception; can you not make yourself like the rest, and take a little?" Instantly he turned round, and with a look which indicated great firmness and considerable vexation, but no disrespect, he said, "Do not trouble me any more, mother, on that subject." The writer of this tract, being next to Philip at the table, was the unwilling witness of this interview between mother and son.

Now, what had been the experience of this family in regard to strong drink? That mother had already lost two sons by drink. She had been a widow ten years; a daughter and three sons were at home, and two sons "were not." The sad career of each of these may be described in a few words. Eight years before this, the eldest son was in a good situation in a counting-house in Edinburgh. He possessed superior abilities, and had excellent prospects. The father on his death-bed, had given the charge of the family to him. "John," he had said, "you must do what you can to fill my place in the house when I am gone; be kind to your poor mother, and take good care of your sister and brothers." These words, uttered in such solemn circumstances, had impressed John's heart for a time;—and well had he obeyed. But, alas! by and by they had been forgotten. Strong drink has brought many sons to disregard their father's dying commands, and such was its influence on him. So completely was he brought under its power, that for the love of it he utterly neglected his mother and sister and brothers, gave up all his former associates, and lost his good name! His duties at the office became but imperfectly performed. His employers marked the change. In the strongest terms they both entreated and threatened. It was of no use. Promises were made by him but to be broken; resolutions formed only to be followed by deeper plunges into vice! Dreading that his employers were contemplating parting with him, and experiencing a pinch for money, he was guilty of embezzlement to a considerable extent, and then disappeared. For four years his mother could hear nothing of him. At length an acquaintance of the family met him in a foreign country, and sent word that he was living there as he had done at home. In fifteen months after, the mother received an intimation of his death.

The other son, the second in the family, had been a traveller for a commercial house. He had married a member of a family somewhat above his own in worldly position. They had two daughters. For several years after their union, their home had been filled with sunshine—their hearts with happiness. But he was at length overcome by the temptations which met him in business. From different quarters of the country reports about his intemperance and negligence reached the ear of his employer. He lost his situation. He got another as a salesman, but lost it too by the same cause. The next situation he obtained was much inferior. He was now on that sliding scale, down which many a young man goes to ruin. Every change is one for the worse,—every step is one downward; the next employment received is more menial than the former; and the general appearance gradually becomes the more indicative of poverty and vice! It was so with him. Thus he descended, till employment was lost altogether. Then, in that meanness to which

drink can bring even a noble heart, he permitted himself to be supported by her he had sworn, but a few years before, to cherish and protect. The little handiwork his wife had learned in youth—never dreaming that she and those dear to her would yet be dependent on it for daily bread—now stood her in good stead. To work in a drunkard's home, and to support a drunkard's family, was her task, and nobly she did it. But soon under the hard work and a heavy heart her health gave way, and she was laid in an early grave! Left to his own resources, the husband again sought employment and found it. For three or four months he remained steady; and hopes were entertained that his wife's death had brought him to see the folly and cruelty of the life he had led. But he gave way again; and after several fits of hard drinking, died raving in delirium!

Such had been the influence of drink in this family; and when I saw the son that night refusing to touch or taste, I fancied it was the thought of this that was at work in his mind. I thought that memory was bringing up the past with its bitter experiences, and that under the influence of these a brother's heart had come to resolve to shun that which had so deeply injured those who were gone. My surmises proved correct. Philip afterwards became a member of the Temperance Society! and more than once has he told me that that night, in the midst of the party's glee, the remembrance of John and William had come into his mind, and that when the drink was set on the table, the thought occurred to him that *that* had killed them. So completely did this idea get possession of his mind, that it produced violent emotions in his breast. In his imaginings he actually thought he saw his brothers' blood upon the glass, and heard their voice of warning coming to him from it! Under the power f such thoughts and feelings as these, no wonder he acted as he did.

His conduct is easily understood; but how shall we account for the mother's? When I saw her urging her third son to touch the intoxicating cup before him, I could scarcely refrain from exclaiming—Foolish woman! you have lost two sons already by strong drink, and is that not enough? Will you do what you can to lose a third?

Was her heart really destitute of love? Far otherwise. She was naturally a kind-hearted woman, and often had she shewn herself a loving-hearted mother! Grief for her two sons had made deep furrows on her brow. Even that night, an observing eye might have discovered that her wounded heart was far from healed. And her third son she loved most ardently; indeed, it was love for him that led her to urge his partaking of the drink. She just wished to see him happy like the rest. *But it was love without wisdom!* Her past experience had been well fitted to teach her a lesson, but that lesson she had not learned. There was peril in the cup, but her eye was yet blind to it. She had not come to see that drink had been the murderer of her children! She blamed her sons—she blamed the companions that had helped to lead them astray—but she did not blame the drink. In her father's house and in her own it had been regularly used!—she had ever been accustomed to regard it as necessary for enjoyment, and her own history, sad though it was, had not

dispelled the delusion. Her affection was as strong as ever; but it continued to shew itself, in this matter at least, without the guidance of wisdom.

Is she alone? Are there not many mothers in our country who, though with one son ruined by drink, yet place it on their tables before the other members of their families and ask them to partake of it? In India, a few months ago, a little infant was sleeping in its cot; the attendant incautiously left the door open—a wolf entered, and carried the child away. That wolf, since the hour the terrible truth was known, has been before the mind of the agonized mother by night and by day. In her love, she keeps her other children nearer to her side; and in her wisdom, always now sees the door closed at night herself. Our sympathy for her is mingled with admiration! Drink is worse than that wolf. The wolf but killed the body, but drink kills both soul and body! And yet many a mother whose son is ruined by drink, still keeps it on her table, and puts it now and then to the lips of her other children! In this case, our sympathy is mingled with amazement.

Is she alone? How many thousands of mothers countenance the intoxicating cup, though they know the injury it has wrought in the families of their neighbours! It may have done no evil as yet within their own households, but is it not wisdom to learn from the experience of others as well as from our own? Ah, our own often comes when it is too late! What has taken a son or a daughter from one fireside may do it from another. The constitutions of children in their general features are the same. Among a given number who are taught to drink, the history of the past declares that a given number shall fall! Of what family, or of which member of a family, this shall be true, no one can tell; but is it not wise to remember the fact, and to be influenced by it?

Mothers, think what your children may become by intoxicating drink! That innocence you now see in them, and in which you delight, may be supplanted by deep guilt—that mirth by misery—that rosy countenance by the bloated face of the drunkard! An immortal destiny is before them, but drink may make it one of blackness and woe! Surely, whoever puts danger in their way, it should not be a mother. They will encounter sufficient peril in the world without *your* adding to it. The Bible—reason—maternal affection—all demand that they be led in the way of safety by you. Should *your* eye not be quick in detecting danger? Should *your* voice not be earnest in pointing it out! Teach them to shun drink—teach them to hate it. Send them out into the world *abstainers*. If you do, they will probably honour you and bring gladness to your hearts; and if they fall through the pernicious influence of others, they will not be able to say, as many have been, that it was a mother's voice and a mother's hand that led them on in the path which has brought them to ruin! The evils of drinking are written in letters of blood on many a hearth. Take care lest you write them on your own! There is no want of love in your hearts—nature has put it there—but see that it be not blind love. Let it be guided by that lesson which the effects of the drinking customs everywhere are fitted to teach you. In everything—but, oh! especially in this—ever seek to add wisdom to a mother's love!

LESSONS ON A JOURNEY.

By the Rev. G. W. M'CREE.

I have been on a tour. Railways, gigs, horses, steamers, and rolling rivers have done me service. Loving words and children's kisses have been my welcome. Ah! but the contrasts I have met with—let me tell about them.

Travelling in a third-class carriage—I see life there—I found myself seated beside a round, jolly, florid-faced man who told me that he was a sub-contractor, under Mr. Brassey, the eminent railway engineer, and was then returning from France to see his family.

"Do you employ Englishmen only on your work?" I asked.

"I have English, French, and Belgians," was the reply.

"Which do you find the best workmen?"

"Oh! the English. Some of them get three times as much money as any of the others."

"Do they save much?"

"Not a penny, sir. They drink it all. Brandy is cheap, and they are always getting drunk. Some of the men spend most of their money by the middle of the week. Now the Belgians don't do that. They are sober men, and take care of their money. They work hard, save all they can during summer, go home in the winter, build a house, put their old parents or their wives into it, come back in the summer, make some more money, go home and build another house, and so on for a few years; and then we see no more of them."

"Why?"

"Because they have got a house, a garden, a few fields, and can do without working for me."

"And how about the English workmen?" I enquired.

"Lord bless you, sir, they drink all their money, and after working hard for years, and getting high wages too, they land at Dover without a shilling."

What a contrast! The Belgian going home to a new house, a smiling wife, a garden full of fruits and flowers, green pastures and fields of corn, and the Briton landing at Dover with nothing but a bundle of clothes in a blue cotton handkerchief, a pack of cards, and an old pipe. Glorious Briton!

During a visit to a famous market-town in the north, I spent a short time in the house of a tradesman. Looking around me I saw elegant furniture, a table spread with books, a comely wife, smiling children, and a blazing fire casting a ruddy glow upon the soft carpet. Before me sat my host—a frank, prosperous, intelligent man. Observing my eyes fixed upon a beautiful painting—a study of cattle—hung over the fire-place, he said:

"That's a specimen of my work, and if you will come with me I will shew you some more."

I followed him into another room, and had the pleasure of feasting my eyes on twenty admirable productions of his pencil.

"How do you manage," I said, "to attend to your business, your family, and your philanthropic pursuits, and paint all these fine pictures?"

"Oh!" said he, "I do them in my *spare time!*"

It is needless to remark that my host does not drink wine. His genius can be brilliant without such aid.

Here is a contrast!

"Look at that man coming across the market-place," said a friend to me. I did so. He was a pale, worn, tottering young man. Dressed in dirty linen, an old pilot coat, greasy trousers, and shabby shoes, he shumbled along leaning upon a stick.

"That young man," said my friend, "is the son of one of our richest merchants. He was in the firm, but having become a drunkard, and wasted his money, he is now what you see—a ruined man!"

Ah! thought I, as he crawled past, what a difference there is between spending spare time in painting pictures, and spending it in drinking wine. Who does not know that wine is the bane of artist-life?

Standing in the Court-house of a large town, I saw a man who was charged with having indulged in the twin luxuries of the British brute, namely, drunkenness and wife-beating.

"I have been his wife for twenty years, gentlemen," said his wife to the magistrates, "and during that time he has given himself to drinking. When he is drunk he calls me infamous names, beats me, and threatens my life."

"What do you say to the charge?" asked a venerable magistrate.

"I was in liquor," replied the British brute.

"Gentlemen!" said the wife, "something should be done to *debar* him from getting liquor."

Aye! said I to myself, that woman has hit upon the Maine Law. She never heard of moral suasion, legislative enactments, and the liberty of the subject. Poor thing! twenty years of sorrow have kept her in darkness, but she has felt enough to know that it is wrong that men should be allowed to grow rich and great by selling drinks which make her husband a British brute. And is she not *right?*

"How much a week do you make?" said the presiding magistrate.

"Twenty-six shillings."

"How much of that do you allow your wife as a separate maintenance?"

"Three!" said the British brute.

"You are a selfish fellow! You must pay her six shillings weekly, and promise not to molest her. And besides this, you must pay eleven shillings and costs."

"Aint got no money."

"Then you must go to prison," and to prison the British brute went.

In the same town and on the evening of the same day a working man reverently entered the house of God. A friend of his—that person sitting beside him—told me his history:—

"That man," said he, "can make thirty shillings per week. He has been a great drunkard. His life was of such a shocking character that his wife could not live with him, and went to reside at G——, when she

got work at a mill. Soon after she left him, her daughter—a mere girl—forsook her father's house and became an abandoned prostitute. She actually decoyed her sister—a child and no more—away from home, took her to N——, and offered her to a woman who keeps a brothel. Happily the woman would not have the child, and she was sent back to her father. Well, he grew so wicked that he got a knife, sharpened it, and said he would go to G——, find his wife, and do a deed the world would hear of. I," said the speaker, "heard of this, went to him, got him to sign the pledge, and persuaded him to attend a place of worship. Well, in two weeks' time, he spent twenty shillings in the purchase of a Bible, and feeling anxious to have his wife home again she has been written to, and there," said he, placing a document in my hand, "is her answer. She is coming!"

"Well," thought I, "if total abstinence were only judged by 'its fruits' instead of by the caricatures of its foes, what would be the verdict?"

The final contrast which came before me was a sad one. I got amongst some wild hills, and in a plain building saw some colliers listening to a temperance lecturer—he was a minister. Near him were another minister and a poor drunkard. Many were signing the pledge. Young and old—rough colliers and pleasant maidens—did so.

"Come, sir," said the poor drunkard to the minister who sat beside him, "Come! If you will sign the pledge, I will."

The minister rose, took his hat, and—walked out!

"Never mind that, my good fellow," said the minister who was enrolling the names in the pledge book, "take care of your own soul. Come and sign."

Kind words have power. Example has force. The drunkard walked up to the table and signed the pledge. Which of those ministers acted most worthily?

Poets sing of 'a good time coming.' Ancient seers have predicted the reign of righteousness. I believe in their visions. We shall have a sober, wise, and holy world. The sins that are shall pass away. Blessed contrast—come!

A JUDGE'S TESTIMONY.

Lord Chief Justice Hale once remarked, "The places of judication, which I have long held in this kingdom, have given me an opportunity to observe the original cause of most of the enormities that have been committed for the space of nearly twenty years; and by a due observation, I have found that, if the murders and manslaughters, the burglaries and robberies, the riots and tumults, the adulteries and other great enormities that have happened in that time, were divided into five parts, four of them have been the issues and product of excessive drinking, or of tavern and ale-house meetings." The proportion is little less at the present time.

ILLUSTRATIONS FOR SPEAKERS.

THE DRUNKARD AND THE MONKEYS.—A rich drunkard kept two monkeys for his sport. One day he looked into his dining-room, where he and his guests had left some wine, and the two had mounted the table, and were helping themselves generously to the wine—jabbering and gesturing, as they had seen their master and his guests. In a little time they exhibited all the appearance of drunken men. First they were merry, and jumped about, but soon they got to fighting on the floor, and tearing out one another's hair. The drunkard stood in amazement. "What!" said he, "is this a picture of myself? Do the brutes rebuke me?" It so affected his mind, that he resolved he would never drink another drop. And from that day he was never known to be any other than a sober and a happy man.

GOOD REASON FOR SOBRIETY.—A gentleman on entering a stage coach, rubbing his head, with a yawn said, "My head aches dreadfully; I was very drunk last night." A person affecting surprise, replied, "Drunk, sir! what! do you get drunk?" "Yes," said he, "and so does every one at times, I believe. I have no doubt but you do." "No, sir!" he replied, "I do not." "What! never?" "No, never; and amongst other reasons I have for it, one is, I never find, being sober, that I have too much sense; and I am loath to lose what little I have." This remark put an end to the conversation.

LAW OF PITTACUS.—By one of the laws of Pittacus, one of the seven wise men of Greece, every fault committed by a person when intoxicated, was deemed worthy of a double punishment.

"THERE GOES A TEETOTALER!"—A Drunkard assailed a Washingtonian, but could only say, "There goes a teetotaler!" The gentleman waited until the crowd had collected, and then turning upon the drunkard said, "There stands a drunkard!—Three years ago he had a sum of 800 dollars, now he cannot produce a penny. I know he cannot. I challenge him to do it, for if he had a penny he would be at a public-house. There stands a drunkard, and here stands a teetotaler, with a purse full of money, honestly earned and carefully kept. There stands a drunkard! —Three years ago he had a watch, a coat, shoes, and decent clothes; now he has nothing but rags upon him, his watch is gone, and his shoes afford free passage to the water. There stands a drunkard, and here stands a teetotaler, with a good hat, good shoes, good clothes, and a good watch, all paid for. Yes, here stands a teetotaler! And now, my friends, which has the best of it?" The bystanders testified their approval of the teetotaler by loud shouts, while the crest-fallen drunkard slunk away, happy to escape further castigation.

THE LITTLE BOY THAT DIED.

I am all alone in my chamber now,
And the midnight hour is near;
And the faggot's crack and the clock's dull tick
Are the only sounds I hear.

And over my soul, in its solitude,
Sweet feelings of sadness glide;
For my heart and my eyes are full when I think
Of the little boy that died.

I went one night to my father's house—
Went home to the dear ones all—
And softly I opened the garden gate,
And softly the door of the hall.
My mother came out to meet her son;
She kissed me, and then she sighed,
And her head fell on my neck, and she wept
For the little boy that died.

I shall miss him when the flowers come
In the garden where he played;
I shall miss him more by the fireside,
When the flowers have all decayed.
I shall see his toys, and his empty chair,
And the horse he used to ride;
And they will speak, with a silent speech,
Of the little boy that died.

I shall see his little sister again,
With her playmates about the door;
And I'll watch the children in their sports,
As I never did before;
And if, in the group, I see a child
That's dimpled and laughing-eyed,
I'll look to see if it may not be
The little boy that died.

We shall all go home to our father's house—
To our father's house in the skies,
Where the hope of our souls shall have no blight,
Our love no broken ties;
We shall roam on the banks of the river of peace,
And bathe in its blissful tide;
And one of the joys of our heaven shall be—
The little boy that died.

GLEANINGS.

A Novel Cure.—A rich man sent to call a physician for a slight disorder. The physican felt his pulse, and said, "Do you eat well?" "Yes," said the patient. "Do you sleep well?" "I do." "Then," said the physician, "I shall give you something to take away *all that!*"

Old Age.—Few people really die through gradual failure of the functions of life. Even the oldest, like young people, die mostly of special diseases. Nine-tenths die of bronchitis, diseased heart, diseased liver, diseased bladder, diarhœa, and a wearing senile fever, which is apt in old people to be the issue of an attack of almost any acute disease. An observant physician seldom sees his patient truly die of the decay of old age. I can safely say that I have hitherto seen only one man die in that way.—*Professor Christison.*

A Joke from Punch.—Since the introduction of Mr. Lawson's bill, our facetious contemporary has given several proofs of our progress. His attentions we always welcome as evidence of the importance the question is assuming. In his last issue he gives the following:—Lawson and Liquors.—Admired *Punch*, this world affords me no enjoyment much greater than that of a glass of strong beer, imbibed in the course of a good long walk, at the bar of a decent, well-conducted public-house. In an establishment of this description, the other day, on such an occasion, whilst I was recruiting my frame with that refreshment, a member of the working classes excited my curiosity by asking the landlord officiating at the tap for a go of 'Lawson,' whereupon mine host served him with a quantity of some kind of spirit. "Lawson!" I exclaimed; "dear me, what is Lawson?" The working man grinned, and the landlord replied: "Gin, sir. They calls gin 'Lawson' now, sir, 'cept o' Sundays, and then they calls it 'Somes.' Brandy they calls 'Trevelyan,' and rum 'Harvey,' and whiskey they calls 'Pope'—Irish whiskey; and Scotch, 'Forbes Mackenzie.' Then there's different kinds o' beer sir; Burton they calls 'Band of Hope,' and Kennet, 'United Kingdom Alliance.'" "Well, to be sure!" said I, "and I shouldn't wonder if they were, by-and-by, to call sherry-cobbler, 'Harrington,' and mint-julep, 'Heyworth,' and brandy-smash, 'Jabez Burns,' and timber-doodle, 'Canon Jenkins,' after the names of the Alliance's leading members." "Yes sir," said the landlord, "and werry likely they'll give the name of 'Dean Close' to punch." "Indeed," I replied, "I think that extremely probable; or perhaps they'll make the dean a bishop; and it appears to me a subject of regret that the industrious orders should be provoked, by injudicious agitation, to associate, out of bravado, respectable and reverend names with liquors, which however salubrious in moderate quantities, are, when partaken of in excess, intoxicating." "'Tis werry lamentable, sir," said the landlord, "isn't it?"—Yours affectionately, Ambulator.

Discipline.—One of the first things a soldier has to do, is to harden himself against heat and cold. He must inure himself to bear violent changes. In like manner, they who enter into public life begin by drilling their sensitiveness to praise and blame. He who cannot turn his back on the one, and face the other, will probably be beguiled by his favourite, or letting his enemy come behind him, and wound him when off his guard. Let him keep a firm footing, and beware of being lifted up, remembering that this is the commonest trick by which wrestlers throw their antagonists. Never put much confidence in such as put no confi-

dence in others. A man prone to suspect evil, is mostly looking in his neighbours for what he sees in himself. As to the pure all things are pure, even so to the impure all things are impure. The full assurance of faith, always attended with the full assurance of hope, never fails to be productive of perfect love, even the love that casteth out fear. There are persons who would lie prostrate on the ground, if their vanity or their pride did not hold them up. Misers are the greatest spendthrifts: and spendthrifts often end in becoming the greatest misers. Principle gives birth to the rule: the motive may justify the exception. Jesus Christ "saves to the uttermost" of life, to the uttermost of sin, and to the uttermost extremity of the earth.

A Candid Mind.—There is nothing sheds so fine a light upon the human mind as candour. It was called whiteness by the ancients, for its purity; and it has always won the esteem due to the most admirable of the virtues. However little sought for or practised, all do to it the homage of their praise, and all feel the power and charm of its influence. The man whose opinions make the deepest mark upon his fellow man, whose influence is the most lasting and efficient, whose friendship is instinctively sought where all others have proved faithless, is not the man of brilliant parts, or flattering tongue, or splendid genius, or commanding power; but he whose lucid candour and ingenious truth transmit the heart's real feelings pure and without refraction. There are other qualities which are more showy, and other traits that have a higher place in the world's code of honour, but none wear better, or gather less tarnish by use, or claim a deeper homage in that silent reverence which the mind must pay to virtue.—*Green Leaves.*

THE RISE OF POOR BOYS.

The Rev. J. P. Norris, who has for many years been one of Her Majesty's Inspectors of Schools, gives instances from schools inspected by him in Staffordshire, Salop, and Cheshire, to show what a mistake it is to suppose that no career is open to the sons of agricultural labourers in England. In a list of boys from the national school of a parish in Shropshire, all of them sons of labourers, there is one who at twenty-two has become under station-master at an important county town at £60. a year, a situation he got by examination; two others are railway guards; several are in business for themselves and doing well; one is an engineer at Woolwich with £2. a week; one has been promoted in only two years to be a sergeant in the Guards; one is a clerk in the London Post-office; three are certificated schoolmasters in charge of schools; one is a schoolmaster in Cape town, preparing for holy orders. From another school Mr. Norris instances three sons of one of the poorest cottagers: one is in the employ of a steel company at 50s. a week, one farms 160 acres, the other is an hotel-keeper and farmer. Others from this school are farmers or in trade, one is a butler at a manor-house, one is the certificated master of a London school, one has been fifteen years in the same office, is collector of the vicarial tithes, and holds a good position. At a school in

Staffordshire the son of a drunken forge labourer, often obliged to work all night for his father, who was on a drinking bout, carried off a prize against great competition; his course has been ever upwards, and now at twenty-one he is manager and part proprietor of the works on which he has been employed. An old schoolmaster writes that he could name nearly a score of his boys who are receiving a greater salary than himself, many of them through his recommendation of them. One was engaged at a brewery, eventually was apprenticed to the firm, is getting a liberal and progressive salary, and at the termination of his apprenticeship his services will be worth from £400. to £500. a year, owing to the acquaintance he has acquired with the qualities of barley and malt. The schoolmaster adds, "My old boys often come to me for advice, and I believe I have more influence over them now, than I had when they were in the school-room. They seem grateful; I feel thankful." Mr. Norris, in thus closing the last report he has to write, suggests that evidence of this kind is more valuable than the statistics on which we are much in the habit of relying.

LOAN SOCIETIES.

Mr. Tidd Pratt's annual abstract of the accounts of loan societies in England and Wales shows a constantly lengthening list. These societies are now 758 in number. At the close of the year 1859 he had to report on societies with £293,005 in borrowers' hands; at the close of 1863 the societies in the list just issued had £473,985. out on loan. Loans were made by them in 1863 to 172,850 persons, and the amount circulated in the year was £802,269. The societies received £54,370. for interest, and charges for forms of application and for making inquiries; and the expense of management was £20,266. The sum of £28,402. was paid for interest to depositors or shareholders, and there was left a net profit of £7,969. In the year 1863, 15,966 summonses were issued for £33,551., and 1,804 distress warrants; borrowers or their sureties paid £2,805. for costs. Five hundred of these societies are in the metropolis and the suburbs, and the place of business of these London societies is almost invariably a public-house. Some of these societies are upon a very small scale; there are not above ten in all London with £1,000. out on loan. In Lancashire, Cheshire, and Yorkshire, and at Nottingham there are societies on a higher scale, having £3,000., £4,000., and £5,000. in circulation. A loan society at Leeds has above £11,000. out on loan; at Hanley, and also at Birmingham, there is one with £18,000., and one at Longton, Staffordshire, with £20,000.

THE LOST SHIP.

The Neptune carrying 36 men, sailed from Aberdeen, on a fine morning in May, with the fairest prospect of good weather, and a prosperous voyage. About eleven o'clock the wind arose from the east, and swept over the sea with overwhelming violence. In about an hour she was seen standing in, but under such a press of sail as, con-

sidering the gale, astonished all on shore. But on she came, now bounding on the top of the sea, and then almost ingulfed in the foaming cavern. The harbour of Aberdeen is exposed to the east, and formed by a pier on one side, and a breakwater on the other, and so narrow at the entrance as not to admit two large ships abreast. All saw that something was wrong on board. One attempt was made to shorten sail, but the ship was then within a cable's length of the shore, and urged on with an impetuosity which no human power could withstand. The wives and families of the men who were thus hastening to death had assembled near the pier; but all stood in silent horror, broke in a moment by the cry, "she's lost!" as the vessel, lashed on by the tempest, passed to the outer side of the breakwater, and struck with awful violence between two black rugged rocks. The cries of the victims were most horrible. The dreadful crisis had come, and they were lost indeed. A few brave men on shore endeavoured to man the life boat, and take it round the breakwater, but it was unavailing. One heavy sea rolling over the wreck for a moment concealed her, and when the people looked again she was gone! Her crew and timbers were hurled against the rocks, and with the exception of one man, who was washed up and lodged on a projecting edge, none escaped of the 36 who had that morning left the shore in health and spirits. From the man who was saved, the melancholy truth was learnt that the crew were *all intoxicated, and could not manage the vessel.*

Annals of the United Kingdom Band of Hope Union.

THE FETE AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

The Committee of the National Temperance League are making arrangements for a great fête at the Crystal Palace, on Tuesday, August 9th. All the magnificent attractions of the Palace will be made available for the entertainment of the vast multitude expected to assemble on that day.

There will be a display of the whole series of water fountains, a sight which will never be forgotten by those who witness it. It is intended to have a great Temperance meeting in the central transept, which will be addressed by popular advocates. The orchestra will be occupied by 1,500 Children, connected with the United Kingdom Band of Hope Union, who will doubtless entrance the audience. It is intended also to have a grand procession in the grounds, and an Open-Air Temperance Meeting. Bands of music will perform in the Palace and grounds, and the majestic organ will be played at intervals during the day. It is intended by the Band of Hope Union to give a New Testament to each of the Children of the choir, and also, through the kindness of Mr Joseph Livesey, a copy of

his famous "Malt Lecture." We hope this will be the most successful Temperance demonstration ever known in the Metropolis.

THE CONFERENCE PAPERS.

Our friends will be glad to know that the valuable Papers read at the May Conference of the Union, are now very nearly ready. In a few days those friends who have ordered them, may expect to receive them. Although a much larger number have been ordered, than even was anticipated by the Committee, yet as the papers are both practical and likely to be very useful, it is hoped that they will be still more widely circulated.

During the month Mr. G. Blaby has attended and addressed the following meetings:— Denmark Street, twice; Whitfield Chapel, twice; Working Men's Club, Westminster, twice; Cromer Street Chapel; Wandsworth road; Vauxhall Walk Temperance Hall; Victoria Street, Shadwell; Deverell Street; Lansdowne Place; Caledonian Road; Windsor Street, Islington; William Street, Poplar; Spa Fields Sunday Schools; Stafford Street, Peckham; Charlotte Place, Walworth; Trinity Schools, Vauxhall Road; Little Denmark Street, Ragged Schools; Mission Hall, Moor Street, Five Dials; Meadow Row, New Kent Road; St. James's Walk, Clerkenwell, and Amicable Row, Kent Street, Boro'; he has also preached six sermons, and addressed three Sunday Schools.

Mr. William Bell has during the last month visited meetings as follows:—Peel Grove, Bethnal Green; Mercers Street, Shadwell, twice; Duck Lane, Westminster, twice; George Yard, Whitechapel, twice; Little Denmark Street; Fitzroy Hall, Fitzroy Square; Kettering; Kennington Park; Albion Hall, London Wall; Slough; Newington Causeway; St. James's Walk; Hawkeston Hall, twice; Whetstone; Waterloo Street, Camberwell; Calthorpe Street, Gray's Inn Road; Mission Hall, Moor Street, Five Dials; Union Hall, Bishopsgate, twice.

Mr. Frederic Smith has been attending rehearsals of the children who are to sing at the Crystal Palace, on August 9th, every evening during the month.

Bristol.—The Rev. G. W. M'Cree lectured on "Lights and Shades of Life in London," in the Broadmead Rooms, on July 4th, when Robert Charleton, Esq. presided. The audience paid for admission, and the local press spoke highly of the lecture. On the 5th about 60 ladies and gentlemen met Mr. M'Cree at tea in the Tailors' Hall, Broad Street, and listened with great attention to an address on the "Present Condition of the Band of Hope Movement." Henry Wethered, Esq., presided. A public meeting was then held in Counterslip Chapel, (the Rev. Mr. Maeinaster presiding), when Mr. M'Cree lectured to a large audience, on "Parents and Children."

Chippenham.—On Saturday, July 10th, the Chippenham Band of Hope festival was celebrated. The members, to the number of 300, meeting in the Causeway at two o'clock, from whence, at half-past two,

they marched, headed by the Road fife and drum band, to the Temperance Hall, where, after singing melodies, and some very creditable performances by the fife and drum band, eliciting much applause from the children, they were regaled with a bountiful tea; after which, at half-past four, they were marched to Blackhorse Field (kindly lent for the occasion by Mr. Rixon), where various games had been provided for their amusement, cricket, archery, footballs, swings, &c. Some beautiful working models were exhibited. Between eleven and twelve hundred persons availed themselves of this opportunity of visiting the field, a charge of one penny towards defraying the expenses having been made. At a quarter to nine the band, who by their excellent performances had been enlivening the proceedings at various intervals during the evening, now struck up the National Anthem, on which signal the parties assembled quietly retired from the field, having, to all appearance, enjoyed themselves with great zest for about four hours without the aid of alcoholic beverages.

Christ Church, Chelsea.—Three interesting meetings—a combination of adults and children—were held on three consecutive Thursdays, May 26th, June 2nd, and June 9th, under the presidency of the Rev. W. W. Robinson, M.A. Incumbent. Fifteen of the former, and one hundred and thirty of the latter, (since increased to one hundred and fifty-five) took the pledge. The Rev. G. W. M'Cree, and the following speakers ably addressed the audience, viz., Mr. Hewitt, an abstainer of twenty-eight years standing, now in his seventy-fourth year, and Messrs. W. Robson, W. Bell, Kilpatrick, T. O. Chapman, and F. Smith, as deputations from the Band of Hope Union. The proceedings were commenced as usual, with singing, prayer, and a portion of God's word, and the speeches were interspersed with striking anecdotes and frequent allusions to spiritual subjects: so that if any were present who neglect the house of God, they heard of salvation through Jesus Christ alone, and were exhorted to attain it, by earnest prayer for the powerful influence of the Holy Spirit.

Darlington.—Under the auspices of the Darlington Temperance Society, the Rev. G. W. M'Cree (hon. secretary of the United Kingdom Band of Hope Union, London) delivered two excellent lectures on Tuesday and Thursday evenings, June 22nd and 23rd, in the Mechanics' Hall, to very large audiences. On Tuesday evening, the subject of the lecture was, "Parents and their Children." The Rev. T. Holme, vicar of East Cowton, occupied the chair. The lecturer recommended parents to send their boys to works where it was known the men were generally sober, and referred to the fact that there were "sober" trades and "drunken" trades. On Thursday evening the subject was "Lights and Shadows of Life in London," when the Rev. Marmakuke Miller took the chair. The hall was crowded to excess, and the Rev. lecturer handled his subject in a masterly style.—*Local Paper.*

East Cowton.—On Wednesday the 22nd of June, the village of East Cowton assumed a very gay and bustling appearance; at 4 o'clock nearly 400 persons partook of tea in a tent provided by the Society. After tea a public meeting was held, presided over by the esteemed president of

the Society, the Rev. T. Holme, who in a very affectionate manner invited his hearers to adopt the temperance principles. Messrs. Dakyn and Johnson next addressed the meeting. The chairman then called upon the Rev. G. W. M'Cree, who in a thrilling speech, pointed out the folly and misery attending the degrading habits of those who indulge in drink.

East London Temperance Association, Peel-Grove Hall, Bethnal-Green.—During the past few weeks large and attentive audiences have much encouraged the committee of this association in their efforts to build up a "faithful Temperance band." Mr. W. Bell, of the Band of Hope Union, gave three stirring lectures on the 9th, 16th, and 23rd of June, to good assemblies. On Monday, the 27th, the Rev. R. M. Johnson, gave an interesting lecture to a large assembly. On the 30th, Mr. S. Sims, of Greenwich, gave a good practical address, which was well received. On the 4th inst. the hall was crowded to hear an oration from Mr. John De Fraine, who was loudly applauded. On the 7th Mr. Joseph Bormond gave an eloquent lecture, which was well received. On Saturday evenings music holds its sway to increasing and appreciative audiences.

Fitzroy Hall.—Dear Sir,—We were well pleased with Mr. Bell's addresses on June 30th. The early one to the children engaged their attention, and met with their hearty approval. The address to the adults at eight o'clock was still better; he well proved "that Temperance men were the friends of all, and the enemies of none." At both portions of the evening there was a good attendance, and both companies were equally delighted.

J. P. Draper.

A PLEASANT LETTER.

8, Carlton Road, Mile End, 24th June, 1864.

My Dear Sir,—I think you will be very much pleased with the spirit which has taken place since your kind appeal, and with such earnestness, few could but feel impressed.

They considered that my having for three years carried it on so successfully, that the time had arrived to relieve me from some of the labour; therefore they commenced their first meeting of their fourth year, by choosing a President, Vice President, 22 years total abstainer, Treasurer, Secretary, and Committee consisting of twelve.

They also, I find, have passed resolutions—to have immediately a pledge book—all above 14 years of age to sign, without requiring Band of Hope Certificates. I have had made for them a very nice cupboard, so as to induce them to get a nice library, as also to contribute a small sum weekly for other purposes, so that with the continuance of divine favour every blessing will be abundantly bestowed.

Your *Record*, Melodies, Pledge Cards, &c. &c., I will bring under their notice, if you send me any copies that you consider most useful, and I hope in time they will testify their zeal in the cause.

Twenty tickets for the Palace will not be sufficient, as I always average twenty-three for Mr. S. and E. Hall.

Yours respectfully,

The Rev. G. W. M'Cree. W. Brown.

Kettering.—Mr. W. Bell preached two very good sermons here on Sunday, July 3rd, to attentive congregations. Mr. Bell is always well received here, and has made himself many friends among all classes, drinkers as well as teetotalers.

Kettlewell. — On the 16th of June, the annual festival of the Kettlewell Temperance Society, was held under the most propitious circumstances, when there was a large gathering from the thickly inhabited part of the neighbourhood. The tent was pitched on a piece of table ground in that mountainous and romantic district. The brass band of the village, followed by a large number of the Band of Hope children, formed an interesting sight as they winded up the hill, animated by the cheering strains of music.

One Tun Band of Hope, Westminster.—In regard to a recent visit of Mr. Bell to two meetings in connection with the above, and the Working Men's Club, Miss A. M. Cooper writes as follows :—" We have to thank you very much for Mr. Bell's kind assistance. His two visits have given great pleasure to all—men, women, and children—and on the occasion of his address last Tuesday to my Band of Hope, I think the Noble Marquis of Westminster, who was on the platform, and remained all the evening till the meeting was over, was as much pleased as any one. We have now a Temperance Meeting at the Club, every Tuesday evening, and the Members of the Temperance Society have hinted to me, that should you have any evening disengaged for Mr. Bell, how glad they would be to see him again."

Reeth.—On Tuesday 28th of June, a Temperance Festival was held at Reeth, at which 1000 adults and the same number of children sat down to tea. The most remarkable and the most pleasing feature of this festival was the procession of 1000 children upwards of 900 of whom were members of the Band of Hope attached to various societies in that district. G. A. Robinson, Esq. president of the Society, has succeeded by his kindness and indefatigable efforts, in winning over so numerous a band of youthful teetotalers in that romantic but sparely inhabited district. We are mistaken if he did not feel a rich reward as he stood up in the midst, while they sang several of their beautiful melodies.

Shadwell Total Abstinence Society, Mercers Street.—On Saturday evening, the 11th of June, Mr. W. Bell delivered, in his accustomed spirit-stirring manner, an excellent lecture on the "The Great Curse of England, its Cause and Cure," which, with the melodies he sang, was well received and applauded by an attentive and delighted audience. His lecture on Saturday evening, June 18th, on "The Light House, and the Life Boat," was attended with very similar success.

Slough.—On Thursday, July 7th, the Slough Band of Hope held their summer festival. This association was commenced about three years since; the number of children believed to be true to the pledge is about [illegible]. On the 7th inst. 170 met together in the British School-room, all [illegible]day trim, with bright faces and light hearts. At two o'clock [illegible] agent of the United Kingdom Band of Hope Union, spoke

to the children, and from the first exercised over them (so to speak) a mesmeric influence, and while they were held waiting at his feet, he related facts and anecdotes illustrating the principle of temperance, at the same time inculcating truths on which the happiness of youth depends, and in a manner so attractive, that we hope the good impression made will long continue. At three o'clock a procession was formed, headed by members of the 5th Bucks Volunteer Rifle Band, and other musicians, who kindly *volunteered* their services; many of the boys carried banners, and nearly all the girls had bouquets of flowers, together forming a pleasing and imposing spectacle as they went through the principal streets. *Everybody* came out to look at them, and numbers of outsiders followed, no doubt, wishing they could share in the festivities of the day. The musicians were supplied with lemonade, and acknowledged, as on former occasions, that it was much better stuff for marching and blowing than the beer with which they were generally regaled. The procession returned to a field, the use of which was kindly granted by the Rev. F. F. Fawkes, and after a short time for play, the children partook of tea and cake. Mr. Bell appeared quite in his element among the children; he was the *Bell* to attract attention, and the *Beau* to engross attention (at least among the girls, to whom perhaps his attention was somewhat partially given,) and on all made that impression, that doubtless on the next anniversary every hand will be held up for Mr. Bell to come. When the children had finished their repast the older friends of temperance had tea in the school-room, after which the public meeting was held, presided over by the Rev. G. Robbins, Congregational minister, who after expressing his pleasure at meeting so many friends, and his earnest hopes for the welfare of the rising race, introduced the Rev. T. Davies, of Wooburn. Mr. Davies spoke forcibly on the advantages and necessity of total abstinence, bringing forward many striking facts which had come under his own notice. Mr. Bell then spoke in a playful and telling manner, advocating temperance, love of home, and the exercise of those kindly feelings between households and neighbours, which so much tend to smooth the path of life, and alleviate its sorrows. The Treasurer and Secretary of the Slough Band of Hope spoke briefly to the parents of the children, and the meeting separated. The day had been remarkably fine, and the whole proceedings were carried out very pleasantly and satisfactorily.

SOUTHWARK.—On Friday July 15th, at the Southwark Temperance Society's Lecture hall, Newington Causeway, Mr. W. Bell, one of the agents of the United Kingdom Band of Hope Union, gave one of his interesting addresses from the subject of "Walks about London, or Dark and Bright Spots of London Life." The subject he used in a masterly manner, making the most prominent feature in his address, the "Bright Spots," and not as some of our lecturers do, put the dark side uppermost before their audience. He also gave some thrilling illustrations of the power of kind words, of the influence of Band of Hope children in their homes, and he most earnestly pleaded for the dear little ones, that they might be trained in the right path, and that they might receive kind words. He

also gave some very interesting details of the good work going forward in the hands of "Bible Women," and earnestly implored all who heard him not to attempt good works without asking the blessing of God upon their efforts. For nearly two hours he kept his audience wrapt in attention, and brought some rough hearts and faces to even weep. He is truly a noble "Bell." Would that there were a few more like him! The Hall was very crowded, and we have much pleasure in saying that whatever time of the year it may be, we have seldom much room to spare. The chair was occupied by Captain Poole, of H. M. 11th Regiment, who had been 11 years a teetotaler. A vote of thanks to Mr. W. Bell and the chairman was moved by Mr. Scott, of Peckham, supported by Mr. R. N. Bailey, and seconded by Mr. Loft, of the Balls Pond Temperance Society, and which was carried with acclamation.

Temperance Fastivals in the Yorkshire Dales.—Few persons are aware, beyond the bounds of the district, what a settled institution temperance *fêtes* have become in the retired and beautiful valleys of Yorkshire, and what a great work of social reform is going on in connection with the temperance movement. Within the last few weeks, four remarkable gatherings have been seen. The first was at Scarth Nick, under the superintendance of the Swainby teetotalers. This place is a pass, or gap, some 800 feet high, in one of the Cleveland Hills, running out into the great valley plain of Mowbray, or York, and commanding one of the finest views in England. Notwithstanding a terrific thunderstorm that visited the locality for many hours, above 2,000 people assembled, and some 700 took tea. Mr. G. A. Robinson, of Reeth (with his accustomed liberality), attended with his admirable brass band and presided at the meeting, which was addressed by Dr. F. R. Lees, the Rev. Mr. Thirkell, and others.—The second *fête* was held at Hardrow Scar, the beautiful glen and waterfall near Hawes, in Wensleydale. Many thousands of persons assembled in the grounds, and hundreds (gathered from long distances) took tea in the tent. The Reeth, the Bainbridge, and the Redmire Rifle Bands were in attendance. Mr. G. A. Robinson presided at the out-door meeting with his usual vigour, and Dr. Lees delivered an address of an impressive character. On the following evening, Dr. Lees reviewed the recent parliamentary speeches, before a large meeting at Hawes, held in the Friends' Meeting House.—The third *fête* was held in the Market Place at Reeth, in which two large tents were erected, wherein many hundreds took tea. In the open air, 1,000 children of the Bands of Hope, collected from various parts of Swaledale, Gunnerside, Low-row, Arkendale, &c., sang in capital style a number of hymns, and also during the afternoon in the Wesleyan Chapel. There was a noble procession and four bands of mnsic, viz., those of Reeth, Bainbridge, Gunnerside, and Arkendale. In the evening, Dr. Lees delivered a lecture in the chapel, at which Mr. G. A. Robinson presided. —The fourth festival was held at the Swiss Cottage, a mile above Jervaux Abbey, Wensleydale, a place which commands a view hardly to be surpassed anywhere for extent and beauty. The day was fine, and the people assembled seemed highly delighted. Mr. Robinson's band played at intervals a selection of choice music. Early in the afternoon, Dr. Lees addressed the audience; then came tea, capitally got up, and afterwards other speeches from Mr. G. A. Robinson, Mr. Hardy, agent of the British League, and others.

Yeadon.—Sir, I have attended meetings as under:—Kirkstall (festival); Otley; Horseforth (festival); Armley; Shipley; Yeadon; Castle Bolton; Swainby (festival); Hawes; Kettlewell (two days festival).

W. B. Appleck.

J. Bale, Printer, 78, Great Titchfield-street, Marylebone.

BAND OF HOPE RECORD.

A DAY AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

No ancient city, not Babylon, Nineveh, Persepolis, or Jerusalem, Rome, or Athens, had such a magnificent popular resort as the Crystal Palace. It is unique in its vastness, beauty, and resources. The National Temperance League did wisely, therefore, in devoting its energies to the promotion of a great fête at the Palace of the People. Good speakers, a noble choir of singers, cheapened refreshments, pleasant amusements, the Rev. W. J. Robinson's splendid model of the Jewish Tabernacle, the great fountains, the palace band and organ, and the Shakespeare house, promised an entertainment of colossal and attractive character.

The day came—the ninth of August—and alas! the rain also came; pour, pour, for hours did the gloomy skies, until the streets were like rivers, and the roads were like canals. As we drove to the railway station—the Victoria—we saw zealous temperance reformers scudding along like ships rounding Cape Horn, and groups of Band of Hope singers "standing up" under archways to shelter themselves from the pitiless storm.

Here we are at the Victoria! What a crowd of merry faces! These good people, you see, are making the best of it. That's the way to enjoy life. But who are these remarkable persons in a uniform, which is a mixture of the Garibaldian red shirt, the volunteer trousers, the army hat,—look at the bunch of white feathers!—and the men-of-war's collar? They are a "Teetotal Life-boat Crew." What folly! British working-men will never be attracted to the pledge by such tinsel and frippery. But we are off to the palace in a long train filled to excess, and as we sped along we see belated Band of Hope children, with drooping banners and wet frocks waiting to be taken up. Bless the children! they are fearless and happy, and care not for the pelting showers. Here is the palace. Ladies, children, editors, working-men, popular and unpopular speakers, singers, provincial celebrities, and certainly a good many nameless, but earnest temperance men and women, all march together within its crystal portals, and then scatter to view its glories.

Let us call at the committee-room, and shake hands with this tall, genial, business-like gentleman, who, let us say is Mr.

Robert Rae, the excellent secretary to the league. Beside him is a fair-faced, chatty, pleasant minister, the Rev. Thomas Phillips, the Metropolitan Agent of the League. He is a good preacher, an intelligent speaker, and a capital reporter of a meeting. Who is that broad venerable-looking man? That is Mr. William Spriggs. But come to dinner, kind reader. Here in this saloon we will dine with the committee and friends. A good dinner it is, but the waiters have, you see, put wine glasses for us, and look! here is the Crystal Palace "wine list." The waiters evidently feel very solemn. Look at that big waiter. Watch his face. "Waiter!" "Yes, sir." "What's this?" "A wine glass, sir." "Fill it." Waiter brightened up. "With p-u-r-e w-a-t-e-r." Waiter feels faint, fills the glass with water, and with a deep sigh retires into private life. Don't laugh; that joke has made him ill.

To return. Mr. George Cruikshank,—that middle-sized, bright-visioned, lithe, gentlemanly vice-president, very like Sir Charles James Napier, will help you to some mutton. Who is that next to him? That I am told is John Plummer, of Kettering, a self-educated man, and a useful writer. Who sits next to him? Oh! that courteous gentleman, with a pleasant word for everybody, and who wears a white waistcoat? Yes. That is Mr. John Hilton, formerly one of the agents of the Alliance, and now of Bromley, a man whose speeches are always worth hearing. There is a tall, stout, cheery man, opposite Mr. Hilton. That is Mr. Mate, a newspaper proprietor, and a faithful friend of our movement. Next to him is a minister. That is the Rev. George W. M'Cree, one of the Secretaries of the United Kingdom Band of Hope Union, and editor of its publications. Order for the President of the League—Samuel Bowly, Esq. "You will please to excuse me leaving the table, but it is time for the meeting in the centre transept." "Hear, hear," say all the diners, and away we go, the waiters, we are afraid, feeling sorry that we have not left any wine for them to drink.

Here we are in the central transept, the most magnificent arcade in the world. From this point we can survey the crystal dome, the vast aisle, the Shakespeare house, the Handel orchestra, the great organ, and long rows of statuary, festoons of banners, fragrant flowers in immense vases, graceful plants fresh and green, lagoons of clear water within marble banks, and best of all, crowds of merry folk.

The great meeting is convened, and we will, if you please,

go and sit on the platform and hear the speeches. Samuel Bowly, Esq., is chairman, and has risen to speak. He is a fine-looking man, a member of the Society of Friends, a good, clear, genial, forcible speaker, and has long done valuable service to the Temperance movement. He says:—

"I presume that this is not so much a meeting for discussing the great question of total abstinence as to afford an opportunity to the friends of this cause to shake each other by the hand and bid one another God-speed in our onward course. I can imagine that there are many persons who are friendly to this cause in various parts of the country labouring apparently under many discouragements, and supported by few around them, who will feel their faith confirmed and their courage renewed by meeting on this occasion so many thousands of those who are their fellow-workers in various parts of the country. I think we may very well on this occasion look back a little over the thirty years we have been advocating this cause, and congratulate ourselves that, under God's blessing, we have done so large an amount of good. Thousands and tens of thousands of homes have been made happy, hundreds of thousands of drunkards have been reclaimed, many a poor suffering wife has had her husband restored to her in comfort and in peace, tens of thousands of poor children have been clothed, and fed, and trained in that which was virtuous instead of vicious; and I ask, with all this good, where is the being that we have injured?"

That was well put, and evoked loud cheers. Here comes the next speaker. The Rev. H. T. Breay, B.A., of Birmingham. The rev. gentleman, in the course of speech, said:—

"Not very long ago there were in Birmingham, at one time, eighteen clergymen of the Church of England who had signed the teetotal pledge. There are not so many now, because they have been thought so well of by those who have influence in the Church that they have been promoted to higher positions in the ministry (cheers); and we know that when a man of influence leaves a town he takes a great many after him, and so, what with rectors and incumbents going up higher and taking a lot of curates with them, we do not stand in so advantageous a position, numerically, at the present moment, as we did; but I would tell you that there are in Birmingham about eleven parochial total abstinence societies, presided over by the clergyman of the Church, and worked by those who help them in every good work (cheers). Now, can you suppose that a clergyman can throw himself heart and soul into this movement without enlisting the sympathies of those about him—without taking with him his Scripture readers and his Sunday school teachers? Well, as a happy example of insensible influence, I would just, without the smallest particle of egotism, I hope, instance my own case. The bell of our church is pulled by a total abstainer (laughter); the organ is played by a total abstainer; the hymns of praise which ascend to God in the church are, to a great extent on the part of the choir, sung by total abstainers (cheers). We have two Scripture readers who are total ab-

stainers, and a great number of our Sunday school teachers are of the same class; and I am not altogether without hope that we shall yet have the beadle (great laughter). Now, all this has been done, my friends, without the clergyman saying a single word to any one of those officers personally, and not by his using his influence, and saying, 'Now, you must sign the pledge if you want to stay where you are.' I would never condescend to such a thing as that (applause). If a man is not convinced, he ought to have more argument and more facts; and we total abstainers ought to show the same Christian courtesy and forbearance which we expect from others. It is a matter of peculiar gratification to me, when I reflect that all those good people have come into our ranks through simply seeing the real work which is, I trust, being done in the parish and in the church. Once a year we have the subject thoroughly ventilated in the pulpit. Our parochial Temperance society holds its anniversary, and it commences it on a Sunday by a special service in the church in the afternoon. I always take care on that day to announce the services, and both in the morning and evening to preach to the ordinary congregation on the subject of total abstinence. This is followed by a meeting on the Monday, which is the anniversary meeting of our association; and, at our meeting last year, we had the great pleasure of the presence and advocacy of the president of the National Temperance League, who occupies the chair to-day (cheers). Now, I am quite sure that in addition to the direct influence of a clergyman in this matter, there is also an indirect influence for good. The people, when you go amongst them, never ask you to take wine, because they know it would insult you, and they almost begin to apologise to you if they think it necessary to take it in your presence. I take this as an omen for good; and I am quite sure that if we have God's favour with us, and are enabled by His grace and help to persevere in this good cause, those of us who are young in years, and have not lived to the average age of men, may yet see the time when we shall be able to cry 'Victory!'"

In our humble opinion Mr. Breay's speech contained rather too many allusions to "the church." He alluded to it about a dozen times in the course of his brief speech. He must beware of that kind of speaking. It is not quite compatible with the non-sectarian character of our platform. Suppose Mr. Chown had said as much about "the Baptist denomination" as Mr. Breay did about "the Church," how would *that* have been relished? But here is the Rev. J. P. Chown, of Bradford, to speak for himself. He proceeds:—

"I rejoice, then, in this great Temperance cause, because it not merely sets itself against intemperance, but is quite certain to secure its destruction. You may tell me of many things that Temperance will do and will not do, but here is one thing that it will do at any rate—it will destroy intemperance. You may tell me that the morning light does not feed the hungry, does not clothe the naked, does not heal the sick. I know it does not; no wise man will say it would; but then it brings about a

state of things more favourable for the result than if darkness remained, and most assuredly it chases away darkness. It does that; and just so with Temperance—whatever else it may do or may not do, it certainly does chase away intemperance, and with that nine-tenths of all the evil that afflicts humanity. Then, as the chairman has reminded us so beautifully and powerfully at the commencement of the meeting, the Temperance cause does work in a glorious manner as well as for a glorious end. It is not long since this crystal roof rang and vibrated with shouts, such as, I suppose, only English lungs can pour out, when that noble-souled liberator of Italy stood somewhere about here and received the honours that the nation rejoiced to pour before him. His was a glorious work indeed. I happened to be down in Sicily the moment he landed and passed through the leading streets of Messina. I saw from the balcony, where the Neapolitan soldiers had been firing upon the citizens an hour before, something of the terrible enormities of the misrule from which that noble man had delivered that glorious land; but then that could not be done without noble souls falling in the battle. It could not be done without wives being made widows, and children orphans, and parents childless. Our great cause does its work without such results; it is not merely that it does not make wives widows, but it gives husbands back to widowed wives, and children back to parents, as well as parents back to children. Its weapons inflict no wound but upon the enemy that needs to be destroyed; and its army is never weakened by any of its exertions, but gathers strength and prosperity from every blow it strikes, in its onward march to victory. It is in a course that is brighter and brighter unto the perfect day. And it is not merely that the Temperance cause sets itself against intemperance, or will seek its destruction, but it scatters a thousand blessings all around. At the same time, it does not merely strike the poison cup out of the man's hand, but it puts in his grasp the cup out of which he drinks peace, and health, and joy. It not only melts the fetters off the limbs of the bond-slave, but it put a robe upon his shoulders, and sets a seal of honour upon his brow. It is not merely that it delivers him from the curse, but it gives him a blessing; and on these accounts, and a thousand others that might be named, looking at it merely in its relation to intemperance, I say as we all say, "Heaven bless and prosper the Temperance cause."

And as he thus pronounced his benediction on the movement the crystal dome rang with mighty cheers. Mr. Chown is an admirable speaker. His mind is like his body—broad and massive. He has a pleasant face, an ample brow, and a sonorous voice, and always gains the favour of his hearers.

What next? Anything. We sauntered through the courts, looked at the Chimpanzee, ate an ice, shook hands with old friends from everywhere, had our photograph taken, and chatted with Band of Hope children.

There are the great fountains playing. Shafts of water, trees of water, plumes of water, garlands of water, all bright and beautiful. Ah! see they are sinking—they are gone.

And now we are off to hear 1,500 children sing; but stop; what are all these gentlemen sitting together for? There's Samuel Bowly, John Taylor, William Tweedie, John Hilton, the tall form of Jabez Inwards, G. W. Murphy, and John Rees, George W. M'Cree, Robert Rae, and many more. Oh! see an artist is taking them for a group of portraits. It is done. Hark, the children are singing, and off we go—mingling with "the distinguished advocates"—to hear them. The choir is furnished at the request of the National Temperance League, by the United Kingdom Band of Hope Union, a manifestation of fraternal feeling in which we heartily rejoice.

Looking from the Shakespeare house the spectacle of the children is both imposing and affecting. How the multitude of little faces flashes in the light! How stately their banners look in their midst! How sweetly they sing! Blessings on the children for evermore.

Under the able leadership of Mr. Frederic Smith, the children sing most beautifully. Their smiling faces and sweet voices make all the spectators thrill with delight. First comes the chant, "Wine is a mocker," then "Truth is growing," then "Hark! the lark," and these are followed by a touching domestic song the words of which are as follows:—

Never forget the dear ones around the social hearth,
The sunny smiles of gladness, the songs of artless mirth;
Though other scenes may woo thee in other lands to roam,
Never forget the dear ones that cluster round thy home.

Ever their hearts are turning to thee when far away,
Their love so pure and tender is with thee on thy way;
Wherever thou may'st wander—wherever thou may'st roam,
Never forget the dear ones that cluster round thy home.

Never forget thy father, who cheerful toils for thee,
Within thy heart may ever thy mother's image be;
Thy sister dear, and brother—they long for thee to come,
Never forget the dear ones that cluster round thy home.

This piece was encored. Mr. Smith glances at the Rev. G. W. M'Cree, who laughs and then nods consent, and off goes the choir again in still more sprightly style. "The Great and Good," "The Standard," and "When shall we meet again?" are followed by "See our oars," which is encored. Here a little comedy ensues. Mr. Smith sits down beside Mr. M'Cree, and the two smile, and then consult. Then, amid the loud cheering of the people, Mr. Smith resumes his place. Cheers ring through the palace. "Encore!" Mr. Smith slowly shakes his head

"Encore!" Mr. Smith shakes his head. Mr. M'Cree evidently vastly amused says, "Go on." "No. 9." cries Mr. Smith, and "The beautiful stream," flows forth from a thousand lips. "Nearer home" followed, during which, we observed the Rev. John Guthrie—a true man—and the Rev. G. W. M'Cree, chatting together. We were near enough to learn that they were interchanging opinions on ancient and modern poetry, and agreed in according a high place in the Sacred Choir to James Montgomery, the writer of "Nearer Home." "One," "Two," "Three," cried Mr. Smith pointing to as many divisions of the choir; we found by this that "The Social Glass" was to pass round. Away went the little singers:—

1st voice. I 'm very fond of a social glass;
2nd voice. So am I.
3rd voice. So am I.
1st voice. It makes the time so pleasantly pass,
And fills the heart with pleasure.
2nd voice. Ah! water pure doth brighter shine
Than brandy, rum, or sparkling wine.
3rd voice. But sad is the fix if the liquors you mix;
1st voice. Oh, I never do that.
2nd voice. Nor I.
3rd voice. Nor I.
Chorus. O yes, we love the social glass,
But it must be filled with water;
Wisdom says "Be temperate now,"
To every son and daughter.

And so on to the end, and then came a tremendous demand for its repetition. Hats, umbrellas, sticks, handkerchiefs, parasols, and hands were all waving together, and the shouting of ten thousand voices was like the sound of many waters. In the midst of this storm Mr. Smith and Mr. M'Cree sat together quietly viewing the tempest, until one enthusiastic lover of "The Social Glass" stood up with his handkerchief fastened on the handle of his umbrella, and led the assault; cheer followed cheer, and then Mr. Smith stood up. The demands for "The Social Glass" grew, if possible, louder. The immense audience were determined not to be baulked this time, as in the former case, when, "One," "Two," "Three," were heard from Mr. Smith, and "The Social Glass" went round once more. The man with the umbrella wiped his honoured brow, and the mighty crowd were radiant with the glow of victory. "God bless our Youthful Band," brought the concert to an end. It was however, followed by loud and cordial cheering on the part

of the choir and the audience, who cheered each other until the palace rang again.

A very interesting presentation to the children, then took place. The Committee of the Union thought it would be well to give each little chorister a well-bound copy of the New Testament. Their appeal for funds was so heartily responded to, that the Committee were enabled to select the sixpenny copy of the New Testament with red edges, and the Committee of the British and Foreign Bible Society, liberally granted them at a lower price. The testaments were presented by Mrs. Geo. Cruikshank, Mrs. G. W. M'Cree, Miss Barrett, and Miss Emily J. Barrett. They were assisted by George Cruikshank, Esq., Mr. F. Smith, Mr. G. Wybroo, Mr. William Bell, Mr. G. Blaby, Mr. Storr, and others. W. J. Haynes, Esq., Treasurer to the Union, and Mr. M. W. Dunn, Hon. Sec., Mr. W. Tweedie, Mr. and Mrs. John Taylor, Mr. J. Wood, and several more friends were also present. Each volume contained a beautifully printed coloured label with the following inscription:—

"A copy of this New Testament was presented to each member of the choir of the United Kingdom Band of Hope Union, comprising 1,500 children, who sang a selection of Temperance music at the Crystal Palace, Sydenham, August 9th, 1864. 'Thy word is Truth.'"

The little ones were delighted with this precious gift. Copies were also given to the police, the Band boys of the Duke of York's Military School, and Captain Tyler's Corps of Boys who exhibited their Musical Gymnastics—all of whom greatly pleased the audience with their performances.

On leaving the outer door of the orchestra, a copy of Mr. Joseph Livesey's Malt Lecture was given to each child. Mr. Livesey kindly made the Committee a gift of 1,500 copies for this purpose.

After the grand entertainment of song was over, the multitude dispersed among the marble tables for tea and coffee—the consumption of which was enormous. Pleasant groups were observable. Provincial celebrities were shaking hands with metropolitan ditto. Mr. S. Bowley, Mr. R. Barrett, Mr. Peter Cow, Mr. Bell, the popular Agent of the Union, Mr. John De Fraine, Mr. Hugh Owen, Chairman of the League Committee, Mr. W. J. Barlow (who afforded invaluable service during the day), Mr. Rae, and others might be seen in the courts and at the tables.

But see the Evening Meeting has commenced. Shall we go? Yes. Alas! people cannot hear very well, still these speeches

delivered by Messrs. H. Owen, G. Cruikshank, John Rees, Jabez Inwards, G. Howlett, John Hilton, and Sergeant Rae, are well worth hearing.

See the golden sunset makes the palace glow with fiery splendour, come away into the grounds. Ah! slop—slop—slop. It is no use. Some amiable young ladies try to get up a game with amiable young gentlemen, but it is slop—slop—slop over again, and they all give up the game.

An orator from the country elevates himself on a garden chair, and tries to collect a meeting, but what with the sloppiness of his speech and the grounds, the audience can't stand—won't stand, and the mighty orator from Smoketown is left alone, to lament his fate. Moral:—Never volunteer a speech when it is not wanted.

Here are the extinct animals, the lake, the boats, and yonder, see, is a temperance minister rowing a lot of boys across the water. His excellent choir pass him in another boat, and give him a loud cheer.

Away to the station. A crowd—a crush—a race down stairs—a short run up the platform—a leap into a carriage—a whistle, and off we go, and thus ends—in spite of storms of rain—a pleasant day at the Crystal Palace.

ONE GLASS MORE!

When seated with companions,
  Or standing at the bar,
How cheerfully time passes,
  No grief doth pleasure mar:
No thought of home distresses,—
  To think of them's a bore,—
What care you what they're doing,
  Drink up!—have *one* glass more.

What though the wife be pining—
  The children cry for bread;
Such things are very common,
  Then bother not your head:
Besides, if you were with them,
  The sight would vex you sore;
You cannot help their troubles,
  Drink up!—have *one* glass more.

Away, then, with reflection,
  'Tis better time to cheat;
At home you're in the horrors,
  They've nothing there to eat:
Then why should you be wretched?
  Enough if they deplore
The want of every comfort;
  Drink up!—have *one* glass more.

Get drunk, and drown your reason,
  Much pleasanter you'll feel,
When to your lowly dwelling
  You gloriously reel:
What though the wife be crying—
  In rags the children snore?
An oath will check their piping;
  Drink up!—have *one* glass more.

Let's change the scene,—time passes,
  The wife is dying now;
The being loved so dearly
  Has death-dews on her brow:
The children have no mother
  To cling to as of yore.
Alas! what bitter feelings
  Are caused by—*one* glass more.

She smiles upon you kindly,
  Forgives you all the past;
She cannot speak to bless you,
  For life is ebbing fast:
She looks upon her children,
  That glance doth you implore
That you will now protect them;
  Avoid that—*one* glass more.

The motherless are round you,
  Her little ones so dear;
How sad look those young faces,
  No voice, like hers can cheer:
They miss her in the morning,
  Their dreams of her are o'er;
They wake, alas! she is not,—
  Ne'er touch that—*one* glass more.

If earth could give you treasure,
  As boundless as desire,
You now would yield it freely,
  To call back words of ire:
How dreadful is the anguish
  That reckless doings store;
They reap a bitter harvest
  Who drink that—*one* glass more.

The lid is on the coffin,
  Strange feet are on the stair,
Uneven are their treadings;
  What is it that they bear?
'Tis all of her now left you—
  Say, do not you deplore
You broke a heart that loved you?
  Ne'er touch that—*one* glass more.

A new-made grave is open,
  The solemn prayers you hear;
The words are all unheeded,
  You only know she's near:
The drift like hail now patters
  On all your earthly store;
Oh, misery, how bitter!
  Caused by that—*one* glass more.

You reach your humble dwelling,
  The children round you creep;
Their little eyes are swollen
  With tears *you* cannot weep:
With pent-up thoughts of anguish,
  Days gone you now run o'er;
You whisper, "God forgive me!"
  And loathe that—ONE GLASS MORE.

T. J. OUSELEY.

THE OPEN-AIR MISSION.

This excellent society continues to send forth its useful nts. Many of them are total abstainers, and do not fail to ort their motley hearers to sign the pledge. From the ual report just issued, we make the following extracts:—

LINCOLN'S INN FIELDS.

A striking, though by no means uncommon case of usefulness has

occurred here. A man more than ninety years of age died recently, who, it is believed, owes his conversion at the age of ninety to an Open-Air service. He was at one time worth £150,000, but having been reduced to deep poverty, he determined to destroy himself. For this purpose one evening in 1860 he left his house to go into Lincoln's Inn Fields and watch for an opportunity when only a few persons were about to commit suicide; it was about nine in the evening when he reached the above square. As he was passing round it, he saw a crowd round a man who was just commencing to read the account of the conversion of the Philippian gaoler. The words, "Do thyself no harm," struck his attention; he stopped to listen. The Scripture that was read and the truths that were spoken were blessed by God to the old man's soul."

MAIDSTONE.

"Visited by an agent from the Mission, who aided the local friends. 4,000 tracts were distributed among the soldiers and civilians. Several short addresses were given during the day. A half-drunken man was very zealous in bringing the people to hear what the preacher had got to say. An Open-Air service was held in front of the Town Hall on the evening preceding, and another on the evening of the race-day. Drunkenness and fighting were prevalent."

CROYDON.

"About 9,000 tracts were given away during the two days by our agent and the two City Missionaries of the district, and an Open-Air service held each evening. Much drunkenness was visible."

FAIRLOP FRIDAY.

"The first Friday in July is so called by the residents in the East End of London. Some of the boat-builders and block-makers keep up a custom established by John Day about 100 years ago. Parties go to Hainault Forest in boats mounted on wheels, and decorated with flags. Thousands upon thousands of the population turn out to witness their return, near midnight. Consequently, the Whitechapel and Mile End roads are so thronged with people that in some places it is difficult to move. Bands of music play in the windows or balconies of many of the public-houses, and many of the publicans burn red, white, aud blue lights, and let off fireworks. Costermongers, cheap-jacks, and all sorts of itinerant vendors, are found all along these streets. One or two were selling impure and immoral prints and songs. To meet this mass of people about 100 open-air preachers assembled at different points along the roads. They commenced soon after seven o'clock, and some of them continued at their stations till past midnight, at which hour the public-houses were crammed, and much drunkenness and immorality abounded.

We should much like to see a Temperance Open-Air Mission established. It would improve, strengthen, and extend the open-air advocacy of our principles.

MY LAST GLASS.

"It is now nearly seven years," said Harry Rose to his shopmate, Bob Travers, who, seated with him in his snug little parlour, had come over the way to have a chat with him about teetotalism. "It is now nearly seven years since I had my last glass, and well do I remember the occasion when I vowed, with all my heart, never again to taste the accursed stuff. Hawkins at that time kept the 'Rising Sun,' and though I now say it to my shame, I was much oftener in his house than my own. Well, I got married, and ere I had time seriously to think of the responsible charge I had made, my beloved Nell was mother of three children. I found my cares increasing, and now and then a pang of grief shot through my heart, on returning from the 'Rising Sun' penniless, and with an oppressive sense of my own misconduct. On the following morning, when at work, and prostrated both in mind and body, from the effects of my debauch, a thousand times have I resolved never to do the like again. But somehow or other, Bob, my evil genius was seldom long absent to lure me from any good resolve I might form. At that time there was a club of us met in Hawkins's back room, and a jolly open-hearted set of young fellows we were. There were about a dozen of us, all in good situations, with crack wages, and by no means stingy in making the money go. We all stood in high feather with mine host of the 'Rising Sun;' in fact, we were bowed out and in; the landlord said his kindest word, and the landlady put on her blandest smiles whenever a member of the club passed on his way to the room. In this manner time passed on for years without in any way disturbing the amicable relations that existed between Hawkins and his customers. But I need not tell you, Bob, that, amid all this plain sailing, there was occasionally a bit of a storm broke out in the shape of an extra spree—sometimes an unexpected breeze drove us out of our reckoning, capsizing some, and dashing others, with some severity, on the rocks.

"Yes," continued Harry, drawing a long breath, and relieving a dismal recollection that arose with a sigh, "There was poor Tom Fowler—his was a terrible case; on going home from a meeting of the club he missed a foot on the stair, fell back, and was killed. There are few of that club left now. Many are dead, having shattered their sturdy frames by greeting too often the 'Rising Sun;' not, you will observe, the glorious orb of nature that showers down light and life, wherever it traverses,

on the human race, but the 'Rising Sun' of Hawkins, the publican, which, in truth, meant the declining 'sun' of others.

"Strange to say, however, although the remnant left of the club had witnessed many sad reverses among their number, and all more or less were affected in health, character, and purse by our late hours and thriftless habits, it did not in the least deter us from visiting Hawkins as usual, and swallowing his strong punch and sparkling ales. I can speak for myself, Bob, I was infatuated, spell-bound to that back-room, and felt miserable if a night passed in which I had not shared in its revelry. My beloved Nell, I could see, was beginning to lose all hopes of me. Many a quiet tear have I seen gathering in her eye, as her gentle expostulations, full of love, fell on my ear, trying to persuade me to remain at home with the children; yet, although I loved her and them to distraction, it was in vain I was urged to withdraw myself from the company at Hawkins's. The truth is, it had become a necessity to me, that absorbed in its fascinating strength every consideration of duty and honour. I felt, Bob, the appetite for strong drink every day gaining strength with me, and my power of self-control dying rapidly away. I was tied neck and heel to the monster, and carried hither and thither just as it pleased.

"But a storm was silently gathering, soon to burst on my poor head. For a long time previously, I had noticed a coldness on the part of my employers towards me. I was then foreman, and on going to receive my pay, had a note placed in my hand by the cashier, in which I was informed that, in a fortnight after, my services would be dispensed with. I walked erect from the place, my limbs shaking with agitation. I had not courage to go home to inform my wife, but hastened to the 'Rising Sun' to get a tumbler to compose my nerves. I swallowed three or four in succession, filled a bottle of whisky, and carried it home in my pocket. My wife could see there was something unusually sore with me, and asked, as I entered, what the depressing cause might be. I told her the truth, but told her not to despair, as I should soon get another situation.

"The fortnight passed, during which I drank furiously. At last I was an idle man—trade dull, and no immediate prospect of employment. I had still a little money left, but every day was rendering it less. I found time an awful burden on my shoulders, and again sought the 'Rising Sun' to dissipate my grief. My old companions I found much the same, but Hawkins, I thought, did not treat me with that warmth I used to receive.

I could not now ring his bell and give the lavish orders I did formerly. My last shilling had gone; want stood grinning at my door; and, to add to my grief, my youngest child sickened and died. I was almost mad, and knew not in what direction to turn my footsteps. I wrote to a friend at a distance for money, but in the meantime a few shillings were urgently wanted for immediate expenses.

"I thought on Hawkins. During the last four years I had given him above a hundred pounds, besides causing a quantity of custom to come his way. Thither I repaired, and, with a subdued voice, enquired for Mr. Hawkins. I thought the servant could discern in my doleful countenance that I had no money. Instead of being shown to the club room in which I had been so long a welcome star, I was quietly ushered to one of the side boxes. Just as I was entering, I could see Hawkins entering another room in which was a roaring company. Quite certain that he had observed me, I requested the girl to inform the landlord that I wished to see him for a few minutes. Minutes passed on—a whole hour had gone by—but no appearance of Hawkins. I could not help then feeling my bitter and humiliated position. I rose to my feet indignant with rage, and, nearly choking with the anguish that wrung my heart, my hand unconsciously sought the bell-pull. The door was opened, when I was informed by the same girl that Mr. Hawkins had gone out an hour before. Just after she had delivered her message, I tottered to the door, almost unable to support myself, cursing in my breast the heartless cormorant whom I had so assiduously helped to pamper. I had just reached the outside, when who should I meet right in the face but Hawkins, his face flushed and blotted by recent indulgence, his heavy gold chain and watch ostentatiously flaunting before me, as if to remind me more acutely of my poverty and folly. I had not power to open my lips. I am sure he would have passed without speaking could he have done so unobserved. Drawing himself up consequentially, he addressed me: 'Ha, Mr. Rose, rather behind my time a little; had to go out about repairing that gig of mine that broke down at the races. I'm sorry for you, very; s'pose you want me to the funeral, oh yes. Keep up your heart, and be like me; mind number one; good bye.' Filled with inexpressible loathing, I sauntered down the street, scarcely knowing in what direction I wandered, and thinking my present sufferings a just retribution for my long-continued foolishness. Unexpectedly, I encountered Mr. ——, an old frequenter of the

'Rising Sun.' He wanted me to go there and have a glass with him. I told him I would never enter it again. We adjourned to another house. There I had one glass; I lifted it, drunk it off, and vowed that, with the help of God, I would never, as long as I lived, drink another.

"That night I was assisted by one or two friends in the hour of need, so that I had the child decently buried. But I may say, with truth, that as its sweet little eyes closed in death, mine were being opened to the outrageous folly of my drinking habits, and the public-house system. I now saw vividly the intense selfishness of the men who fatten on the misery and wretchedness of their fellow-men. I could not help regarding their dazzling shops and gilded saloons but as so many traps decked out to catch the simple, and their surface smiles and blandishments as hollow devices for completing the overthrow of their victims.

"I now thought it my duty to join an abstinence society, and accordingly attended the first meeting held. It soon became known I was an abstainer, and in ten days afterwards I was gratified by the receipt of a letter from my former employers, offering me my old situation with an advance on my wages. My wife, who had been long crushed by my former waywardness shed tears of joy on reading it. Since then, Bob, everything has prospered with us. I soon left the old garret in which we had been formerly living, and rented this cottage. We have now seven children, all of them thriving and promising, and I will take care, Bob, that none of them shall ever be able to quote his father's example for acquaintance with the bottle. So you see that, since my last glass, we have made steady progress."

Bob listened with anabated attention to his friend's narration. He had never before heard him detail the circumstances that had led to his adoption of the abstinence principle; but these experiences, conjoined with his own observations, and a conviction that had been long growing with him, determined him at once to go and join the Abstinence Society.

"Well, I fear," said Bob, after a thoughtful pause, "that Hawkins is just a type of his class; and that his moral code—'mind number one'—is the reigning principle with all of them."

"No doubt of it," replied Harry; "there may seem to be exceptions here and there, as individual dispositions differ; but it is quite plain, I think, that no man can follow the trade of a publican, and be an eye-witness of the desolating havoc and wretchedness his traffic inflicts on his his fellow-creatures, with-

out having every amiable disposition and sympathy swallowed up by the 'number one' principle,—or, in other words by sheer selfishness."

Mrs. Rose, who had just entered, nodded assent, when Bob shortly after took his departure; often, however, to meet again; and to congratulate each other on the benign effects of their total abstinence practice.

Reader, if you have hitherto delayed, be persuaded to try the same safe and salutary experiment. Tamper no longer with the insiduous curse. Can a man take fire into his hands, and not be burned? Can he take a serpent into his bosom, and not be stung? And do not reckon it necessary, with Harry, to go through the perilous ceremony of quaffing off a "last glass." Let your "last glass" be one in the past, and not one in the future. To sin once more, in the professed act of abjuring sin, is a contradiction and self-deception—it is going back while professing to go forward.

Deem the time past of your life more than sufficient "to have wrought the will of the Gentiles." Now, and henceforth, begird yourself for duty and for active consecration to the best interests of your kind. "Wisdom's ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are paths of peace."

SCENES IN THE STREETS.

By the Rev. G. W. M'CREE

The parish of St. Giles's is not worse than many other metropolitan parishes. There is plenty of dirt and drunkenness in it, but so is there in Shoreditch, Westminster, and Somer's Town. My religious duties, however, call me more frequently into St. Giles's than elsewhere, and hence I see more of its good and evil. Some of the scenes in its streets are highly suggestive to thoughtful and philanthropic minds. The evil effects of drunkenness are seen daily. From one point twenty gin-shops, at least, may be counted, and they are nearly as thickly strewn in other parts of the parish. Time would fail me to tell of all that I have witnessed in the streets near the Seven Dials, but a few facts may be narrated.

Seeing a crowd I went into its midst, and found a number of men and women in great excitement.

"What is the matter?"

"Why sir," replied a very civil man, "Mr. A. has been on the drink for about a fortnight, and he has just cut his throat, and been taken off to the hospital."

Here, then, was a husband and a father found bleeding to death, borne through the streets followed by a noisy crowd, laid upon a hospital-bed where he soon died. But for intemperance he might have been a living man. The house where he obtained the drink which ruined him remains open to this day. How much more evil will it do?

Not far from this spot I saw a man—a huge fellow—who looked like a wild Indian. He had no hat on. Where his coat and vest were I do not know. One of his boots was missing, and his hair bristled aloft like the mane of a lion. He was stained with mud. From a wound behind his ear the red blood fell down upon his neck and back, and he kept looking wildly round for some one whom he could not find. Who was he? A wretched man fresh from a public-house row.

Seldom do I cross the Seven Dials without finding some of the evil effects of drunkenness. One day I came suddenly upon a mob. Two women were scolding one man, and as he seemed to have a hard time of it I went to his rescue.

"What is the matter, my good woman?"

"Why, sir," said one of the poor, ragged, half-tipsy females, "that man insulted us."

"How was that?"

"Well, we were standing here, and as he went by he said, 'you're lushy.'"

"What did you say then?"

"No, says I, I ain't lushy."

"Yes, but you are lushy."

"Well," replied the poor wretch with a smile, "I *know* I am."

"How, then, came you to say, 'No, I ain't lushy.'"

"Ha! I would not let *him* say to *me*, 'you are lushy."

"Go home like a good woman. Give up this drink. It is a great curse to you."

"God bless you, sir, I will go home. But *he* said, 'you are lushy'—he did. No, says I, 'I ain't lushy.'" And so she and her friend reeled away. Did they go home? If so, what sort of a home was it? If not, what would become of their children that day?

Not far from Seven Dials is Drury lane. Some sad scenes may be witnessed there. A young girl left her home and went to live with a profligate man. She was only seventeen years of age. One day she got drunk, fell into the fire, and then, all in flames, rushed screaming into the street. She was carried

to the hospital, and there lay in her agony. All day—all night she sent forth her direful wail. "O Lord God! O Lord God!! give me ease. Give me ease, O Lord God! if it be but for half a moment, half a moment, O Lord God, give me ease."

It never came. Scorched, agonized, wailing, she died.

Within sight of where the flaming girl rushed into the street, a fight between two men took place. A large crowd assembled to witness the brutal conflict. When the police came they cleared the street, and then a large and heavily-laden van drove on its way. A drunken woman was standing on the curb, and alas! she suddenly fell before its wheels. She was crushed to death.

"Send for her husband," cried the people.

He came. They told him of his wife's awful death. He was too drunk to understand their words. And this wretched pair had three children. What will become of them?

In one of the small streets, within a few yards of the British Museum, there was a tiny house inhabited by families which were crowded together in a very discreditable manner. Saturday night came, and they retired to sleep. When all was silent and dark, the flames of a fire suddenly burst forth. Fire! fire! cried a neighbour. In a few moments the house was surrounded by the alarmed neighbours. The fire-escape came; then the fire-engine. Loud knocks were thundered upon the door, and for a moment it seemed as though the sleeping inmates would be saved. See! an arm is thrust out of the window, but it disappears again. Then a lad throws himself headlong from another window. He is picked up, taken to the hospital, and dies. "Take care," cried the crowd, "the house is falling." Crash! It is down. Nothing remains but a burning mass. Thirteen human beings were under it. They were dug out, and I saw them—a hideous sight—in the dead-house of St. Giles's. What caused this fatal fire? None can tell. It is known, however, that one of the victims had been drinking that night. When he went home he was far from being sober, and many have suspected some carlessness of his caused the fire.

Such are the scenes common to a London parish. Other parishes present similar scenes. From Brixton to Hampstead, and from Kensington to Hackney, drunkenness is the curse and shame of the great metropolis. It clothes the poor with rags. It makes them violent and cruel. It thrusts them into dark and filthy dens. It starves their children. It is their destroying

demon. Who will bring them out of their "house of bondage?" Alas! that so many of them should live and die saying, "No MAN CARETH FOR MY SOUL."

THE ORIGIN OF BANDS OF HOPE.

It is often asked—Who founded the First Band of Hope? This is an interesting question, and we should like to see it settled. The Rev. Dr. Burns, of Paddington, claims we believe, this honour for the late Mrs. Carlisle, of Dublin. The Rev. Jabez Tunnicliffe, however, does not admit that claim. In a speech delivered in Bradford, on April 23rd, 1864, he said:—

"It was often a matter of dispute between the people of Leeds and Bradford, as to which town the honour of superiority belonged, but he thought as a matter of fact, so far as respected the Band of Hope movement, in comparison with Bradford, Leeds was nowhere. The speaker then entered into a statement of the reasons which had induced him to commence the organisations, called Bands of Hope. The idea was first impressed upon his mind in 1847, by a man to whose death-bed he was called, who had ruined his constitution and brought on consumption by his intemperate habits. From the series of evils which had resulted to that man from his taking the first glass, he, the speaker, was led to consider the matter. He felt that much could not be done with drunkards, or moderate drinkers of the day, and it would be far better to devote their entire energy to an organisation which should be confined to the young. Through his instrumentality, therefore, a ladies' committee was formed in Leeds, where the Band of Hope movement originated."

From this statement, therefore, it would appear that Mr. Tunnicliffe claims to be the founder of Bands of Hope, and that they were first formed in the town of Leeds. It will give us much pleasure to know from competent correspondents whether any Bands of Hope existed prior to 1847?

MAKE THE BEST OF IT.

"Oh, George Hays, just look here!" said little Madge Morrel. "The old gray cat just jumped through this window, and broke cousin Alice's beautiful rose geranium. Oh! isn't it too bad? How angry Alice will be!"

"My sister don't get angry at such things, Miss Madge. I never saw her angry but once in my life, and that was when some boys worried a poor little kitten almost to death."

"But this is so provoking, Georgie. Anybody would be angry."

"It is really too bad, but you see if Alice does not try to make the best of it."

Pretty soon the young lady entered the room—her sunny face beaming with the bright spirit which reigned within. She was humming a sweet morning song, but she paused abruptly before her beautiful ruined geranium. "Ah! who has done this?" she exclaimed.

"That ugly old cat broke it, cousin Alice. I saw her myself," said little Madge.

"Poor puss, she did not know what mischief she was doing. It was the very pet of my flowers. But come, little cousin, don't look so long faced; we must try and make the best of it."

"I don't think there is much best to this, Alice."

"Oh, yes, it is not near so bad as it might have been. The fine stalk is not injured, and it will soon send forth shoots. This large broken branch will be lovely in bouquets. Let us arrange a little one for mother's room. We will place this cluster of scarlet blossoms in a wine glass, and you may run out into the garden, and gather a few snow-drops to put around it. There, was there ever anything more beautiful! Now, we will set the wine glass in this little saucer, and place some geranium leaves around the edge, with a few snow-drops mixed among them. Mother will admire it, she loves flowers so much. Now, little one, don't you think there is a bright side to this affair? I am not sure but pussy did us a favour, by giving us so much pleasure from such an unexpected source."

"I think you have found the bright side, Alice, though I am sure I never should. I almost wanted the old cat to be killed."

"Never be angry at a poor, unreasoning animal, my child. Cultivate a more noble, elevated disposition, and learn to control yourself even in the smallest matters that might disturb the quiet of your mind. It is only by such self-control that you can ever arrive at true womanhood. Look for the bright side of your disappointments and troubles. By such a course you will make yourself a welcome everywhere, and your own happiness will be increased a thousand-fold.

SKETCHES OF SUNDAY SCHOOL AND BAND OF HOPE SPEAKERS, No. 2.

THE APOLOGETIC SPEAKER.

This orator begins by saying that he positively cannot speak, owing to a very bad cold in the head, which he caught a few days ago, by imprudently leaving off one thickness of his under garments. Or, he is a sufferer from the aching nerves of a

partially-decayed tooth, which he has allowed to remain in his lower jaw longer than it ought to, by reason of not having had time to go to the dentist's for the purpose of having it rooted out; or, he has not fully recovered from the bruise on his knee, which he received when that joint came violently in contact with the brick pavement one night last week, some careless or designing person having placed melon rind in a spot on which he could not avoid treading. Or, the illness of his wife's cousin (on the mother's side) has so engrossed his attention since the fourteenth of last month, that he cannot collect his thoughts. Or, he fears (after promising to speak) that he is not the best man whom the committee could have selected for this interesting occasion; and as he sees around him those who are more eloquent than he, he trusts that his well-known inability to interest an audience, will suffice for a reason why he should give place to some of the learned and gifted gentlemen who are present. Or, the pressure of business during the past few days has been such as never, in all his business experience (and here he stops to hint at what a tremendous experience he has had), crowded on him before. It has completely overwhelmed him. Or he is totally unprepared.

The audience sympathizes with the afflicted person, and unanimously conclude that it is unreasonable to expect a speech from a man labouring under any or all of the above-mentioned disabilities. They wonder that his family could have consented to his leaving home under the circumstances; and still greater is their surprise to see that the committee do not, on hearing his apologetic statements, at once procure a comfortable hack, and hurry him to a place of repose and safety. His talk is apt to be a continuous string of nothings, amounting in their total to exceedingly little. It did certainly need some apology, if indeed it ought to have been spoken at all. It would have been better to omit it altogether. His hearers grow weary, and, while they wish him no particular harm, hope that some of his infirmities will interfere with his appearance in public, should a future invitation be extended to him.

Sometimes it is the case, however, that a speaker who begins with an apology makes a really excellent speech. This, which is a rare occurrence, is only an evidence that good men sometimes do foolish things. No apology ever helps a speech. No speech is as good, with an apology at its beginning, as it is if the speaker plunges at once into what he has to say, and says it earnestly and clearly. The only warrantable apology is in the

case of the speaker of feeble voice, who consumes the first five minutes of his speech in building the fire under his boiler to get up sufficient steam to enable his voice to be heard. If we must have an apology, let us have it then, for nobody will lose anything by not hearing it.

Annals of the United Kingdom Band of Hope Union.

LABOURS OF THE AGENTS AND HONORARY DEPUTATIONS.

During August, between fifty and sixty meetings have been attended by speakers from the Union.

Bath.—The annual festival of the Vineyard Chapel Band of Hope and Temperance Union, was held on Tuesday, August 1st, at Prior Park. The gates were opened at two o'clock, and the afternoon was devoted to the games common on such occasions. Tea was provided at six o'clock, after which there was an open air meeting. The chair was taken by the Rev. W. S. Edwards, and addresses were delivered by T. Thompson, Esq., J. H. Cotterell, Esq., Messrs. Sturges and Hooke, jun. The meeting terminated with three times three for Mr. and the Hon. Mrs. Thompson. An invitation was given to about 40 of the children of the Bath Union Workhouse, who were present with their band of music. There was about 1000 persons present on this occasion.

Bath.—Percy Chapel Band of Hope.—The members and friends of the above society paid a visit to the beautiful village of Limpley Stoke on Monday, the 18th inst. The young people assembled in Charlotte street, at one o'clock, where they soon formed a procession, headed by the drum and fife band of the Sutcliffe Industrial School, many of the party carrying flags and banners with suitable mottoes. They then proceeded through the city to the railway station, where a number of carriages were soon filled, and the train started amidst vociferous cheering. Arrived at Stoke, the procession was again formed, and the march to the field where the entertainment was provided, in spite of the broiling sun, and the steep ascent, was very speedily accomplished. At a given signal, all (to the number of five hundred) sat down on the grass and partook of a sumptuous tea with much relish and hearty good will, after which their energies were devoted to the enjoyment of the different games which were kept up with untiring zeal to the close. There were donkeys to ride, nuts, cakes, and sweetmeats to run and scramble for, football, cricket, swings, and other amusements too numerous to mention. A considerable number of fire balloons were sent up with great success, the last being a very large one, bearing the inscription "Percy Chapel Band of Hope." Through the indefatigable energy of the committee and of the Bath Railway superintendent (Mr. Howell), under the blessing of an ever watchful Providence, all were conveyed to and fro without the slightest injury. Refreshment was provided in the school-room on their return.

Sheffield,—A grand gala of the Sheffield Band of Hope Union was

held in the Botanical Gardens, Sheffield on Monday last. The attendance was large, notwithstanding the threatening aspect of the weather in the morning. The committee had provided various attractions in addition to those of the beautiful gardens, which were in fine condition. Illustrations of the workings of the electric telegraph, stereoscopic views, a fairy fountain, several bands of music, and various other things arresting attention, studded the gardens. At three o'clock many hundreds of the members of the Bands of Hope assembled on a splendid green sward, and under the leadership of Mr. S. H. Barton sang several pieces, including the "Hallelujah Chorus" and the Temperance National Anthem." At four, a large meeting was held under the presidency of J. Jobson Smith, Esq., J.P., and addresses were delivered by the Rev. Messrs. Tarrant, Adams, Mathews, and Hammond; by John Unwin, Esq., Mr. J. H. Raper, and others. A special train, arranged by the Manchester and Salford Union, conveyed about 600 passengers to Sheffield during the day.

Kentish Town.—A happy evening was enjoyed by the members and friends of the Kentish town Band of Hope on Thursday, July 28, when a series of pleasures were participated in, consisting of a "Flower Show," a "Fancy Stall," and a "Fruit Banquet," with speeches, recitations, dialogues, melodies, and music. The room being decorated with various banners, flowers, and mottoes, added likewise to the treat. Judge Payne, Rev. G. W. M'Cree, Messrs. Blaby, Stanes, Lee, Storr, Hudson, Wybroo, and Joblin, took part in the proceedings, which were highly gratifying.

Waterloo Street, Camberwell.—A pleasant excursion of adults and children took place, on Tuesday, July 26th, when fifteen vans and omnibuses, filled with merry folk went to Hayes Common, near Bromley, in Kent. The day was bright and calm, and as the long procession winded its way through the green lanes, and the banners floated in the breeze, the sight was picturesque. On the common we found plenty of fresh air, amusement, and sweet companionship, and all passed off well. The children had a good tea in the open-air, and the friends enjoyed their refreshments in a large marque provided for them. In the evening, a meeting was held under a beautiful tree, when addresses were delivered by Mr. R. W. Reid, a gentleman from Peckham, and the Rev. G. W. M'Cree. Mrs. Reid, Mrs. M'Cree, Miss Barrett, Miss E. J. Barrett, Mr. J. Eaton, and other friends accompanied the party.

PRESENTATIONS.

We are glad to find that a gold watch and a purse of considerable value have been presented at the Sailors' Institute, Shadwell, to Mr. Robert Nicol, who has long and usefully laboured in that locality. On behalf of the United Kingdom Band of Hope Union, W. J. Haynes, Esq., Mr. W. Bell, and the Rev. G. W. M'Cree, attended.

At the Bloomsbury Chapel Mission Hall, a meeting was held on Wednesday, August 3rd, in connection with the Fountain Temperance Society, when, before a large audience, four volumes were presented to Mr. W. Bell, Agent of the Union, in acknowledgment of the excellent lectures delivered by him. The presentation was made by the Rev. G. W. M'Cree. Messrs. D. Raymond, Symons, Martin, and Crowther, were also on the platform.

J. Bale, Printer, 78, Great Titchfield-street, Marylebone.

BAND OF HOPE RECORD.

NEAR LINCOLN'S-INN-FIELDS.

By the Rev. G. W. M'CREE.

Every Londoner knows Lincoln's Inn Fields. It is the arena of lawyers, and there may be found the Court of Chancery, and perhaps, Jarndyce of Bleak House. Very busy are the lawyers just now. Scores of them are hastening to and fro. Their wigs, red-taped briefs, blue bags, and long, flaunting, black gowns, are in prime order. A great case—two hundred years old—is on the list. Hush! There is the Lord Chancellor. And now every brief is raised—squinted at—rustled—and now a voice is heard mumbling out something about the great case. No one seems to understand it. Even men very 'learned in the law' cannot settle it. So they hush it to sleep for another two hundred years. Close to these courts—almost within a stone's-throw of these solemn-looking wigged men—is Clare Market. Our learned friends never go there. We will.

A walk down the west side of Lincoln's Inn Fields—down Portsmouth street, and then through an avenue of butchers' shops which lies on the right hand, conducts us into the midst of Clare Market, and its filthy environs. Portsmouth street contains 'Black Jack'—a public house frequented by lawyers' clerks, and famous for its porter. Many a pint of it do they quaff, and most of them consequently abhor the very mention of the pledge. An affidavit is much more to their taste.

One of the first things we saw was a small, obscure, shabby barber's shop. The window contained a huge placard announcing 'A Grand Sparring Treat,' by Grant and Jones—two heroes of the ring. All 'lovers' of true 'British courage' were invited to attend the exhibition. Did you ever see these same 'lovers?' They are the roughest, profanest, and most repulsive ruffians we ever saw. Well, we read the placard. So did some very ragged boys. So did some *black-eyed* women. So did a lot of butchers, costermongers, Irish hodmen, and greasy Jews.

'Look out!' yelled a burly butcher. We did so—we looked at him. He was a stout, flabby, big-cheeked fellow, and wore a blue blouse, besmeared with mud, dung, grease, sawdust, and gore, and on he rushed dragging a lot of raw hides. The sight almost made us a vegetarian. The tumbling hides forced us to move on, but we did not complain of that. We knew better. 'Gruel' is rather plentiful here.

We commenced walking about to see the sights, but soon some smells—rank, foul, and sickening—made us halt. We then remembered reading in a sanitary work that canaries soon die here; bad smells kill them. Fever is also common. No fewer than fifteen cases of fever have just been found in a single house not far from the spot on which we stand. Dreadful smells here. No wonder. Slaughter-houses abound. Stables reeking with dung stand close to crowded dwellings. Children are not vaccinated. Narrow courts are crowded with dirty, drunken tenants. Vegetable refuse rots in the sun. Worried cats are the playthings of cruel boys. Gin-shops throng the streets, and—but we cannot describe what we know. There are some things not to be mentioned.

Shops frequented by, and intended for the very poor, are common. There is a cheap china warehouse bursting with gaudy crockery. There is a furniture mart where chairs and tables may be had—like the cedars of Lebanon—'full of sap.' There is a 'reformed rag warehouse'—wherein its reformation consists we cannot tell, for it was as dirty and disorderly a place as we ever saw. There is a pork shop where pies are sold 'cheap and nasty.' There is a shop full of indecent song books, wretched novels, felonist periodicals, and sporting papers. And there are butchers' shops without number. The butchers are the 'prime joints' of this region, and seem to know it. They are a lofty over-bearing race, and tread their shops with the majesty of 'the bulls of Bashan.' A resident Roman Catholic priest thus writes of them and their shops:—

"A butcher's shop stands invitingly open; there are no plate-glass windows, nor meretricious ornaments, about this humble establishment. Its front is tenantless of windows, its usual decorating joints are sold; and the sturdy butcher sits in still complacency within, thinking over, and counting mentally, the gains of the past week. The rows of iron hooks that garnish his shop, boast not of their usual load of ruddy sirloins, of savory juicy legs, and prime fillets of veal. They are sold; and the butcher is chinking the welcome cash in his capacious breeches-pockets. The huge block is fresh scraped for the ensuing week; clean sawdust is thickly spread on the floor; the gas flares out in a lengthened stream from the open neck of the pipe—now almost extinguished, it shows a ghastly blue stream of flickering light, now a flaming sword of fire, as the wind plays upon it, hustles it, and strives to extinguish its sturdy blaze, which alternately plunges the shop into intense light and deep shadow. The knight of the cleaver sits grim and silent and thoughtful; his favorite bull-dog sleeps soundly at his feet; his stock, all but the refuse, is sold; but he keeps a wary eye on the large board at the open front, which is covered with little heaps of miserable scraps

and cuttings of meat—it is the usual diet, or rather feast, of the poor. A dozen or more of wretchedly-clad women hang wistfully before that board, and turn the scraps over, one by one, bringing their noses as closely as they dare, to test their sweetness, while the fat butcher looks sullenly on. The bargain is concluded; three pennyworth of offal is cheerily carried off for the Sunday's festal dinner."

We visited Clare Market on a Saturday evening. What a din there was! Every butcher praised his meat; every costermonger shouted the merits of his greens; every ballad-singer roared the sorrows of some luckless maid whose lover had gone to the diggings; every fish-woman cried amain; and every ragged rascal of a boy whistled and yelled—'hoo! hoo!!—ho-o! ho-o-o!!'—a favorite cry with such outcasts. Barrows full of crockery were pushed along. Stalls were overspread with oysters, greens, oranges and fish. Shops were bright with gas, and full of people, and some women swore tremendously.

Very curious were some of the characters and cries of the market. A little, pale, trembling boy shambled along, crying—'Lozenges, a happenny a packet—pick 'em where you likes!' A red-faced wench then cried out—'Greens! penny a basket!' Then came an Irish lad, shouting—'Arranges! arranges!! four a penny!' 'Good strong chairs, CHEAP!' exclaimed a most melancholy man, the last word coming out of his mouth with a curious jerk. 'Flowers, a penny a bunch!' 'Want an eel?' 'Buy an image—Napoleon, the Duke of Wellington, *and* Uncle Tom!' 'Soles, a penny a pair, or three for tuppence, or a-n-y price you like?'—Such were some of the cries which made us long for the silence of the great desert.

We next took a glance at the public-houses and gin-shops. In the course of a short walk we counted thirty-two. Some of these are large, gaudy and lucrative. Several of them presented the attraction of a cheap or free concert. We need not say that a combination of cheap music and cheap gin play havoc with the morals of the population. Of the concerts and gin-shops the Rev. E. Price (the author just quoted) says:—

"The three-score public-houses in the immediate neighbourhood of this ancient market are crowded with noisy and riotous and drunken visitors. The stormy night is a God-send to the burly sallow-faced landlords. In nearly every one of these emporiums of debauchery there is a nightly concert. Ogre-featured scarecrow lads, with lamp-blacked visages, and African guitars, and ear-splitting bones, and noisy tambourines, play off the pitiful joke of nigger melodies and Ethiopian serenades. Sambo crossed in love, and the woes of the disconsolate Juno, and the hapless fate of the run-away Jupiter, affect to maudlin tears the sympathies of

the cadgers and fancy men and the costermongers of the chaste locality. And then the copious libations of 'cold without,' give rise to pleasant and frequent displays of pugilistic acquirements. The half-drunken assemblage alternately fight and shake hands, as empty glasses are removed and a fresh supply of vitriolized gin and water is placed on the stained and filthy tables. Bull-dogs and wiry terriers of every variety of breed and colour, crouch glaring and sullenly at each other under their masters' chairs, and bare their white fangs and growl fiercely when the fray waxes warm, and are only restrained from a general onslaught on the combatants by sundry well-delivered kicks that send them flying across the sanded floor. And then the song and the roughly-shouted chorus peal down from the hermetically sealed windows of these dens of iniquity and make choral merriment with the yelling blast of the storm outside; and as each drenched and steaming incomer enters, and shakes the melting sleet from his battered hat, and thrusts his numbed fingers and toes towards the blazing fire, an additional excitement is given to prolong the festive scene, to renew the bacchanalian orgies, in spite of starving wives and famished children at home."

Leaving Clare Market, we pass into Great Wild street. We find ourselves in the midst of gin-shops, furniture-brokers, bakers, marine store dealers, old clothes shops, pawnbrokers and brothels. Juvenile thieves are playing at pitch and toss. Young men—not one of them has a clean face—are lounging against the corners of narrow alleys. Poor women are on their way to buy a morsel of meat, or if they cannot afford that, a pennyworth of tripe. Workmen are reeling home drunk. Two drunken women have just passed us.

'Ah! Lurcher, are *you* there?' I said to a boy.

'Yes, sir.'

'How old are you?'

'Eleven.'

'Where do you sleep?'

'On some stairs in Little Wild court.'

'How long have you slept there?'

'About a fortnight.'

'Where did you sleep before that time?'

'I was in prison.'

'What for?'

'I stole a loaf of bread.'

'How long were you in prison?'

'Twenty one days.'

'How often have you been in prison?'

'I have been convicted four times, and remanded four times.'

'Where shall you sleep to-night?'

'On the stairs in Little Wild court.'

'Have you any parents ?'

'No.'

Is it any wonder this boy steals? Ah! if some of our learned friends from the other side of the square would only leave their law books and wigs, and come here and try to save some of these homeless boys, what a grand sight it would be! Their case forms a legal and moral problem, no doubt. Its full solution would do honour to the grandest intellect known in yon courts.

Little Wild court is an infamous place. It is inhabited by the lowest class of Irish. On the Sunday morning they go to mass; On the Sunday afternoon they play at cards; and on the Sunday evening they get drunk, swear and fight. A dozen of them often sleep in a small room, and not unfrequently a coffin stands in their midst. A funeral is always a scene of strife and drunkenness, so is a marriage, so is a birth. Indeed what with cards, ballad singers, swearing, fights and gin, the court is like Bill the Dodger's fish—ALL ALIVE O!

Before we left the region of Clare Market we went to see Duke street. There Benjamin Franklin lived 'opposite the Romish Chapel.' Unlike the other streets, this was quiet. We were glad of it. We stood and thought of the great printer. In that house he lived! To us it has become a shrine—a place to love.

We closed our note book and returned home, and when we had looked round on our books, and pictures, and children, and compared them with the sad scenes we had witnessed, we sighed at the contrast, and longed for the dawn of happier days.

THE BAND OF HOPE IN OUR VILLAGE.

By E. J. OLIVER.

Reader! if you are by nature curious, or of an enquiring turn of mind, you will of course wish to know the precise locality of our village. I am sorry that, in this instance, I cannot gratify your thirst for knowledge further than by stating that it is bounded on the north, south, east, and west by other villages of a similar character, and is not many miles from the South Eastern Railway Terminus at London Bridge.

We will, if you please, imagine that you and I, having started from the aforesaid terminus, have reached in safety the little station, with its neat plot of ground cultivated by the station master, and supplying himself and family, not only with bouquets of flowers for the parlour table, but with the more

needful potatoes and cabbages for daily consumption. Leaving the station and turning down the road to the right, we glance admiringly at the little, old-fashioned houses, with their gable roofs, and the windows studded with diamond-shaped panes—at the smiling, good-tempered looking women—the sunburnt men, and the rosy-cheeked, laughing children—altogether presenting such a beautiful picture of true English happiness, industry, and contentment, that our hearts thrill with deep emotion, and we instinctively breathe a prayer that the demon of intemperance may never invade the peaceful serenity of these quiet village homes. A few more steps and we reach the school-house, where our meetings are held, and one of the elder boys is already there ringing the bell to summon the children from the surrounding houses. Presently they come trooping in, merry but not noisy, and take their places with a quiet gravity most edifying to behold. Precisely as the clock strikes six the school-room door is closed, and one of the teachers standing on the platform gives out a hymn. No other sound is heard, and as the teacher's hand is raised, the young assemblage rise from their seats, and such a burst of melody breaks forth—in which even the youngest join—as would gladden the heart of any one not wholly insensible to the music of young voices. All is again silent for a moment, when the voice of the teacher is heard invoking the blessing of our Heavenly Father upon the little meeting, that He would take the children into His care, and lead them not only into the paths of Temperance, but into those of righteousness and peace—that He would keep them from sin in all its forms, and that He would implant in their young hearts an intense hatred of the drunkard's drink, and keep them from the drunkard's curse. While he has thus been engaged the children have stood reverently and still—no whispering, laughing, or playing has been going on, but with bowed heads they have followed their teacher in his supplications at the throne of grace. At the conclusion of the prayer they resume their seats, and the door is opened that the two or three who came late may enter. The secretary—having kindly enquired the reason of their backwardness, and received in each case a satisfactory reply—in his turn mounts the platform, and after a cheerful melody has been sung, proceeds to address the children in a pleasant manner, and in words suited to their comprehension.

It is a recognised plan in our Bands of Hope, that while the principles of Temperance shall always have a prominent place,

yet that lectures or addresses on a variety of subjects, calculated to interest and instruct the children, shall frequently be given—a course of proceeding which we have found to be greatly advantageous to our success as a society; and, I believe, if generally adopted, would produce the most satisfactory results. This evening, Benjamin Franklin is the subject of the address, and as the secretary tells them of the first struggles of the undaunted youth, and tracing his career step by step, at last shews them how success crowned his persevering efforts, and in a few well-chosen words tells them that they too may rise to a prominent place in their calling, and by industry, perseverance, and good conduct, aided by the blessing of God, may stand side by side with such men as Franklin, see with what attention they follow every word, and who can tell but what some lesson has been learnt to-night that shall have a great influence for good on the future lives of those who have listened to the speaker. Two or three of the boys now recite pieces of poetry, which have a good moral tendency, and after another melody has been sung, one of the teachers closes the meeting with a short prayer. All now start for their respective homes happier, and we trust, wiser and better for the pleasant meeting in the school-house.

But as we wend our way through the village, the question forces itself upon us—Why are not all the Bands of Hope so prosperous as this? Is it because there is a lack of children to attend the meetings? No, this cannot be the cause; for they throng our streets, our towns, our villages, our Sabbath and Ragged schools, our workhouses, and our reformatories. Is it for want of speakers to address the children? I cannot think that this is the cause, for I noticed in this very magazine some time since a letter from a gentleman complaining that he and others frequently visit Bands of Hope, and often find them closed altogether, or with an attendance so small as to be unworthy the name of a meeting. I cannot help thinking that much of the indifference manifested by children to Band of Hope meetings is owing to the fact, that the majority of speakers either address their audience in such a dry manner as to be quite beyond their comprehension, or else give them a collection of anecdotes of the "Old Mother Hubbard" type, and repeat these week after week without adding anything new, or seeming to think that the children require a change. I do not for a moment mean to say that there are no exceptions to what I have just stated, but the fact that there are exceptions,

and that they are eagerly sought after, and when discovered at a meeting are most enthusiastically welcomed, only goes to prove that a very great change is needed, both in the subject matter and in the style of our general addresses to Band of Hope children, and until that change is brought about, the Band of Hope movement will never effect the good that it might do. There can be no possible objection to devoting a portion of the evening to short and lively sketches of the manners and customs of our own and other countries—the lives of great and good men and women—the industrial arts and simple expositions of science. By thus combining instruction and amusement with exhortation and advice, our Bands of Hope will carry out the full meaning of their title, and their sphere of usefulness will be much more widely extended.

Dear fellow-labourers in a cause, the importance of which we can never fully estimate, let me take this opportunity to entreat you to leave no stone unturned this coming season to gather in the children to your several meeting-places, and to bring all your powers into requisition to attain the object you have in view, viz. :—the moral and iutellectual elevation of the young.

Now, if ever, is the time to be up and doing—to commence with fresh energy the arduous campaign. For that it is arduous it would be useless to deny. Many assaults will have to be made before a perceptible advantage is gained, and it is only by unflinching perseverance and unfailing courage that we can hope to become "victors in the strife." But I trust that neither difficulty nor danger will be able to hold us back. We are not fighting for an idea, we are fighting for our country; and not our country only, but the whole human race. We are fighting against a despotism, beside which all other despotisms are liberty and love—a despotism which, not content with robbing its victims of their social and political rights, has brought them to such a condition that we can scarce trace a vestige of their original manhood. Despots have crushed their thousands, but Bacchus his tens of thousands; and it is the voice of this fallen and debased multitude that calls upon you in tones of anguish and despair, to save the rising generation from a similar fate.

How noble, how truly great is the work before you! Poets may sing, and historians tell in sounding periods, of the glory that waits upon the victorious general, red with the blood of his fellows; but more glorious, more noble is the destiny

reserved for you. It is your province not to destroy, but to save—not to cast down, but to build up—not to fill the world with suffering and woe, but to point the way to happiness and peace. And when the conqueror of nations, resting from his labours in the winter of his days, looking back upon the past —seeking for some good deed or noble action that shall tell him he has not lived in vain—sees nothing but towns and villages laid waste, and hears only the cry of the widow and the fatherless, he shall turn away and feel that his glory is but vanity indeed! But for you how different the retrospect! You will have waged a bloodless war with a vice which is second to none in its destructive power, and you will have the exquisite bliss of knowing, that through your instrumentality many are leading pure, happy, and prosperous lives, who might otherwise have been numbered amongst that wretched multitude who, bound hand and foot by the chains which they themselves have forged, drag on a horrible existence, and whose hopes, desires, and aspirations are all centred in one object, and expressed in two words—STRONG DRINK!

RAYS OF LIGHT FROM THE MORNING STAR.

"'He was very kind to his wife when he was sober.' That is the description, given by a witness who knew him well, of a man who now awaits his trial for the murder of his wife. She was not slain in a sudden gust of hot passion, not felled by a hasty blow, not shot in a moment of fierce anger. She was dragged from the bed in which she had taken refuge, hurled savagely upon the floor amidst a storm of filthy imprecations, and kicked and beaten till her life ebbed quickly away. What had so changed the nature of the man? What had made him, who was very kind when he was sober, a tiger thirsting for the blood of her whom he was sworn to protect? Drunkenness! The pestilent scourge which fills our gaols and recruits our army of paupers. The 'flattering devil' described by St. Augustin, which leads men not merely to commit sin, but to become themselves wholly sin. Henry Wilkinson had drunk deeply before he slew his wife. It was the gin demon which through him gave her the death-blow. But the other day Lewis Gough was hanged for murder. He had 'primed himself with beer' to do the bloody deed for which he suffered a shameful doom. In one day last week four coroners' inquests were held on the bodies of wretched creatures done to death

by drunkenness. 'Died from natural causes, accelerated by intemperance,' is the formal verdict on these suicides. That is to say, the man who might have died of heart disease at sixty-five, dies twenty years earlier through his own excesses. The same story is repeated in a hundred shapes. Now it is seen in direct murder, such as that with which Henry Wilkinson is charged: then in the slow starving to death of children—the means to procure food for them having been squandered in vile liquor. Now, a wretched creature, maddened by gin, seeks sinfully to commit self-destruction; then, some besotted being, staggering out of a dram-shop, falls and is crushed to death by passing vehicles. Drowned in drunken sleep, mothers overlie their babes; or, reeling in the gutters, drop their hapless infants from their nerveless arms. The police cells daily and nightly shelter senseless wretches who have lost their means with their brains, and who are only saved from still worse consequences by the custody in which they are kept. Only this morning we report two cases where women, while under the charge of the police, have sought to put an end to their existence. Catherine Eldridge and Mary Ann Pigott, being sober, would never think of doing harm to themselves. But, madly drunk, they hesitated not to raise their sacrilegious hands against their souls' citadel. Evil is ever the work of drunkenness. Men lose their manliness; women their sense of shame. Honour, virtue, cleanliness, are put to flight, and squalor, filth, indecency, rags, take the vacant place. Juggernaut never claimed more victims than does the demon of gin. No idol ever devised by the superstition of mankind since the world began, has counted votaries more earnest and devoted than the worshippers of drink, who, with bleared eyes and cracked, parched, bloody lips, with madness burning in their brains, reel away from their drunken orgies to do the work of sin and death.

"We do not mean to say that the fearful vice of drunkenness is on the increase. Quite the contrary is probably the truth. Clarendon wrote that one of the most fertile causes of the sin among poorer people was the example set them by those in a higher station. That was true when he wrote, and for long after. Men were measured too often by their capacity for drinking. Your six-bottle man was looked up to as a superior being. Statesmen were infected with the vice. Pitt brought his drunkenness into the House of Commons. Fox spent nights and days in deep drinking. The stories of the tipsy

revels of Sheridan are manifold. But the day for this kind of thing has passed away; and it can scarcely be said that the poor, in giving way to drunkenness, are kept in countenance by the excesses of the rich. Then among the working men themselves good wholesome influences have been at work. He would sadly overlook an important thing who, writing a history of the progress of social order in this country, should omit to mention what has been done by the Temperance societies. *By force of example they have effected much good. No argument is so strong with a drunkard.* Where he can, in his sober moments, be shown the benefits which flow from abstinence, a good deal is gained towards his reformation. *Moral influence is that which is most effective in the end. By legal means you may change the abode of drunkenness.* You may drive it from one place, but only to take refuge in another. The time at which the drinking is done may be altered; but the pernicious habit will not be extinguished. *For one drunkard made sober by force of law you will find fifty by force of good example.* Unquestionably the evil is great, and requires to be most vigorously grappled with. But the true course is to educate the people, that they may of themselves shun the worse and choose the better path. What has been done is but an earnest of what may be accomplished. When every poor man's child can receive good sound teaching, there will be but few drunkards. It is far better thus to deal with the vice than to seek by empirical means to check it. Civilisation has ever progressed with the growth of knowledge. Healthy training for working girls in all that is necessary to make a happy and a comfortable home, and the fitting of men for the higher mental enjoyments—these will sap the citadel of drunkenness, and cause the vice to cease from out of the land. The efforts which are being made to provide more comfortable houses for working people must have their good effect. The squalid holes which now too many of them call their homes are simply incentives to intoxication. There is not room in them for cleanliness even, while the foul unwholesome air the inhabitants must breathe, if they remain indoors, creates an insatiable appetite for stimulants. Whatever can be done in removing this state of things will have a direct and appreciable influence in the reduction of drunkenness. The habit of excess is acquired, not natural. Lessen the inducements to its acquirement, and the habit will of necessity die out. The social reformer has abundant evidence of the necessity for his exertions. What

Henry Wilkinson did in his drunken frenzy has been done sadly too often before, and there are hundreds of cases where some merciful interposition alone has prevented a similar catastrophe. Our legal remedies have not been successful. In the last resource we try the hangman as a moral teacher, and he is worse than a failure. More vigorous efforts are wanted in an exactly opposite direction. Let the working man be educated, well housed, and taught by experience the duties of a free citizen in a free state, and drunkenness and the crimes it leads to will become much rarer than unfortunately they now are."

GLEANINGS.

MODERATION COMMENDED.—It is objected that we are commanded to let our moderation be known to all men. And what then? Moderation in what? Is it moderation in temper, or moderation in food, or moderation in the style of life? It is a pitiful begging of the question to assume, that this means moderation in intoxicating drink. This is to trust to sound rather than to sense. The word in question means 'gentleness.'

FEAR OF CONSCIENCE.—In the commission of evil, fear no man so much as thyself: another is but one witness against thee: thou art a thousand; another thou mayest avoid, thyself thou canst not. Wickedness is its own punishment.—*Quarles.*

A GOOD LABOURER.—A farm labourer in Norfolk has been a teetotaller for 23 years; he seldom earns more than 10s. per week, and has had 16 children, 13 of whom are now living. He is a Primitive Methodist preacher, and walks many miles every Sunday to preach the everlasting Gospel. He is the best worker on the farm, and during the harvest drinks a beverage made of horehound and other herbs. I need not add that this man in his humble capacity, has lived a life of great usefulness.

Annals of the United Kingdom Band of Hope Union.

LABOURS OF THE AGENTS.

During the months of August and September, Mr. LAY has attended meetings as follows:—

August 4th. Vauxhall Walk Band of Hope.

August 5th. Esher Street Band of Hope. A well conducted Society.

August 8th. Caledonian Road Band of Hope. Good attendance.

August 10th. William Street, Poplar. A large and interesting meeting.

August 11th. Spa Fields Chapel Band of Hope. The children intelligent and well behaved, and the conductors courteous.

August 16th. Attended a meeting at Duck Lane Working Men's Club.

August 23rd. Conducted the Band of Hope at City Road Chapel, and gave some Temperance readings at an adult meeting later in the evening.

August 29. Attended a Band of Hope Meeting at Chase Side, Southgate. Good meeting, several pledges taken.

August 30*th*. Attended Band of Hope Meeting at Windsor Street, Islington. There is an excellent singing class connected with this large and well-conducted Band of Hope.

August 31*st*. Attended Band of Hope Meeting at Little Denmark Street, Soho. The children very attentive and well-behaved.

September 1*st*. Spoke at Earl Street Band of Hope.

September 4*th*. Attended Band of Hope Meeting at Old Ford, Hackney.

September 5*th*. Gave some temperance readings at the Wilmington Mission Band of Hope.

September 6*th*. Attended a meeting at Moor Street Mission Hall.

September 12*th*. Spoke at Denmark Street Band of Hope.

September 13*th*. Addressed the Band of Hope in connexion with Great Queen Street Chapel.

September 15*th*. Gave an address to the Charlotte Street Band of Hope. The children attentive and intelligent.

September 20*th*. Addressed the Band of Hope, Three Colt Lane, Bethnal Green.

September 21*st*. Attended Band of Hope Meetings at Fox and Knot Court, Moor Street, Five Dials, and Little Denmark Street, Soho.

September 23*rd*. Attended Band of Hope Meetings at Deverall Street, New Kent Road, and Lansdowne place. The latter is largely attended and well conducted.

September 26*th*. Addressed the Band of Hope, Exeter Buildings, Chelsea.

We subjoin a note from our hard-working agent, Mr. Bell, as a report for September:—

Dear Sir,—During the last three weeks I have been busily engaged in Bradford. We have had very good meetings; the cause here is very healthy; several new Bands of Hope have been formed lately, and are likely to do well. On Saturday, the 17th, we had a very interesting meeting at Batley, and on Sunday I had the pleasure of giving an address to the teachers and scholars of the various Sunday schools in the New Connexion Chapel. I am glad to say they are forming several new Bands of Hope there, and are about to form a Band of Hope Union, so as to assist each other. The fields here are white unto harvest. O that we had more labourers in the glorious cause! There is plenty of work here for an agent to be kept fully employed. I hope we shall soon have one for the *West Riding;* I am sure, with the co-operation of the kind-hearted friends, and the blessing of our Heavenly Father, he would do a great deal of good. Pray that the blessing of God may ever be with us in our work, and that the great curse may soon be driven from our midst.

I am, yours truly, W. Bell.

Mr. F. Smith has attended meetings as follows, during September:—Esher Street, Kennington Lane; Cross Street, Blackfriars Road; Calthorpe Street, Gray's Inn Road; Bloomsbury Refuge; Wilson Street,

Long Acre; Great Queen Street; Cross Street, Ball's Pond; Croydon; Charles Street, Drury Lane; Meadow Row, Walworth Road; Clifton Street, Wandsworth Road; Pavement Chapel, New North Road; Stafford Street, Peckham; Malmesbury, Wilts; Sherston, near Malmesbury; Calne, and Chippenham.

During the month Mr. G. Blaby has attended the following meetings:—Denmark Street, twice; Working Men's Club, Duck Lane, Westminster, twice; Field Place, Lock's Fields; Kentish Town; Vauxhall Walk; Victoria Street; Shadwell; and the following places in connection with the Northamptonshire Temperance Union:—Wellingborough, Irchester, Rushden, Geddington, Middleton, Kettering, Ringstead, Aldwinckle, Raunds, and Earl's Barton. He has also preached ten sermons, and addressed two Sunday schools.

We append a note received from Northamptonshire, in reference to a fortnight spent during Septempber in that county, by Mr. Blaby:—

September 19th, 1864.

Dear Sir,—During the last fortnight we have been favoured with a visit from Mr. Blaby, who has again kindly placed his holidays at our service as an honorary labourer in our County Temperance Union. During that period he has visited Wellingborough, Irchester, Rushden, Geddington, Middleton, Kettering, Ringstead, Aldwinckle, Raunds, and Earl's Barton; preached nine sermons, and delivered twelve temperance lectures. His audiences have numbered 3,250; some of them have been crowded and enthusiastic, and a very favourable impression produced for our principles on the minds of not a few. I may state that the cause in this town and couuty is in a very promising condition.

I remain Sir, yours truly,

John Rutherford,
Honorary Secretary to the Northamptonshire Temperance Union.

New Temperance Society in St. Giles.—An interesting meeting was held on Friday evening, Sept. 9, at the King Street Mission Hall, King street, Long acre, to inaugurate a new Temperance Society, in connection wilh the mission carried on in that neighbourhood. The Chairman (Mr. G. Hatton), in opening the meeting, spoke earnestly of the necessity there was for total abstinence in the christian, and the reasons for it, which might be seen in superabundance in the neighbourhood. Mr. Fox followed, showing that though there were many societies in the neighbourhood, yet the proposed one was friendly to all Temperance societies, and every effort productive of good, and antagonistic only to the many societies and efforts for evil which were around. Mr. Orridge proposed the first resolution:—"That it is desirable to form a new Temperance Society to combat with the evils resulting from intoxicating drinks." Mr. Johnson seconded the proposition, speaking in grateful terms of the glorious effects, far surpassing expectation, which he himself had realised from total abstinence in comparison with the dire effects which he in many years' experience had seen of indulgence. The Rev. G. W. M'Cree followed, speaking in his usual humorous and happy strain, and stated that he

second address in London was given at that hall fifteen years ago, and though he had had many difficulties to overcome, yet he was a teetotaller still. Many were such (said he) from considering the misery caused by drinking, but had no man ever been a drunkard, or was there no danger of men ever becoming so, he would still abstain, for he held that intoxicating liquors were not only useless, but hurtful. Mr. T. A. Smith, of the National Temperance League, in proposing the second resolution, nominating a committee to make the necessary arrangements, spoke forcibly and powerfully, and replied pleasantly to the humorous banter of Mr. M'Cree. He referred to the first teetotal meeting he had attended more than thirty years ago, when although a staunch Temperance man, abstaining from wine and spirits, but feeling he couldn't do without his beer, he had spoken against the new cause, but was convinced by a month's experience of total abstinence that his health was improved, and in many other ways was the better, and then gave in his adhesion to the total abstainers, and had kept so ever since. Mr. Barnard seconded the resolution, and explained his reasons for joining the cause, giving his experience of an intimate friend who had strayed through strong drink, who had called him (Mr. B.) to his assistance at the time of trouble, and had since been mercifully reclaimed. The various resolutions were carried *nem. con.* The meeting was well attended, though very short notice of its convention had been given, and altogether was very encouraging, giving tokens for great good.

BAND OF HOPE CONFERENCE AND PUBLIC MEETING AT PLYMOUTH.

A Band of Hope Conference was held on Wednesday, September 21st, at the Athenæum, Plymouth. The lecture hall was crowded, and 32 delegates were present from various temperance societies in different parts of Devon and Cornwall. Mr. T. B. Tyeth was the chairman, and the attendanee included Mr. S. Eliott, Captain Sumpter, R.N., Rev. E. Hipwood, Rev. Mr. Wheeler, Rev. G. W. M'Cree; Messrs. S. Searle, Eday, Daniel, (St. Ives), Davey, Coad, Jaspar Taylor, Kenning (Altarnun), Downing (Torpoint), Adams, Callamy, Pearce (Bodmin), Richards (St. Cleer), Horatio Burrows (St. Austel), T. E. Lovitt, John Rossiter (Dartmouth), Vivian (secretary of Plymouth Sunday School Union), G. Gollippe, Strong (Liskeard), Courtenay, Dunston, Husband, Crouch, Hoskin (Saltash), N. H. Biggleston (Hayle), Burton, E. Griffith (president of the Plymouth Working Men's Improvement Society), J. Holloway (Lelant), J. Cogan, G. Baker (Devonport), Cross, W. Saunders (hon. sec. of Plymouth Total Abstinence Society), and S. Fothergill.

The Chairman having expressed the object of the meeting, said that it gave him great pleasure to see so many friends present not only from the neighbourhood but from distant parts of the two counties.

Mr. Balkwill, said that he considered it one of the most gratifying occupations that could engage the Christian mind to notice how widely operating were the principles of the Divine Master, which taught that every man was their neighbour. Upon those principles all philanthropic institutions—dispensaries, orphan asylums, homes for the homeless and unfortunate—were founded. How beautifully they had inspired the

pens of hundreds of writers, and breathed vitality into their various missionaries and agents. What if they were not all perfect, nor all accurate in doctrine, according to the views of each of them, at least they embodied the expression of interest and concern in the welfare of the immortal souls of their fellows, which must enrich the hearts of both givers and recipients. This convinced them, with the poet, that truly

"There is no dearth of kindness
In this world of ours."

Yet it was sad to think how great was the power of evil, which was constantly creating poverty, and persistently increasing crime. How many a bright dream had been indulged in with respect to the rising generation, of all the good that was to come, and the evil that was to die out, when they should take the place of their fathers. Would to God that all these hopes might be realised! It was extremely hard work to induce a man to give up habits to which he had been long accustomed, yet if progress were to be made in civilization, and if the social condition was to be elevated, it was obvious that some past habits and old customs must give way. In fixing their attention on the young they were only following the teachings of nature, the instruction of Holy Writ, and of history in every time. He firmly believed that the book of nature and the word of inspiration were in perfect harmony. They were to "Train up a child in the way he should go." It was not merely enough to speak to children, as Eli did to his sons, for Eli had been punished for his parental neglect. In the missionary work the school had been a powerful instrument in producing good. The speaker referred to the establishment of Sunday Schools, and to the foundation and growth of popular education. That early impressions were the most lasting, was illustrated in such a life as that of the poet Cowper. A mother's influence could be visibly seen, too, in the life of such a man as Dr. Trench. The speaker mentioned other great men who owed their greatness to early training, and also touchingly referred to the example which had been set by the Queen. Mr. Balkwill then graphically sketched some painful scenes that he had witnessed of the misery produced by drink. He hoped, however, that they would understand that when he advocated Bands of Hope he believed them only a means to an end, the end and aim of all their work—the salvation of immortal souls. (Applause.) In conclusion, he would move:—"That it is impossible to over-estimate the importance of early impressions and early training in the formation of character, and in moulding the destinies of successive generations; that the pernicious influence to which at every stage of life the young are exposed, in connexion with the drinking customs and drinking houses of our land, are extremely demoralising, poisoning life at its very fountain, preparing generation after generation for degradation and ruin, and calling loudly for special effort to counteract their influence; that Bands of Hope are eminently adapted to this end, having already been signally blessed, and therefore claim the hearty co-operation of all who feel an interest in the welfare of the young, whether for time or for eternity.

The Rev. E. Hipwood seconded the resolution. He said that they

all must have listened with great interest to the paper which had just been read by Mr. Balkwill. He had attended a public meeting of great interest on the previous day, when it was stated that the county of Devon was not behind in supporting philanthropic movements. He alluded to the meeting in advocacy of the taking care of idiots, which they would see, if they thought of it, bore largely upon the present question; for how many children were idiots in consequence of drink? It was their work that day to devise means how best to accomplish their end—the taking care of the little ones. They all knew that the drinking habits of the country were its greatest bane. Many of the children went forth from their Sunday schools and were entrapped by these into the ways of the world. The speaker gave various statistical extracts from a work of Dr. Lees', showing that the greater part of crime was caused by drunkenness. As long as there were so many public-houses placing temptation in the way of the young, so long, he was afraid, they would have to mourn over many Sunday school scholars who went astray. He hoped that teachers would do all in their power to endeavour to obtain a thorough-going prohibitory law. (Applause.)

The resolution was then adopted.

The Rev. G. W. M'Cree stated that the object of the Conference was not to discuss the formation of Bands of Hope in connection with Sunday or day schools, but to consider the necessity of the step generally. They had to take "sweet counsel together" how best to accomplish their object. It had been a matter of controversy who was the originator of Bands of Hope, and they would not then discuss the point. He had not had the honour of being a Band of Hope boy; but he had been a total abstainer for 25 years, and in his younger days the societies were not called Bands of Hope. To those who might be desirous of becoming acquainted with the objects of the United Kingdom Band of Hope Union, he would say that it contemplated to form new Bands of Hope; to assist those already in operation; to supply competent authors to produce temperance literature; and to engage and support agents with special qualifications for addressing children, and generally to spread the Band of Hope movement throughout the country. Although their income was only £37. at the commencement, he hoped this year it would be £1,000. (Applause.) Last year the Union had employed five paid agents; 1,666 meetings had been held; 116 provincial towns had been visited by the agents; 80 Bands of Hope in London were aided; 66,000 publications sold; and 170 lectures and exhibitions, chiefly of dissolving views were given. The committee were more than ever convinced of the paramount importance of Bands of Hope, when it was affirmed that 82,196 persons were brought before the magistrates in England in one year on the charge of "drunk and disorderly." It was high time then for their juvenile population to be taught to abstain from intoxicating drinks. The true hope of temperance reformers will be found in the diffusion of their principles among the young. As a proof of the work the Bands of Hope could achieve, he would mention that they had 1,500 children from their Union at one of the Crystal Palace

concerts. The number of children who annually signed the pledge was about 180,000, but as many as 5,000,000 ought to be in their ranks. It would be well, too, if all the Bands of Hope were conducted by christian men, many of the entertainments given having too much of the dramatic and sensational in them. There was too little instruction in many of their Bands of Hope. In all of them, Mr. J. P. Parker's "Catechism" should be used. Joseph Livesey's lectures should also be broken into crumbs, and given to their young friends. Principles and facts, as well as stories and songs, were essential to the proper education of their members. Merely amusing dialogues were not worth much, and of these there was sometimes an over-abundant supply. Penny banks, sick funds, rural excursions, Christmas trees, Tonic Sol-fa classes, annual sermons, and early prayer meetings were rapidly multiplying in connection with various Bands of Hope, and were very helpful to the good work. He believed the ladies were the best agents in carrying out the operations of Bands of Hope. In conclusion he would move—"That this meeting would record its gratitude to Almighty God for the success that has attended the Band of Hope movement, and for the vast numbers who, through its instrumentality, have been made aware of the snares that surround them, preserved them from the ruinous fascinations of strong drink and the evil associations of drink-houses, and thus placed in a position proportionately more favourable for the reception of all good, and holy, and elevating influences. And this meeting would call upon all who love their country, and who wish well to the rising generation, to aid by every means in their power a movement so signally blessed of God and beneficial to man."

Mr. S. Fothergill seconded the resolution. He had had the honour of belonging to a juvenile temperance society 25 years ago, at which time their little societies were not called Bands of Hope. He believed that children kept their pledge very faithfully, and in a noble manner, often amid the most trying circumstances. On the other hand, however, there were numerous examples of misery in consequence of broken pledges. Education was considered a panacea in most cases, but it was imperfect unless they impressed upon the young that they should avoid the use of intoxicating liquors, and be taught to regard public-houses as snares and evils. The Bands of Hope already established were flourishing. He could not help alluding to the valuable services of Mr. Horswell.

The resolution having been carried,

Mr. W. Saunders, the secretary of the Total Abstinence Society, then said that the reason why they had not carried out their intention of inviting all the Sunday school teachers to a public tea, was that they had not until lately had any fixed place of meeting. He hoped, however, that they would meet soon. (Applause.) He was glad to say the work was prospering in Plymouth, where they had four societies in connection with—Hope Chapel, Ebrington street; Salem Street Chapel; Old Tabernacle, Briton side; and the Plymouth Temperance Society. He was exceedingly pleased also to see friends present from so many places

in the two counties. In placing before them the object and rules of the proposed Band of Hope Union for the West of England, he would call their attention to the following facts:—It was proposed, first, to form new Bands of Hope, and to assist, as far as their means would allow, the existing ones—to adminster the pledge to young persons, with the consent of their parents or guardians, against the use of drinks as a beverage, the smoking of tobacco, and the snuffing of snuff. Second, to promote the circulation of temperance literature, especially bearing on the evils of intemperance, and of other approved publications for the young. Third, to employ agents qualified to interest the young, to organise on a right basis local Bands of Hope, and whose duty it should be to visit all public schools, workhouses, prisons, and orphan asylums, and places where children are congregated together, and at convenient hours to hold public meetings especially for children. It was proposed that the name adopted for this association should be—the West of England Band of Hope Union; and that it should consist of all affiliated societies subscribing to the funds not less than 5s. per year, each society so affiliated being entitled to send one delegate to all business meetings of the Union. The members of the Union would consist of subscribers—pledged abstainers—of not less than 2s. 6d. per annum; such members to be entitled to a vote at the annual meeting. The Union was to be governed by a president, treasurer, and secretary, and a committee of not less than 12 persons, with power to add to their number; one half to retire every twelve months, but to be eligible for re-election. Annual and quarterly meetings would be held. Mr. Saunders concluded by moving, "That this meeting rejoices in the success that has attended the formation of the Bands of Hope in the West of England, and while gratefully acknowledging the efforts that have been made to promote their efficiency, is convinced that more specific organization and united effort are required to give to the movement all the efficiency and success that is to be desired, and of which it is capable, and for this purpose an association be formed, to be called—The West of England Band of Hope Union."

Mr. S. Elliott having seconded the resolution, it was unanimously carried.

The following were then appointed officers of the Union:—President, Mr. S. Elliott, Trafalgar House. Vice-Presidents: Captain Sumpter, Rev. W. F. Sykes, C.F., Rev. W. Eliott, Messrs. J. C. Isaac, J. Elliott, W. Drayton, J. Westron, E. Vivian, R. W. Ford, J. Pereson, W. Pearce, and the Rev. E. Hipwood. Committee:—Messrs. W. Rowe, W. Jinkin, Griffith, Chambers, Hill, A. P. Balkwill, J. Yabsley, P. P. Parker, Willis, Bray, Fothergill, Barnecutt, Gale, Rev. H. Wheeler, with power to add to their number. Treasurer, Mr. T. B. Tyeth.

Mr. Jaspar Taylor, of Altarnum, and the delegates from Bodmin, Liskeard, and Hayle, expressed their opinions as represeutatives of their societies, all of them speaking in high praise of the movement, and stating that they were prepared to give it their best support.

A *vote of thanks* proposed by Mr. M'Cree, and seconded by Mr.

FOTHERGILL, was enthusiastically given to the Chairman, who briefly returned thanks.

The Conference then broke up.

In the evening a tea meeting was held at the Temperance hall, Raleigh street. About 300 of the attendants at the Conference and their friends were present. Sunday school teachers had also been invited, and several teachers of both sexes, unconnected with the Temperance movement, were amongst the company. After the tea a public meeting was held in the Hall, to hear an address from the Rev. G. W. M'Cree, "On the Importance of Bands of Hope in connection with Sunday and Day Schools."

Capt. Sumpter, R.N., who was to have presided, was obliged to decline the duties from indisposition.

Mr. Wm. HICKS was called to the chair, and in a short address denounced the liquor traffic, which he said, had been, and still was, cursing the world in every direction. He congratulated the meeting on the progress of the movement among the clergy of the Established Church in support of teetotalism. 550 clergymen were now, with the Dean of Carlisle at their head, warmly advocating total abstinence. Those gentlemen had been preaching aud labouring in their respective parishes with limited success, and on considering the canse why their labours were not made a blessing, had arrived at the conclusion that the liquor traffic was their great hindrance. They were now, therefore, endeavouring to remove that hindrance.

Mr. FOTHERGILL said there was one duty he had to perform before Mr. M'Cree addressed the meeting, and that was to move a vote of thanks to the ladies who had presided at the tea tables.

This proposition was seconded by Mr. HORSWELL, carried with acclamation, and responded to on behalf of the ladies by Mr. W. SAUNDERS.

The Rev. GEORGE WILSON M'CREE then delivered a long and eloquent address, principally advocating the adoption of Bands of Hope in connection with Sunday schools. He gave examples from his own experience of the great danger of the drinking system to both teachers and scholars, showing how bright members of both classes, who in their early connection with Sunday schools were looked upon as most promising, in after days sank into all the degradations of drunkenness. At the last census there had been returned 5,000,000 children between the ages of 5 and 15. The question was, what was becoming of them? In the district in which he laboured at his own pastoral duties, Seven Dials, the exhibition of the ravages of drunkenness was fearful. There were 157 public houses there, and in the whole of London there were 10,000. The influence of those houses on the after career of children was frightful. Recently at the execution of a poor potman, about 15,000 of the depraved classes of London attended; and at the hanging of the pirates there were 30,000, exhibiting a mass of heathenism of the most shocking description. Yet all those persons were once children, whose career was greatly influenced by their training, and who had fallen from not having been taught to avoid

the snares of the liquor traffic. A member of one of the Rochdale Temperance Societies on one occasion visited a singing saloon on a Saturday night, and there saw among the guests 16 boys and girls sitting at a table drinking, and listening to songs of a most objectionable character, and being witnesses to the most abandoned depravity. Fourteen of these young persons were found to have been members of Bible classes. Mr. T. B. Smithies, the editor of the *British Workman*, &c., once found in prison 14 juvenile convicts, 13 of whom had been Sunday school scholars. The majority of these acknowledged that they had been brought to their evil ways by drink. In reply to an inquiry, one of them said his Sunday school teacher had never warned him against drink, and he (Mr. M'Cree), would impress upon every Christian member of a church, every Sunday school teacher, the danger of some future Mr. T. B. Smithies probably receiving a similar answer from some of their present Sunday scholars. Mr. M'Cree then argued that there was no occasion to avoid adopting total abstinence on the ground of its injuring health, as the teetotaler was really a more healthy person than the moderate drinker. More than 2,000 medical men had testified to that. Nor was there any occasion to avoid the question on the plea of fashion, as no person would be less esteemed for adopting total abstinence. On the other hand, he said, he would urge its adoption as the means of avoiding evils, on the plea of usefulness and on the plea of humanity.

After a few remarks from the chairman, on the suggestion of Mr. Balkwill, discussion was invited.

The Rev. E. Hipwood inquired what Mr. M'Cree considered would be the best way of introducing the subject to his Sunday school teachers?

Mr. M'Cree said the rev. gentleman had better invite his teachers to a tea at his own house, and there kindly, quietly, and solemnly, talk over the matter with them. The society of which he (Mr. M'Cree) was secretary would supply them with publications on the subject gratis. He hoped that before long Mr. Hipwood would have a Band of Hope in connection with his Sunday school also.

The proceedings were closed with singing the doxology, and prayer by the Rev. Mr. M'Cree.—*Western Morning News.*

CONFERENCE OF SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHERS AT NOTTINGHAM.

On Sept. 10th, a conference of Sunday School Teachers was held in the Hounds gate school-room, which, by half-past seven o'clock, was well filled.

After singing a hymn, the Rev. J. Marples moved, and Mr. T. Simpson seconded a motion, that Mr. A. Goodliffe be called to the chair.

The Chairman observed that he was sorry Mr. Stevenson, who presided at the previous meeting, was absent, because his heart was thoroughly with the Sunday School teachers. He believed they were met to consider questions which resulted from the resolution adopted at the former meeting, and although they would have to listen to various views, he trusted that each speaker would be allowed to express himself without interruption.

The Rev. J. MARPLES said a letter had been received from Mr. Mellor, who took charge of the resolution adopted at the former meeting, and who was out of town, in which he hoped that a resolution about to be submitted would be approved.

Mr. MILLS had a resolution to move. The questions for the meeting to consider were, "Are Sunday schools doing all the good they might—and might not that good be rendered more perfect?" If they could get the children in the schools, and keep them there, then they would accomplish a great work. He did not take a gloomy view of the subject, for he believed that Sunday schools were never more efficient than now. The population of this country was 30 millions, which would give 6 million families of five in each family. Now two-thirds of these would be under 20 years of age, and some six or seven millions between the ages of 5 and 18. What proportion had they in their schools? Why, about four millions. A large proportion was therefore not brought within the range of instruction. He did not know exactly the population of Nottingham, but he would take it and the neighbourhood at 100,000, which, at five in a family, would give 20,000 families; and this would give 12,000 under 20 years of age. But they had only 8,400 children in the schools of the Union, and, allowing for those in other schools in the town, there were still some 13,000 or 14,000 absent. What were the difficulties with which they had to contend? The ignorance and poverty of parents, which were opposed to their progress. Now the causes of ignorance and poverty, according to their town missionaries and scripture readers, were the drinking customs of society. He would move the following resolution:—

"That this meeting, deeply lamenting the loss of young people to Sunday schools and churches by intemperance and other vices, recommends the establishment of a Band of Hope in connection with every Sabbath school in the town and neighbourhood; and would also urge upon young people the importance of attending Working Men's Clubs, Institutes, and Improvement Classes as connected with the different places of worship; and would further advise that teachers and superintendents of schools do all in their power to forward the above efforts."

Mr. MARSH seconded the resolution.

Mr. PENNY enquired whether the elder scholars remained in those schools where Bands of Hope had been established?

Mr. MILLS said Bands of Hope had not been established sufficiently long to test the point put.

Mr. GILL observed that he had taught a class of adults for many months who had forsaken public-houses, but, he was sorry to say, some had again fallen through strong drink. Public-houses and gin-shops were the greatest enemies with which Sunday school teachers had to contend, for these places influenced the young six days, whilst they had charge of them only one day. If they desired to retain the elder scholars, let them form Bands of Hope.

The Rev. J. MARPLES read an extract from the *Band of Hope Movement* respecting the formation of a youths' temperance society in Bolton,

which had now 20 districts and 10,000 members, many of whom were Sunday school teachers.

Mr. J. Howitt said he had made it a matter of thought and prayer how the elder scholars could best be retained, and he did not believe that teetotalism could do this. Something more powerful than Bands of Hope must be brought to bear upon these scholars, and he believed that if the youthful mind was permeated with the principles of Christianity, the evils of intemperance and other vices complained of would be prevented. There was too much of a desire to get hold of anything new, and the grand principle of faith in the Redeemer was often lost sight of. He was sorry to say that in Nottingham there was much loose feeling as regarded domestic ties. Parents were drawn from home, and the children followed their example. Now, above all, let teachers watch the elder scholars. In proposing the establishment of Bands of Hope, let them not lose sight of the main thing, a return to vital godliness, which, if once planted in the heart, would be sure to spring up and bear fruit.

Mr. H. Hogg was surprised that the resolution did not commend itself to the mind of every Christian, as an adjunct to religion.

Mr. Underwood thought they should see the scholars during the week, to study the sciences in an evening, for if teachers would not provide intellectual food for the elder scholars, there were others who would take care to furnish that which was of a different cbaracter.

Mr. Bryan said they had a Band of Hope in the school with which he was connected, at Hyson Green, and many children had signed the pledge who were now teachers.

Mr. T. Simpson observed that Bands of Hope might be one means, though he did not see eye to eye with teetotallers in all they hoped from them. Probably they should all agree that this was one means, and so go on with the resolution. What they met to consider was, how the thousands who passed through their hands might be saved to the churches and the world? An attempt had been made to show that they wished to interfere with the liberty of the working classes, when they only met to talk about the young persons in their schools. Still, Sunday schools were a great success. Why, only the other day he was conversing with a person from Greenwich, who informed him, that out of 1,600 unfortunate females whom he had visited, only 12 had been in Sunday schools.

A second resolution was read by the Chairman, recommending some means of relaxation for the elder scholars.

Mr. Gilpin thought it did not meet the case, and Mr. S. N. Cropper questioned the practicability of establishing such means of relaxation in all schools; besides, he knew of many Bands of Hope that had dropped through because there was not sufficient power to keep them alive.

Mr. Simpson considered the great evil of the day was, that young people spent so much time in parading the streets. He wished to know whether the Temperance body did not encourage dancing, and whether they were not connected with the fêtes at the Castle?

Mr. Hardwicke disclaimed anything of the kind. There was the Christian Band of Hope Band and a Temperance Band.

Mr. Evans had been the leader of the Band of Hope Band for five years, and they had got children out of the streets, collected them together in Barker Gate School, caused them to sign the pledge, and then sent them into the various Sunday-schools. There were seven on the committee, and five were members of Christian churches; and they were not likely, therefore, to encourage dancing. For years not one of the Drum and Fife Band lads had been seen with a pipe in his mouth, or in public houses, or had been guilty of assault. They had taken 4,000 children off the streets, and sent them into the Sunday-schools, and he thought that was a great and good work.

Mr. Gill suggested the appointment of a committee to consider some means of retaining the elder scholars.

Mr. Wainwright, as a teacher of 38 years' standing, had no faith in the Band of Hope movement. They had tried week-night instruction before Bands of Hope were thought of, and failed. Why? Because when trade was good the warehouses kept open till nine and ten o'clock. What they wanted was a higher class of teachers in their schools. He deprecated the establishment of anything that took the working man from his home. Let them instil the principle into his mind, that home was his place after the labour of the day.

Mr. Longmire did not think much of Bands of Hope.

The resolution was withdrawn, as also was another proposed by Mr. Simpson, and seconded by Mr. Cropper, much to the same effect; and ultimately the following resolution was agreed to, on the motion of Mr. Mills, seconded by Mr. Gill:—

"That a committee be appointed to carry out the resolution in harmony with Sunday School teachers, and to form a central organization for the town, and to consider what other means may promote the interest of Sunday schools."

The following gentlemen were then chosen:—Revs. W. R. Stevenson and J. Marples, and Messrs. H. Hogg, R. Mellors, T. Simpson, J. Bayley, B. Wheeler, A. Goodliffe, W. Johnstone, J. Mills, J. Phelps, J. F. Train, J. B. Hardwicke, S. E. Hackett, J. Lawrence, T. Hill, and S. N. Cropper.

After a vote of thanks to the Chairman, and singing the doxology, the meeting separated at ten o'clock.

BACK NUMBERS OF THE "RECORD" FOR GRATUITOUS DISTRIBUTION.

Friends in London or the Country may secure 100 of the back numbers (gratis) of the "Record" by sending name and address to the office of the Union, 37, Queen Square, Bloomsbury, London, W. C. The parcels will not be prepaid. This will, therefore, be the only expense of securing a supply.

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BAND OF HOPE RECORD.

THE PLACE OF TOTAL ABSTINENCE.

By SAMUEL BOWLY.

We would disclaim to the fullest extent the idea of setting up the Total Astinence system in the place of the Gospel. We would ask those who have been misled by this unjust imputation to consider that Total Abstinence is only a negative principle—*it sets up nothing*—it simply removes out of the way an element inimical to the social well-being of society; just as the process of draining removes from the land an element that is injurious to the cultivation of the soil. Draining is not ploughing, or manuring, or sowing; but, by its powerful negative influence, it ensures to him who ploughs, and sows, and reaps, a far more abundant crop. So Teetotalism is not intellectual cultivation, sanitary improvement, or Gospel ministry — it only drains the social soil of an injurious element, and thus ensures to the schoolmaster, the social reformer, and, we trust, to the Christian minister, a more abundant return for the labours they bestow.

It is by no means improbable that, as an instrument for preparing the way for the Gospel, Total Abstinence may have been occasionally over-estimated; but, on the other hand, the blessing that has rested upon it as a means of reclamation, and of leading thousands to seek a knowledge of Gospel truth, has been greatly undervalued by many religious people; otherwise, they never could have been satisfied to despise or neglect, as they have done, a movement marked by so many results of deep religious interest. There may be those who think it is less difficult to effect a change of heart than a change of habit; that it is easier to remove intemperance by preaching the Gospel, than by removing the article which produces the intemperance; that it is better to try to fortify each individual against the temptations of a dangerous and useless custom, than to endeavour to remove the temptation by banishing the custom itself. Our experience and observation of mankind lead us to entirely opposite conclusions; for we must bear in mind that preaching the Gospel does not insure its acceptance; and, if it is not accepted, it neither changes the heart nor fortifies the individual against temptation. So that the influence of religion in preventing intemperance must of course be confined to that very limited circle in which its vital power

operates on the mind and conduct of its recipients. The masses outside that circle would still be subjected to the fearful temptations of strong drink; and an immense majority of the intemperate, together with the innocent victims of their vice, would be left in the bitterness of all but hopeless suffering.

THE VOICE OF CHILDHOOD.*

This is a little book about little people, but full of great thoughts and great truths. There are many to whom the title will be a sufficient recommendation, for it often happens that people who are indifferent to most things, cannot resist the pleading voice of childhood. It winds itself round about our hearts, and brings with it a pure and holy influence. Mr. De Fraine has entered fully into his subject, and treats in a loving spirit of "the influence, the poetry, and the wrongs of the little ones." That they *have* influence, few who know anything of them will feel inclined to deny; but that this is so great as it really is, may not, perhaps, be so generally recognised. Many are the instances on record of hardened men who had successfully resisted every influence that had been brought to bear upon them, but who were melted and won over by the voice of a little child. We think, however, that Mr. De Fraine has given in this part of his book more prominence to the influence we have over the children, than to the influence they possess over us. Not that this is any drawback to the usefulness or the interest of the book; on the contrary, it may be all the more useful, in showing parents to what a great extent it is in their power to form their children's minds for good or evil. We commend the following extract to their attention :—

"The world's greatest seminary is the fireside. For good or evil the child's heart is impressed there. Words of platform, and pulpit, and schoolhouse may be forgotten, but even when long years shall have swept over us, the influence of home will cling to us still. Make the home pure, healthy, happy, refined, so shall those who live in it grow up, in some measure, like it. I don't say that this a rule without an exception. I daresay there were cowards in Sparta, but because the Spartan mothers were brave, so also were the Spartan children. There is little hope of a sober nation or a righteous people, I fear, unless the good principles which are to exalt us, and the 'Godliness which is profitable unto all things,' be taught by the fireside."

If it were only for these words we could hope to see this book find its way into every home in England. When will fathers and mothers learn the great truth, that far above the teaching even of Sabbath schools, are the lessons that may be learnt by the fireside at home?

For the second part of his book, Mr. De Fraine has culled some of the sweetest poems in our language; and when we say, that amongst the writers whose works he has laid under contribution, are the names of Tennyson, Jean Ingelow, Lord Houghton, and W. C. Bennett, we have

* "The Voice of Childhood," by John de Fraine. London: Tweedie.

said all that we need, to send our readers to purchase a copy without a moment's delay.

It would have been well if the book could have ended here—if the influence and the poetry of the young could have formed the whole sum and substance of what the writer had to say about them. But unfortunately they have their wrongs, which call as loudly for redress as any of the grievances of their elders. He speaks very strongly and, we think, with reason, against the practice of treating children harshly for trivial faults, instead of ruling them by the power of love. He has inserted an article from the *Daily Telegraph*, on the suicide of Sarah Ann Baker, a child of eight years of age, who was cruelly beaten by her parents for breaking a basin; and we cannot do better than quote a few lines from it:—

"Children are not sent to be beaten and cursed into shape. No dutiful youth or affectionate manhood and womanhood can come out of that dreadful doctrine, that blows and stripes are the best education for the young. Is not the love of children worth earning? Will they not serve better, learn better, work better, and live better, when the precious smile and coveted kind word reward the obedience? Whence, then, this deadly theory, that they must be coerced into duty and flogged into good behaviour? Shall we not some day see a time dawning when childhood shall pass in all its natural pleasures, and the authority of home be moulded on that which is its archetype—the love of God the Father?"

We are glad to see that Mr. De Fraine has not omitted to speak of the drunkard's children, for assuredly they suffer a grievous wrong. Innocent as they are, the sin of their parents is visited upon them with fearful severity. We cannot wonder that there are so many juvenile offenders, when they are neglected, and left to wander about, and pick up all the wickedness that is to be found in the streets. The wonder is, not that so many fall into temptation, but that so many escape the evil influences by which they are surrounded. There is much in the following extract that reminds us of Mr. Gough's style of oratory:—

"I speak often about the sin of drunkenness, how it enslaves the soul and breaks poor women's hearts! but I think one of the saddest things about it is the *wrong* it inflicts upon little children! I have seen them given over to ignorance and evil companionship,—I have seen them in rags and tatters,—I have seen them exposed to cruel taunts and wicked ridicule,—I have seen them creep up stairs to watch with childish horror their dearest relative battling with imaginary demons, fighting with fancied ghosts, talking in a madman's incoherent strains,—I have seen them grow up vicious and criminal, because the house was full of wretchedness, the night hideous with quarrels, and the day dreary with despair, —I have seen their white faces pinched with want, and their thin fingers held out appealingly, but in vain, for food. God pity these children of the drunkard! You laugh at us sometimes. You call us bigot and enthusiast, because we fight against a sin which steals the little child's bread—which furrows the poor mother's cheek—which crushes the poor wife's soul with care—which robs the home of peace—which fills the

land with crime and misery; but if anything should stir us up to work against this unspeakable curse of our country, I think it is the great army of ill-used children, and patient, broken-hearted women—forgiving even unto seventy times seven, whose voice choked with sobs and wailing and lamentation, bid us come up 'to the help of the weak against the strong' —to the help of the 'Lord against the mighty.'"

The voice of childhood speaks out in four distinct utterances, which are well worth listening to:—"Love us," "Bear with us," "Teach us," and "Guide us." Under each of these heads are to be found passages that none can read without feeling that the voice comes to us charged with a message we should do well to heed; and whoever can rise from a perusal of the book without having his love and respect for little children increased tenfold, must be a very good man or a very bad one.

SKETCHES OF BAND OF HOPE AND SUNDAY SCHOOL SPEAKERS, No.

MR. RIDICULOUS.

The children know him, and are looking for some lively refreshment from him.

The first thing he does is to make a comical face at the children. The children at once set him down as a superior man. He makes another funny face, which makes the youthful congregation laugh. These pleasant smirks are instead of the ordinary "introduction" with which sermons are begun.

The "introduction" being over, he plunges into the heads of his subject (if his subject had any heads, or if he had any subject it would be a good thing); or, at any rate, he plunges into something. It is a string of funny nothings, without heads, middle, or tail. One queer story succeeds another, interspersed with pleasant grimaces, which come as naturally and as frequently as do the oaths with which profane men spice their conversation. It is extremely delightful to the children, but miserably unprofitable. It is like the elegant froth puddings which adorn hotel dinner-tables, fine to look at, but poor stuff to feed upon; nearly all froth, and almost no pudding. As it would not require a careful calculation to ascertain how long it would take a man to starve on such puddings, so we might easily calculate how soon a Sunday-school or Band of Hope would run down, if statedly fed on such foolish nothings as the present orator utters.

It is very easy to make children laugh, especially very young children. But making them laugh should not be the chief object of the man who addresses them. If mirth is all

that is desired it would be well to omit the speech altogether, and only *do* funny things. Let a funny person go from bench to bench in a Band of Hope and tickle the children's noses with a straw, or pleasantly punch them under the ribs with a stick, and he will have the school in a burst of cheerful merriment sooner than by delivering the very funniest address he knows. Perhaps somebody says this would be a ridiculous proceeding. Not much more ridiculous than some of the buffoon speeches which are sometimes made.

It is not denied that the Ridiculous Speaker succeeds in securing the attention of the children. Children will give heed to whatever is amusing. Let a man come along with a barrel organ, and the most entertaining speaker cannot hold their attention. Let some lively boy report that there is a monkey in attendance on that instrument of music, and it takes more than ordinary discipline to restrain them from crowding the doors and windows to witness the grotesque performances of the merrymaking little beast.

How far, then, is it right to be *funny* in speaking to children? Very little, indeed, if we want to do them good. Don't be alarmed, my cheerful friend. It is right to flavour your speech with amusing remarks, just as you put sugar in your coffee. A little sugar, if it is a good article of sugar, without too much sand it, will sweeten a good size cup of coffee. If you drink the (decoction of rye, chestnuts, roots, and other stuff now generally used for) coffee without sugar, it is very disagreeable. If, on the other hand, you put too much sugar in it, you find a quantity of good-for-nothing sweetening at the bottom of the cup, which the coffee would not dissolve, and which is not useful, either as coffee, sugar, or anything else. So must we season our speech with exactly the right quantity of an excellent article of mirthfulness. If a good joke comes in place to point an illustration with, use it by all means, but take care that neither joke nor illustration are used *only* for the sake of saying something sharp or funny. If the speech is all joke, it is coffee with too much sugar. If too dry and solemn, it is coffee with the sugar left out; and however pure Mocha it may be, nobody wants it, or can enjoy it.

While sweetening our speech with the sugar of pleasant mirthfulness, let us also be careful that it be well seasoned with the salt of Divine grace. Otherwise it cannot be written of it, "And the speech pleased the Lord."

A RAGGED-SCHOOL INCIDENT.

With unkempt hair and unwashed face,
  And hands begrimed and worn,
With wrinkles on his childish brow,
  And clothes both patched and torn,
So came he to the ragged-school,
  The boy with eager eyes;
So came he, wondering at the words
  Of hope beyond the skies.

Half sheepishly he held aloof
  While brighter boys drew near,
And stealthily he smiled his smile,
  Or wiped away a tear.
Shrank from the touch of kindly hands
  Laid gently on his head,
But listened with intense awe
  To what the teacher said.

An awkward stupid boy he looked,
  But his looks belied his life,
For shrewd, strong-willed, and self-possessed,
  Was the boy in scenes of strife.
But the cheerful place, and the gentle words,
  And looks of quiet love,
Wrought wonders with the little heart,
  Full oft so hard to move.

The teacher trusted, prayed, and talked,
  But did not know that day
That a little thief was rescued from
  The dangerous downward way.
But the little ragged boy went forth
  To battle as he might;
With the Wrong around him everywhere,
  And he struggled to the Right.

And England owes a word of thanks
  To the teacher and the school:
For one less crowds the prison cells—
  Dares God and country's rule.
One more is treading manfully
  The path to home and heaven;
Where to the teacher and the taught
  The crown of life is given.

MARGARET FARNINGHAM

HOW I BECAME AN ABSTAINER.

I have been now for many years an abstainer. I renounced the use of all intoxicating drinks at a time when it was such a rare thing to find an abstaining minister, that those who were found, led but a sorry life of it. Times are changed now, and we abstainers have something more than the best of it every way. The people do us honour, and when the ministers don't join us, they are discreetly silent. But I must tell you how I joined the band, for that is the purpose of my story.

To bring up the tale in all its connections, I must go back to my school days. These were passed principally under the roof of an uncle, who, having been some ten years married, and being yet without children, with my father's consent, selected me from his somewhat numerous 'regiment of infantry,' and undertook my 'board and education.'

My uncle Robert was a sternly upright, and according to his light, a philanthropic religious man. Liberally endowed with this world's goods, he had ever an open hand for the poor, and as far as pecuniary contributions went, his efforts in connection with his own church were, when they became known, for he generally attempted to conceal them, accounted extraordinary. Seldom, too, was he without some stranger or other at his table as a guest, to whom he dispensed a most gracious hospitality, in which a free supply of the liquors then in ordinary and respectable use, as beer, wines, and spirits, was not wanting. My uncle was a strictly temperate man himself, and anything beyond the bounds of moderation in another would have met his severest reprobation. His views on the subject of temperance were decidedly opposed to those of the small knot of abstainers who called their society by the name of the district in which he resided. More than once he took occasion to speak a little sharply of the ingratitude that a refusal to share in the 'good gifts' of God betokened. Wine being spoken favourably of in the Bible as making glad the heart of man, he accounted necessarily good, and without further question, pronounced judgment against abstinence as unscriptural and wrong. Such views I of course fully imbibed, and until I went to college and came a little in contact with the great world, I never even imagined a cause to change them.

I think I would be in my tenth year when uncle Robert's kind heart led him to add another member to his household. This was his niece, my cousin, Maggie Marshall, whose parents

had died within a week of each other, too suddenly to admit of their making any arrangement for the worldly future of their only child. Maggie had been so peculiarly brought up that while her book-learning was such as befitted a 'bein' farmer's daughter, she could yet hardly do 'a hand's turn' to help herself. This was little thought of while she had the prospect of inheriting a comfortable 'down-sitting' from her father, and suitors, from whom she might have chosen well, sought her hand. But when the farmer's affairs were settled, and the last half year's rent paid, the effect of a lengthened period of difficulties, hitherto unsuspected, was discovered in the destitute condition of my poor cousin. Almost as a matter of course, her numerous wooers one by one, with a single exception, quietly discontinued their attentions, though unhappily, for the one who remained faithful Maggie felt no special affection; while he in whom she did feel interested—nothing more, she was hardly nineteen—was among the faithless many. She had always, however, both at home and by uncle Robert, been accounted a spirited girl, so that it was supposed, with kindness from the remaining friends, she would soon get over her troubles. Thus though for a time after she came home to uncle Robert's house she appeared dejected and sorrow-stricken, it was noticed little further than by the unobtrusive kindliness that would have drawn her out of herself, and by cultivating new interests in her heart, raised her to more cheerful thoughts. Bright flashes of spirit were seen again and again breaking in upon her otherwise depressed and generally melancholy deportment, sufficent to indicate how different was her nature from her present unhealthy dulness. Many surmises were formed as to the cause of her continued dejection, but as she always declined any conversation on the subject of herself, it is not surprising that the surmises should have failed to touch the truth.

Uncle Robert was deeply distressed at the condition of his niece, and would willingly, now that she was under his roof and guardianship, have done anything, within the limits of his power to relieve or lighten the consuming grief. Like many doctors, however, he knew little how to minister to a mind diseased, but, calling into play his impression of the 'good gifts,' he recommended—what he supposed was a divine prescription, misinterpreting the passage of Scripture as so many others have done, wine to make her heart glad. The advice was followed, and certainly, bye and bye, there did appear a wonderful im-

provement in Maggie's spirits. It was true that often in the earlier part of the day, when I chanced to come upon my cousin seated by herself listlessly gazing on the pretty landscape that was visible, stretching far away southwards from the parlour window, she did seem to my young judgment more spiritless and dejected than before. Still it must not be imagined that I was precocious enough to connect this effect with any cause. Indeed I believe that I thought of it at all only years after, when circumstances led me to reflect on this, with many other instances that I had seen of a like character. I must not omit to mention here that a friend of my uncle's, who frequently dined with us about the time, more than once made a mysterious reference to Maggie's spirits, when good, being forced and unnatural, and even went so far as to say, that he feared the effect of the use of wine for the cure of melancholy. But to such expressed apprehensions my uncle's invariable reply was, that there was no danger of Maggie. She was naturally so high spirited, and had such a sense of right, that she would never go further than was necessary to make the heart assume its natural gladness· His friend, who was a timid man, would then hardly venture a reply.

With a view to benefitting her unhappy niece, my aunt took advantage of Maggie's improved spirits to make up as much as possible to her in those house-wifery duties in which her early education had been neglected. For this purpose she made frequent visits with her to the kitchen, where she soon acquired considerable skill, especially in the most useful science of cookery. Matters continued much in the same condition for a year or two, when Maggie's one faithful suitor, having summoned up courage, paid her a visit, which was so kindly received that ere long he paid another, and another. Soon he proposed, and after a little was accepted, though as appeared from certain indications that were never rightly explained, with some reluctance. No obstacle was put in the way, and so by and by a day was appointed for the marriage. The marriage morning came, but the bride, who for some time had almost never been seen in the early part of the day, was so ill and nervous that it was feared she would be unable to get ready in time for the ceremony, which was to take place at noon. What was to be done? The doctor was sent for. He came, spoke of nervous depression, and recommended wine. The drug was administered —one glass without any appreciable result. At the second glass the effect seemed quite magical. Maggie got all well and com-

fortable, and though not in any way elated, she was yet able to prepare for and go through the noon's event quite becomingly. It would form a by no means uninstructive subject of investigation—why *two* glasses of wine only served to *steady* the bride.

The happy couple went off to their home, and for several years we heard little and saw less of Maggie. What we did hear was not of the most pleasant character. Report told us of several still-born children, and of one living child overlaid and smothered in bed—of a husband dissatisfied at home, spending his evenings, and by and by a large portion of his days also, in the pothouse, —of a business first deserted and then finally deserting him—and, lastly, of a bankruptcy, a composition with creditors, and an emigration. Such were the rumours—very indefinite most of them—that reached us. My uncle, I may state, had made offers of aid to his unfortunate niece, which were, from some unexplained cause, rudely declined.

Meanwhile I had finished my school-days, and had so far progressed in my studies towards the ministry, that my fourth session at Glasgow College was nearly up, when with the death of my aunt, adverse circumstances overtook uncle Robert, and he could no longer afford me the liberal means that he had hitherto granted for the furtherance of my career. I was therefore constrained to engage for a few years as a teacher in a large town, which, for obvious reasons, must be nameless. There, in my intercourse with the parents of my pupils, I met with much that gave me a new view of the causes producing human misery. But with all that experience taught me, I was still too much wedded to my early acquired opinions to relinquish them yet. Besides, I learned while a teacher, only sufficient to make me practically acquainted with the ground of opponents' arguments, and so, as I imagined, better prepared to meet them. Truth however, in spite of prejudice, was struggling into my mind.

Passing over my divinity-hall experience, my engagements as a probationer, my call and ordination, let me come to the occasion and the incident that, taken with what I have already recounted, constitute the explanation of 'How I became an Abstainer.' My uncle Robert's minister had been called to a country district in the south of Scotland, and after assisting me at my first communion, had asked me to give him similar aid in return, and, if possible, to bring my uncle with me, as he was short of elders. Willingly we went together. The services were got over very pleasantly, and according to an old custom, the minister carried back with him to the manse, along with his

assistant, all the elders to dinner. Dinner was over, and we were all sitting—shall I say ?—enjoying our wine—one or two with tumblers of something hot before them, when a terrific crash as of crockery, accompanied by shriek upon shriek from a female voice, and followed by the sound of rushing feet—and then other screamings were heard from the lower part of the house. Away rushed my host, followed by my uncle and myself, to discover the nature of the catastrophe, and render assistance if required. Reaching the kitchen, we found lying on the floor, bruised and bleeding, in the midst of broken dishes of every description, a woman, apparently near middle life, and evidently drunk. Seeing something, as I thought, familiar to me in her face, I drew a step nearer, and as she opened her eyes, I involuntarily exclaimed, 'Maggie Marshall !'—'Eh ! what !' said my uncle, thus drawing her attention to him. Gazing a moment, she uttered bitterly ; 'It was you that did it—you learned me to drink !' and staggering to her feet she glared so madly round on us, turning from one to another her bloated countenance, that I could stand no longer the revulsion of feeling. I rushed away from the scene. It was too much for me. Here had we been enjoying ourselves, after the holy communion too, indulging in that very agent that had produced so much misery to this once cherished member of our house, while she in her poverty, a temporarily employed cook in the manse, was illustrating in her own person, how 'at last it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder.' Could it be right ? Or should anyone ever say to me: 'It was you that did it—you learned me to drink ?' God forbid ! That night I vowed to drink no wine or strong drink, and I have been an abstainer ever since. By the grace of God, Maggie Marshall was redeemed, but she found the *instrument* of her safety in total abstinence. Can that be wrong which God has so effectually blessed to thousands otherwise lost without hope ?

CHILDREN MUST BE GIANT KILLERS.

AIR—"*Rosa Lee.*"

Of fairy days they tell a tale,
  How once there lived a Giant tall,
Who frighten'd all the folks about,
  And din'd upon them, bones and all :
And how they all rejoic'd to see
  The cruel Giant's head cut off
(The children know the story well),
  By Jack, the valiant little Dwarf.

The children know the story well,
  They read it on the pictur'd page,
Their blood runs cold with fright, when Jack,
  At first defies the monster's rage :
They shout for joy when Jack is safe,
  But still they doubt, mid' all their glee,
If ever such a Giant bold
  Were kill'd, by such a Dwarf as he !

Yes ! children, yes ! the Fable's false !
  But in it lies a lesson true,
Great Giants stalk amongst us now,
  And may, and must, be killed by you :—
Such are both Passion, Pride, and Sloth,
  Such too Intemp'rance :—slay them now !
Up ! up ! young child ! take heart, and strike !
  And be a Giant killer thou !

THE COST OF PAUPERISM.

By HANDEL COSSHAM, Esq.

In round numbers we have one million persons dependent upon poor rates and charity in this country, and another million just on the verge of pauperism. To my mind this is a sad fact, and one that ought to call up serious reflection and earnest effort. This state of poverty and dependence, mark, is not the result of any divine law over which man has no control. No one can look round and not feel that God opens his hand and intends to supply the wants of all. It is not because our great Creator is niggardly in giving, that we so often see want and destitution, *but rather because man is unwise in using the bounties of a gracious Providence. We waste in war and in drink enough to prevent, and provide for, all the pauperism in the world.* Away then with the false notion that this pauperism is a *necessity* of our present state of existence. It is no further a necessity than sin and wrong doing is a necessity. It *can* be prevented, and I am about to show you, at least, one way of drying up this source of national weakness and disgrace.

I am quite prepared to admit that a good deal of our dependent poverty in this country is the result of our poor law system. The tendency, there is no doubt, of any national system of providing for the poor will be to beget a class of *hereditary paupers*. It is almost a necessary result of the

system, and seeing this, it was your own great man (Dr. Chalmers) I think, who said "that the way to prevent poverty was to abolish poor laws." I admit the truth of this remark to some extent; but after all, the best way, as I conceive to provide for the poor, is to get rid of the poverty, and this can be done by getting rid of its cause, which I can prove is mainly drunkenness.

I need scarcely quote testimony as to the correctness of this statement. It has been admitted, and I may say proved, by the existing testimony of all who are familiar with the facts. As a guardian of the poor I am able to testify that, at least, three-fourths of the pauperism that comes before the Board of Guardians with which I am connected, for relief, is caused by the drink traffic and the drinking customs. In round numbers, the cost of our poor law system is seven and a half million pounds a year, and this is expended on, say one million of paupers; and here I wish you to note that not only does the nation lose the amount thus expended in relief, but it also loses the value of the labour that would otherwise be a source of wealth; and in addition to this, there is a deterioration of national character where a large portion of any population depends upon charity or rates. Those men will therefore deserve best of their country who labour most earnestly and successfully to dry up the sources of pauperism and poverty. In these remarks I am not aiming at the Utopian and the impossible. I am only asking your co-operation in the promotion of a great social reform that is attainable and practical.

I believe that at least £5,000,000 a year of the amount now spent in the relief of the poor might be saved, and that in itself would be a great national gain. There are very few men not actually disabled or diseased who have not opportunities at some period or other of their lives to improve their condition. I believe there is a "tide in the affairs of most men" which, if it does not lead to fortune, may, at any rate, save from absolute dependence and want. Whenever I see an old man, after a life of toil, come to the parish for relief, the thought immediately crosses my mind that his personal habits, the sad social evils we have, or the want of right feeling on the part of his children and relations are at fault. And I am anxious to encourage our working men by a manly resolve to "put by something for a rainy day," to take care of the "littles," to save the pence, and thus to avoid the degradation and sorrows attendant upon ending life in a workhouse.

THE WINES OF THE BIBLE.

By MOSES STUART, D.D.

Wherever I find declarations in the Scriptures respecting any matter, which appears to be at variance with each other, I commence the process of inquiry by asking: Whether these declarations respect the same object in the same circumstances? Wine and strong drink are a good, a blessing, a token of Divine favour, and to be ranked with corn and oil. The same substances are also an evil; their use is prohibited; and woe is denounced to all who seek for them. Is there a contradiction here—a paradox incapable of any satisfactory solution? Not at all. In the light of what has already been said, we may confidently say, Not at all. We have seen that these substances were employed by the Hebrews in two different states; the one was a fermented state, the other an unfermented one. The fermented liquor was pregnant with alcohol, and would occasion inebriation in a greater or less degree, in all ordinary circumstances; and even where not enough of it was drunk to make this effect perceptible, it would tend to create a fictitious appetite for alcohol, or to injure the delicate tissues of the human body. The unfermented liquor was a delicious, nutritive, healthful beverage, well and properly ranked with corn and oil. It might be kept in that state by due pains, for a long time, and even go on improving by age. Is there any serious difficulty now in acquitting the Scriptures of contradiction in respect to this subject? I do not find any. I claim no right to interfere with the judgment of others; but for myself I would say, that I can find no other solution of the seeming paradox before us. I cannot regard the application of the distinction in question, between the fermented and unfermented liquors of the Hebrews, to the solution of declarations seemingly of an opposite tenor, as any forced or unnatural means of interpretation. It simply follows suit with many other cases, where the same principle is concerned. Wine is a blessing—a comfort—a desirable good; when, and in what state? Wine is a mocker—a curse—a thing to be shunned; when and in what state? Why now is not the answer plain and open before us, after we have taken a deliberate survey of such facts as have been presented? I can only say, that to me it seems plain; so plain, that no wayfaring man need to mistake it. My final conclusion is this; viz., that wherever the Scriptures speak of wine as a comfort, a blessing, or a libation to God, and rank it with such articles as corn and wine, they mean—they can mean only such wine as contained no alcohol that could have a mischievous tendency; that wherever they denounce it, prohibit it, and connect it with drunkenness and revelling, they can mean only alcoholic or intoxicating wine.

THE WEEPING BOY.

By a GOOD PARSON.

At nine o'clock on Saturday evening, I heard pitiful, subdued sobs and crying outside. I know the kind of thing that means

some one fairly beaten. Not angry, not bitter; smashed. I opened the front door, and found a little boy, ten years old, sitting on the steps, crying. I asked him what was the matter. I see the thin, white, hungry, dirty little face. He would have slunk away if he could; he plainly thought his case beyond all mending. But I brought him in, and set him on a chair in the lobby; and he told his story. He had a large bundle of sticks in a ragged sack—firewood. At three o'clock that afternoon he had come out to sell them. His mother was a poor washer-woman, in the most wretched part of the town; his father was killed a fortnight ago by falling from a scaffold. He had walked a long way through the streets; about three miles. He had tried all the afternoon to sell his sticks, but had sold only a half-penny-worth. He was lame, poor little man, from a sore leg, but managed to carry his heavy load. But at last, going down some poor area stair in the dark, he fell down a whole flight of steps, and hurt his sore leg so that he could not walk, and also got a great cut on the forehead. He had got just the half-penny for his poor mother; he had been going about with his burden for six hours, with nothing to eat. But he turned his face homewards, carrying his sticks, and struggled on about a quarter of a mile; and then he broke down. He could go no further. In the dark cold night he sat down and cried. It was not the crying of one who hoped to attract attention; it was the crying of flat despair.

The first thing I did (which did not take a moment) was to hank God that my door-steps had been his juniper tree. Then I remembered the first thing God did when Elijah broke, down was to give him something to eat. Yes, it is a great thing to keep up physical nature. And the little man had had no food since three o'clock till nine. So there came, brought by kind hands (not mine) several great slices of bread and butter (jam even was added), and a cup of warm tea. The spirit began to come a little into the child. And he thought he could manage to get home if we would let him leave his sticks till Monday. We asked him what he would have got for his sticks if he had sold them all: ninepence. Under the circumstances, it appeared that a profit of a hundred per cent. was not exhorbitant: so he received eighteen pence, which he stowed away somewhere in his rags: and the sack went away, and returned, with all the sticks emptied out. Finally, an old gray coat of rough tweed came, and was put upon the little boy, and carefully buttoned: forming a capital great-coat. And forasmuch as his trowsers

were most unusually ragged, a pair of such appeared, and being wrapped up, were placed in the sack, along with a good deal of bread and butter. How the heart of the child had by this time revived! He thought he could go home nicely. And having very briefly asked the Father of the fatherless to care for him, I beheld him limp away in the dark. All this is supremely little to talk about. But it was quite a different thing to see. To look at the poor starved little face: and the dirty hand like a claw: to think of ten years old: to think of one's own children in their warm beds: to think what all this would have been to one's self as a little child. Oh, if I had a four-leaved shamrock, what a turn-over there should be in this world!

GLEANINGS.

Sham Pleasures.—I have been into some of the music halls in London, in Liverpool, in Leeds, and now I must confess that I never came away without feeling heart sore. I know people will be amused, and after all there is some philosophy in manly sport and a merry laugh. But can't you open a music hall without converting it into a tavern? Can't you give us the voice of song, and snatches of celestial harmony, without the temptation of drink, and away from the company of harlots and knaves? We have some sham ways of enjoying ourselves most truly. Last night I saw a poor woman, with a white face, peeping round the door of a public house a little before twelve o'clock. "My lord" was enjoying himself within. Was it any enjoyment to his wife to watch and wait there in the cold, dreary rain, her patience perhaps rewarded presently with curses and blows? You call yonder man a jolly good fellow. Do his children feel very jolly when they are hungry and there is no food? Is that manliness to steal a little child's bread to feed our selfishness, and buy brass and mahogany for the "Green Swan" or the "Cow and Pigeons?" There are young men out to-night to "see life" they say; but far away in some quiet home, unknown to you and me, tears will start from fond eyes, and this "seeing life" will pierce with sorrow many a mother's heart—that sacred temple of almost unspeakable and unchanging love. Oh, if there were not a sham at the bottom of our young men, they would "see life" in something different to that which broke mothers' hearts, and snapped the dearest and most blessed of all human ties.—*From a Lecture on "Shams," by John De Fraine.*

Impure Water.—A vessel filled with water and placed in a room where persons are present will, in a few hours, have absorbed nearly all the respired and perspired gases in the apartment, the air of which will have become purer, but the water utterly impure. The cooler the water, the greater is its capacity to contain these gases. A pint of water at the ordinary temperature contains a pint of carbonic acid gas (a deadly poison to animal life) and several pints of ammonia. This absorbing capacity

is nearly doubled by reducing the temperature of the water below thirty-two degrees Fahrenheit. Hence it follows that water, kept in a room but a brief space of time, becomes utterly unfit for use. All water, to be pure, must be freshly drawn from the well or spring. Impure water is quite as injurious to health as impure air.—*Herald of Health.*

Cheap and Simple Mode of Purifying Water.—Persons cannot be too cautious in the use of water, particularly London water, which is more or less impregnated with offensive matter held in solution, or mechanically mixed with it. The following mode of purifying it—being accessible to all classes—would, if acted upon generally, greatly tend to the improvement of health:—Take a large sized garden-pot, and having plugged the apperture in the bottom with a piece of clean sponge, break up a few sticks of charcoal into small pieces, which strew over the bottom to the depth of an inch and a half or two inches; place the pot over a pitcher, or other clean vessel, and let all the water used for culinary purposes be filtered through it. By ordinary attention in keeping the garden-pot constantly dripping, a considerable quantity of water, in a perfectly pure state, may thus be obtained. Fresh charcoal should be used every other day, and the sponge cleansed. If dispatch is required. strew charcoal over a very fine sieve or milk strainer, and let the water be passed through it; this will answer the same purpose, but the water will not be quite so clear.

Otaheite.—The following particulars are from an officer on board the Salamander, stationed at the island. "The natives are greatly altered since I first landed on the island, three-and-a-half years ago. Virtue and morality are at a very low ebb. The natives are nearly always drunk day and night, prowling about and howling like wild beasts. Men may be seen beating their wives, women abusing one another at their revels, in language too obscene and degrading to be mentioned. Three years ago the natives were quiet and orderly, their houses clean and neat. Had you walked on a Sabbath, you would have heard the old men and women reading their Bibles, or singing their hymns—and how beautifully they do sing! Many an hour have I listened with delight to a group of young native girls singing their cheering hymns. They attended church regularly; but the picture is different now, very."

The Neglected Juvenile Population.—Both the Ragged-school Union and the Sunday-school Union are taking active measures to bring under instruction large masses of children in the metropolis. The Sunday-school committee consider that there are 400,000 young persons (*not* including those of the upper classes) *who ought* to be in schools on the Lord's-day, whereas there are only 200,000 at present under instruction. The Ragged-school Union committee find that, of the *special* class which they seek to bless and save, while there are nearly 30,000 in the schools, there are nearly other 30,000 not brought under training or education of any kind.

"Another Nail in your Coffin."—A young nephew of my father's captain sailed with them a long voyage around the globe, and was a

favourite with all, but was sadly intemperate. Whenever he took a glass of grog, Captain Brintnel was accustomed to say, "Ah, Ned, there's another nail in your coffin." And so it proved; for the poor lad had so poisoned and fired his blood that it could not stand the heat of the tropical sun, and he sank under exposure to it, and died the miserable death of a drunkard. They put into a little lonely island, and made him a grave under the green sward; but no loving mother or gentle sister could weep over it; no psalm was sung, nor prayer offered. The nails had all been driven in that rough coffin, and he was laid to rest in it until the resurrection morning.—*Sunday School Times.*

Prejudice.—There is nothing so difficult to uproot as a prejudice long established in the human mind, and although those who have cast away a prejudice, who have abandoned an error, and got into the road of truth, may wonder that others have not done the same, yet it is a remarkable fact that the mind of man is prone to cling to errors as long as they are interested in them, but when they have turned their back upon them and have come to the truth, they wonder, not only that others do not follow them, but that they themselves should have ever entertained the same errors and prejudices.—*Lord Palmerston.*

A Father's Influence.—By his daily conduct at home he must obtain the respect and veneration of his son; by the uprightness and blamelessness of his private character, he must secure his admiration; by the integrity of his intercourse with others, he must assure him of the honesty of his motives; by his firmness in the hour of temptation and in the season of trial, of his moral courage; by a rigorous and conscientious discharge of every duty, of his entire rectitude; by a living example of meekness and love, of the verity of his faith; by frequent and earnest prayer with him, of the yearning of his soul for his salvation; by his loving hope and trust in Christ, of the sufficiency of his Redeemer's work. The father, who daily surrounded by his children, makes it a duty never to rise from before his family altar without having first specially prayed fot them, sends his son forth into the world with a precious legacy. In his waywardness—in the hour of temptation and forgetfulness—in nearness or at a distance—his father's example, his father's voice, his father's prayers, will be all remembered; and the most powerful counteracting influences of evil will be the ever present associations of home.—*Old Jonathan.*

State of Glasgow.—Notwithstanding the efforts put forth by temperance friends, the number of licensed public-houses was increasing and there were now in this city between 1700 and 1800. By adding up the rents in every street, it was found that these houses paid of rent the enormous amount of £72,000, which, as 10 per cent., represented an outlay on the part of the public of £700,000, simply to enable the publicans to pay their rents! It was further to be noted, that in some of the poorer streets the sum expended on drink was to be counted by thousands of pounds sterling. Thus in Main street, Gorbals, there were twenty-three public-houses, at a rental which would require £7590 to

spent in that street alone. In Bridegate, there would be required to meet this item of rent alone, considering it as a 10 per cent. on the money spent, £8120; in Stockwell street, £9650, and other localities equally appalling amounts. In such circumstances, was it any wonder that our police rates should be high, or that almost every case that led to confinement within the walls of our prison should be the result of the use of intoxicating liquor?—*Rev. A Wallace.*

A Ready Retort.—A worthy barber of the old school, who lived not very far from the banks of the Ericht, was in the habit of indulging in a "heavy dram" at convenient intervals. One day when he happened to be well to do in this way, a first-class customer came in for his shave, but the fumes of the drink were too much for him, and in the middle of the job he lost his patience, exclaiming, "That horrid drink!" The barber replied emphatically, "Ay, ay, sir, it does mak' the face awfu' tender.—*Alloa Advertiser.*

He that is more frequent in the pulpit before his people, than he is in the closet for his people, is but a sorry watchman.—*Dr. Conder.*

NO GOOD FROM PASSION.

"Will putting one's self in a passion mend the matter?" said an old man to a boy, who had picked up a stone to throw at a dog. The dog only barked at him in play.

"Yes, it will mend the matter," said the passionate boy, and quickly dashed the stone at the dog.

The animal, thus enraged, sprang at the boy, and bit his leg, while the stone bounded against a shop window, and broke a pane of glass.

Out ran the shopkeeper, and seized the boy, and made him pay for the broken pane.

He had mended the matter finely indeed!

Take my word for it, it never did, and it never will mend the matter to get into a passion about it. If the thing be hard to bear when you are calm, it will be harder when you are in anger.

If you have met with a loss, you will only increase it by losing your temper.

There is something which is very little-minded and silly in giving way to sudden passion. Do set yourself against it with all your heart.

Try, then, to be calm, especially in trifling troubles; and when greater ones come, try to bear them bravely.

GROSS DARKNESS.

By A SCRIPTURE READER.

I was asked the other day to visit an old man (over 70) who is unable to follow his usual employment. I soon turned the conversation upon the "one thing needful."

Scripture Reader: "Well, my friend, do you know that you have a soul?" Answer: "No, sir."

Scripture Reader: "What! are you in earnest?" Reply: "Yes, sir."

Scripture Reader: "Have you ever heard of Jesus?" Reply: "I can't say that I have."

Scripture Reader: "Do you know what will become of you when you die?" Reply: "No, sir."

Scripture Reader: "Do you think there will be an end of you when you are buried?" Reply: "I hope so."

Scripture Reader: "Are you afraid to die?" Reply: "No, not particularly."

Scripture Reader: "How is that?" Reply: "I am not wicked. I have been a hard-working man; have brought up a large family," &c.

Never have I been shocked at any one's ignorance so much as I was at his. I began at the A B C of the fundamental truths; explained to him how that without pardon of sin there could be no heaven; that there must be a coming to Christ for that pardon, &c. After I had talked like that for some time, I asked him if he had understood anything that I had said. He answered, "No; I am no scholar." I felt half stunned. Was it possible that such plain, childish language could not be understood by him? I could only fall on my knees, and beg God the Holy Spirit to illume that dark mind, and teach him the saving truths of the Gospel. I have visited him repeatedly, but I can see no improvement, or even any wish for it.

THE CHILD AND THE ANGELS.

The Sabbath sun was setting low,
Amid the clouds at even:
"Our Father," breathed a voice below,
"Our Father who art in heaven."

Beyond the earth, beyond the clouds,
Those infant words were given;
"Our Father," angels sang aloud—
"Father, who art in heaven."

"Thy kingdom come," still from the ground
That childlike voice did pray;
"Thy kingdom come," God's hosts resound
Far up the starry way.

"Thy will be done," with little tongue,
That lisping love implores;
"Thy will be done," the angelic throng
Sing from the heavenly shores.

"For ever," still these lips repeat,
Their closing evening prayer;
"For ever" floats, in music sweet,
High 'midst the angels there.

VARIETIES.

Alcohol as a Medicine.—Mr. H. Mudge, surgeon, of Bodmin, speaking at a public meeting, said:—He believed that the temperance movement lost hundreds, if not thousands, of its adherents through what he would call the flippant recommendation of alcoholic drinks in sickness. He was a member of the board of guardians of the union in which he resided. They had there a gentleman who had acted as surgeon both to the workhouse and to the county gaol for many years. In one of those establishments, no drink whatever was allowed; in the other, several persons were always taking it on the recommendation of the surgeon. In one case, that of a woman, there was no ailment whatever. She had been found very useful in the house; and had been actually induced to remain in the house after she would otherwise have left, by the payment of 12s. 6d. per quarter and the retaining of her name on the sick list for a little porter daily. The speaker said that he called on a Devonshire clergyman on his way from Cornwall, and found him in a very weak state. On inquiring as to the treatment to which he was subjected, he found that he had been ordered to take a strong opiate draught every night, and to drink wine every day to counteract its effects. This was just like completely exhausting a man's physical energy, and then rousing him by means of a horsewhip. Dr. Mudge went on to state that a French physician had recently proved to demonstration that alcohol was not assimilated with the human body, but left it in precisely the same form in which it entered it. He contended that if alcohol was to be used as medicine at all, it should be dispensed like other medicines, and asserted that it could be so dispensed. It was not, he said, for him to set aside the drugs obtained from Apothecaries' Hall and send his patients to the brewers for their medicine with a prescription that meant anything or or nothing. Referring to the fact that many teetotallers imagine that

alcohol is a necessity in case of illness, he said that he had lost the confidence and the practice of temperance families because of his known determination not to recommend its use. He contended, however, that the doctor was wanting in the skill and knowledge necessary to his profession who could not provide a substitute for alcohol whenever some such stimulant was supposed to be necessary. The speaker recommended the establishment of small free dispensaries, at which medicine might be dispensed on the condition that alcoholic liquors were not to be used by the patients; he felt sure that a mass of valuable evidence bearing on this question might be accumulated by such means. As a proof of the efficacy of the anti-alcoholic treatment, he said that at a large establishment in Glasgow, the death rate in cases of typhus had been at once reduced from 25 to 10 per cent., and this where the whole number under treatment was some hundreds.

The England of To-day.—Many praiseworthy attempts have been made of late years to depict this country by pen and pencil, and show us to ourselves and others just as we are, after all the changes which time has effected in us. Every year new railways are opened up, new towns are developed, our population is enlarging itself, and to ascertain the latest facts we must consult the latest register. A map of England recently issued by the Messrs. Horniman & Co.—so well known in the tea-trade—provides us with valuable statistics and information. We here find every new line of railway, every town and village of importance in the kingdom carefully marked, together with the figures representing their several populations at the last census, also the name of the appointed agent for Messrs. Horniman's much approved article, The map is exhibited at every railway station, where it will no doubt be consulted with much benefit by travellers in search of information.

For Total Abstainers.—Dr. Alfred Taylor, commissioned by the Privy Council, has sent in a report on the means of committing murder by poison which are allowed to exist in England. He says that poison enough to kill two adults can be purchased anywhere for threepence, and that the careless dispensing of poisonous drugs is the cause of most frightful accidents. As to laudanum, it appears to be sold wholesale, single shops often in the Marshland supplying three or four hundred customers every Saturday night. Retail druggists often dispense 200lbs. in one year, and one man complained that his wife had consumed 100*l.* in opium since he married. It is a mistake to consider the practice confined to the marshy districts. We do not believe there is a town in England where some one chemist does not on Saturday night load his counter with little bottles of laudanum, and we were assured by a wholesale drug-dealer that he could and did sell it in the eastern counties to the extent of some thousands of pounds' weight in a year. This gentleman, an old and keen observer, declared that the demand had sprung up shortly after the introduction of teetotalism, and that it would be found to vary everywhere in accordance with the progress or decline of the system of total abstinence.—*Spectator*.

Annals of the United Kingdom Band of Hope Union.

THE REV. G. W. M'CREE'S TOUR.—During the last month Mr. M'Cree has held large and interesting meetings, at Plymouth, two; Liskeard, two; Bideford; Bridgewater, two; Frome; Honiton, and Gloucester. The *Bideford Weekly Gazette* thus reported the meeting in that town:—"An excellent lecture on 'St. Giles,' was delivered before a numerous audience at the Town Hall, on Friday, 23rd September. The lecturer was the Rev. G. W. M'Cree, who appears to have been long and successfully labouring in the neighbourhood of the Seven Dials. Very thrilling anecdotes were told of the amusements and pleasures of the residents, among whom have been established ragged schools, penny banks, mothers' meetings, and religious services of different kinds, and this attention to the spiritual wants of the people, coupled with a readiness to sympathise with and assist them in their temporal concerns, seems to have effected a wondrous alteration for good. If any one wishes to visit the scene of a most interesting mission to the heathen, he need not stir out of our own land, but let him go to St. Giles, and see for himself what the Gospel can do. If he cannot spare the time even to go to London, Mr. M'Gree unveils these scenes in a manner most agreeable to the hearers, and at the same time that it may well stir their souls. His action and delivery are most effective, and with such a subject to deal with, and such glorious triumphs to relate, it is not to be wondered at that he swayed the audience with a mighty power."

BEDFORD.—LECTURES AT THE WORKING MEN'S INSTITUTION.—On Tuesday evening two lectures, illustrated by dissolving views, were delivered by Mr. F. Smith, of the Band of Hope Union, at the above place. At six o'clock the hall was crowded by the juveniles of the Bedford Band of Hope, and they were remarkably attentive while the lecturer addressed them on "The Book and its Story," the views being of a superior character. Mr. Smith's style being well adapted to a juvenile audience, there was not that disorderly behaviour which generally attends this kind of exhibition. At eight o'clock the second lecture was given to a highly respectable audience—the subject being, "The Arctic Regions." After introducing some interesting objects of a miscellaneous description, Mr. Smith proceeded with his subject, giving a pithy account of the unfortunate voyage of Sir John Franklin, the subsequent attempts to discover the missing crew (reminding his hearers that on board one of the vessels in pursuit no alcoholic drinks were drunk, with much advantage), and the circumstances under which the relics were found. The lecturer then illustrated his remaining remarks by magnificent scenes of the polar regions, with which the audience were evidently highly gratified.

CHIPPENHAM.—The usual fortnightly meetings of the Band of Hope, which have been discontinued for a month or two during the summer, were resumed on Thursday, September 29th, in the Temperance Hall, when Mr. F. Smith, of London, delivered a lecture on the "Arctic Regions and Fate of Sir John Franklin," illustrated by dissolving views.

The hall was well filled with children and adults, who seemed deeply interested in Mr. Smith's very instructive lecture, and the most excellent views illustrating it. These entertainments, from their attractive nature, will very materially strengthen the hands of those who are working in the Temperance cause.

THERSTON.—On Tuesday, Sept. 27th, Mr. F. Smith delivered a very interesting lecture in the British School-room, Therston, entitled "London, past and present." The room was comfortably filled with a very attentive audience. Mr. Smith's style is very attractive indeed, especially for young people. It is not often we find one who can so thoroughly interest children. This lecture was illustrated by dissolving views of very superior character. At the closing of the lecture, he addressed a few words to the children forming the Band of Hope, by way of encouragement, urging them keep the pledge they had taken, and then we might expect to see a generation of sober men and women.

TOWN HALL, BRIGHTON.—Two lectures, with dissolving views, were given in the above hall, on Wednesday, October 12th, by Mr. F. T. Smith, in connection with the Brighton Albert Memorial Band of Hope. The first lecture was to about nine hundred children, who manifested the greatest interest and attention, so that scarcely a whisper was to be heard during the meeting. The second lecture was attended by about three hundred people, chiefly adults. The whole affair went off very satisfactorily. Mr. Smith's tact in managing the views and addressing young people is, we should think, almost unrivalled; such an orderly meeting of children was never before witnessed in Brighton by any present.

TRENT SCHOOL BAND OF HOPE.—Sir,—The members and friends of this society met on Monday last, October 3rd, on the announcement that Mr. F. Smith would deliver a lecture on "Lights of the World," illustrated by dissolving views. Our room, which is not a small one, was quickly filled. We are happy to state that the entertainment gave very great satisfaction, Mr. Smith keeping up the attention of his numerous audience in a most praiseworthy manner. His remarks on Benjamin Franklin, Oliver Cromwell, John Howard, Francis Alard, together with numerous others, were exceedingly instructive and amusing. But I must not finish without saying something about the children who sang some Temperance pieces at intervals during the lecture, which were warmly received, under the able direction of our worthy vice-president, who has worked very hard teaching them the tunes, and getting them ready on this occasion. We would advise any of our Temperance friends who have not already had the pleasure of hearing Mr. Smith's lecture, and seeing the beautiful dissolving views, to quickly embrace the opportunity which is now, I believe, offered; if they do not, they will certainly lose a great treat. Yours truly, R. W. W. LEAMAN, Secretary.

J. BALE, Machine Printer, 78, Great Titchfield-street, Marylebone. W.

BAND OF HOPE RECORD.

THE NEW KING.

When a king dies the herald proclaims:—"THE KING IS DEAD—LONG LIVE THE KING!" The application of this custom is very easy. This is the last number of *The Band of Hope Record*, but it will be succeeded by another periodical, which will, we hope, commend itself to all our readers. Its title will be, *The Band of Hope Treasury*, and the price one penny per month. It will contain leading articles, anecdotes, statistics, brief and striking tales, original hymns and melodies for meetings, a succession of carefully-prepared recitations and dialogues, a condensed summary of the progress of the cause, a diary of the month, reviews of books, &c. A staff of able contributors will assist us in producing a work which, it is hoped, will precisely suit both conductors and children. Every number will contain something new, adapted to the continuous and urgent want of those who are engaged in our great movement. We appeal for immediate support. We will do our best: and we confidently rely on the friends of the United Kingdom Band of Hope Movement to help us. The first number will appear with the New Year—will our friends order it?

GEORGE W. M'CREE.

FAIREST AND DEAREST.

Who shall be fairest?
Who shall be rarest?
Who shall be first in the songs that we sing?
She who is kindest,
When Fortune is blindest,
Bearing through winter the blooms of tspring;
Charm of our gladness,
Friend of our sadness,
Angel of Life, when its pleasures take wing!
She shall be fairest,
She shall be rarest,
She shall be first in the songs that we sing!

Who shall be nearest,
Noblest, and dearest,
Named but with honour and pride evermore?
He, the undaunted,
Whose banner is planted
On Glory's high ramparts and battlements hoar;
Fearless of danger,
To falsehood a stranger,
Looking not back while there's duty before!
He shall be nearest,
He shall be dearest,
He shall be first in our hearts evermore!

LANDLORD'S MONEY.

"I'm sure I don't know what makes you so hard upon me, Mr. White. I've lived under you a good while now, and I've generally paid my rent; and if times had not been bad, I should have paid it now. But, as it is, I can't. I have not got the money, and there's an end of it. I know I work hard enough. If you had such a family as I have, you'd know how to feel for a poor man. And now you talk of turning me out!"

"I should not talk of turning you out, Jackson, if I thought you *tried* to pay me; but I do not think you do."

"Not try, sir? Why, what would you have me do? There is not a man in the place who works harder than I do. I can't earn more than I can."

"I know you work hard; but the question is, what do you do with your money when you have got it? Did you come straight from your house to mine this evening?"

"I don't know but what I did."

"You did not call anywhere?" Jackson hesitated for a moment.

"Well, I did just look in at the 'George.'"

"What for?"

"I had one pot of beer; that was all."

"And what did you pay for it?"

"Fourpence; that's always the price."

"Now, Jackson, that fourpence was not yours; it was mine. [illegible] as much spent my money on the beer, as if you had called [illegible] and taken fourpence out of my house. I don't call [illegible] your best to pay me; do you?"

"Why, what's fourpence, sir? I couldn't have come and offered you fourpence!"

"Did you spend anything at the 'George' yesterday?"

"Yesterday? Let me see. Well, I believe I had a drop of beer there yesterday too; but I know it wasn't much."

"There was another fourpence, at least. And perhaps you were at the 'George' the day before yesterday too?"

"And if I was sir, I think it's hard if a man, who works as I do, must not have a drop of beer. I'm not a man who gets drunk."

"I can only say this, Jackson—I would rather go without beer altogether than spend another person's money to get it. And that is what you are doing."

"I never looked at it like that before."

"Now, you think I am hard upon you. I don't want to be. I know you have a large family. I just want to show you that you are *not* doing your best to pay me. If you can have your beer, I don't see why I should not have my rent. I mean to say, you *could* pay me, if you chose."

"No, that I couldn't, sir," said Jackson earnestly: "I'd pay you this minute if I had the money."

"Stop a bit. How much do you owe me.

"It 's just two pounds, sir, as I reckon it. I was fourteen shillings behind last quarter, and now this quarter-day I owe you six-and-twenty shillings more. That makes two pounds, don't it sir?"

"Quite right. Now you've done one sum, I'll do another. There are six working days in the week, to say nothing about Sunday. Now, I know well that you generally have a pot of beer at the 'George' every day, and very often more. Isn't that true?"

No answer.

"Very well. Now for the sum. A pot of beer costs fourpence, and six times fourpence is two shillings. Two shillings a week, to say nothing of Sundays. Why, that's just my rent! You are drinking my rent regularly, don't you see? Now, did not I say true? Could you not pay me, if you chose?"

Still no answer. But Jackson did not look comfortable.

"Now, I'll tell you what I'll do. I will give you another chance. I won't turn you out. I have shown you that you *can* pay me if you choose; I'll see if you *will* pay me. You shall go on another quarter. And, if I find you not going and spending my money at the 'George,' but keeping it for your

rent like an honest man, then I'll forgive you this two pounds back money, and you shall start all fair again."

Jackson could not but thank Mr. White for his kindness, and really felt grateful to him. He left the house with a firm resolution to keep away from the 'George,' and pay his rent. Perhaps some day we shall hear whether he did so.

"Well, Mary, here's rent day again; is the money all right? Bring the box, and let's see."

"Right enough, George, I'll warrant; I counted the weeks—thirteen, you know, to the quarter—and I've never missed dropping in the two shillings, though sometimes it's been no easy matter.

"Ah, Mary, it won't do to say we believe in our dying Saviour, and profess love to him, and not show it in our life. And so take the money to-day to Mr. White, and let us thank God that we've got it to pay him."

TEMPERANCE LITERATURE—ITS PURPOSE AND FAILINGS.

By E. J. OLIVER.

We have noticed for some time past with serious misgiving, the tendency of our Temperance literature, to claim too much on behalf of the principles it advocates. We allude more especially to the department of fictiou; which, although not directly professing to be an advocate of the Temperance movement, is undoubtedly, one of the most influential forms in which its advocacy is to be found. No one supposes for a moment, that our Temperance tales are written and published simply to amuse. They have (or should have) a higher, and a nobler purpose in view. We seek by its means to pourtray the folly and wickedness of the inebriate—to paint in truthful colors, the long train of evils that follow in the wake of intemperance; and, with a no less truthful hand, to draw the pleasing picture that temperance exhibits to our view. The contrast thus afforded is in itself a most powerful argument in favor of our principles; and, we are justified in placing them side by side, that all may mark the beauty of the one, and the deformity of the other. But let us take care that we do not overstep the mark. We do not think it posssible greatly to exaggerate the evil influences exercised by the "Worship of Bacchus;" the danger lies in overstating the results of total abstinence. It has become the

custom with some writers, to hold out inducements to the moderate drinker in much the same way, that we offer high bounties in war time, to bring recruits to our armies. This is not as it should be. The legitimate, and the only true way to make converts, is not to appeal to the pocket, but to the head and the heart. Not to say, by becoming a total abstainer you will gain so much money, but you will increase your self-respect, raise your moral dignity, insure your happiness, and influence your fellow-creatures for good. This last consideration is in our opinion, the principal point on which we should take our stand. There are few men who would not gladly abstain, if they were once convinced that benefit might accrue to others in consequence. Men, who scorn to look at it as a matter of so many shillings or pounds saved, in the course of the year, see it in a different light when it comes to them, clothed in the garb of philanthropy.

One is fearful of saying anything that shall seem to cast blame on a good work. There are so many who, loving "not wisely but too well," cannot see any defects in the object of their love; that he who utters a word of remonstrance, runs the risk of being looked upon by them as an enemy to the cause, the well-being of which is as dear to him as anything on earth. We should be the last to say one word in disparagement of the great work done by the Temperance movement; neither are we disposed to cavil at the means by which it has been effected. But it is in its true interests, that we would call attention to what we believe to be a step in the wrong direction. Anything that goes beyond the boundary of probability, may occasionally extend to the sublime, but in the majority of instances, it reaches only to the ridiculous; and, surrounded as we are by opponents who are ready to seize upon anything that shall tell to our disadvantage, it behoves us to uphold the dignity of our cause, and make our literature worthy of a place beside that of the best of the day.

It is a very common thing to read of a working man entering a temperance hall, and being "struck" with the arguments of the speaker—signing the pledge—and in a short time becoming a considerable land owner, and M.P. for his native place. We know that these cases are only the exception, and not the rule; and therefore, to speak of them as though they were the rule, and not the exception, is, to say the least of it, unjustifiable. Unthinking people who read these tales, will jump to the conclusion, that they have only to leave off their daily pint, sign

the pledge, and five hundred a year will follow, as a matter of course. The necessity for earnest, unflinching purpose, and hard work, is not sufficiently brought out; all the credit is given to the pledge, and consequently, clear-headed and thinking men look upon such narrations with contempt; which, we must admit, is not wholly undeserved. Nor is this all. People who sign the pledge with the idea just mentioned, soon find out their mistake, and having no good principles to support them in the course which they adopted, speedily fall back into their former habits, and the last state of these men is undeniably worse than their first.

Another complaint we have to make is, that in many of these tales, those who are teetotallers, are represented as being patterns of virtue and goodness; while those who have not embraced those principles, are insufferably bad, and depraved. Now, it does not need much knowledge of the world to know, that this is not the truth. There are very many who are conspicuous for their piety, their charity, their intellectual power, their true nobility of nature, and their scorn of all that is base and wicked, who do not see the Temperance question in such a light as to lead them to forsake the drinking customs of society, and cast in their lot with us. Seeing the matter as we see it, we do and must deplore the fact, and the more so when we consider the powerful influence which they would be sure to bring with them, and the good that would consequently result from their co-operation. On the other hand, strict justice compels us to deny the assertion, that temperance—however rigidly adhered to—necessarily implies the possession of all the other virtues inculcated by St. Paul.

It would be easy to select for criticism, one or more of the books to which we allude; and indeed, it was at first our intention to do so; but, as it would not be acting justly, to make invidious remarks upon one, while others with the same faults escape censure, we have judged it best to make this general protest, believing that the reader, if at all conversant with temperance literature, will readily call to mind several instances of the failings referred to.

Happily however, we can point with unmixed satisfaction, to several works, worthy not only of the writers who produced them, but of the movement, the principles of which they are designed to illustrate and enforce. They bear upon their pages the impress of all-powerful and imperishable truth,—they lead us to a right understanding of the great question at issue,—

they speak out fearlessly, and honestly, for the principles they advocate,—and in no spirit of intolerance or bigotry, but with that charity which "believeth all things" and "hopeth all things," they attack, those long-standing drinking habits, which are at once our country's custom, and our country's curse.

Notwithstanding what we have said, we must express our conviction, that temperance literature does not receive fair play from the critics. It is subject, in common with all other literary composition, to two kinds of criticism, which have been termed the judicial and the sympathetic. Occupying the position it does, it is scarcely to be expected that a reviewer with strong anti-teetotal tendencies, should come to his task in anything but a judicial spirit; and with a determination to discover and expose the minutest flaw in the argument, or the least departure from the strict letter of "the Queen's English." On the other hand, the anti-Bacchus critic, sympathising as it is natural he should do, with every effort to promote the spread of Temperance truth, welcomes with open arms anything which he believes will aid in the attainment of that object, and entirely ignoring plot, arrangement, style and grammar, proceeds, with an abundance of eulogistic remarks, to give it the sanction of his authority, as a work true alike to nature and art. It will be seen at once, that the latter course is as unwise as the former is unjust. In the one case, it is not unlikely (unless it be the work of a master mind) to sink under the fierce attack made upon its existence; in the other, it is in danger of being suffocated by cruel kindness, like a child in the arms of a too fond mother.

What we want is, a few earnest yet discriminating men, who, while they sympathise fully with the aim of the works submitted to them for review, will not hesitate to point out their defects, that others following in the same path, may take warning from the errors of their predecessors. By this means we shall produce a literature, that shall not only merit, but command, the attention of the world; and those who at present stand afar off shall bring their time, their talents, and their heart's service to the cause, which more than any other (religion of course excepted) shall be the social regenerator of mankind.

CLEON.

Cleon hath a million acres,
  Ne'er a one have I;
Cleon dwelleth in a palace,
  In a cottage, I;

Cleon hath a dozen fortunes,
  Not a penny I;
Yet the poorer of the twain is
  Cleon, and not I.

Cleon true possesseth acres,
  But the landscape, I;
Half the charms to me it yieldeth
  Money cannot buy:
Cleon harbours sloth and dulness,
  Freshening vigour, I;
He in velvet, I in fustian,
  Richer man am I.

Cleon is a slave to grandeur,
  Free as thought am I;
Cleon fees a score of doctors,
  Need of none have I;
Wealth surrounding,—care environed—
  Cleon fears to die;
Death may come—he'll find me ready—
  Happier man am I.

Cleon sees no charms in nature,
  In a daisy, I;
Cleon hears no anthems singing
  In the sea and sky:
Nature sings to me for ever;
  Earnest listener I;
State for state, with all attendants,
  Who would change? Not I.

C. MACKAY.

WILL IT HELP US?

By the Rev. GEORGE W. M'CREE.

Would the formation of a Band of Hope in connection with our Sunday School be wise and useful? is a question now much debated by Sunday School Teachers. I believe it would promote the education, secular prosperity, self-mastery, and religious life of the scholars. My reasons for this belief will be found in the array of facts and opinions embodied in this paper.

1. *Children often become lovers of Intoxicating Drink.*

JUVENILE TIPPLERS.—Rev. C. F. Bagshaw, chaplain of the New Bailey, Salford, says:—"I heard the other day from the surgeon of the

jail, that as he was coming down the street, and two little girls were walking close to him, talking about what they had drank, one said, 'What had thou?' 'I had a pennyworth of rum.' The other said she had a pennyworth of gin. These were two little girls probably working in the factories."—*Parliamentary Report on Drunkenness*

STRENGTH OF APPETITE EARLY CREATED.—One of the first literary men in the United States said to the writer, after speaking on the subject of temperance, "There is one thing, which, as you visit different places, I wish you to do everywhere; that is, to entreat every mother never to give a drop of it to a child. I have had to fight as for my life all my days to keep from dying a drunkard, because I was fed with spirit when a child. I acquired a taste for it. My brother, poor fellow, died a drunkard. I would not have a child of mine take a drop of it for anything. Warn every mother, wherever you go, never to give a drop of it to a child."—*Rev. Dr. Edwards.*

WHISKY DRINKERS.—The Rev. Dr. Guthrie of Edinburgh says,—"How early this hapless class are initiated in the use of spirits, came out the other day, to the astonishment of a friend of ours, who, on walking along the streets, observed some boys and girls clustered like bees in and around a barrel. She asked them if it was a sugar barrel; and on learning that it was a spirit one, she said, 'You surely don't like whiskey?' 'For my pairt, Mem,' says one, a little girl,—thinking, perhaps, thereby to recommend herself,—''deed, Mem, for my pairt, I prefer the strong ale.' In sober sadness we ask, is it not worth running some risk to cure such evils,—such a moral gangrene,—as facts like these disclose?"—*Plea for Ragged Schools.*

2. *Children will not suffer in health from joining a Band of Hope.*

MEDICAL OPINION.—Dr. Carpenter says,—"There cannot be any reasonable doubt that the habitual use of alcoholic liquors by children in average health, is in every way injurious. And in support of this belief, he can appeal to the large number of families now growing up in this country and in America, in the enjoyment of vigorous health, among whom no alcoholic liquor is ever consumed; and he can point to numerous cases within his personal knowledge, in which the apparent debility of constitution having been such, as in the opinion of some to call for the assistance of fermented liquors, the advice was resisted, and those other means adopted which have been already adverted to, with the effect of rearing to vigour and endurance, children that originally appeared very unlikely to possess either."—*Carpenter on Alcoholic Liquors*, p. 244.

ALCOHOLIC DRINKS NOT NUTRITIOUS.—Dr. Mussey says,—"We have no evidence that alcohol, in any form, or taken under any circumstances, or in any combination, is capable of being digested or converted into nourishment. There cannot, I think, be left a reasonable doubt that as much mischief to health results from the use of any

kind of fermented liquors, as from distilled spirits, equally diluted with water."—*Report for* 1838 *of the American Temperance Union.*

THE BEST NOT GOOD.—Dr. Copland, author of the "Medical Dictionary," says,—"The constant use of even the best port and sherry occasions vascular plethora and its consequent ills, unless very active exercises be taken. Malt liquors occasion disease when constantly used."

4. *Fathers and Children should be guarded from the ruinous effects of the Bottle.*

CONSEQUENCES OF THE FIRST DROP.—Many awful consequences have resulted from partaking of the first drop pressed upon the lips of a child by an affectionate mother. I can state on this subject an appalling fact which came within my own knowledge. I was intimately acquainted with a young man, of open, ingenious, honest, upright character. A deep and sincere affection subsisted between us. He corresponded with me under the name of Jonathan, and I with him under the name of David: from this you may judge that our attachment was of the strongest kind. He went out into life: but, unhappily, he thought that a little drop might be taken after dinner with safety, and that he might take a little drop more at night. Thus he began by taking little drops. And his wife encouraged him to do so, under the impression that it would do him good. But a fatal habit was formed. The love of drink increased. His business, which was one of high respectability and profit, began to be neglected: his clerks and domestics, for want of proper superintendance, became negligent. His affairs went to ruin. He became a bankrupt. Some time ago, I saw him in the vestry of Spa-fields Chapel. I had been preaching from those words, "The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin." One of the servants came and told me that a person was waiting to see me who had sent in his name. I was surprised, as I had not heard of him for years. But O what a change did I discover in him! His face was bloated and diseased; he was in rags: he had every appearance of poverty and misery. I asked him what had become of his wife: "O," said he, "she is ruined!" Of his children: "O they are all ruined! ruined by my drunkenness!" I did not see him again for three months, and then I found him in Coldbath-fields prison. The tale which he told the governor was enough to melt a heart of stone. His wife had died, eaten up by a disease brought on by his habits of intoxication. His children were, most of them, vagabonds upon the face of the earth, in consequence of their father's habits of intoxication. His tale contains some particulars too affecting for recital; and I make the statement, not to rouse your passions, but to deter you from taking the first step as to the use of intoxicating liquors: and to convince you that the safest plan is, "touch not, taste not, handle not!"—*Rev. James Sherman, London.*

5. ***Bands of Hope and Temperance Societies are favourable to the cultivation of Religious Life.***

THEY ARE NURSERIES FOR THE CHURCH.—The *Sunday School Teachers' Hand-book*, published by the American Sunday School Union, states:—"By reference to the class-books of one of the teachers, in which he entered not only the names, but the circumstances of his classes, it has been found that *eighty* of the females and *twenty-six* of the males attending these classes have *made a profession of religion*, either during their attendance upon them, or *soon after having left them*. Of the young men thus instructed, *eight* were preparing for the ministry, and two had entered upon that duty. *Ninety-three* are known to have become Sunday school teachers.—In a school within our knowledge, which was established in 1829, *fourteen* teachers have laboured, only three of whom were professors of religion at the commencement. Of these, all but one are now professors. Of *two hundred* children connected with the the same school during the same time, *one hundred and thirty-three* (or all but sixty-seven) profess to have been *converted to the faith of the gospel.*—Of one hundred and thirty-six persons admitted to a church in Connecticut in one year, *one hundred and eleven* were connected with the Sunday school.—A teacher lately informed us, that, upon looking over his class-books for seventeen years, he ascertained that *three-fourths* of his pupils had become professors of religion, and *several* of them gospel ministers at home and abroad. Such is the success which attends Sabbath school operations when allied with total abstinence from intoxicating drinks. How sadly different the history of Sabbath schools in this country."

6. ***The Temperance Pledge is not contrary to Holy Scripture and Common Sense.***

DO WE DISPARAGE THE GRACE OF GOD?—It will not do to assert that religious principle will protect us. Did it protect Noah? Did it protect Lot? Did it protect the thousands who have fallen since? The fact is, that alcohol is a physical agent, and produces upon the mind and body its natural effects, apart altogether from religious opinion and principle. Grace deals with a man's reason and affections; but grace does not deal with a diseased stomach or a fevered brain. Grace fortifies neither against the attacks which alcohol makes upon them. The teaching of grace is, 'enter not into temptation;' and if, in spite of its warnings, we pass within the charmed circle, the deed and its fruits are our own. Can piety, in a world of so many allurements, have too many safeguards? If, then, total abstinence will place us beyond one class of temptations, more fatal to piety than any other, are we not bound to adopt it?—*Christ or Bacchus, by the Rev. Wm. Reid.*

A NOBLE EXAMPLE.—In former times nothing was more common among pious and excellent men, than signing a pledge, or as it was called, entering into a covenant with the Almighty. It is a beautiful and impressive incident in the life of John Howard, the distinguished

philanthropist, that he signed a written pledge, 'to devote himself and all that he possessed to the service of God." Then why should you refuse to sign a pledge to discountenance all the causes and practices of intemperance, a vice which hurries fifty thousand immortal beings every year to the drunkard's unblest and dishonoured grave?

A PHILOSOPHER'S OPINION.—Paley says, "I own myself a friend to the laying down of strict rules, and rigidly abiding by them. Indefinite resolutions of abstemiousness are apt to yield to extraordinary occasions, and extraordinary occasions to occur perpetually. Whereas, the stricter the rule is, the more tenacious we grow of it; and many a man will abstain rather than break his rule, who would not easily be brought to exercise the same mortification from higher motives. Not to mention that, when our rule is once known, we are provided with an answer to every importunity."—*Moral Philosophy.*

7. *An Objection answered.*

WHY NOT FORM A SOCIETY FOR THE SUPPRESSION OF OTHER SINS?—"Why not organize an association against pride, and another against covetousness?" forgetting that if we did, we could not touch either. Pride and covetousness are the produce of a depraved heart, and nothing more; but drunkenness is the result of natural causes. A human being may be left naked among the beasts of the field: that could never banish pride from his heart. A miser may be confined within the barren walls of a desolate and dreary prison without lessening his avarice. Finery and gold are not essential to pride and covetousness. Let common sense decide if intoxicating beverages are not essential to drunkenness; without them it can have no subsistence. Pride and covetousness are the results of moral depravity; drunkenness is the result of an unnatural habit created by physical agents. Let men be induced to abstain from such agents, and the habit they have acquired will depart from them, and their moral nature will speedily obtain the mastery over the animal appetite. But if the drinking system be continued, drunkenness will not be restrained. No mathematical proof can be more certain. Given in any age, *a drinking world*, and the product will invariably be *a drunken world.* Remove the foundation, then, and the superstructure will become a mass of ruins.

8. *An Appeal to Sunday School Teachers.*

WHAT PROFIT IS THERE IN IT?—Among the many peculiar customs of the Chinese, there is one peculiarly peculiar. Among the many false gods which they worship, if, perchance, there be one to whom for years they have offered the most costly sacrifices, and poured out the richest oblations, to whom they have knelt and prayed, and for all these have received nothing in return, they charge it with being a false god. "For all our offerings we have received nothing; this is no true god. There is no profit in his worship." they say. The accusation is entered, and they have a trial. The mandarins sit in judgment. Proclamation is made that any shall show cause, if he can, why the

god shall be dethroned. The evidence is received, and then, if the god be condemned, sentence is passed, its altars are cast down, and its worship made infamous. Isn't there a false god in this country? Have not we been worshipping a false god, presenting costly incense, and offering up our most precious possessions? And have we not been doing this for years? What *profit* has there been in the worship of Bacchus?

Let him answer who can, and let him take care to answer as in the sight of God.

OUR DRAWING ROOM MEETING.

An interesting meeting of ladies and gentlemen was held on Wednesday evening, November 16th, at Langley House, Grove Lane, Camberwell, the residence of Richard Barrett, Esq., who had kindly invited them to meet a deputation, consisting of the Rev. W. A. Essery, of Marlborough Chapel, Old Kent Road, and the Rev. G. W. M'Cree, Hon. Sec. of the United Kingdom Band of Hope Union. Tea and coffee were served to the guests, after which the company adjourned to the drawing-room, where appropriate devotional services were conducted by the Revs. I. Doxsey and J. Pillans. The Revs. Messrs. Rowe and Marshall also attended, and the company consisted of ladies and gentlemen identified with the educational, philanthropic, and religious movements of the neighbourhood.

In giving a cordial welcome to all present, and in introducing the deputation, Mr. Barrett said that the object of the meeting was to enable them to lay before his guests the principles and aims of the United Kingdom Band of Hope Union, with which he had entire sympathy. During 1863, Five Agents had been constantly employed by that organization; 1,660 meetings of children, parents, Sunday school teachers, and others had been addressed; 116 provincial towns had been visited; 25,000 children had met at meetings held, last winter, in the Lambeth Baths; 80 Bands of Hope, in London, had been assisted; 170 exhibitions of Dissolving Views had been given; and 66,000 publications circulated. Such a good work deserved support, and he hoped that the present meeting would gain for the society many friends.

The Rev. G. W. M'Cree, in the course of his introductory statement, said that the Union was formed in 1851, for the purpose of promoting the instruction of the young in the principles and practice of total abstinence. There were five millions of children in the country under fifteen years of age; what was to become of them? To train

them to abstain from wine and strong drink was of the utmost importance, because this would greatly promote their health, prosperity, and virtue. We need not feel afraid to induce our children to abstain. He had abstained from intoxicating beverages for twenty-five years, and was well satisfied with the result, and they could see for themselves, in Mr. Barrett's children, that it did not diminish physical health. He knew, he said, two poor lads who lived in the parish of St. Giles; one joined the Band of Hope, and is now in a college preparing for the Christian ministry; the other, alas, became a drunkard, and when eighteen years of age, murdered his sister. Mr. M'Cree went on to say, that to him it was quite plain Holy Scripture sanctioned this movement, because whatever promoted purity of life, domestic happiness, and love to God, could not be contrary to the Divine Book. John Newton spoke of two heaps before him,—the heap of human misery, and the heap of human happiness. This movement would make the former heap less, and the latter heap greater, and therefore he hoped they would support it. In conclusion, he expressed his hope that this meeting would hasten the time—

"When the humblest homes in England,
Shall in proper time give birth
To better men than we have been,
To dwell upon a better earth."

The Rev. W. A. Essery remarked, that the love of novelty was inherent in human nature, and that although total abstinence was no longer a novelty, yet it posessed sufficient interest to attract benevolent persons. The Band of Hope, he said, sought to provide a rational and recreative mode of spending an evening, taught children how to resist a common temptation, and greatly aided the parent and the Sunday-school teacher, in training the young to live well and do good. Children needed discipline, early and strong, and we must do what we can to inculcate habits of self-mastery. Such habits would be greatly promoted if they joined Bands of Hope.

The Rev. John Pillans, in the course of his address, argued with great force in favour of lessening the temptations which surround our young people, and avowed his conviction that Bands of Hope, on this ground alone, were deserving of support. In reply to the objection, "Is it not wrong to teach children to promise to abstain?" he said, "We teach children to pray, and to do many other solemn things, before they properly understand the meaning of them, and I do not myself see any force in the objection." By training children to abstain, we throw a shield

over them, and protect them from all the evils which arise from tampering with strong drink, and surely this is a highly desirable thing.

The Rev. I. Doxsey followed with a brief address, in which he stated that he had been as a deputation for the Union to Newark, Kettering, and Leicester, and had found truly satisfactory results to arise from Bands of Hope.

The meeting was then thrown open for discussion; speeches and remarks were made by the Rev. Thomas L. Marshall, Messrs. W. J. Haynes, M. W. Dunn, R. W. Reid, and others; and arguments for and against the movement were canvassed.

Refreshments having been served, and a cordial vote of thanks given to Mr. and Mrs. Barrett, the company dispersed.

LITERATURE.

Work and its Reward: an Illustrative Tale. By KATE PYER. W. Tweedie, 337, Strand.

This little volume will find a suitable place in Band of Hope and Sunday school libraries. It presents a forcible picture of the evils caused by drunkenness, both in the devastation of happy homes, and the demoralization of the human character. The heartless conduct of Esther's mother on Mrs. Ashton's second visit to her, shows how the finer feelings of our nature may be blunted, and its evil passions roused, when the drink-demon takes possession of the soul. There is also a sad instance of youthful drunkenness, and in Mr. Liston's case we see the bad influence we may unconsciously exert upon others, by yielding to the drinking customs of society. On the other hand is depicted the happy change which takes place, when the father of a family abandons the fatal draught; the inaugural meeting of a Band of Hope is well described, and children may learn from the example of little Esther, the value of a gentle loving disposition in gaining the affection of others. It is an interesting little work, and we can recommend it for the perusal of our young friends.

Stories for Sunday Scholars, No. 1. Milly's New Year. ELLIOTT STOCK, 62, Paternoster Row.—This is an interesting narrative of a spiteful, violent girl, brought to submission and goodness by affliction, and of the subsequent reformation of her father. It will make a capital book for distribution at Christmas.

The Moral, Social, and Political Effects of Revenue from Intoxicating Drinks. By a Temperance Politician. JOB CAUDWELL, 335, Strand.—From the introduction we quote the following:—"The writer firmly believes that what is morally wrong can be neither politically right nor expedient; he believes that this axiom applied to the revenue raised from intoxicating drinks will be found equally sound as when it is applied to other subjects of legislation. These dnties have the sanction of long usage, and are very generally defended, not merely as taxes upon articles of luxury, but as morally beneficial. The assumption as to their beneficial influence he believes will be found, on careful investigation, to be erroneous. Direct taxation, if sound in principle, should be employed to raise the entire revenue of the State; and the legislation necessary to remedy the evils of

intemperance, should not be mixed up with revenue considerations, but placed upon the same basis as other criminal jurisprudence. Especially does he urge the consideration of this subject upon all friends of direct taxation, upon the members of the United Kingdom Alliance, and upon all moral, social, and temperance reformers."

Having thus explained his views of taxation, the author gives the following facts :—

"In the year 1840, upwards of 1,100 articles were subject to Customs duties; in 1859, the number was 460; in 1860, Mr. Gladstone made a still further reduction, and when the changes he then proposed came fully into effect, there were but 43 articles subject to duty, of which 15 were retained for revenue purposes, the rest on special grounds. The revenue now raised by indirect taxation is derived mainly from tea, coffee, sugar, tobacco, and intoxicating drinks, in the following proportions :—

Tea, coffee and sugar	£12,333,522
Tobacco	5,774,564
Other articles, including corn, currants, raisins, wood and timber, &c., also produce	1,781,821
Spirits, wine, malt and licences	20,023,405

It will thus be seen that of the entire revenue so obtained, *above twenty millions of pounds are levied upon intoxicating drinks.*"

But is this right? The author denies it, and in objecting to this mode of raising a national revenue, he says :—

"*It is derived from a vicious source.*—This is a serious and fatal objection. The object of Government is the repression of crime, and the protection of the community from its consequences; oblivious of its duty, it draws a revenue from that which is confessedly the source, the fountain, and occasion of the larger proportion of our crime. What should we think of a Government which should derive a revenue from licences issued to robbers, and which should share the proceeds of their crimes by taxing heavily their booty? Such a proceeding would most justly receive our universal execration. Such, however, is the position of the Government in respect to the traffic in intoxicating drinks; it is the cause of by far the larger proportion of our crime, insanity, disease, pauperism, and premature death, and yet its unholy profits replenish the National Exchequer to the extent of *Twenty Millions of Pounds every year.*"

We know the author of this tractate as an able and zealous advocate of our principles, and we heartily commend his work to the attention of our readers.

PRACTICAL HINTS.

Mr. G. M. Murphy kindly wrote a useful little manual for Conductors, which we have published under the above title. It is highly praised by the press. The *Weekly Record* says :—"In this little pamphlet, which is one of the most valuable we have met with for many a day, Mr. Murphy gives the results of a wide-spread experience in conducting Bands of Hope and Temperance Societies; and the fact that almost everything Mr. Murphy puts his hand to is successful, is a satisfactory proof that his plans are worthy of attentive consideration, if not of universal adoption. Every Temperance committee should purchase a dozen copies for the use of its principal members."

And the *South London Chronicle* states:—"The briefest and highest praise which can be given to this pamphlet is, that it is at once practical and comprehensive. There is no pretence or attempt in any of the twelve essays it contains. The subjects are of practical importance, and the method of handling them is sound and judicious. Mr. Murphy employs no waste words, but expresses clearly his meaning upon the points he discusses. Were we desirious of addressing or concerned in managing a Band of Hope, most gladly would we hail Mr. Murphy as a counsellor.

Annals of the United Kingdom Band of Hope Union.

Presentation to Mr. Dunn.—The autumnal *soiree* of the Union was held on Thursday evening, Oct. 27th, at Shirley's Hotel, 37, Queen square, when W. West, Esq., presided, and conducted the business of the evening in his usual efficient and pleasant manner. After tea, coffee, cake, &c., had been served in good style to a numerous company of ladies and gentlemen, Mr. S. Shirley introduced a very interesting matter, namely, the presentation of a testimonial to Mr. M. W. Dunn, financial secretary, consisting of a handsome Family Bible, with an inscription done in beautiful style by Mr. C. W. Dowdeswell, of Chancery lane, a silver inkstand, and tea and coffee service—the whole forming a most valuable and elegant gift. For many years Mr. Dunn has conducted the affairs of the Union with great ability and zeal, and all present concurred in the eulogiums passed upon his services by Mr. Shirley. Mr. Dunn having replied in suitable terms, addresses were delivered by the Revs. J. Clifford and G. W. M'Cree, Joseph Payne, Esq., and Messrs. W. J. Haynes (treasurer), Wood, Chapman, Fusedale, and Tucker. During the evening, the North London Choir, conducted by Mr. Nott, sang some select pieces, and Mr. and Master Thwaites performed on the piano, and sang several choice compositions. The company parted highly delighted with the proceedings of the evening.

During the past month, Mr. F. Smith has lectured with the Dissolving Views at the following towns:—At Bradford, Yorkshire, in the Temperance Hall, twice; Greenfield; the Friends' School; and Hallfield School. In Ireland, at Brookfield, Dromore, Coleraine, Maghera, Seapark, Newtownard, Comber, Lisburn, Carrick Fergus, and Belfast. Four consecutive nights in Liverpool, and in London, at Eden Street, Hampstead Road, and Barnet. The meetings, with only one exception, have all been well attended, many of them crowded.

During the last two months, Mr. Blaby has attended the following meetings:—Denmark Street, four times; Deverel Street, twice; Northey street, Limehouse; One Tun, Westminster; Working Men's Club, Duck Lane; Lansdowne Place; Great Queen Street Sunday School; Meadow Row, New Kent Road; Whitfield Chapel, Long Acre; St. Matthew's, Princess Square; Arnold's Place, Dockhead; Southville, Wandsworth Road; Paddington Chapel; Esher Street, Kennington; East Lane, Walworth; Mission Hall, Five Dials; Dalgleish Place, Limehouse; Stafford Street, Peckham; Lambeth Baths; Stepney

Meeting; St. John's Wood; Exeter Building; Haverstock Hill; Mansfield Street, Borough; Isleworth; Old Ford; Gray's; and Tottenham. He has also preached twelve sermons, and addressed five Sunday Schools.

During the months of October and November, W. J. Lay has attended meetings as follows:—Walworth; Limehouse; Esher Street, Kennington; Barbican; Cottage Green, Camberwell; Bloomsbury Chapel; Whitfield Chapel, Long Acre; One Tun Ragged School; Somer's Town; Blackheath; Allan Street, Clerkenwell; Arnold's Place, Dockhead; Henry Street, Borough, twice; Packington Street, City Road: Wilmington Mission, Clerkenwell; Caledonian road; Lambeth Baths; Stepney Meeting; Cromer Street; Walworth; Haverstock Hill; Old Mile Stone, City Road; St. James's Walk, Clerkenwell; Southville.

Anchor Band of Hope, Camberwell.—The above society continues to prosper, the fortnightly meetings being well attended, and fresh members often received. Kind aid has been lately given by Mr. Davies, Mr. Lay (from the United Kingdom Band of Hope Union), and the Rev. W. K. Rowe, all of whom addressed meetings numbering above 200. On Oct. 25th the quarterly tea meeting was held, when a large number assembled in the evening to enjoy the entertainment of music, singing, recitations, and the diorama of the "Temperance Sketch-book," exhibited by Mr. F. Baron; Mr. S. Shirley also addressed the meeting. On Wednesday, Nov. 9th, the second annual social tea meeting for old members took place. Between 80 and 90 young people partook gratuitously of an ample repast, and the meeting, which commenced about eight o'clock, was addressed by the Rev. John Pillans, Mr. Winsford, Mr. Eaton, and Mr. Davies, and chiefly presided over by Wm. West, Esq., whose cheerful sallies called forth the laughter of his hearers. Music, singing, and recitations enlivened the proceedings, and it is hoped good will result from this effort to keep up or revive the interest of the young people, most of whom, being engaged in business, are unable to attend the usual meetings of the Band of Hope.

Belfast.—My Dear Sir,—Your Mr. F. Smith, having completed a fortnight's engagement with our League, left us on Saturday evening for Liverpool, where he is, no doubt, long ere this, safely arrived.

Our Committe, at the weekly meeting on the 19th inst., unanimously adopted the following resolution, which you will kindly submit to your executive:—

"That the services of Mr. F. Smith, of the London Band of Hope Union, who has been lecturing for us with dissolving views for the past fortnight, are highly appreciated by this Committee; not only on account of the excellence of the 'Views,' but also from the admirable tact and ability displayed by Mr. Smith in his descriptive lectures."

I have much pleasure in adding my entire personal concurrence in the foregoing; and, as an old member of your Board, I am truly pleased that you are still so well represented.

I am, yours very truly,

Rev. G. W. M'Cree. H. Charles Knight, *Secretary I.T.L.*

Bradford Band of Hope Union.—We have been favoured, in connection with the Bradford Band of Hope Union, for the last nine weeks, with the valuable services of Mr. W. Bell. During this period he has been engaged, with scarcely an exception, every night lecturing, and on the Sabbath preaching. All the meetings have been large and most enthusiastic. Mr. Bell's large-heartedness and genial earnest manner, with the interesting and instructive addresses he has delivered, have

endeared him to all who have heard him. We are anticipating with the greatest pleasure another visit from him shortly. In connection with the termination of his engagement, a social tea meeting was held in the Independent School-room, Greenfield, on Friday evening, Nov. 4th, when a large number of the friends of the Union sat down. The meeting subsequently held was presided over by Mr. W. S. Bray, and was of a most interesting character. A resolution, proposed by the treasurer, and seconded by the secretary of the Union, was unanimously passed, expressing the warmest and most cordial thanks of the Union to Mr. Bell, for the valuable and efficient manner in which he had discharged his duties during the term of his engagement, and praying that the Divine blessing might go with him, and make him even more eminently successful in the future than he had been in the past. The proceedings were varied by singing, addresses, recitations, &c., in which Messrs. W. Bell, J. Phillips, T. Carter, A. Frith, and others, took part. Also, on Saturday evening, Nov. 5th, at the West-end Temperance Room, Bradford, Mr. Bell was presented with a splendid photographic album, containing the *carte de visites* of a large number of the leading friends of the movement. On behalf of the Society, Mr. H. Sewell, in appropriate terms, made the presentation. Mr. Bell feelingly responded, stating how sincerely he appreciated their kindness. We have also been favoured with a visit, during the last month, by Mr. F. Smith, who has given five exhibitions of the splendid Dissolving Views belonging to the Union. The instructive and pleasing manner in which Mr. Smith conveys valuable information on a great variety of subjects, by means of the pictures exhibited, has given universal satisfaction. At each exhibition there was a large audience, who evinced the greatest delight and pleasure. The attractive nature of these entertainments cannot fail to be always popular with our young friends.

Comber (Ireland) Temperance Society and Band of Hope.—On Tuesday evening, 15th of November, a very large and interesting meeting was held in connection with the above flourishing society, in the School-house connected with the First Presbyterian Church. The Rev. J. M. Kellen, M.A., in a few appropriate words, introduced the lecturer, Mr. Fred. Smith, of London, when a most attractive and instructive lecture was delivered on "Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress," illustrated by dissolving views. The pictures were admirably executed, and elicited the praise of all present. At the close of the lecture, thanks were accorded to the lecturer on the motion of Mr. W. D. Watt, seconded by Mr George Morrow, when the company separated, highly pleased with the proceedings of the evening. A children's meeting had been held at five o'clock, when Mr. Smith lectured on the "Franklin Expedition" in a most effectual and attractive manner, taking the opportunity of mentioning the advantages of abstinence in various climates. The views exhibited on the Arctic Regions were magnificent, especially the Aurora and the Halo. If Mr. Smith should visit Comber again, he will meet a warm and cordial reception, for many will remember his last visit with pleasure and profit. We have never had anything which has captivated the people so much, and good to our cause has been the result of the meetings.

Dromore, Co. Down, Ireland.—On Tuesday evening, 8th November. Mr. F Smith, Agent of the Band of Hope Union, visited this place, and delivered a lecture on "Lights of the World," illustrated by dissolving views, to a densely crowded audience, in the Protestant Hall. Both the views and the lecture gave entire satisfaction, as indeed they could not fail to do; and it is believed that by means of Mr. Smith's

visit, the principles and claims of total abstinence have been commended to the consideration and regard of many hitherto indifferent or opposed. The Commitee of the Society feel themselves under no small obligations to Mr. Smith, and they would gladly avail themselves of this opportunity of acknowledging their sense of those obligations. J. FRASER, *Sec.*

LAMBETH BATHS.—Sir,—A hearty and unanimous vote of thanks was accorded to the United Kingdom Band of Hope Union, last night, Nov. 16th, by a very large and delighted meeting. There were many hundreds present, but they listened to Mr. Blaby's description of the dissolving views with manifest delight, while the working of them, and the way in which they came "up" on the canvass, elicited continual and well-deserved applause. I can only add my own thanks to those of the meeting, to the Committee, for their great kindness in affording the Newcutonians so rich a treat. GEO. M. MURPHY.

NEWTOWNARD, COUNTY DOWN, IRELAND.—On Monday, the 14th of November, Mr. F. Smith, lecturer in connection with the Band of Hope Union, London, lectured in this town. The room where the meeting was held was half-filled at twenty minutes before the time announced, and was completely thronged when the moment arrived for the lecturer to begin the business of the evening. Mr. Walker, a gentleman whose operatives were present, was moved to the chair by the head teacher of the Model School. The chairman having called on Mr. Smith to begin the exhibition of his interesting dissolving views, the latter gentleman commenced his lecture exhibitions, which was entitled "Lights of the World; or, Passages in the Histories of Eminent Men," touching on the most salient points in the lives of various great men in appropriate language, in which Mr. Smith manifested his own correct knowledge; he passed on to the further exhibition of the miscellaneous views. About mid-way in the evening's entertainment, Mr. Smith called upon us to join him in a song. The lines of a hymn beginning with the words, "I want to go home," were, from the excellent arrangement of the lecturer's apparatus, equally legible from the furthest corner of the room. After the first line, Mr S. was accompanied by the audience, the hymn being sung to the well-known air, "Home, sweet home." The comic scenes shown, excited the risibility of all present, the laughter never outliving the lecturer's patience, or damaging the effect of his very judicious and excellent remarks. "Betty and the Bear" afforded universal amusement, while the occasion was not lost for a pointed allusion to two classes of individuals, of which Betty and her cowardly spouse, who ran from the bear to the rafters, and thence issued his orders, are but too common types. Mr. Smith is an admirable teacher; he has most successfully learned "Old Humphrey's" lesson: first, to interest, next to instruct, and, lastly, to impress. We follow him with our best wishes.—*Correspondent.*

WALTHAM ABBEY.—Sir,—I began with the Band of Hope about three months since; the number was three, now it is 50. To such of them as buy the *Band of Hope Review*, I give the *British Workman* from myself. We meet every Thursday evening—the house is full. I endeavour to instil the total abstinence principles on religious grounds; they repeat one of the melodies from your little publication, and the verse on the ticket printed or published by you. As I enforce order and attention, and give presents to the best, and as our band is steadily increasing, I hope the seed sown on their young minds will bear fruit. We are beginning to attract a little notice.

I remain, yours very respectfully, HENRY ARD.

J. BALE, Machine Printer, 78, Great Titchfield-street, Marylebone. W.